CROWNING GLORY

NOS. 1 AND 2 COMBINED

BY P. P. BILHORN

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PUBLISHERS - CHICAGO, ILL.

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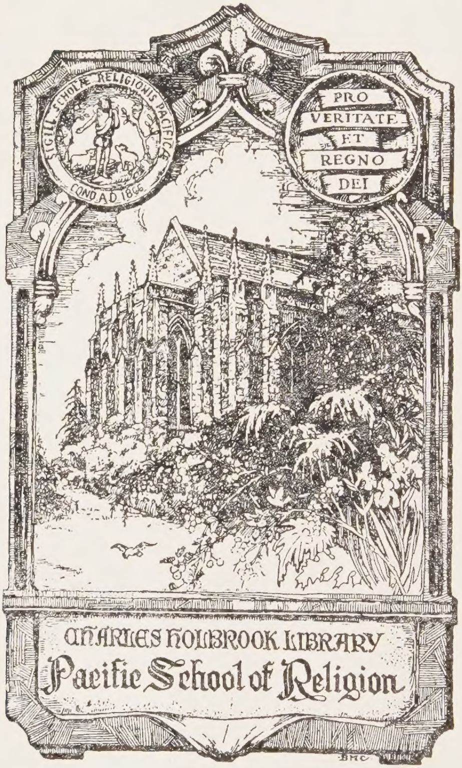

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PETER PHILIP BILHORN,
Chicago, Illinois.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

CROWNING GLORY;

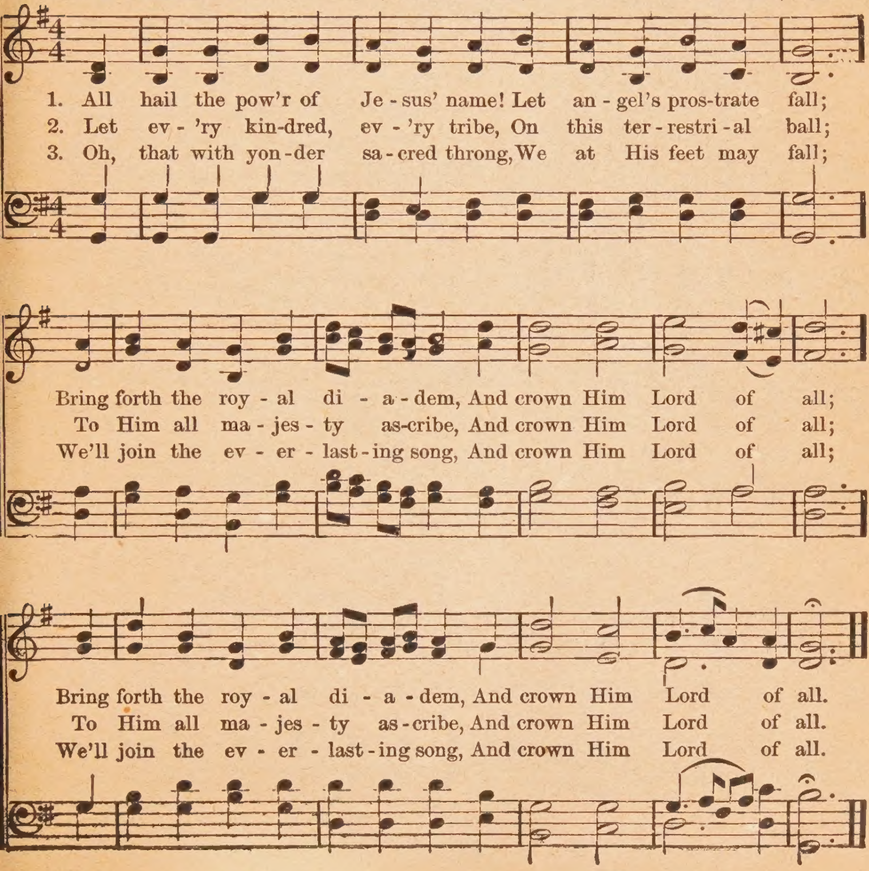
A COLLECTION OF

GOSPEL HYMNS.

No. 1.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

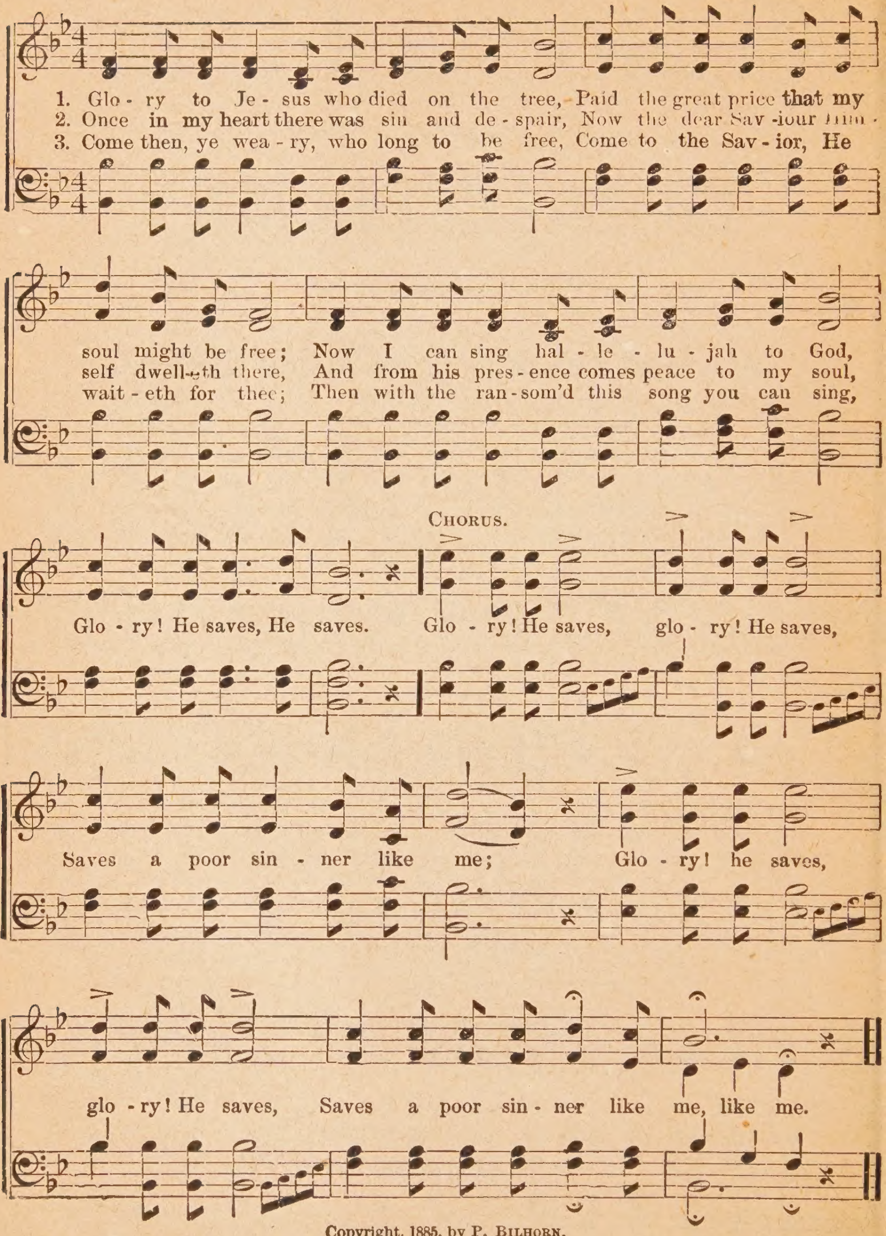
Rev. E. Perronet, 1780. (CORONATION.) O. Holden, 1793.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gel's pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - restri - al ball;
3. Oh, that with yon-der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all ma - jes - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 2. Glory to Jesus, He Saves.

P. B.

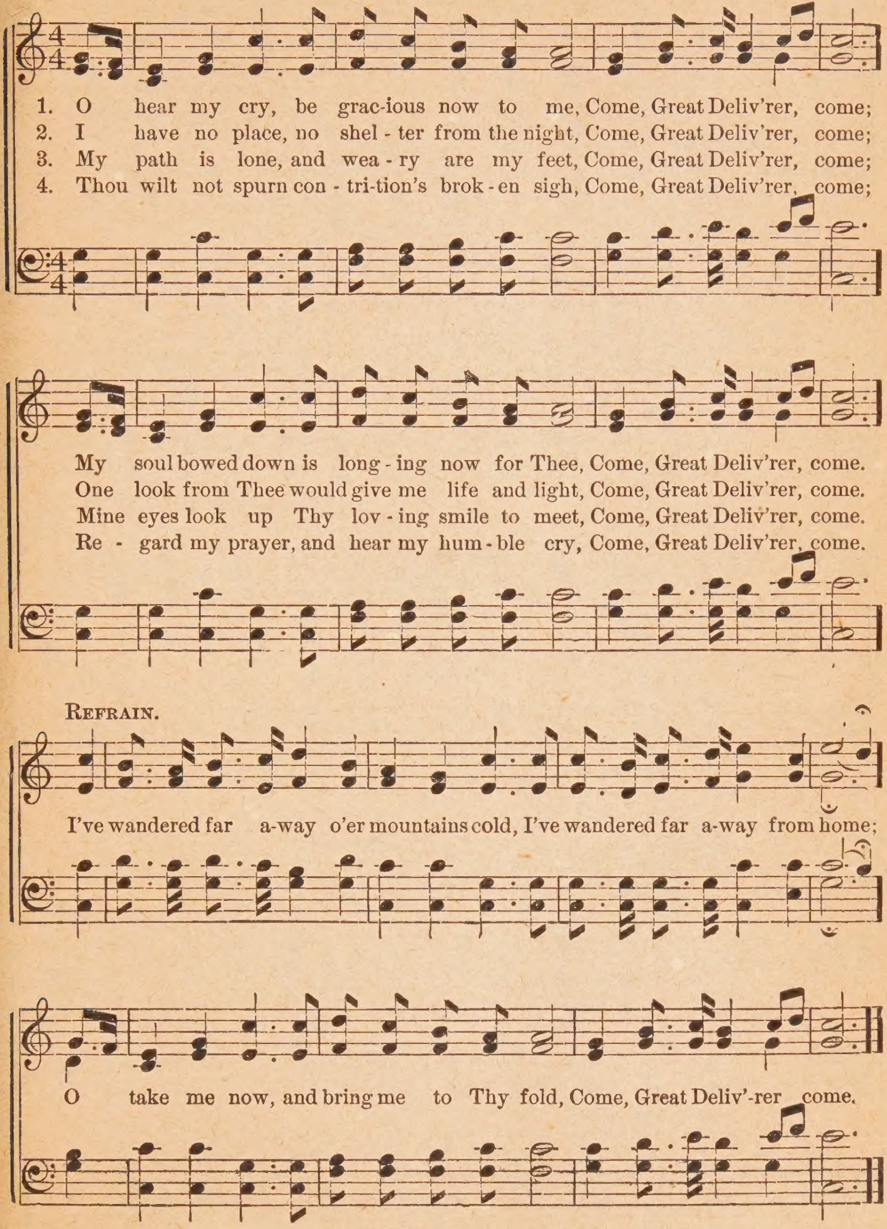
P. Bilhorn.


1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
2. Once in my heart there was sin and de - spair, Now the dear Sav - iour him -
3. Come then, ye wea - ry, who long to be free, Come to the Sav - ior, He
soul might be free; Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God,
self dwell-eth there, And from his pres - ence comes peace to my soul,
wait - eth for thee; Then with the ran - som'd this song you can sing,
Chorus.
Glo - ry! He saves, He saves. Glo - ry! He saves, glo - ry! He saves,
Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Glo - ry! he saves,
glo - ry! He saves, Saves a poor sin - ner like me, like me.

No. 3. Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


4
4
1. O hear my cry, be grac-ious now to me, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
2. I have no place, no shel - ter from the night, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
3. My path is lone, and wea - ry are my feet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
4. Thou wilt not spurn con - tri-tion's brok - en sigh, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
My soul bowed down is long - ing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
Mine eyes look up Thy lov - ing smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
Re - gard my prayer, and hear my hum - ble cry, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
Refrain.
I've wandered far a-way o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far a-way from home;
O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv'-rer come.

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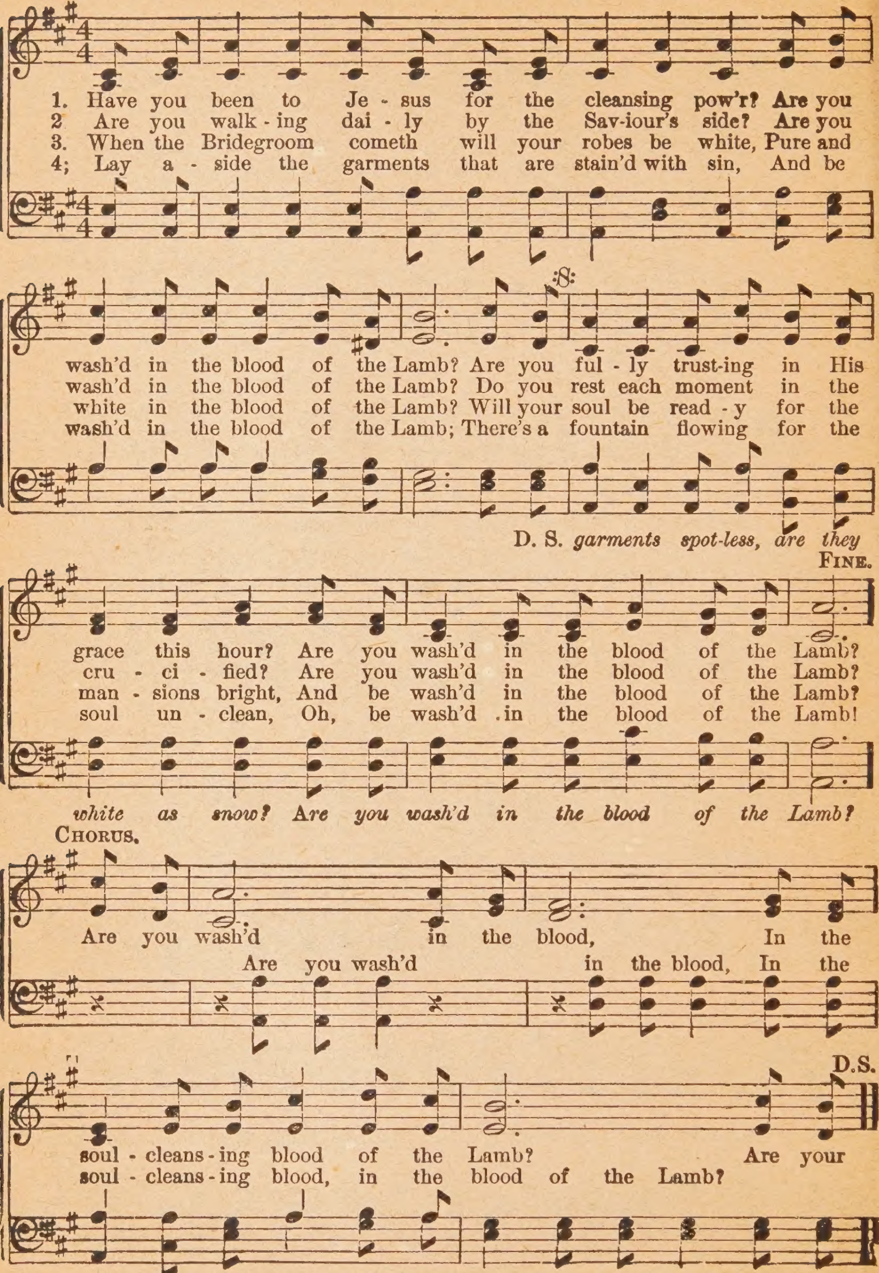
No. 4. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.


1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you
2 Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav-iour's side? Are you
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and
4; Lay a - side the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the
D. S. *garments spot-less, are they*
Fine.
grace this hour? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
cru - ci - fied? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
man - sions bright, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
soul un - clean, Oh, be wash'd .in the blood of the Lamb!
white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
Chorus.
Are you wash'd in the blood, In the
Are you wash'd in the blood, In the
soul - cleans - ing blood of the Lamb? Are your
soul - cleans - ing blood, in the blood of the Lamb?
D.S.

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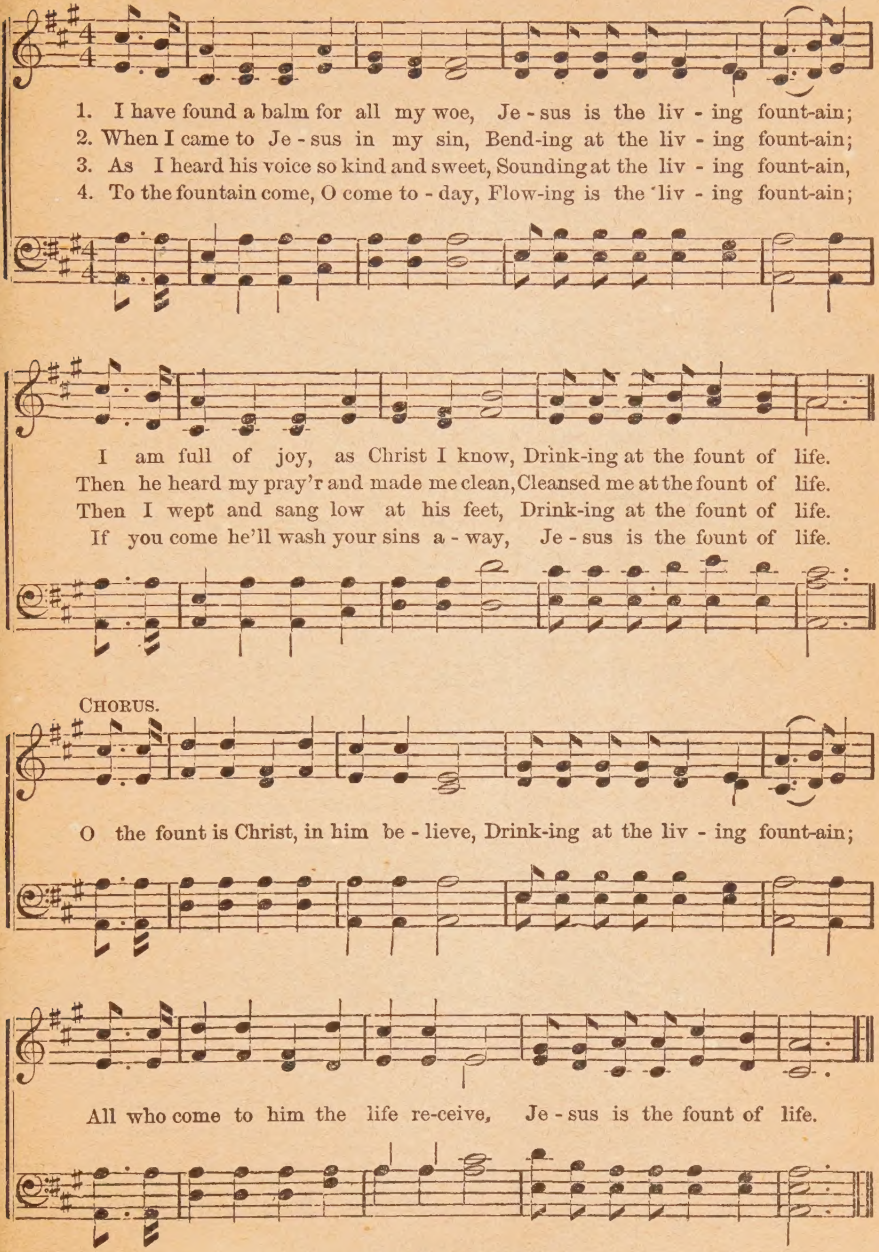
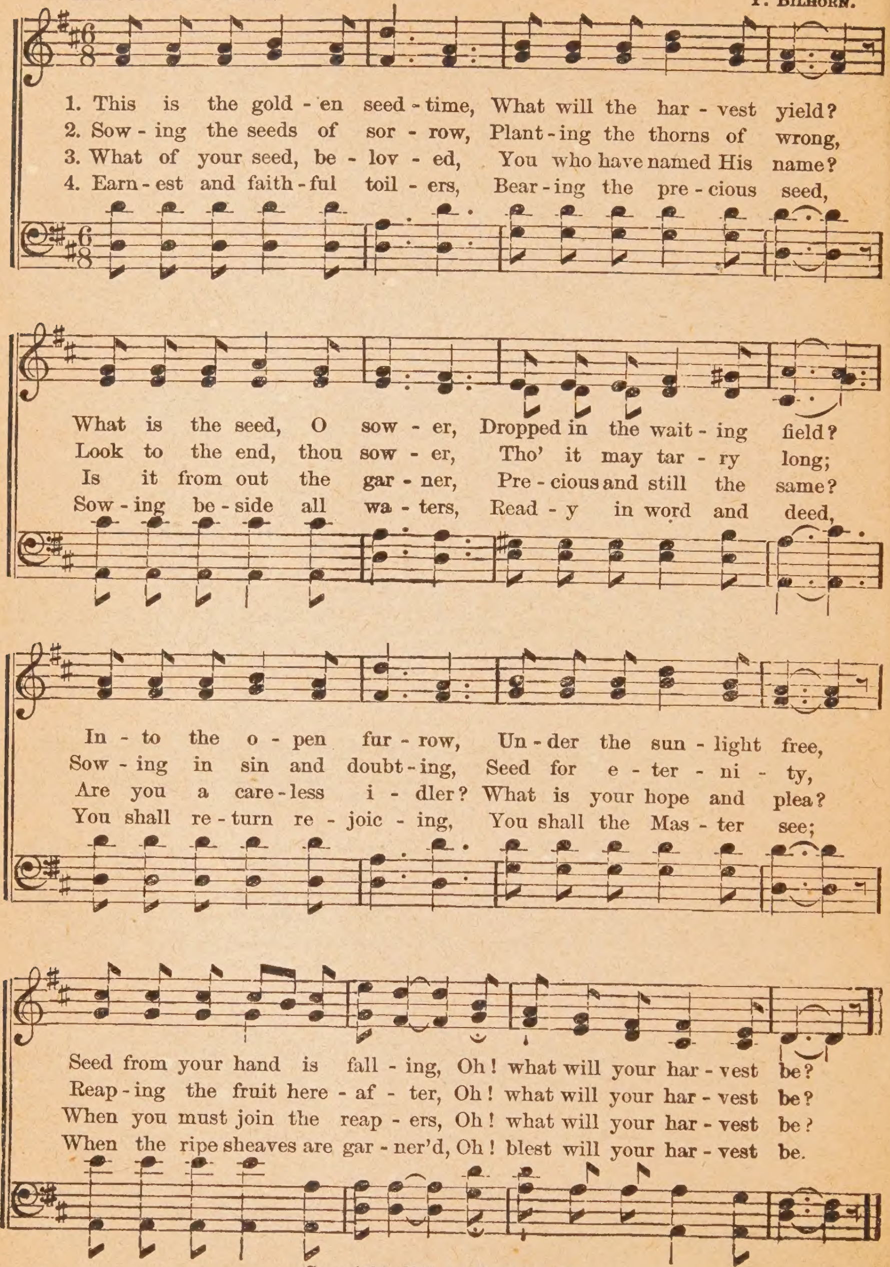
No. 5. Drinking at the Living Fountain.

P. H. Roblin. P. Bilhorn.

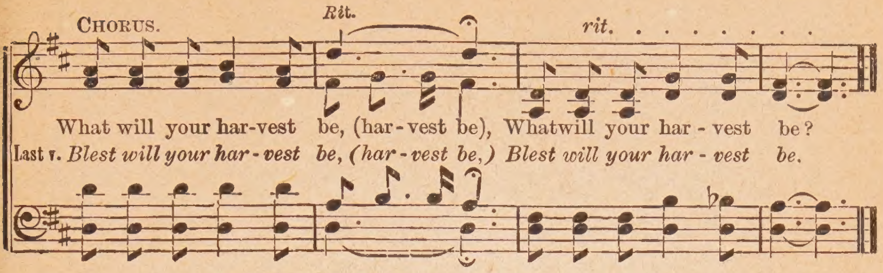

1. I have found a balm for all my woe, Je - sus is the liv - ing fount-ain;
2. When I came to Je - sus in my sin, Bend-ing at the liv - ing fount-ain;
3. As I heard his voice so kind and sweet, Sounding at the liv - ing fount-ain,
4. To the fountain come, O come to - day, Flow-ing is the liv - ing fount-ain;
I am full of joy, as Christ I know, Drink-ing at the fount of life.
Then he heard my pray'r and made me clean, Cleansed me at the fount of life.
Then I wept and sang low at his feet, Drink-ing at the fount of life.
If you come he'll wash your sins a - way, Je - sus is the fount of life.
Chorus.
O the fount is Christ, in him be - lieve, Drink-ing at the liv - ing fount-ain;
All who come to him the life re-ceive, Je - sus is the fount of life.

No. 6. What Will Your Harvest Be?

Miss Julia H. Johnston. P. Bilhorn.

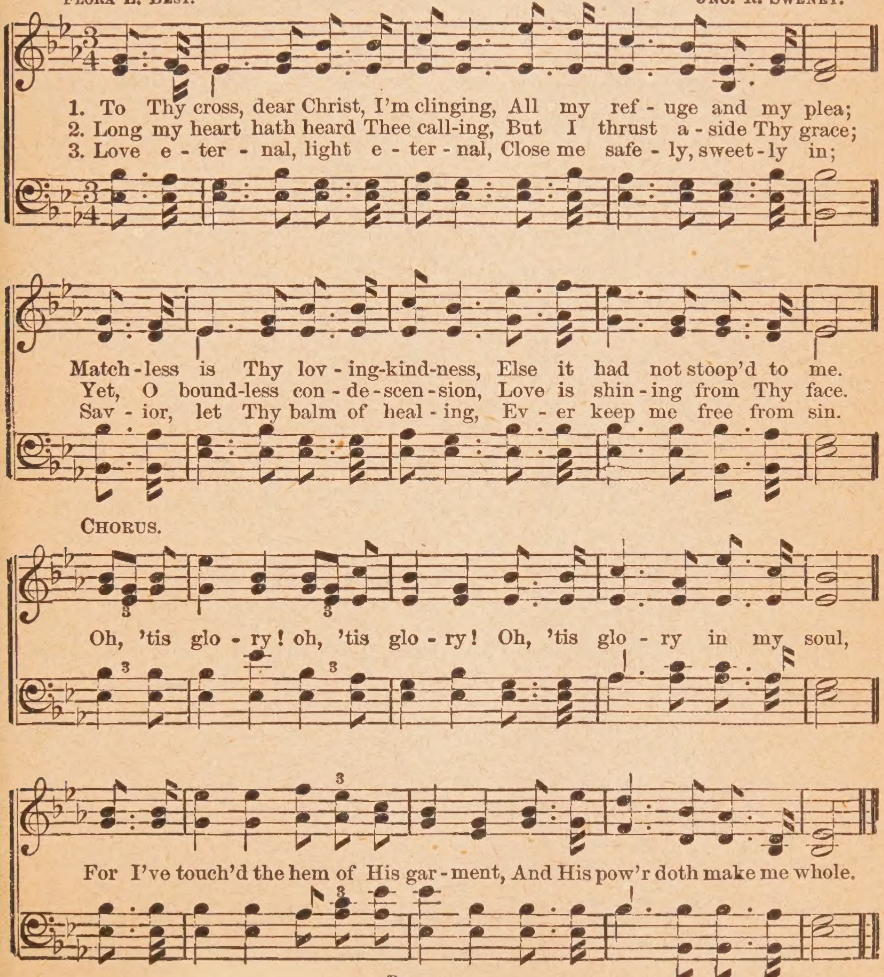

1. This is the gold - en seed - time, What will the har - vest yield?
2. Sow - ing the seeds of sor - row, Plant - ing the thorns of wrong,
3. What of your seed, be - lov - ed, You who have named His name?
4. Earn - est and faith - ful toil - ers, Bear - ing the pre - cious seed,
What is the seed, O sow - er, Dropped in the wait - ing field?
Look to the end, thou sow - er, Tho' it may tar - ry long;
Is it from out the gar - ner, Pre - cious and still the same?
Sow - ing be - side all wa - ters, Read - y in word and deed,
In - to the o - pen fur - row, Un - der the sun - light free,
Sow - ing in sin and doubt - ing, Seed for e - ter - ni - ty,
Are you a care - less i - dler? What is your hope and plea?
You shall re - turn re - joic - ing, You shall the Mas - ter see;
Seed from your hand is fall - ing, Oh! what will your har - vest be?
Reap - ing the fruit here - af - ter, Oh! what will your har - vest be?
When you must join the reap - ers, Oh! what will your har - vest be?
When the ripe sheaves are gar - ner'd, Oh! blest will your har - vest be.

What Will Your Harvest Be?—Concluded.


Chorus.
Rit.
rit. . . . .
What will your har-vest be, (har-vest be), Whatwill your har - vest be?
Last v. *Blest will your har-vest be, (har-vest be,) Blest will your har - vest be.*

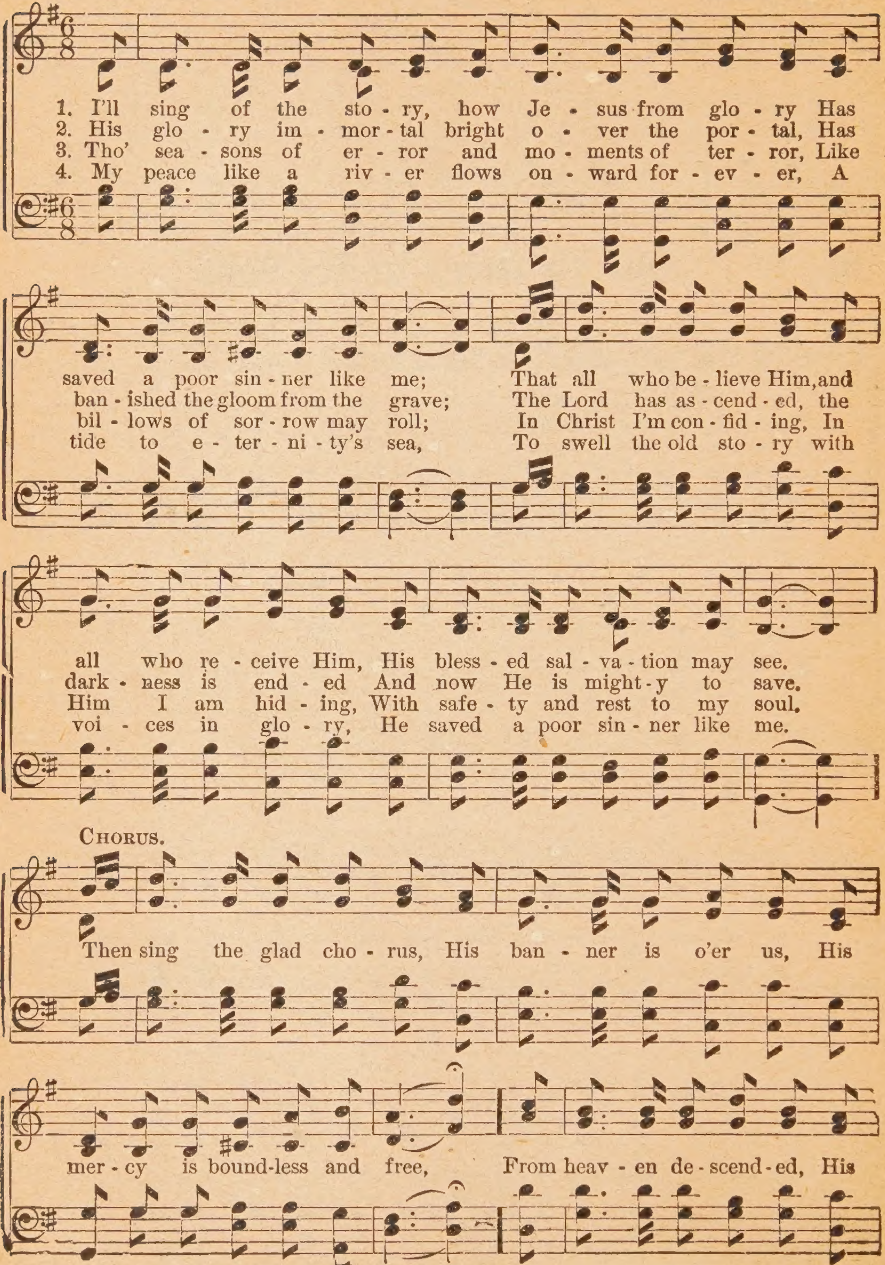
No. 7. Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.

Flora L. Best. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. To Thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging, All my ref - uge and my plea;
2. Long my heart hath heard Thee call-ing, But I thrust a - side Thy grace;
3. Love e - ter - nal, light e - ter - nal, Close me safe - ly, sweet-ly in;
Match-less is Thy lov - ing-kind-ness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
Yet, O bound-less con - de - scen - sion, Love is shin - ing from Thy face.
Sav - ior, let Thy balm of heal - ing, Ev - er keep me free from sin.
Chorus.
Oh, 'tis glo - ry! oh, 'tis glo - ry! Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul,
For I've touch'd the hem of His gar - ment, And His pow'r doth make me whole.

No. 8. To Save a Poor Sinner Like Me.

Rev. John O. Foster, A. M. Grace I. Foster.


1. I'll sing of the sto - ry, how Je - sus from glo - ry Has
2. His glo - ry im - mor - tal bright o - ver the por - tal, Has
3. Tho' sea - sons of er - ror and mo - ments of ter - ror, Like
4. My peace like a riv - er flows on - ward for - ev - er, A
saved a poor sin - ner like me; That all who be - lieve Him, and
ban - ished the gloom from the grave; The Lord has as - cend - ed, the
bil - lows of sor - row may roll; In Christ I'm con - fid - ing, In
tide to e - ter - ni - ty's sea, To swell the old sto - ry with
all who re - ceive Him, His bless - ed sal - va - tion may see.
dark - ness is end - ed And now He is might - y to save.
Him I am hid - ing, With safe - ty and rest to my soul.
voi - ces in glo - ry, He saved a poor sin - ner like me.
Chorus.
Then sing the glad cho - rus, His ban - ner is o'er us, His
mer - cy is bound-less and free, From heav - en de - scend - ed, His

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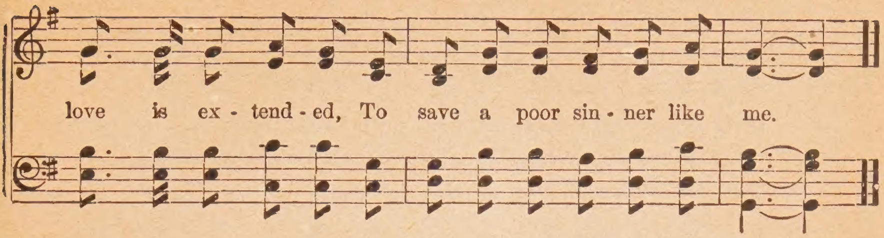
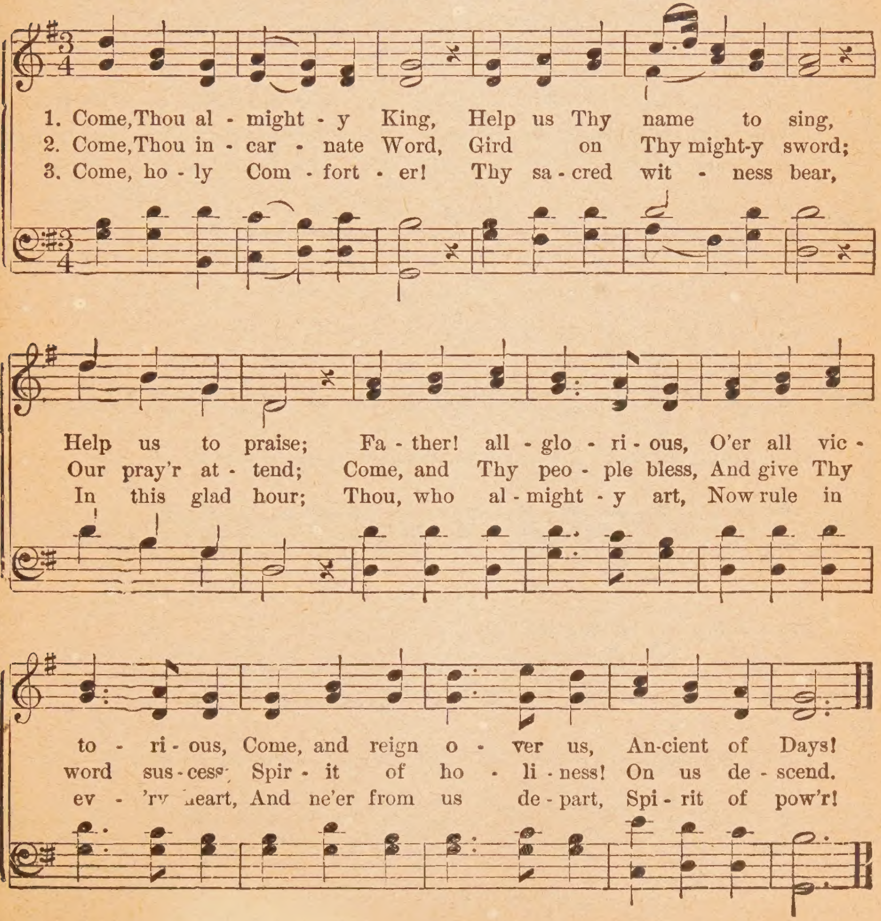
To Save a poor Sinner.—Concluded



No. 9. Come, Thou Almighty King!

C. Wesley. ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s. Felice Giardini.

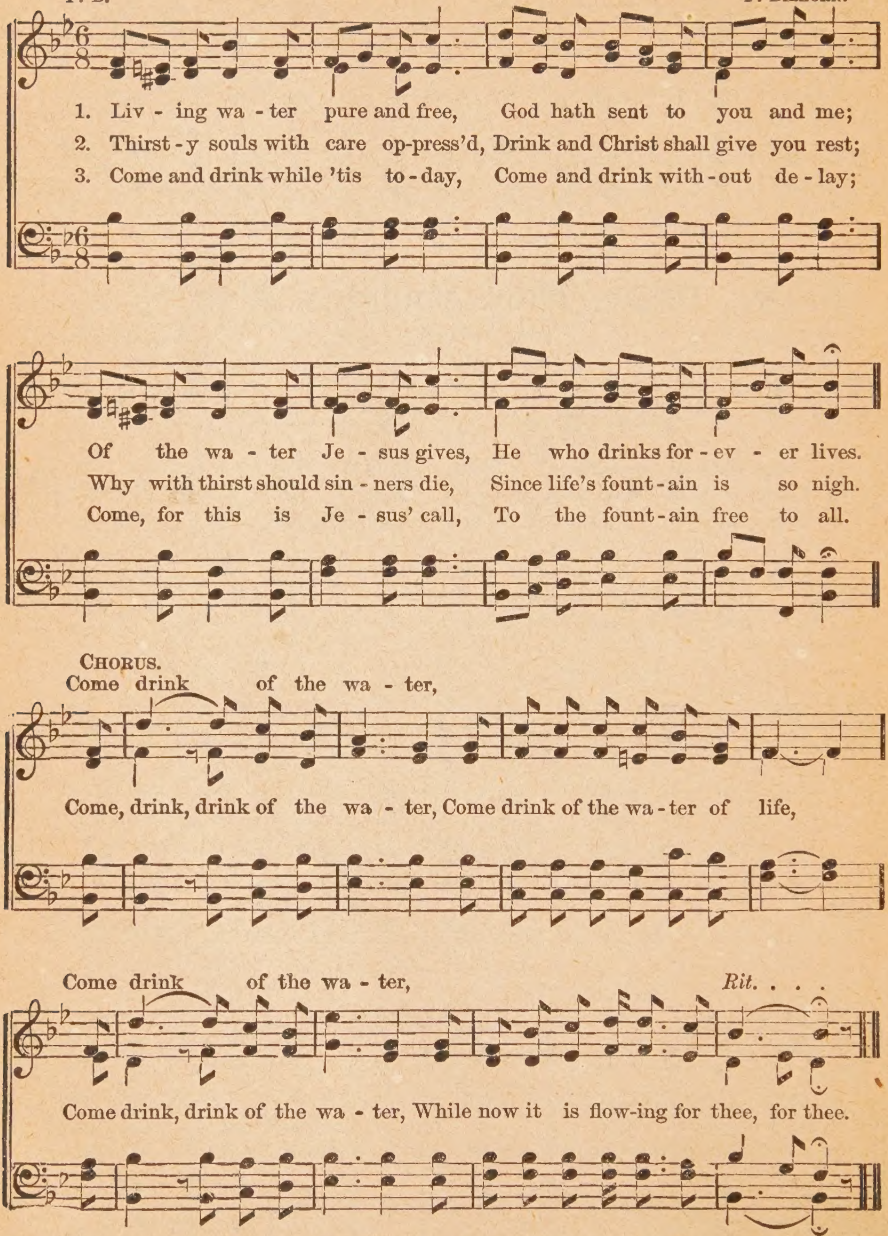

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword;
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour; Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days!
word sus - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spi - rit of pow'r!

No. 10.

Drink and Live.

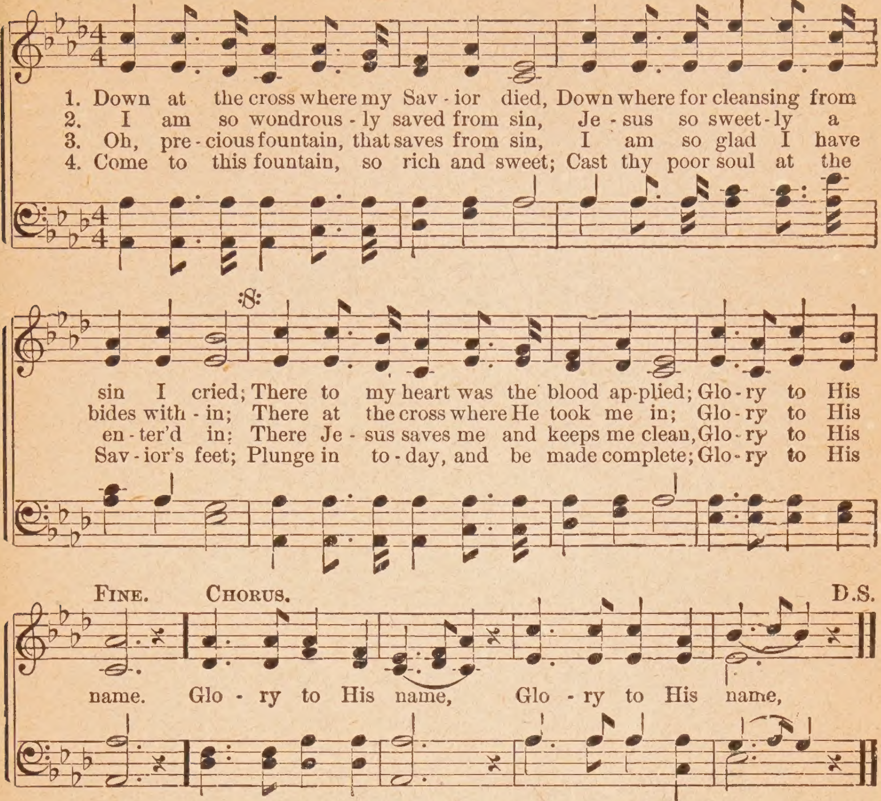
"*I Am the Living Water, Drink of Me and ye shall never thirst.*"—John iv. 14, vi. 35.

P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. Liv - ing wa - ter pure and free, God hath sent to you and me;
2. Thirst - y souls with care op-press'd, Drink and Christ shall give you rest;
3. Come and drink while 'tis to - day, Come and drink with - out de - lay;
Of the wa - ter Je - sus gives, He who drinks for - ev - er lives.
Why with thirst should sin - ners die, Since life's fount - ain is so nigh.
Come, for this is Je - sus' call, To the fount - ain free to all.
Chorus.
Come drink of the wa - ter,
Come, drink, drink of the wa - ter, Come drink of the wa - ter of life,
Come drink of the wa - ter,
Rit. . . .
Come drink, drink of the wa - ter, While now it is flow-ing for thee, for thee.

No. 11. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so wondrous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a
3. Oh, pre - cious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His
bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
en - ter'd in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to His
Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His
Fine. Chorus. D.S.
name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name,

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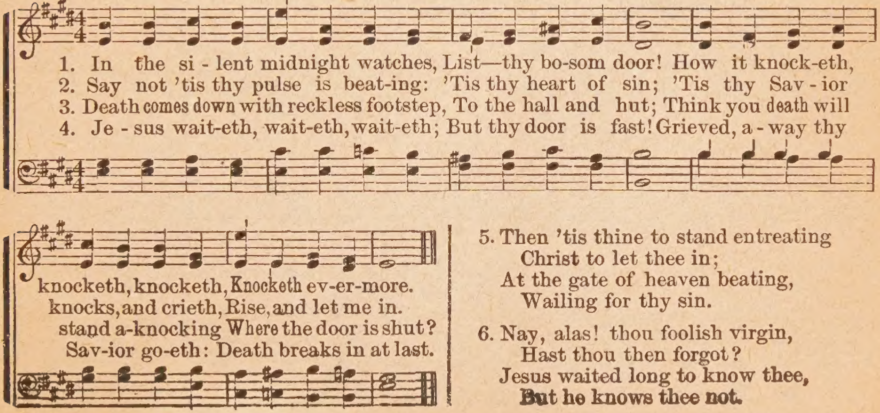
No. 12. In the Silent Midnight.

A. Cleveland Coxe. G. P. Merrick.

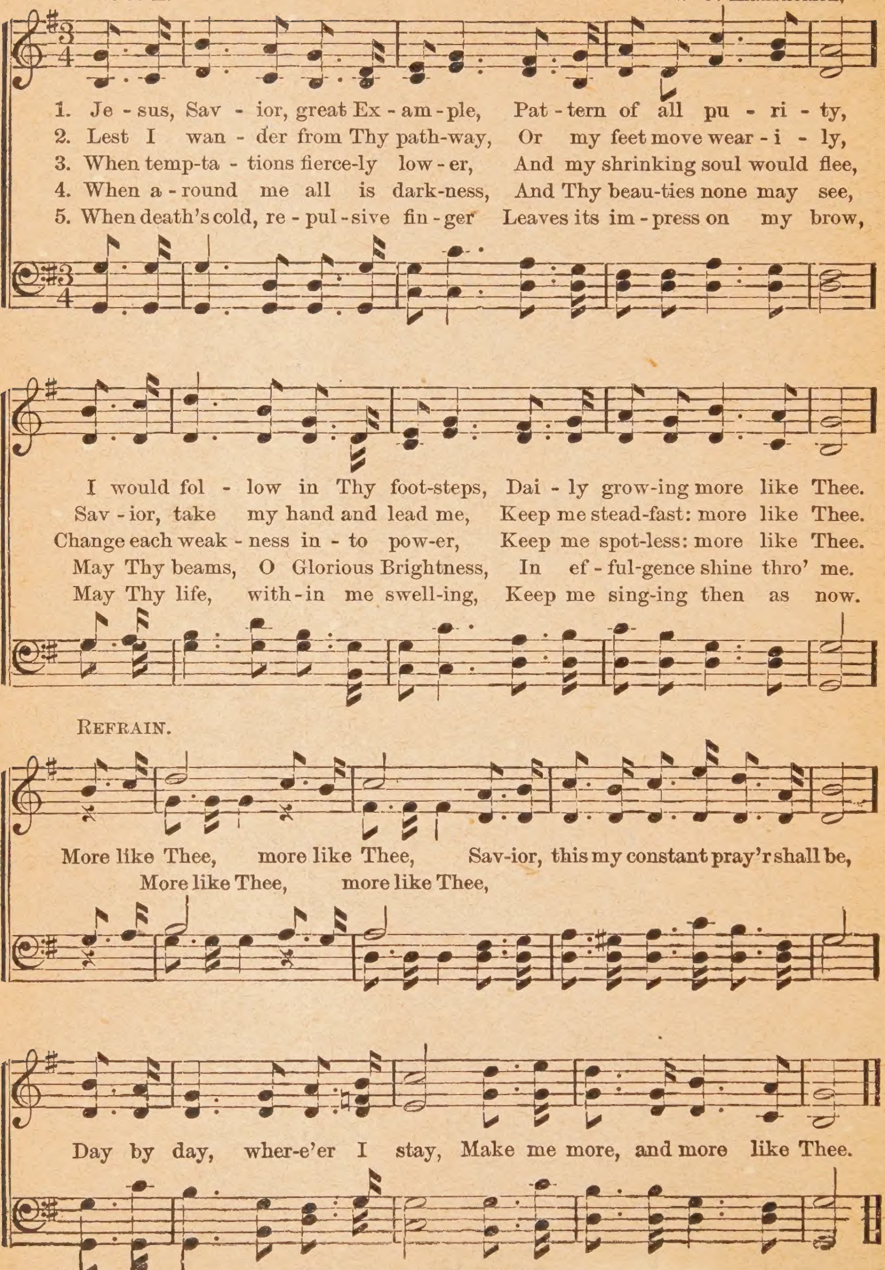

1. In the si - lent midnight watches, List—thy bo-som door! How it knock-eth,
2. Say not 'tis thy pulse is beat-ing: 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis thy Sav - ior
3. Death comes down with reckless footstep, To the hall and hut; Think you death will
4. Je - sus wait-eth, wait-eth, wait-eth; But thy door is fast! Grieved, a - way thy
knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev-er-more.
knocks, and crieth, Rise, and let me in.
stand a-knocking Where the door is shut?
Sav-ior go-eth: Death breaks in at last.

5. Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.

6. Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he knows thee not.

No. 13. More Like Thee.

W. J. K. W. J. Kirkpatrick.

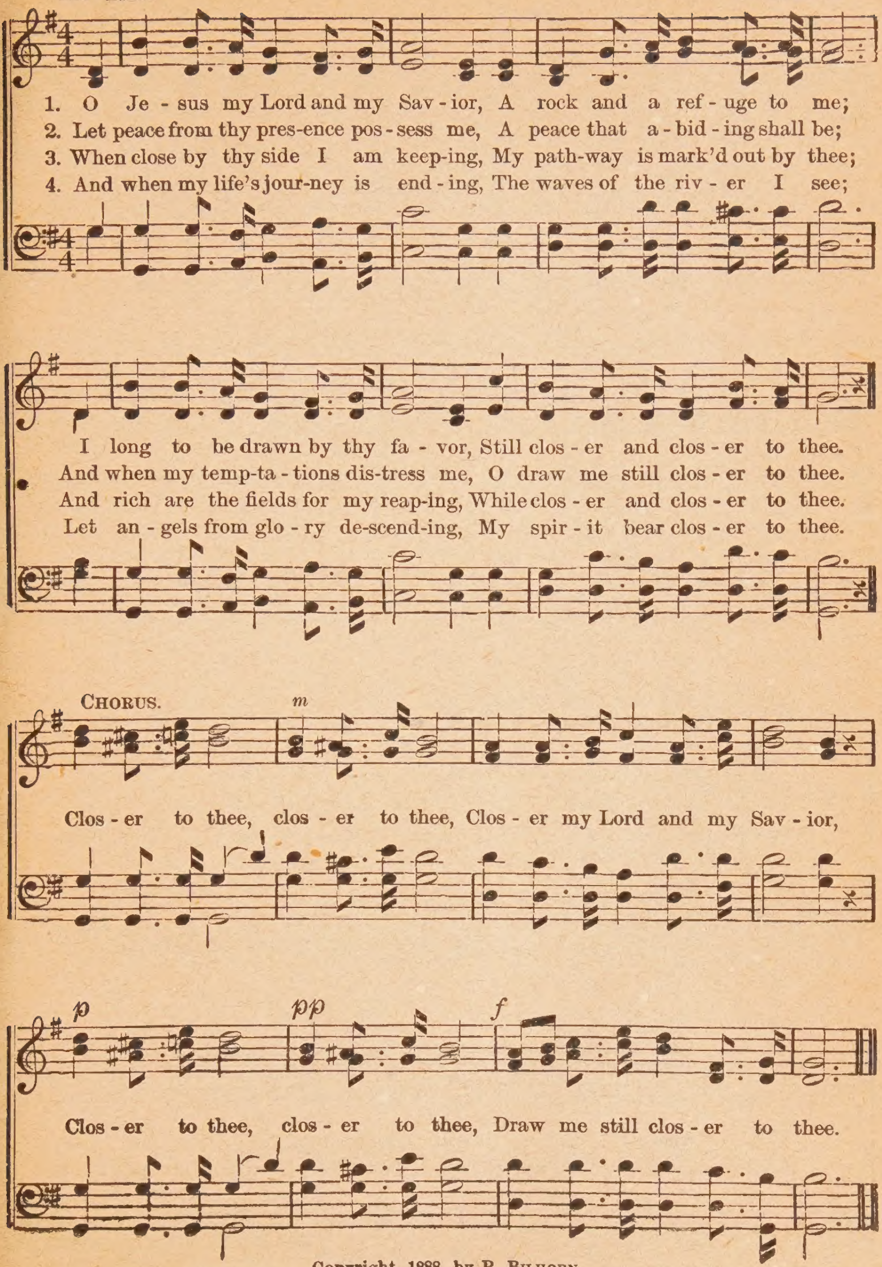

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, great Ex - am - ple, Pat - tern of all pu - ri - ty,
2. Lest I wan - der from Thy path-way, Or my feet move wear - i - ly,
3. When temp-ta - tions fierce-ly low - er, And my shrinking soul would flee,
4. When a - round me all is dark-ness, And Thy beau-ties none may see,
5. When death's cold, re - pul - sive fin - ger Leaves its im - press on my brow,
I would fol - low in Thy foot-steps, Dai - ly grow-ing more like Thee.
Sav - ior, take my hand and lead me, Keep me stead-fast: more like Thee.
Change each weak - ness in - to pow-er, Keep me spot-less: more like Thee.
May Thy beams, O Glorious Brightness, In ef - ful-gence shine thro' me.
May Thy life, with-in me swell-ing, Keep me sing-ing then as now.
Refrain.
More like Thee, more like Thee, Sav-ior, this my constant pray'r shall be,
More like Thee, more like Thee,
Day by day, wher-e'er I stay, Make me more, and more like Thee.

From "Songs of Triumph," by per.

No. 14. Closer to Thee.

The "Lanan."

P. Bilhorn.

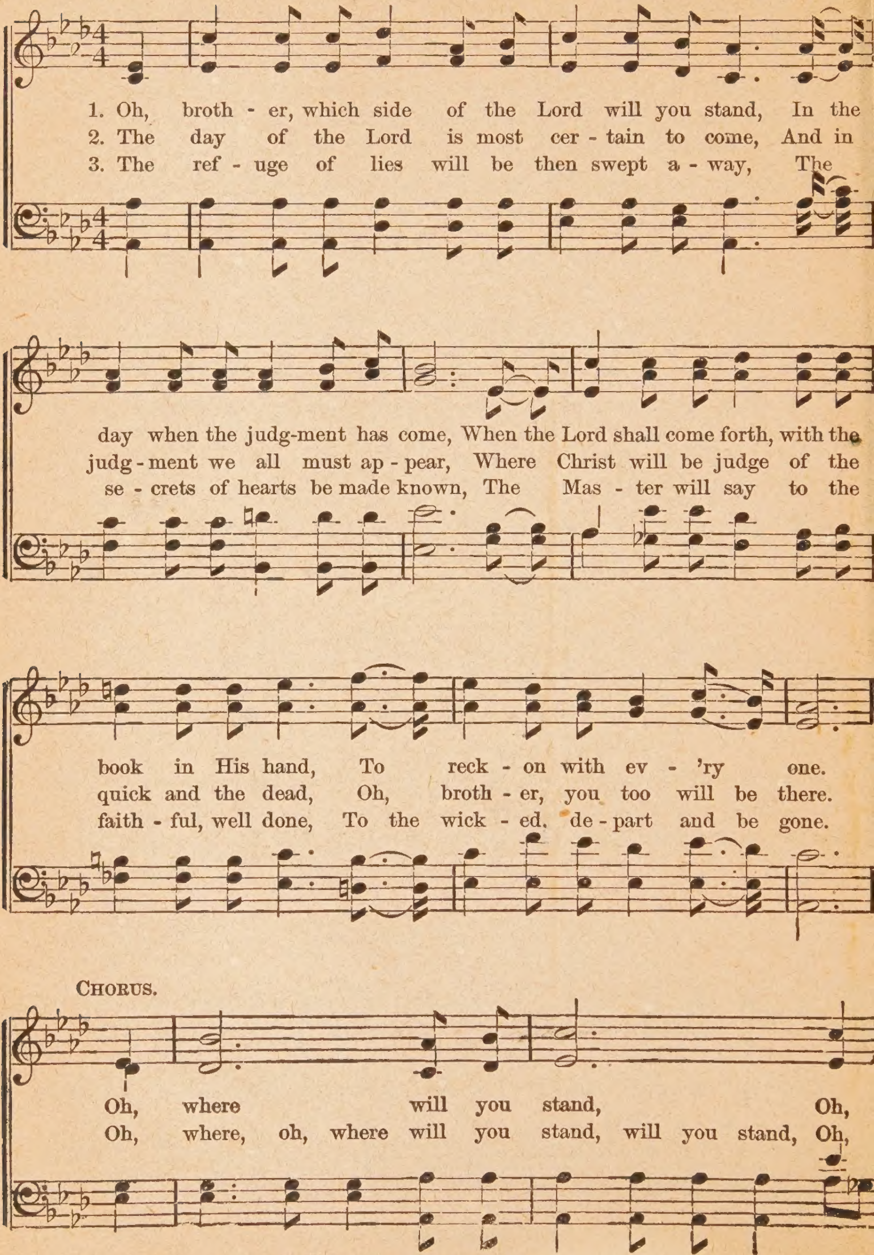

1. O Je - sus my Lord and my Sav - ior, A rock and a ref - uge to me;
2. Let peace from thy pres-ence pos - sess me, A peace that a - bid - ing shall be;
3. When close by thy side I am keep-ing, My path-way is mark'd out by thee;
4. And when my life's jour-ney is end - ing, The waves of the riv - er I see;
I long to be drawn by thy fa - vor, Still clos - er and clos - er to thee.
And when my temp-ta - tions dis-tress me, O draw me still clos - er to thee.
And rich are the fields for my reap-ing, While clos - er and clos - er to thee.
Let an - gels from glo - ry de-scend-ing, My spir - it bear clos - er to thee.
Chorus.
m
Clos - er to thee, clos - er to thee, Clos - er my Lord and my Sav - ior,
p
pp
f
Clos - er to thee, clos - er to thee, Draw me still clos - er to thee.

No. 15

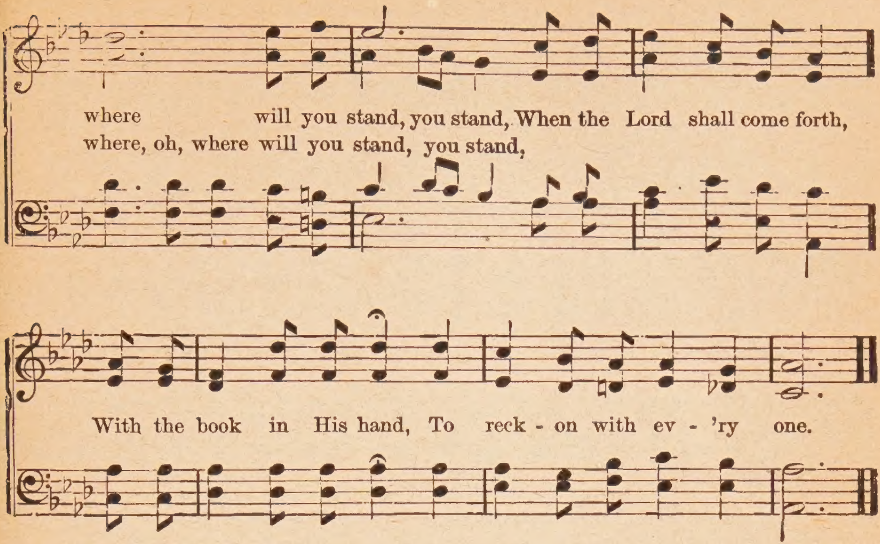
Where Will You Stand?

"*He shall separate them one from another.*"—Matt. xxv. 32.

P. B. | P. Bilhorn.

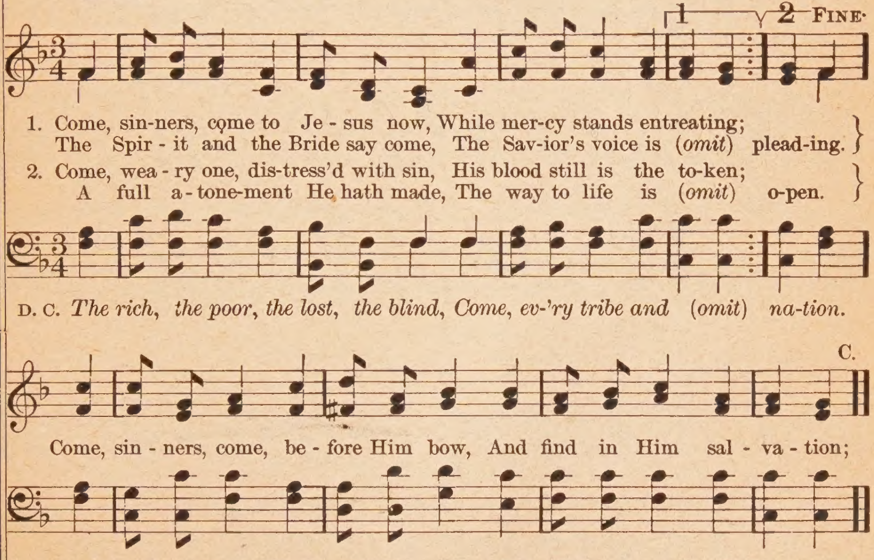

1. Oh, broth - er, which side of the Lord will you stand, In the
2. The day of the Lord is most cer - tain to come, And in
3. The ref - uge of lies will be then swept a - way, The
day when the judg-ment has come, When the Lord shall come forth, with the
judg - ment we all must ap - pear, Where Christ will be judge of the
se - crets of hearts be made known, The Mas - ter will say to the
book in His hand, To reck - on with ev - 'ry one.
quick and the dead, Oh, broth - er, you too will be there.
faith - ful, well done, To the wick - ed, de - part and be gone.
Chorus.
Oh, where will you stand, Oh,
Oh, where, oh, where will you stand, will you stand, Oh,

Where Will You Stand?—Concluded.


where will you stand, you stand, When the Lord shall come forth,
where, oh, where will you stand, you stand,
With the book in His hand, To reck - on with ev - 'ry one.

No. 16. Come, Sinners, Come!

P. Bilhorn. A. Beirly.


1 2 Fine.
1. Come, sin-ners, come to Je - sus now, While mer-cy stands entreating;
The Spir - it and the Bride say come, The Sav-ior's voice is (omit) plead-ing.
2. Come, wea - ry one, dis-tress'd with sin, His blood still is the to-ken;
A full a - tone-ment He hath made, The way to life is (omit) o-pen.
D. C. The rich, the poor, the lost, the blind, Come, ev-'ry tribe and (omit) na-tion.
C.
Come, sin - ners, come, be - fore Him bow, And find in Him sal - va - tion;

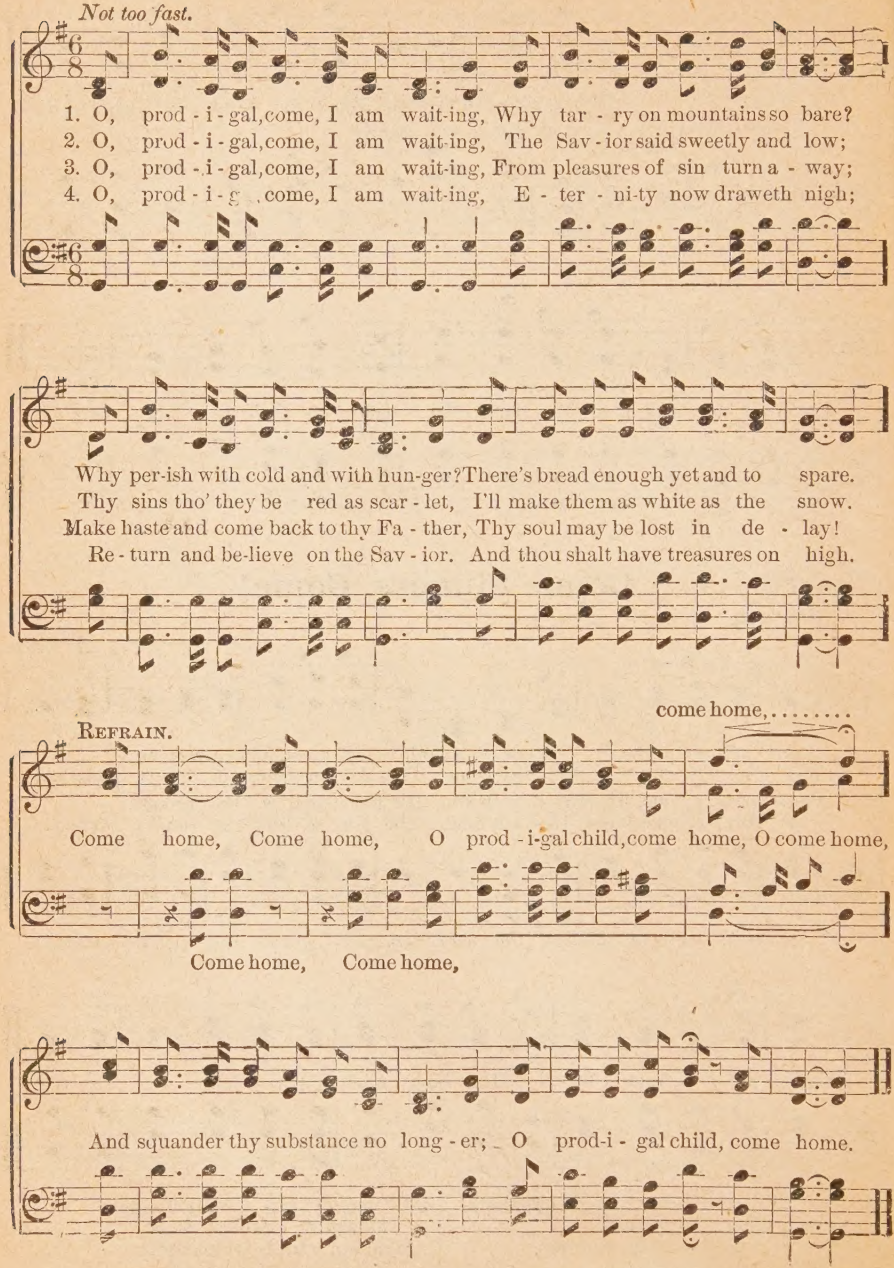
3 Come, burden'd heart, and all oppress'd,
Come, Jesus has forgiven;
He is the life, the truth, the rest,
The only way to heaven.

4 I come, O Lord, I come to-day,
Forsaking sinful pleasure;
O do not turn from me away,
But be my only treasure.

No. 17.

The Prodigal Child.

E. C. A. — E. C. Avis.

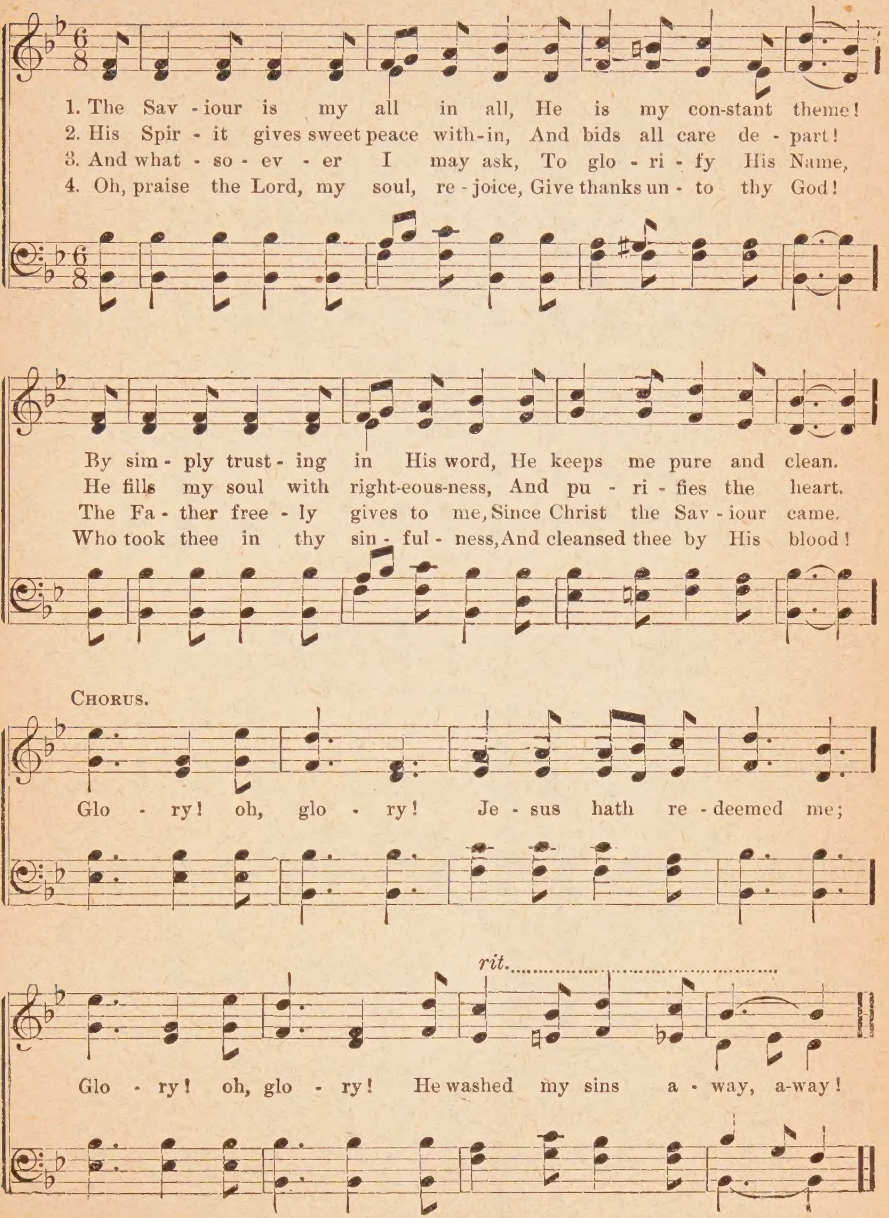

Not too fast.
1. O, prod - i - gal, come, I am wait-ing, Why tar - ry on mountains so bare?
2. O, prod - i - gal, come, I am wait-ing, The Sav - ior said sweetly and low;
3. O, prod - i - gal, come, I am wait-ing, From pleasures of sin turn a - way;
4. O, prod - i - gal, come, I am wait-ing, E - ter - ni-ty now draweth nigh;
Why per-ish with cold and with hun-ger? There's bread enough yet and to spare.
Thy sins tho' they be red as scar - let, I'll make them as white as the snow.
Make haste and come back to thy Fa - ther, Thy soul may be lost in de - lay!
Re - turn and be-lieve on the Sav - ior. And thou shalt have treasures on high.
Refrain.
come home, ...
Come home, Come home, O prod - i-gal child, come home, O come home,
Come home, Come home,
And squander thy substance no long - er; O prod-i - gal child, come home.

Copyright, 1887, by E. C. Avis. By per.

No. 18. The Savior Is My All in All.

"*Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost.*"—Heb. vii: 25.

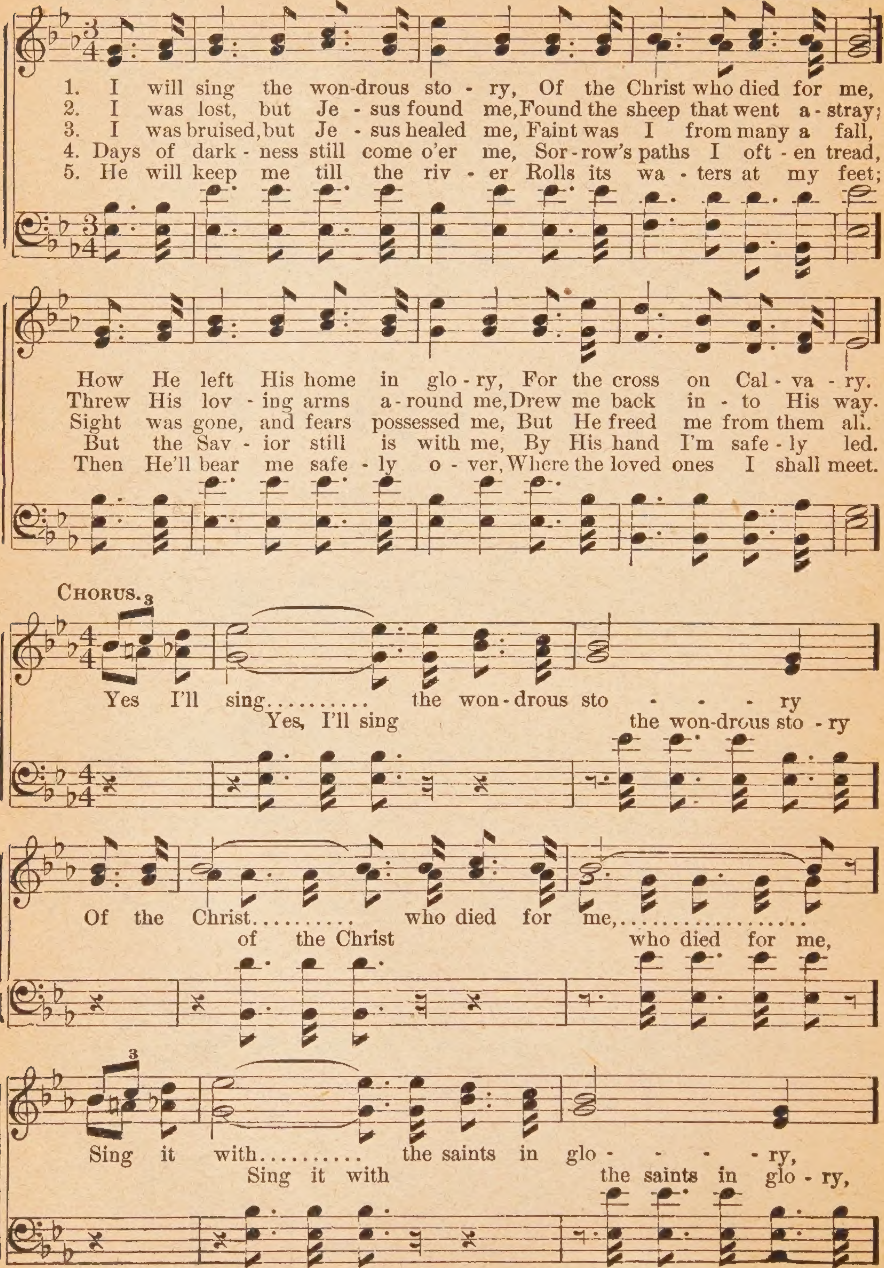
P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. The Sav - iour is my all in all, He is my con-stant theme!
2. His Spir - it gives sweet peace with-in, And bids all care de - part!
3. And what - so - ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy His Name,
4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, re - joice, Give thanks un - to thy God!
By sim - ply trust - ing in His word, He keeps me pure and clean.
He fills my soul with right-eous-ness, And pu - ri - fies the heart.
The Fa - ther free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Sav - iour came.
Who took thee in thy sin - ful - ness, And cleansed thee by His blood!
Chorus.
Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! Je - sus hath re - deemed me;
rit.
Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! He washed my sins a - way, a-way!

No. 19. I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

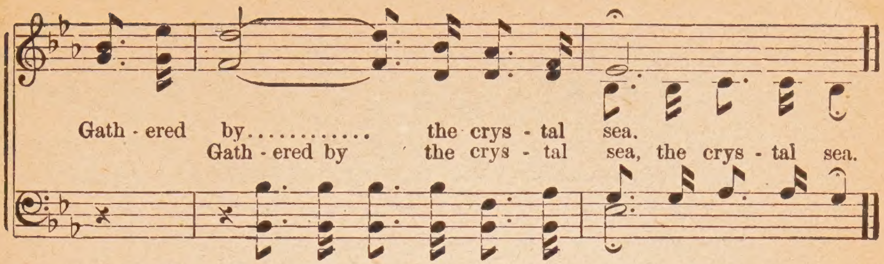
*"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever.—"*Ps. 1: 89.

F. H. Rowley. Peter Bilhorn.


1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;
How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.
Chorus.
3
Yes I'll sing.......... the won - drous sto - - - - ry
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry
Of the Christ.......... who died for me,..................
of the Christ who died for me,
3
Sing it with.......... the saints in glo - - - - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry,

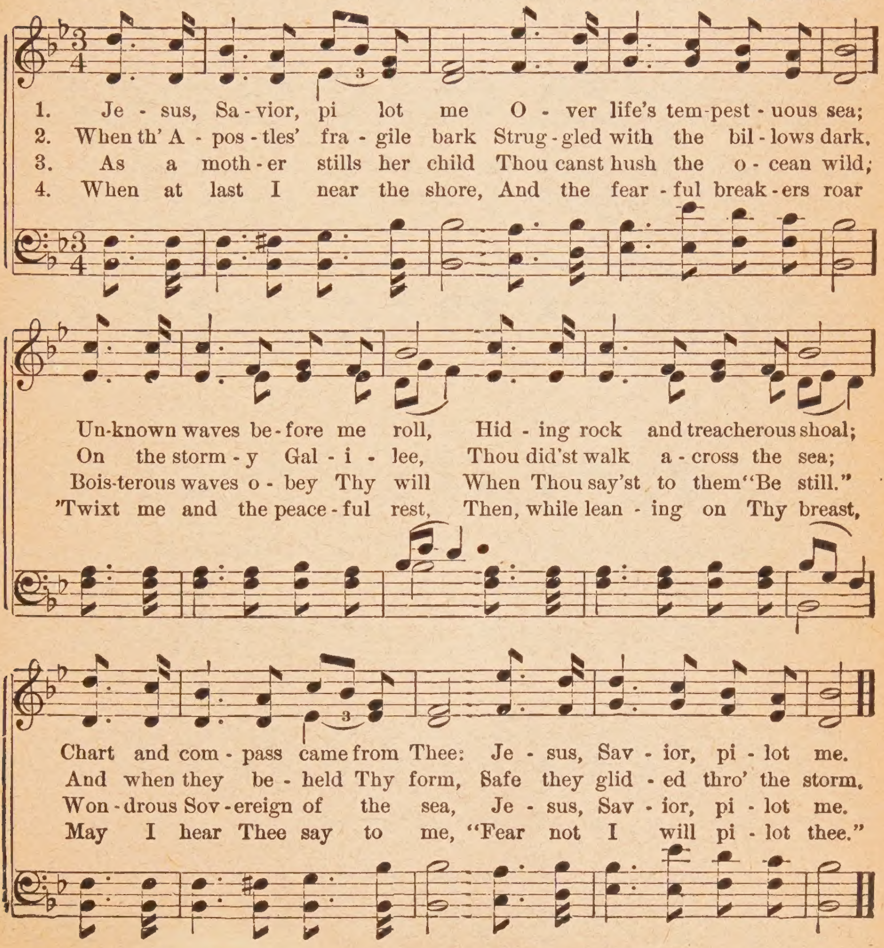
Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

I will Sing.—Concluded.


Gath - ered by............ the crys - tal sea.
Gath - ered by the crys - tal sea, the crys - tal sea.

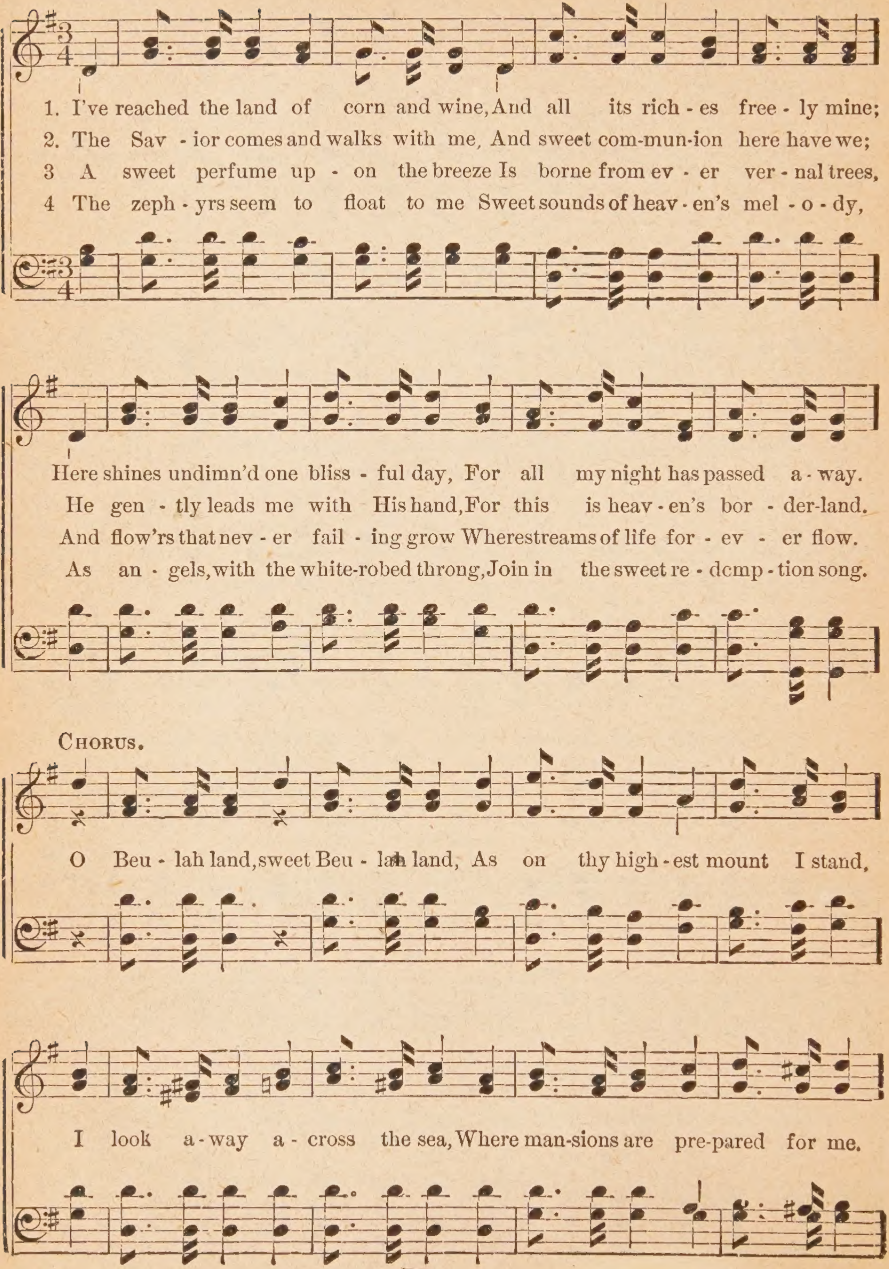
No. 20. Savior, Pilot Me.

J. E. Gould.

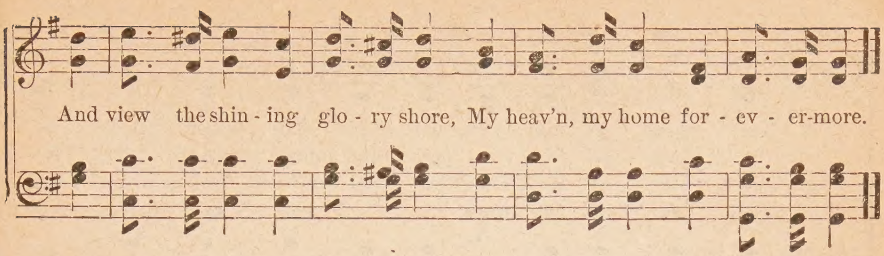

1. Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi lot me O - ver life's tem-pest - uous sea;
2. When th' A - pos - tles' fra - gile bark Strug - gled with the bil - lows dark,
3. As a moth - er stills her child Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
4. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;
On the storm - y Gal - i - lee, Thou did'st walk a - cross the sea;
Bois-terous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
And when they be - held Thy form, Safe they glid - ed thro' the storm.
Won - drous Sov - ereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not I will pi - lot thee."

No. 21. Beulah Land.

Edgar Page. Jno. R. Sweney, by per.

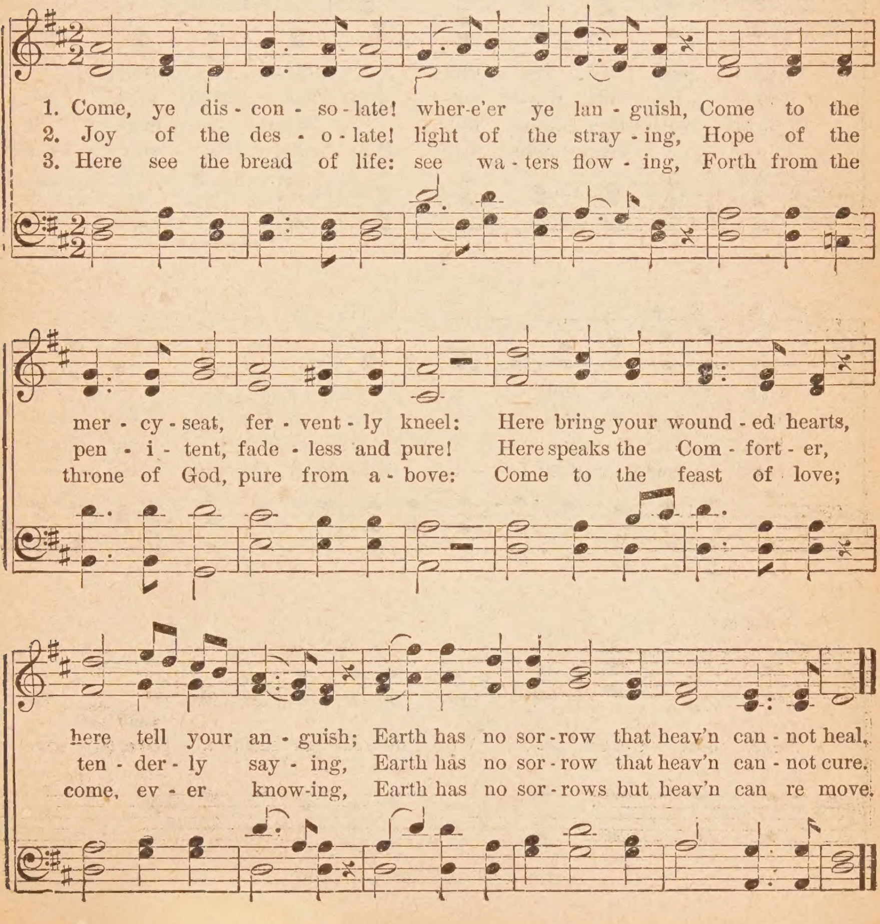

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. The Sav - ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
3 A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er ver - nal trees,
4 The zeph - yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav - en's mel - o - dy,
Here shines undimn'd one bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
He gen - tly leads me with His hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der-land.
And flow'rs that nev - er fail - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an - gels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet re - demp - tion song.
Chorus.
O Beu - lah land, sweet Beu - lah land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where man-sions are pre-pared for me.

Beulah Land.—Concluded.


And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for - ev - er-more.

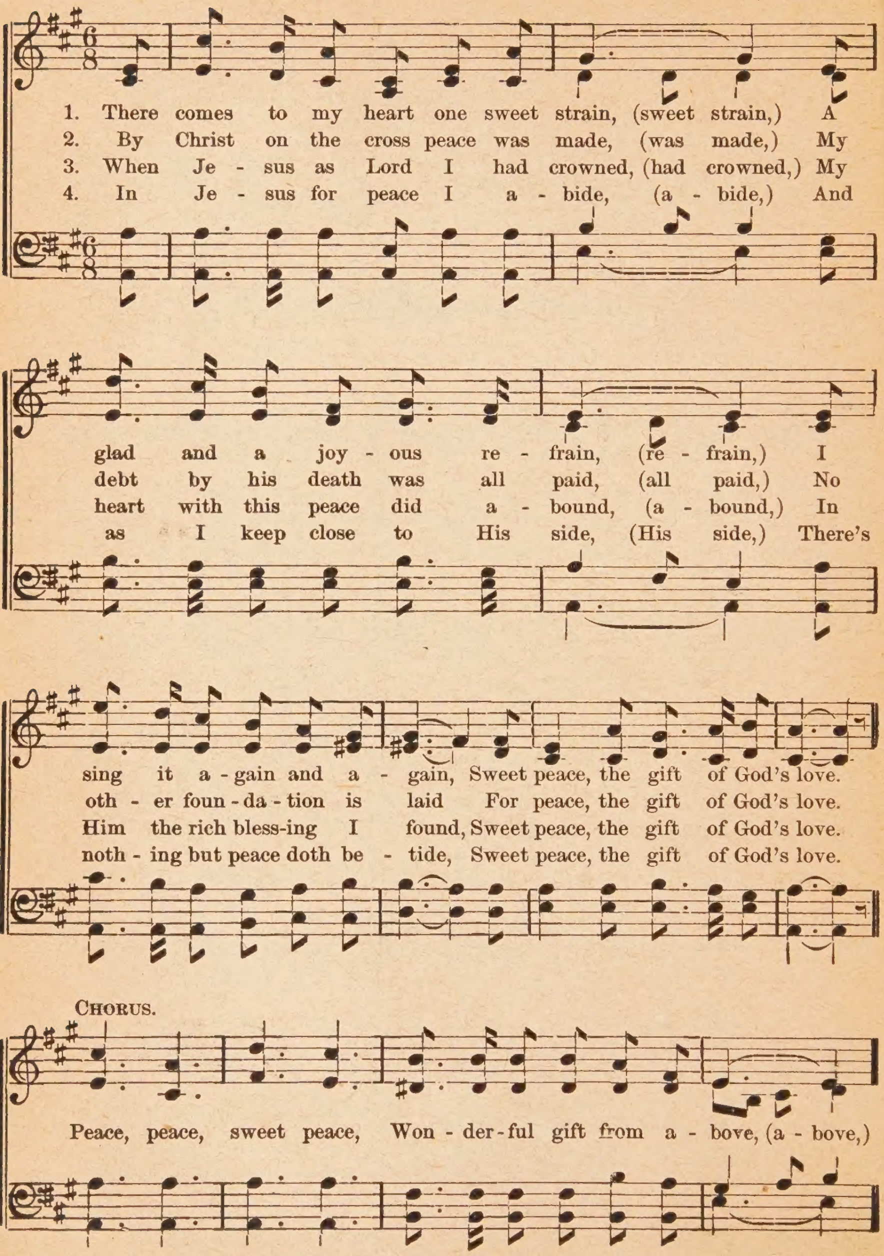
No. 22. Come, ye Disconsolate.

Thos. Moore. Samuel Webbe.

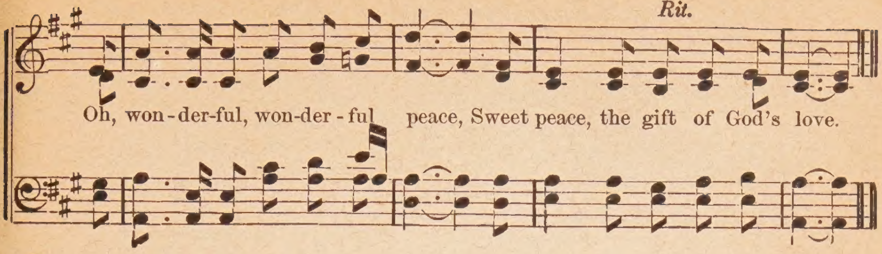

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late! wher-e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa - ters flow - ing, Forth from the
mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove: Come to the feast of love;
here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure.
come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sor - rows but heav'n can re move.

No. 23. Sweet Peace the Gift of God's Love.

P. B. P. BILHORN.

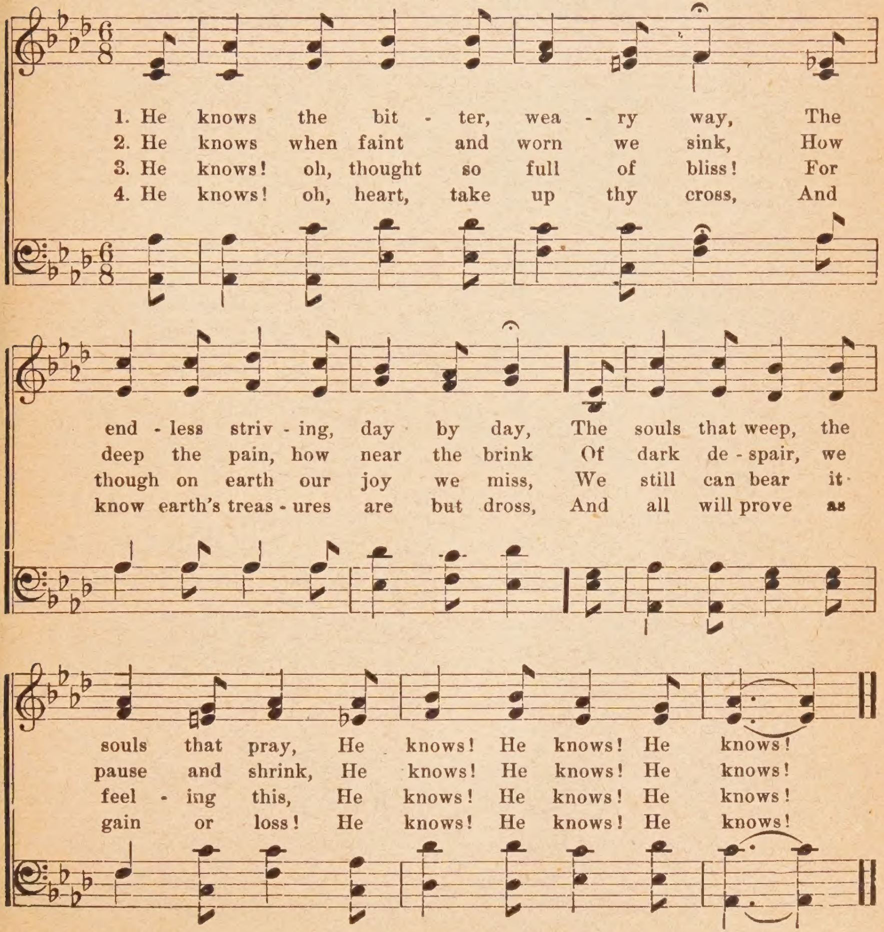

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And
glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I
debt by his death was all paid, (all paid,) No
heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In
as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's
sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
oth - er foun - da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
Him the rich bless-ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
noth - ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
CHORUS.
Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove, (a - bove,)

Sweet Peace.—Concluded.


Rit.
Oh, won-der-ful, won-der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

No. 24. He Knows.

P. Bilhorn.


1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, The
2. He knows when faint and worn we sink, How
3. He knows! oh, thought so full of bliss! For
4. He knows! oh, heart, take up thy cross, And
end - less striv - ing, day by day, The souls that weep, the
deep the pain, how near the brink Of dark de - spair, we
though on earth our joy we miss, We still can bear it
know earth's treas - ures are but dross, And all will prove as
souls that pray, He knows! He knows! He knows!
pause and shrink, He knows! He knows! He knows!
feel - ing this, He knows! He knows! He knows!
gain or loss! He knows! He knows! He knows!

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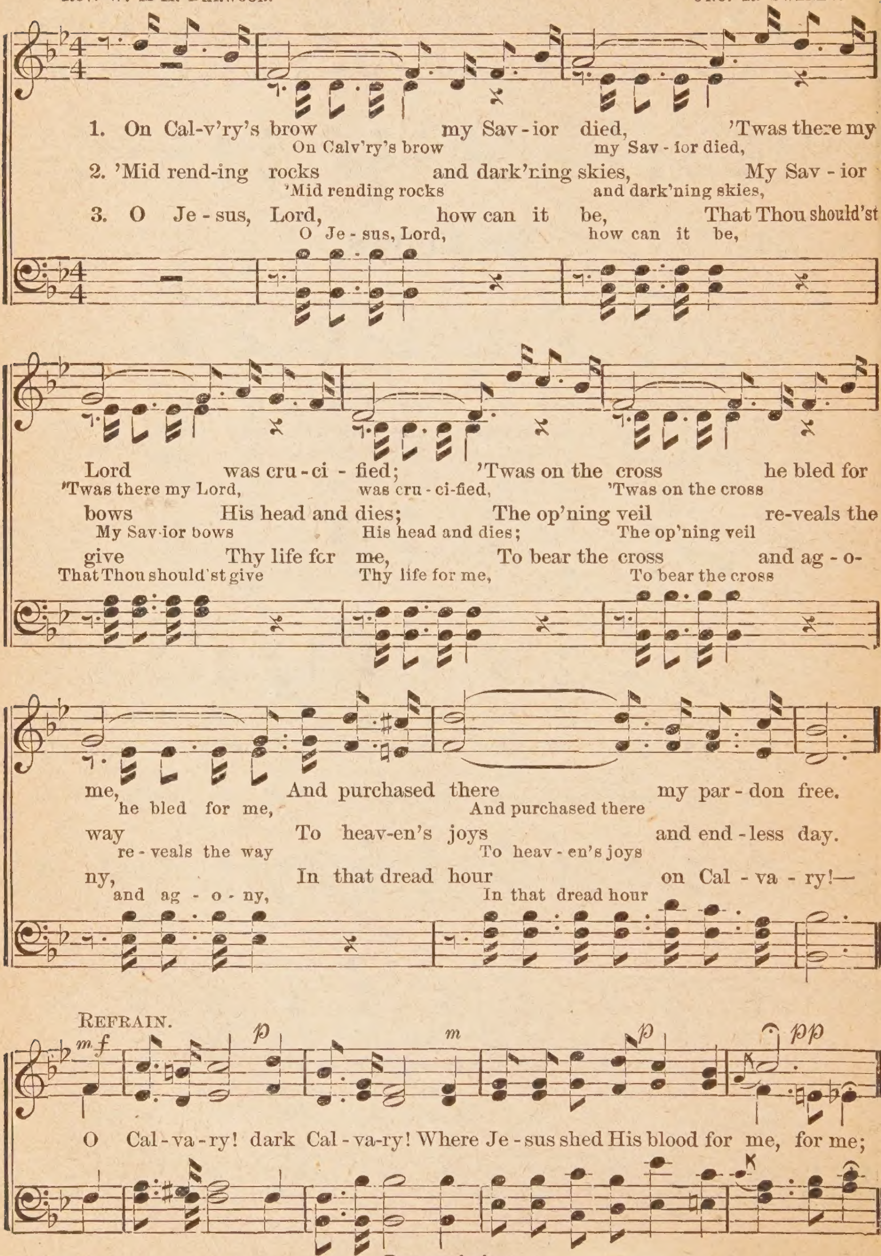
No. 25.

Calvary.

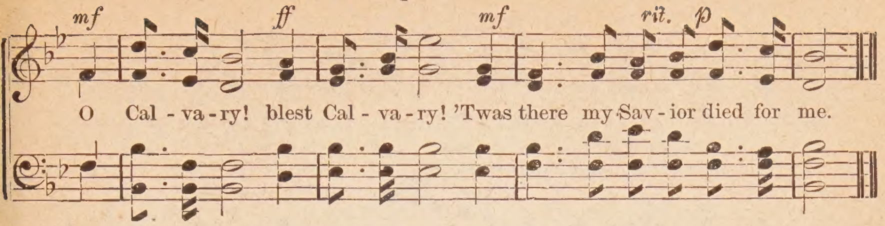
" *The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him,*"—Luke xxiii. 33.

Rev. W. M'K. Darwood. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. On Cal-v'ry's brow my Sav-ior died, 'Twas there my Lord was cru-ci-fied; 'Twas on the cross he bled for me, And purchased there my par-don free.
On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-ior died, 'Twas there my Lord, was cru-ci-fied, 'Twas on the cross he bled for me, And purchased there
2. 'Mid rend-ing rocks and dark'ning skies, My Sav-ior bows His head and dies; The op'ning veil re-veals the way To heav-en's joys and end-less day.
'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Sav-ior bows His head and dies; The op'ning veil re-veals the way To heav-en's joys
3. O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That Thou should'st give Thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-ny, In that dread hour on Cal-va-ry!—
O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That Thou should'st give Thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-ny, In that dread hour
Refrain.
mf
p
m
p
pp
O Cal-va-ry! dark Cal-va-ry! Where Je-sus shed His blood for me, for me;

By permission.

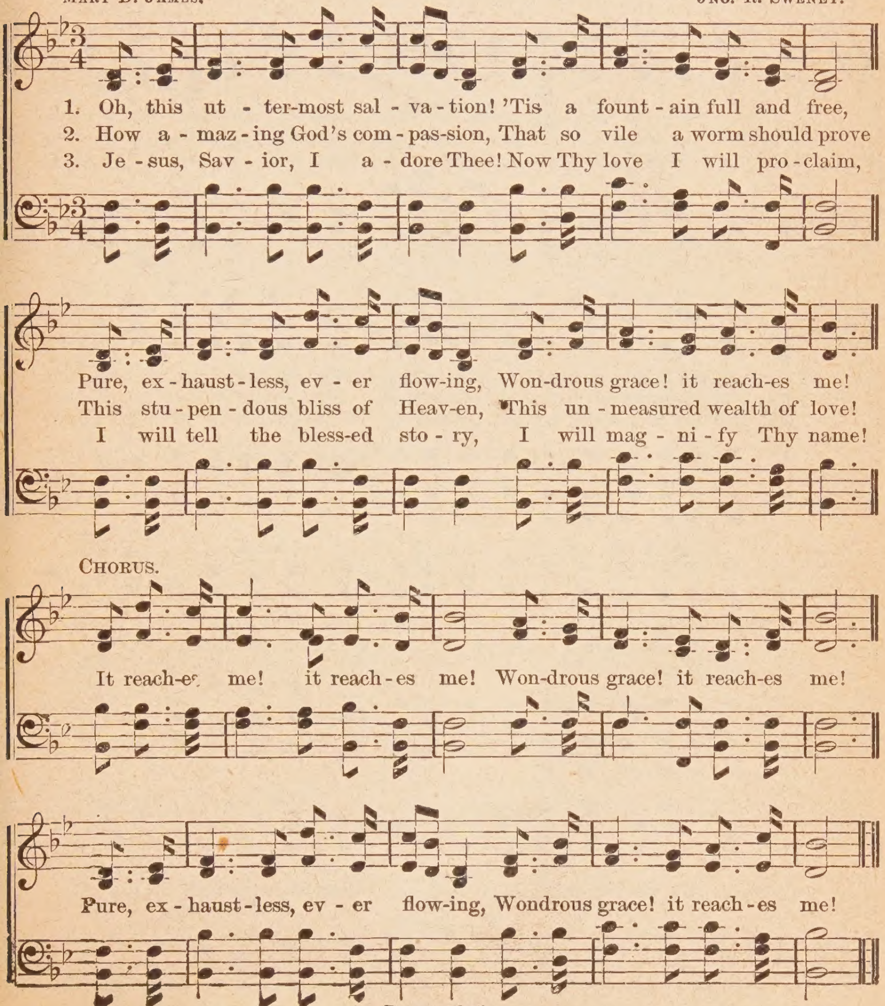
Calvary—Concluded.


mf
ff
mf
rit.
p
O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Sav - ior died for me.

No. 26.

It Reaches Me.

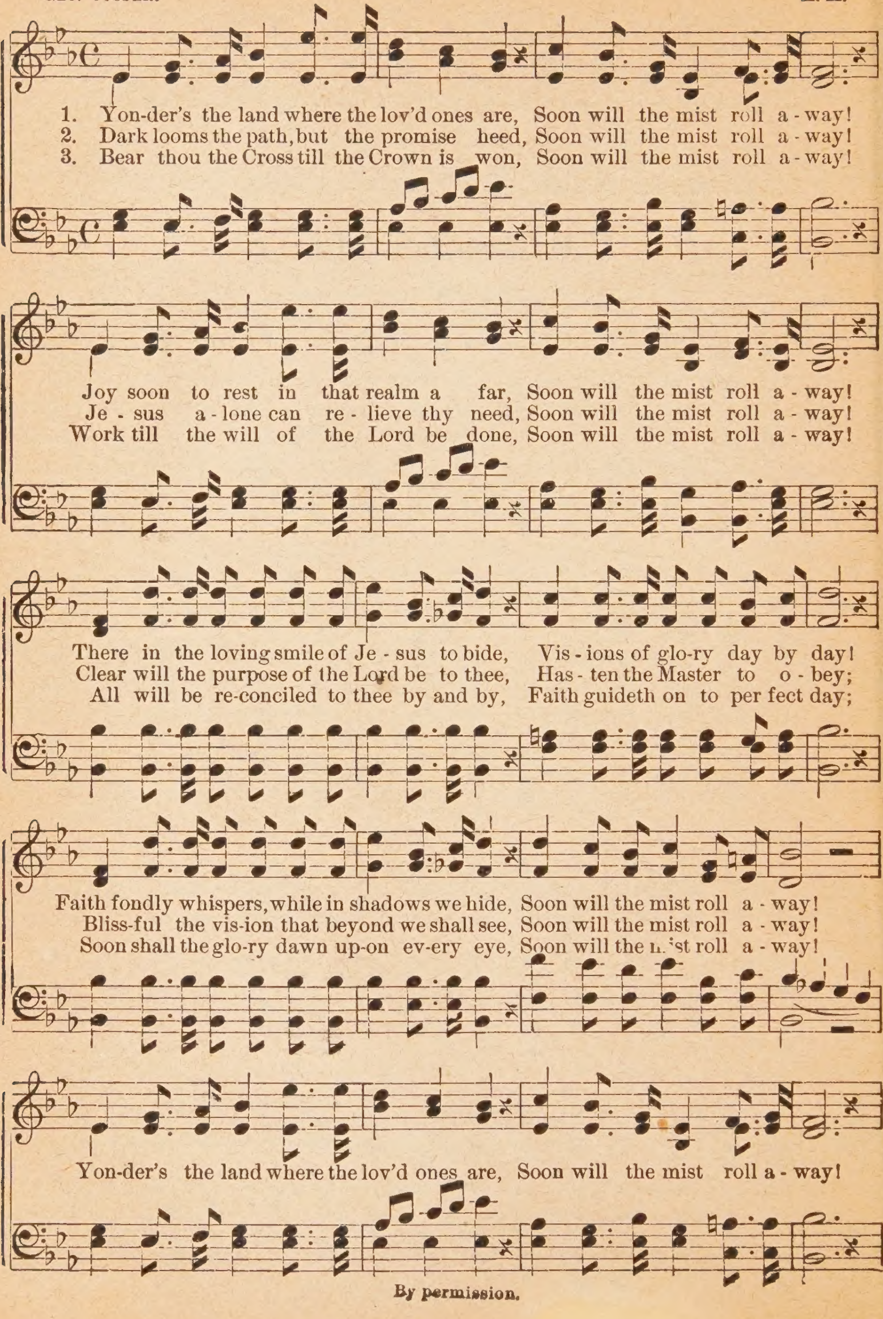
MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va - tion! 'Tis a fount - ain full and free,
2. How a - maz - ing God's com - pas-sion, That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, I a - dore Thee! Now Thy love I will pro - claim,
Pure, ex - haust - less, ev - er flow-ing, Won-drous grace! it reach-es me!
This stu - pen - dous bliss of Heav-en, This un - measured wealth of love!
I will tell the bless-ed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy Thy name!
CHORUS.
It reach-es me! it reach - es me! Won-drous grace! it reach-es me!
Pure, ex - haust - less, ev - er flow-ing, Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!

By permission.

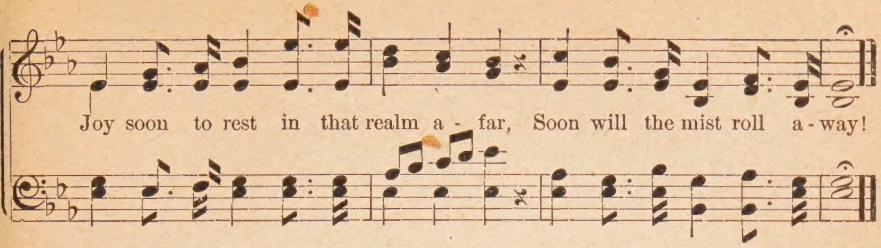
No. 27. Soon Will The Mist Roll Away.

Geo. Cooper. H. M.


1. Yon-der's the land where the lov'd ones are, Soon will the mist roll a-way!
2. Dark looms the path, but the promise heed, Soon will the mist roll a-way!
3. Bear thou the Cross till the Crown is won, Soon will the mist roll a-way!
Joy soon to rest in that realm a far, Soon will the mist roll a-way!
Je-sus a-lone can re-lieve thy need, Soon will the mist roll a-way!
Work till the will of the Lord be done, Soon will the mist roll a-way!
There in the loving smile of Je-sus to bide, Vis-ions of glo-ry day by day!
Clear will the purpose of the Lord be to thee, Has-ten the Master to o-bey;
All will be re-conciled to thee by and by, Faith guideth on to per fect day;
Faith fondly whispers, while in shadows we hide, Soon will the mist roll a-way!
Bliss-ful the vis-ion that beyond we shall see, Soon will the mist roll a-way!
Soon shall the glo-ry dawn up-on ev-ery eye, Soon will the mist roll a-way!
Yon-der's the land where the lov'd ones are, Soon will the mist roll a-way!

By permission.

Soon Will the Mist.—Concluded.

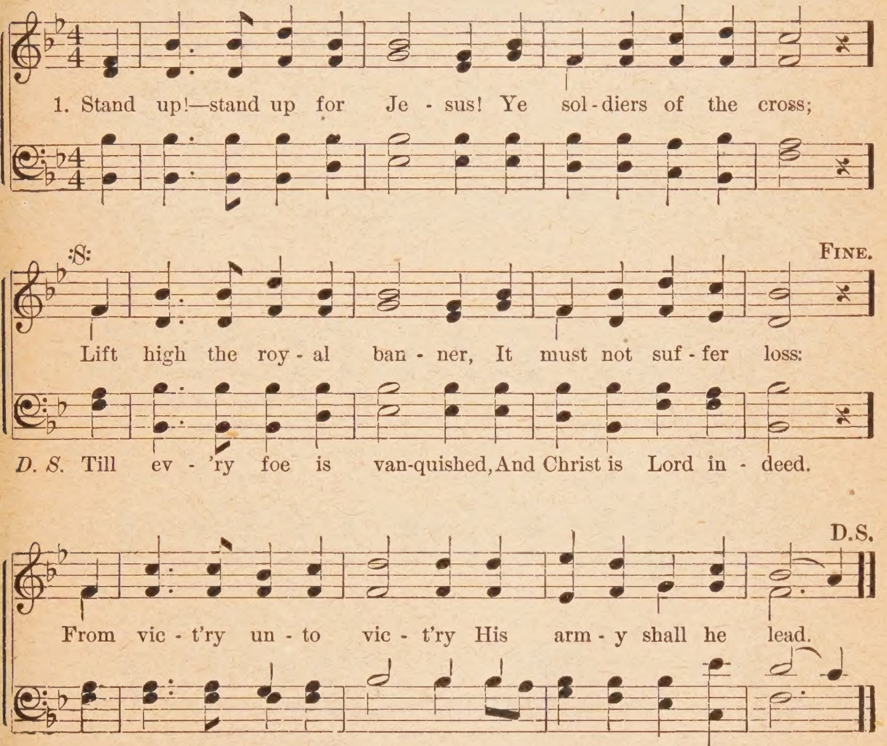

Joy soon to rest in that realm a - far, Soon will the mist roll a - way!

No. 28.

Stand up for Jesus.

G. Duffield.

G. J. Webbe.

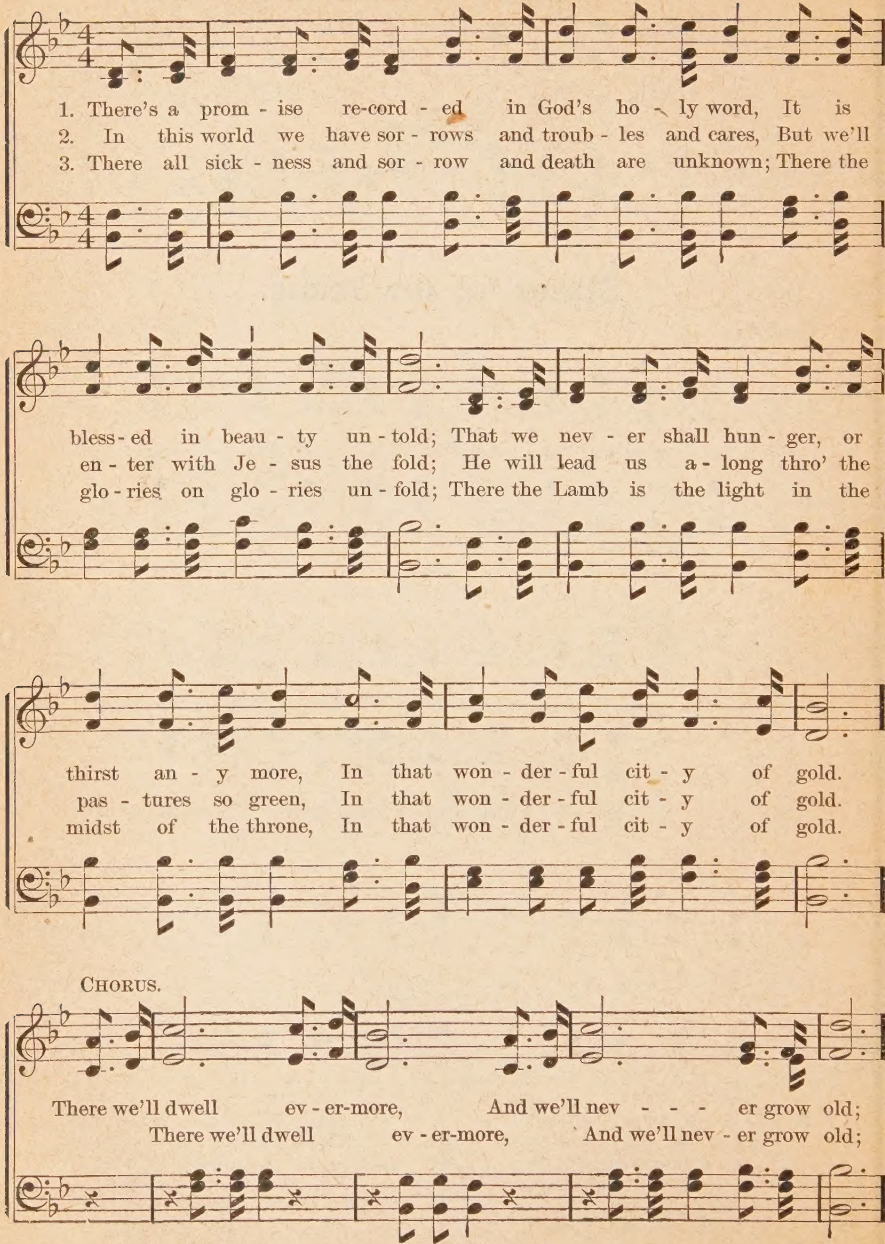

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
:S:
Fine.
Lift high the roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
D. S. Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall he lead.
D.S.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone,
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

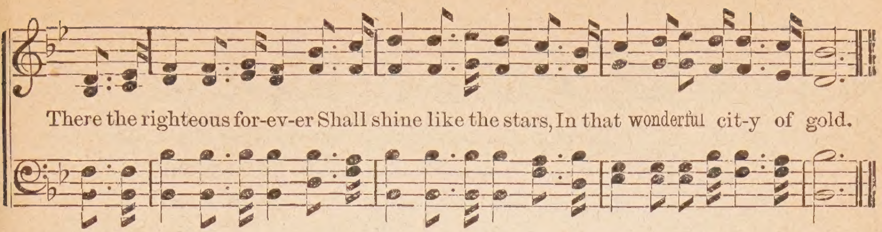
No. 29. The City of Gold.

P. Bilhorn. E. C. Avis.


1. There's a prom - ise re-cord - ed in God's ho - ly word, It is blessed - ed in beau - ty un - told; That we nev - er shall hun - ger, or thirst an - y more, In that won - der - ful cit - y of gold.
2. In this world we have sor - rows and troub - les and cares, But we'll en - ter with Je - sus the fold; He will lead us a - long thro' the pas - tures so green, In that won - der - ful cit - y of gold.
3. There all sick - ness and sor - row and death are unknown; There the glo - ries on glo - ries un - fold; There the Lamb is the light in the midst of the throne, In that won - der - ful cit - y of gold.
Chorus.
There we'll dwell ev - er-more, And we'll nev - - - er grow old;
There we'll dwell ev - er-more, And we'll nev - er grow old;

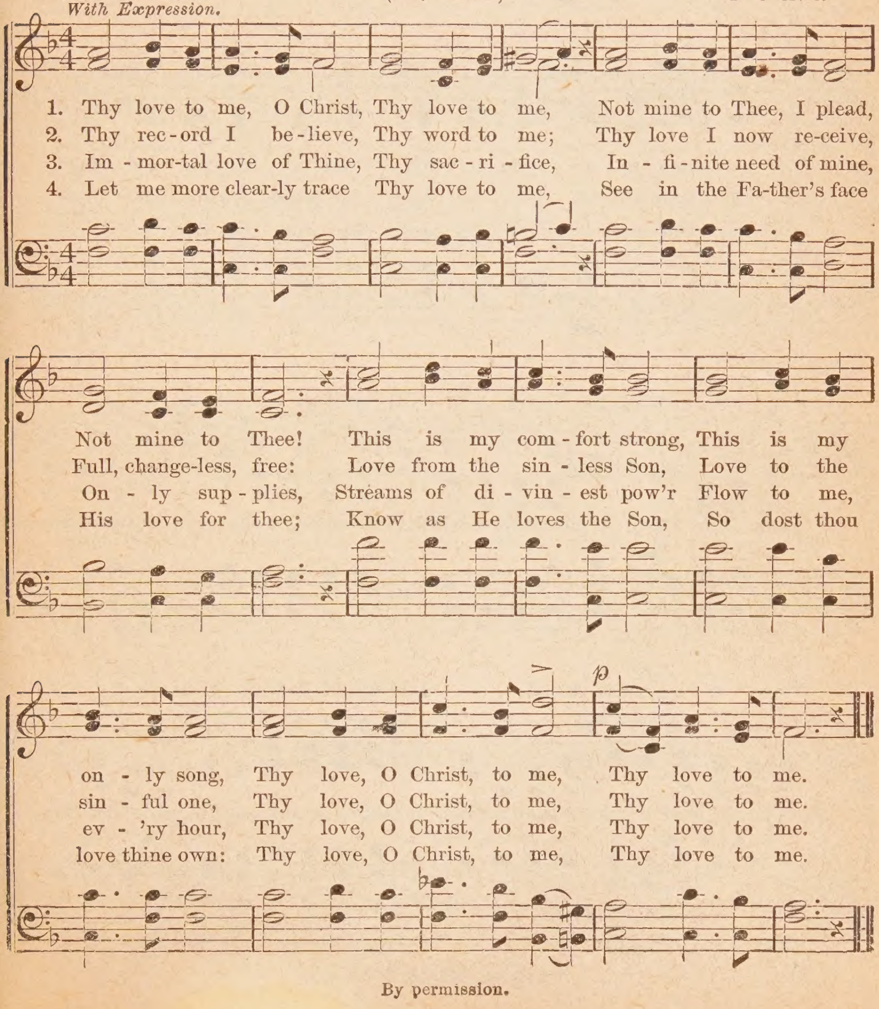
By permission.

The City of Gold—Concluded.


There the righteous for-ev-er Shall shine like the stars, In that wonderful cit-y of gold.

No. 30. Thy Love to Me.

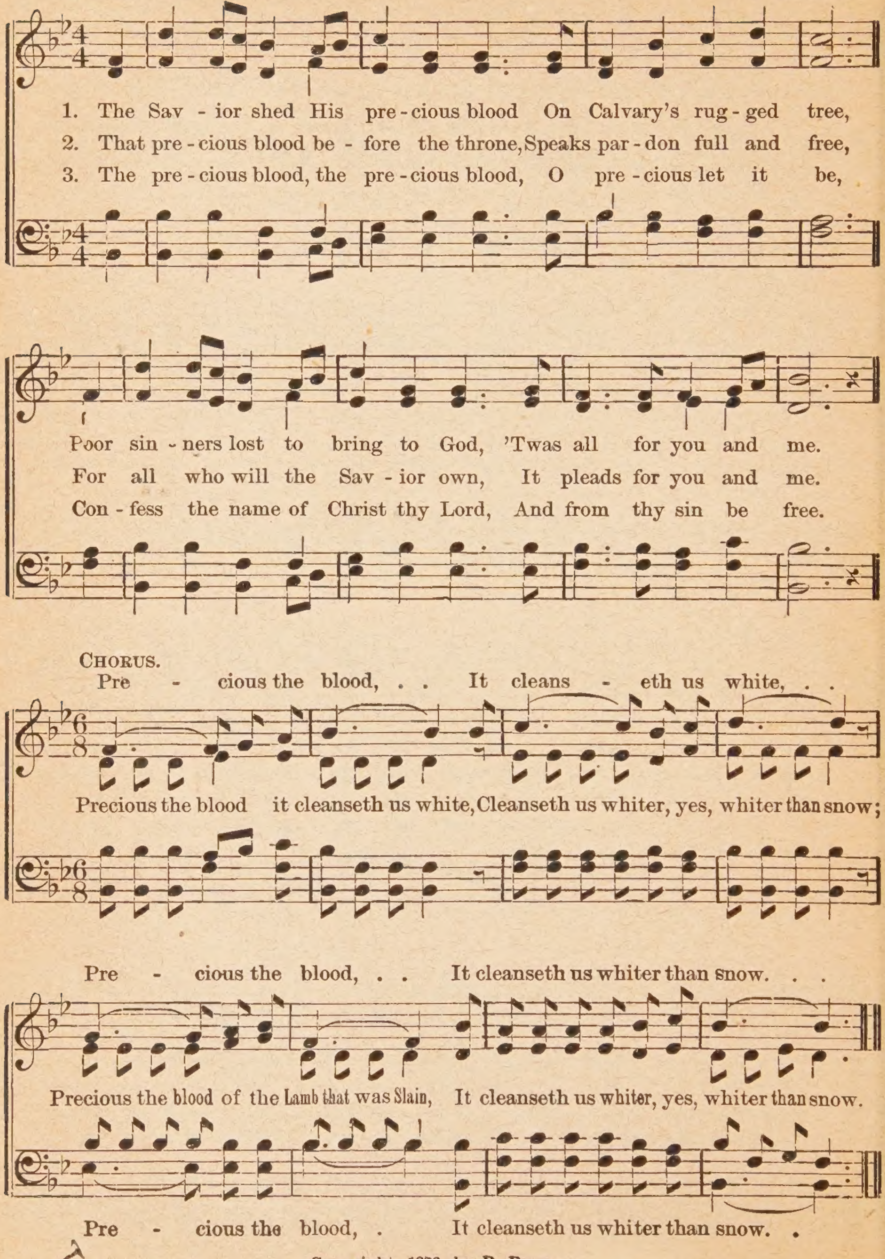
Mrs. M. E. Gates. (Jer. xxxi. 3.) E. C Avis.


With Expression.
1. Thy love to me, O Christ, Thy love to me, Not mine to Thee, I plead,
2. Thy rec-ord I be-lieve, Thy word to me; Thy love I now re-ceive,
3. Im-mor-tal love of Thine, Thy sac-ri-fice, In-fi-nite need of mine,
4. Let me more clear-ly trace Thy love to me, See in the Fa-ther's face
Not mine to Thee! This is my com-fort strong, This is my
Full, change-less, free: Love from the sin-less Son, Love to the
On-ly sup-plies, Streams of di-vin-est pow'r Flow to me,
His love for thee; Know as He loves the Son, So dost thou
on-ly song, Thy love, O Christ, to me, Thy love to me.
sin-ful one, Thy love, O Christ, to me, Thy love to me.
ev-'ry hour, Thy love, O Christ, to me, Thy love to me.
love thine own: Thy love, O Christ, to me, Thy love to me.
p

By permission.

No. 31. Precious the Blood.

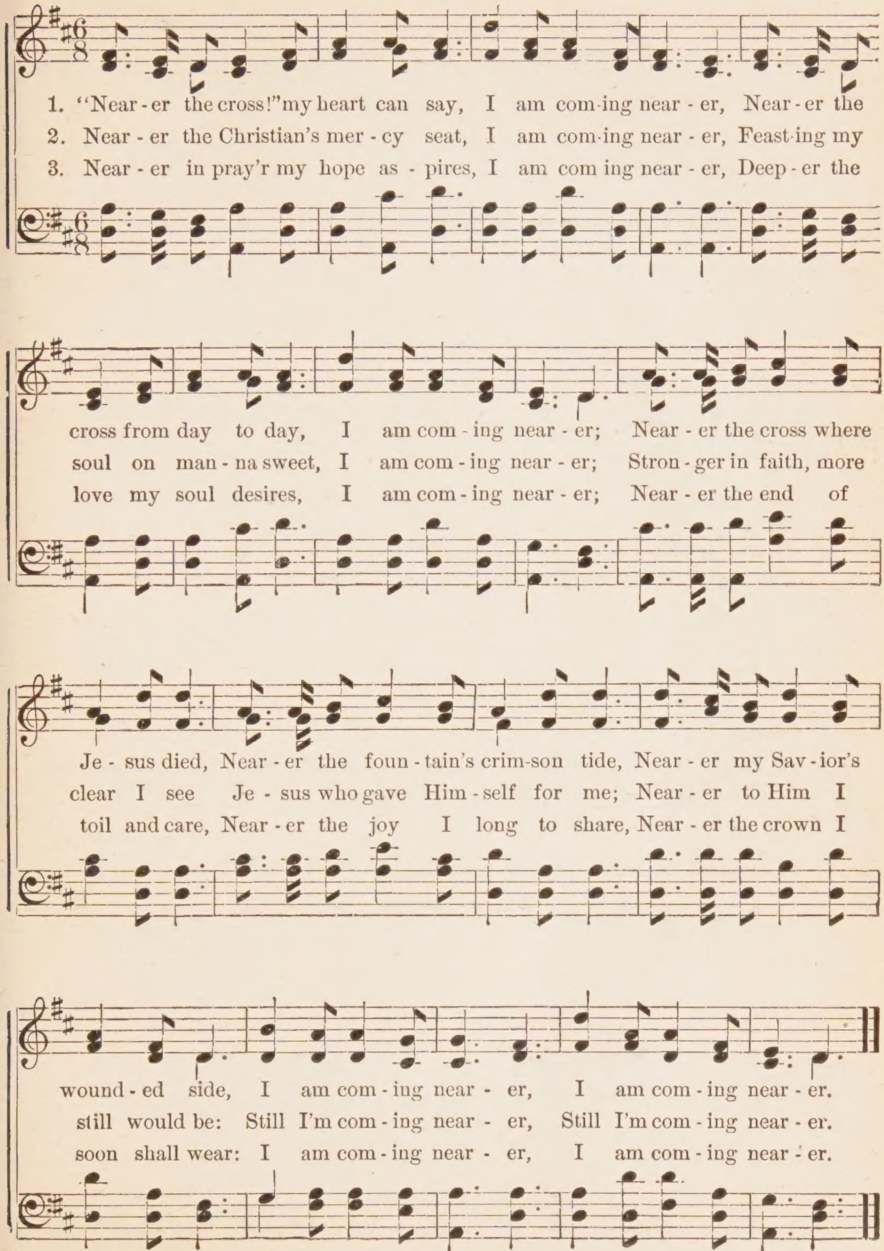
P. H. ROBLIN. P. BILHORN.


1. The Sav - ior shed His pre - cious blood On Calvary's rug - ged tree,
2. That pre - cious blood be - fore the throne, Speaks par - don full and free,
3. The pre - cious blood, the pre - cious blood, O pre - cious let it be,
Poor sin - ners lost to bring to God, 'Twas all for you and me.
For all who will the Sav - ior own, It pleads for you and me.
Con - fess the name of Christ thy Lord, And from thy sin be free.
CHORUS.
Pre - cious the blood, . . It cleans - eth us white, . .
Precious the blood it cleanseth us white, Cleanseth us whiter, yes, whiter than snow;
Pre - cious the blood, . . It cleanseth us whiter than snow. . .
Precious the blood of the Lamb that was Slain, It cleanseth us whiter, yes, whiter than snow.
Pre - cious the blood, . It cleanseth us whiter than snow. .

No. 32.

Nearer the Cross.

Mrs. F. J. Crosby. | Mrs. J. F. Knapp, by per.

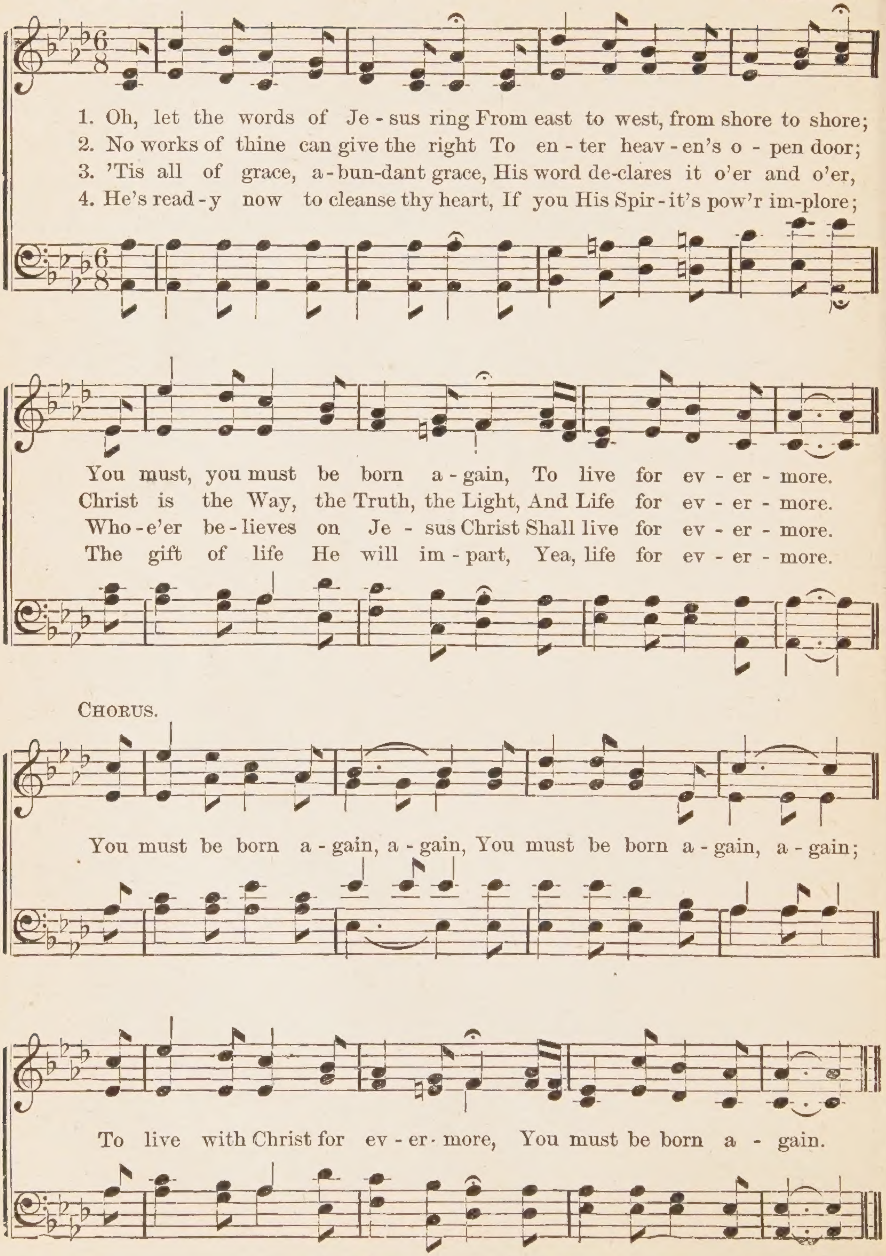

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feast-ing my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the
cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stron-ger in faith, more
love my soul desires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of
Je-sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-ior's
clear I see Je-sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I
wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be: Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

No. 33.

Life Evermore.

John iii. 7.

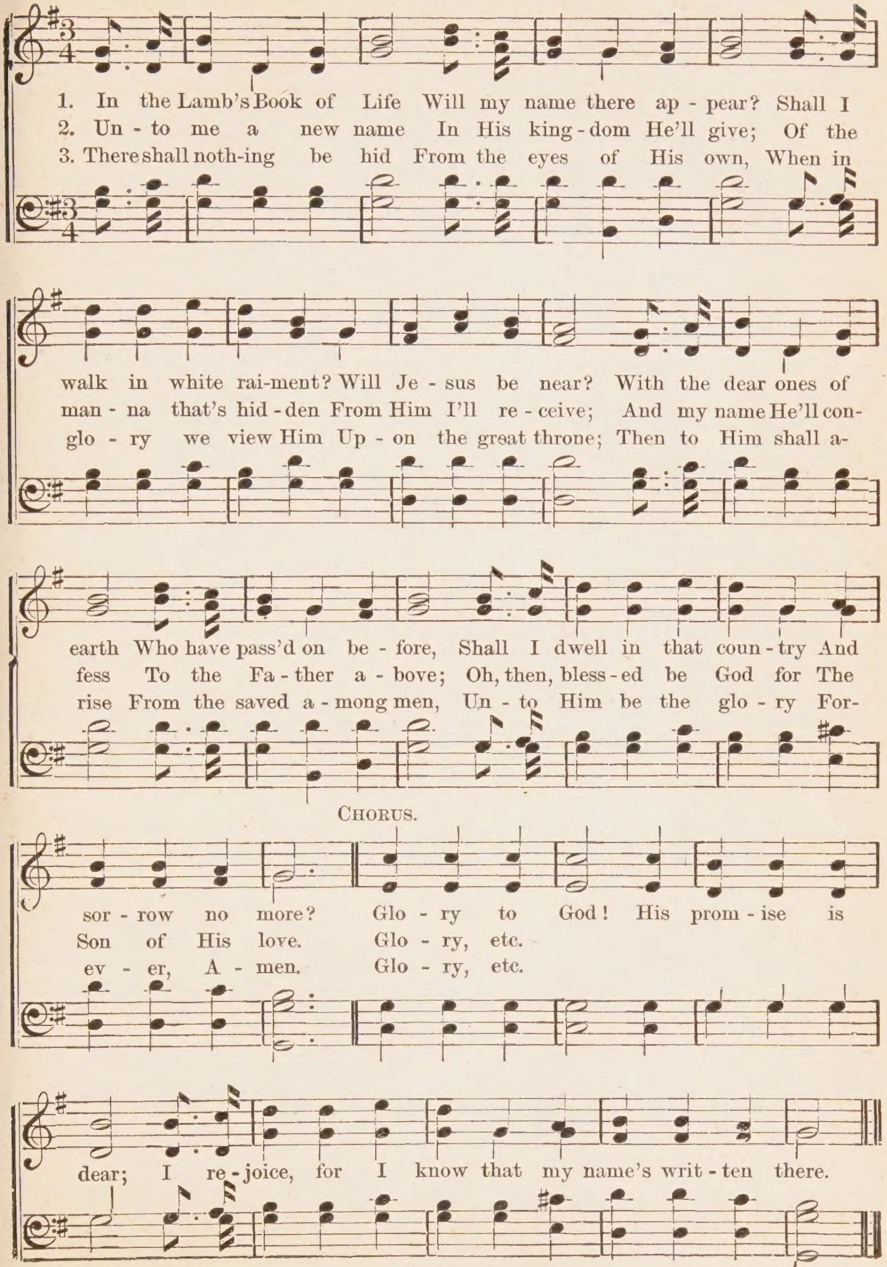
E. W. Oakes. P. Bilhorn.



1. Oh, let the words of Je - sus ring From east to west, from shore to shore;
2. No works of thine can give the right To en - ter heav - en's o - pen door;
3. 'Tis all of grace, a - bun-dant grace, His word de-clares it o'er and o'er,
4. He's read - y now to cleanse thy heart, If you His Spir - it's pow'r im-plore;
You must, you must be born a - gain, To live for ev - er - more.
Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Light, And Life for ev - er - more.
Who - e'er be - lieves on Je - sus Christ Shall live for ev - er - more.
The gift of life He will im - part, Yea, life for ev - er - more.
Chorus.
You must be born a - gain, a - gain, You must be born a - gain, a - gain;
To live with Christ for ev - er - more, You must be born a - gain.

No. 34. The Book of Life.

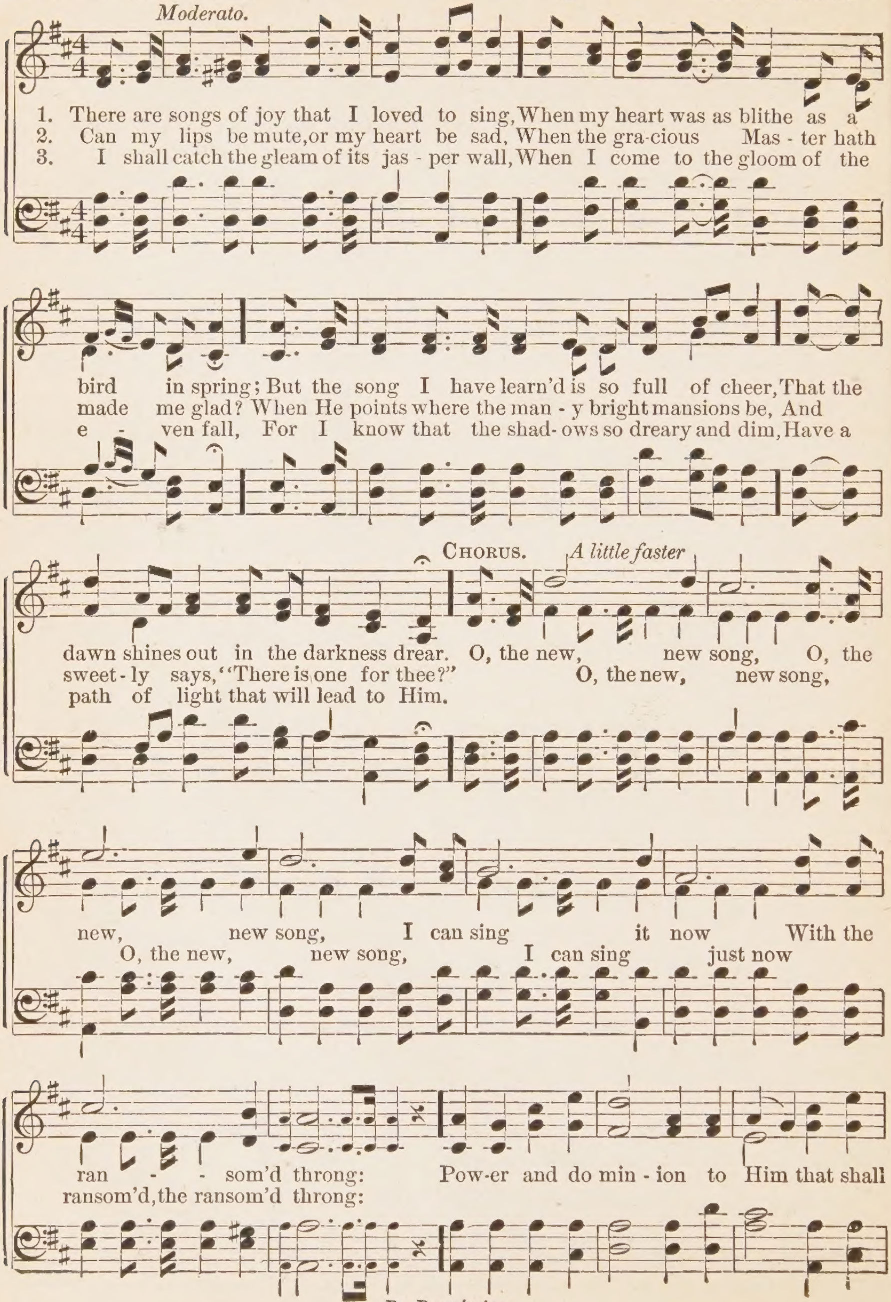
W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.


1. In the Lamb's Book of Life Will my name there ap - pear? Shall I
2. Un - to me a new name In His king - dom He'll give; Of the
3. There shall noth - ing be hid From the eyes of His own, When in
walk in white rai - ment? Will Je - sus be near? With the dear ones of
man - na that's hid - den From Him I'll re - ceive; And my name He'll con-
glo - ry we view Him Up - on the great throne; Then to Him shall a-
earth Who have pass'd on be - fore, Shall I dwell in that coun - try And
fess To the Fa - ther a - bove; Oh, then, bless - ed be God for The
rise From the saved a - mong men, Un - to Him be the glo - ry For-
sor - row no more?
Son of His love.
ev - er, A - men.
Chorus.
Glo - ry to God! His prom - ise is
Glo - ry, etc.
Glo - ry, etc.
dear; I re - joice, for I know that my name's writ - ten there.

By permission.

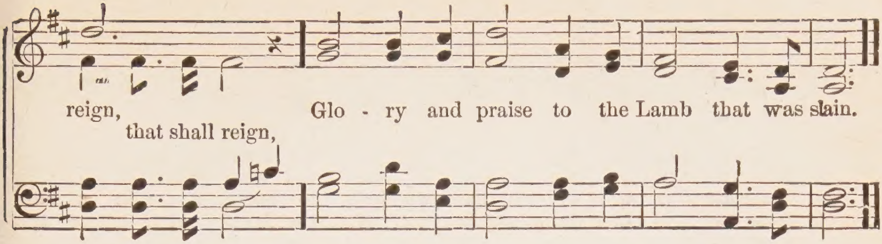
No. 35. The New Song.

FLORA L. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY.


Moderato.
1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a
2. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra-cious Mas - ter hath
3. I shall catch the gleam of its jas - per wall, When I come to the gloom of the
bird in spring; But the song I have learn'd is so full of cheer, That the
made me glad? When He points where the man - y bright mansions be, And
e - ven fall, For I know that the shad- ows so dreary and dim, Have a
CHORUS.
A little faster
dawn shines out in the darkness drear. O, the new, new song, O, the
sweet - ly says, "There is one for thee?" O, the new, new song,
path of light that will lead to Him.
new, new song, I can sing it now With the
O, the new, new song, I can sing just now
ran - - som'd throng: Pow-er and do min - ion to Him that shall
ransom'd, the ransom'd throng:

By Permission.

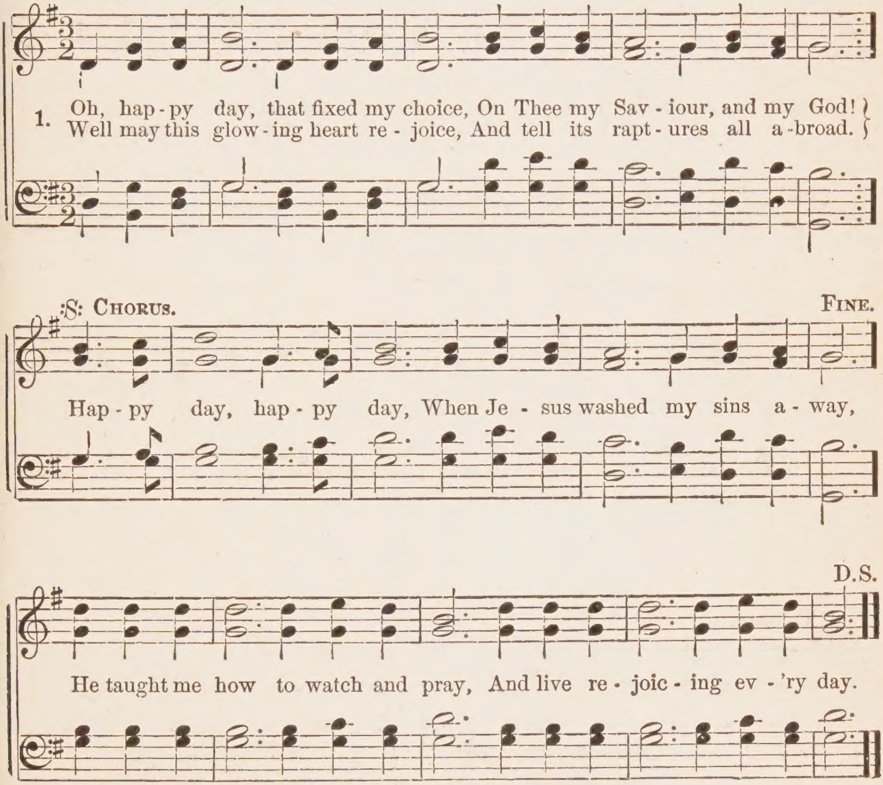
The New Song.—Concluded.



Oh, Happy Day.

No. 36.

E. F. Rimbault.

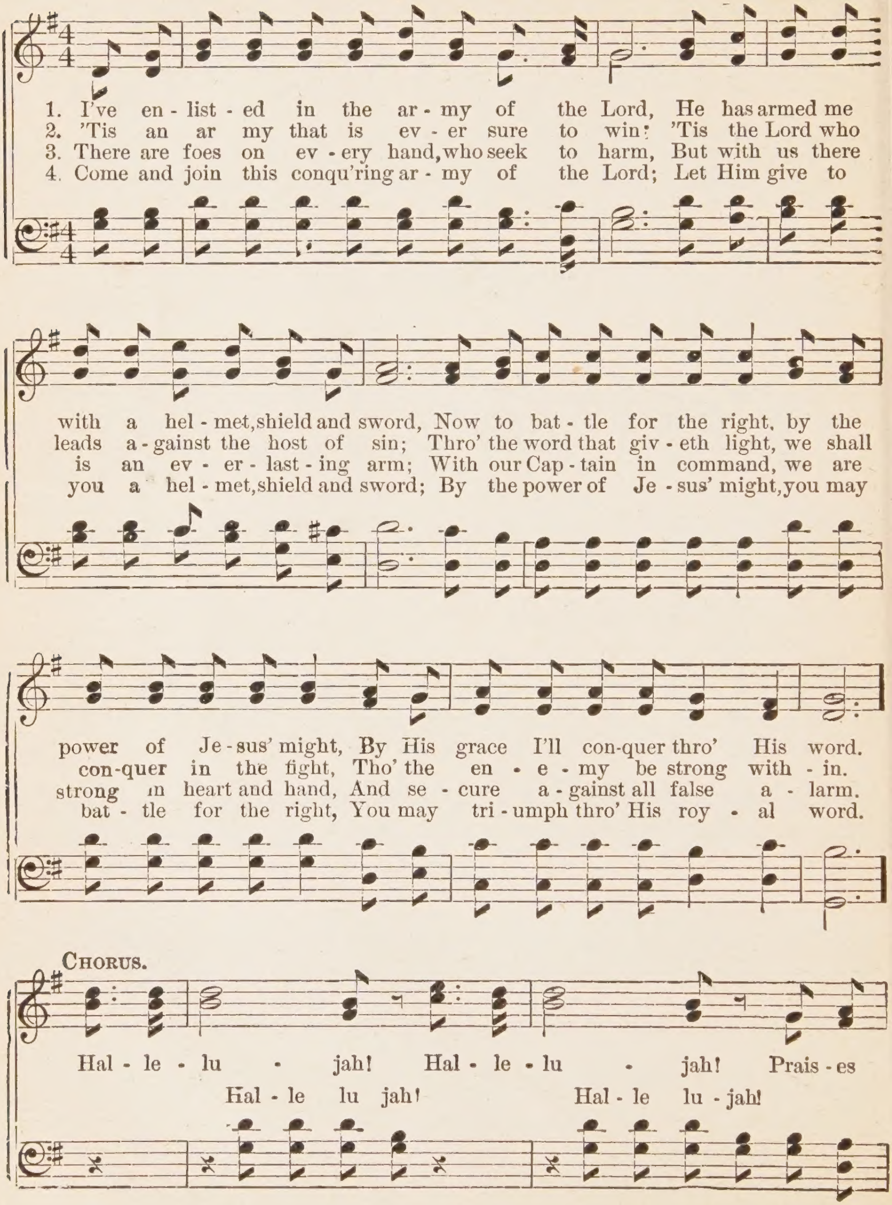

1. Oh, hap-py day, that fixed my choice, On Thee my Sav - iour, and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rapt - ures all a -broad.
:S: Chorus.
Fine.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way,
D.S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am the Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me and I follow'd on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

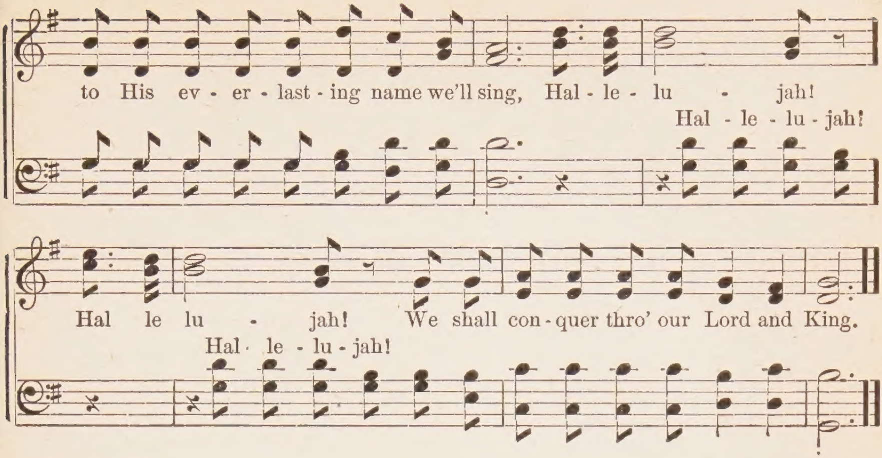
3 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him, of every good possessed.

No. 37. Conquer Through His Word.

Miss J. H. JOHNSTON. P. BILHORN.

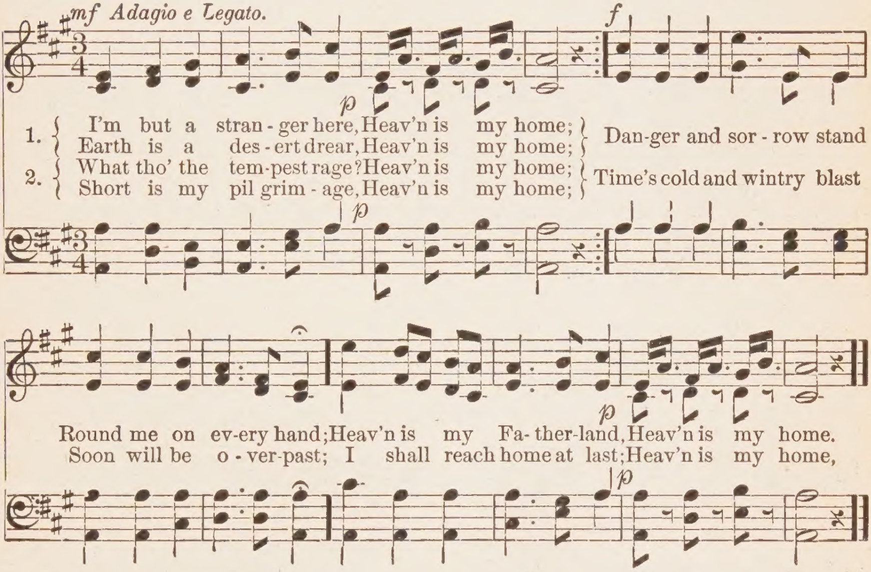

1. I've en - list - ed in the ar - my of the Lord, He has armed me
2. 'Tis an ar my that is ev - er sure to win; 'Tis the Lord who
3. There are foes on ev - ery hand, who seek to harm, But with us there
4. Come and join this conqu'ring ar - my of the Lord; Let Him give to
with a hel - met, shield and sword, Now to bat - tle for the right, by the
leads a - gainst the host of sin; Thro' the word that giv - eth light, we shall
is an ev - er - last - ing arm; With our Cap - tain in command, we are
you a hel - met, shield and sword; By the power of Je - sus' might, you may
power of Je - sus' might, By His grace I'll con - quer thro' His word.
con - quer in the fight, Tho' the en - e - my be strong with - in.
strong in heart and hand, And se - cure a - gainst all false a - larm.
bat - tle for the right, You may tri - umph thro' His roy - al word.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Prais - es
Hal - le lu jah! Hal - le lu - jah!

Conquer Through His.—Concluded.


to His ev - er - last - ing name we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal le lu - jah! We shall con - quer thro' our Lord and King.
Hal - le - lu - jah!

No. 38.

Heaven is my Home.

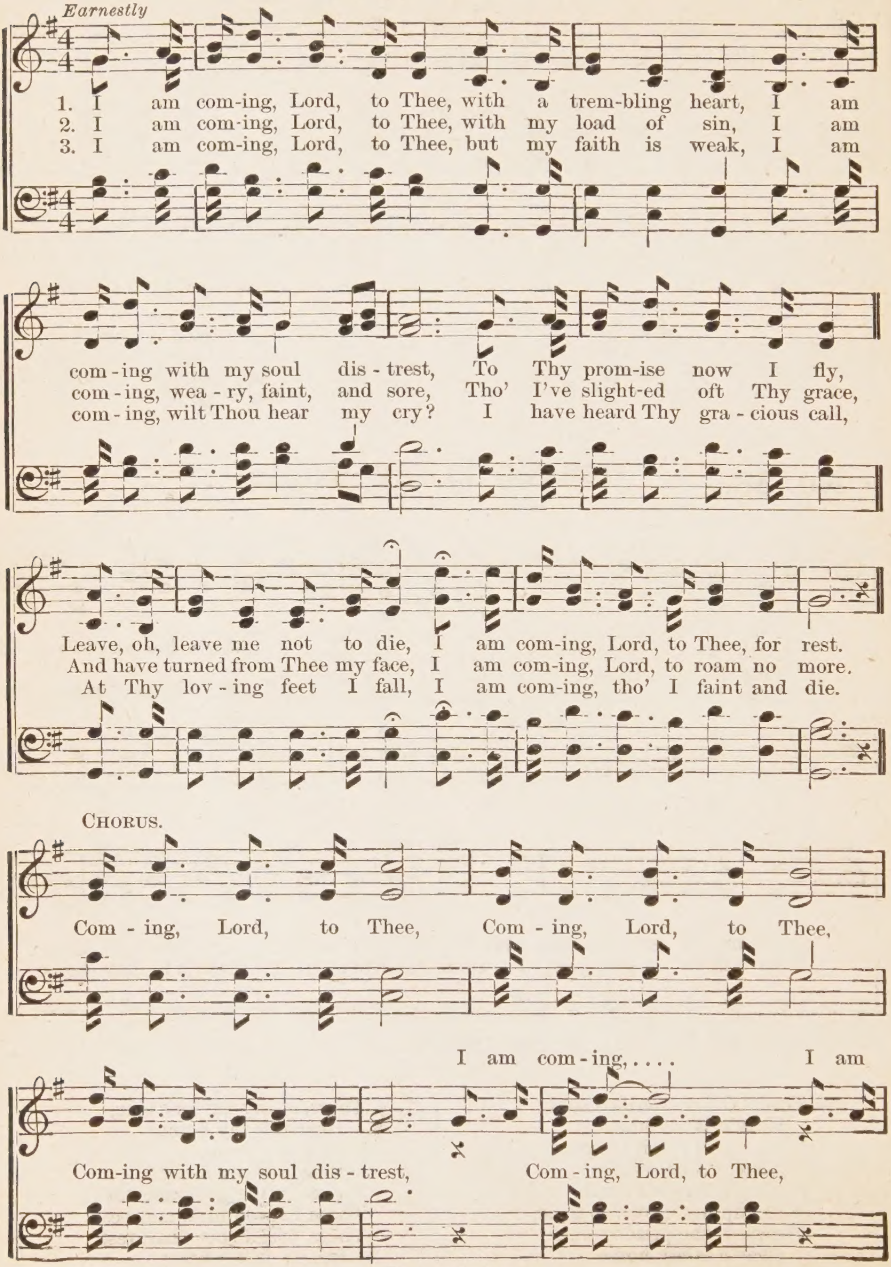

mf Adagio e Legato.
f
p
1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home; Dan-ger and sor - row stand
2. What tho' the tem-pest rage? Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil grim - age, Heav'n is my home; Time's cold and wintry blast
Round me on ev-ery hand; Heav'n is my Fa- ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
Soon will be o - ver-past; I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home,

3 Peace! O my troubled soul,
Heav'n is my home;
I soon shall reach the goal;
Heav'n is my home;
Swiftly the race I'll run,
Yield up my crown to none;
Forward! the prize is won;
Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Savior's side,
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified;
Heav'n is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

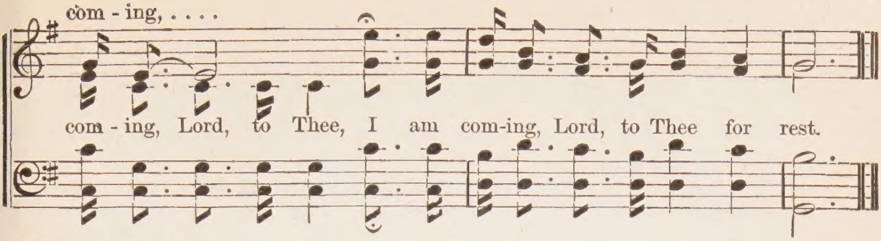
No. 39. I Am Coming, Lord, to Thee.

W. A. O. *"In returning, ye shall be saved."*—Isa. xxx. 15. W. A. Ogden.


Earnestly
1. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, with a trem-bling heart, I am
2. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, with my load of sin, I am
3. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, but my faith is weak, I am
com-ing with my soul dis-trest, To Thy prom-ise now I fly,
com-ing, wea-ry, faint, and sore, Tho' I've slight-ed oft Thy grace,
com-ing, wilt Thou hear my cry? I have heard Thy gra-cious call,
Leave, oh, leave me not to die, I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, for rest.
And have turned from Thee my face, I am com-ing, Lord, to roam no more.
At Thy lov-ing feet I fall, I am com-ing, tho' I faint and die.
Chorus.
Com-ing, Lord, to Thee, Com-ing, Lord, to Thee,
I am com-ing, ... I am
Com-ing with my soul dis-trest, Com-ing, Lord, to Thee,

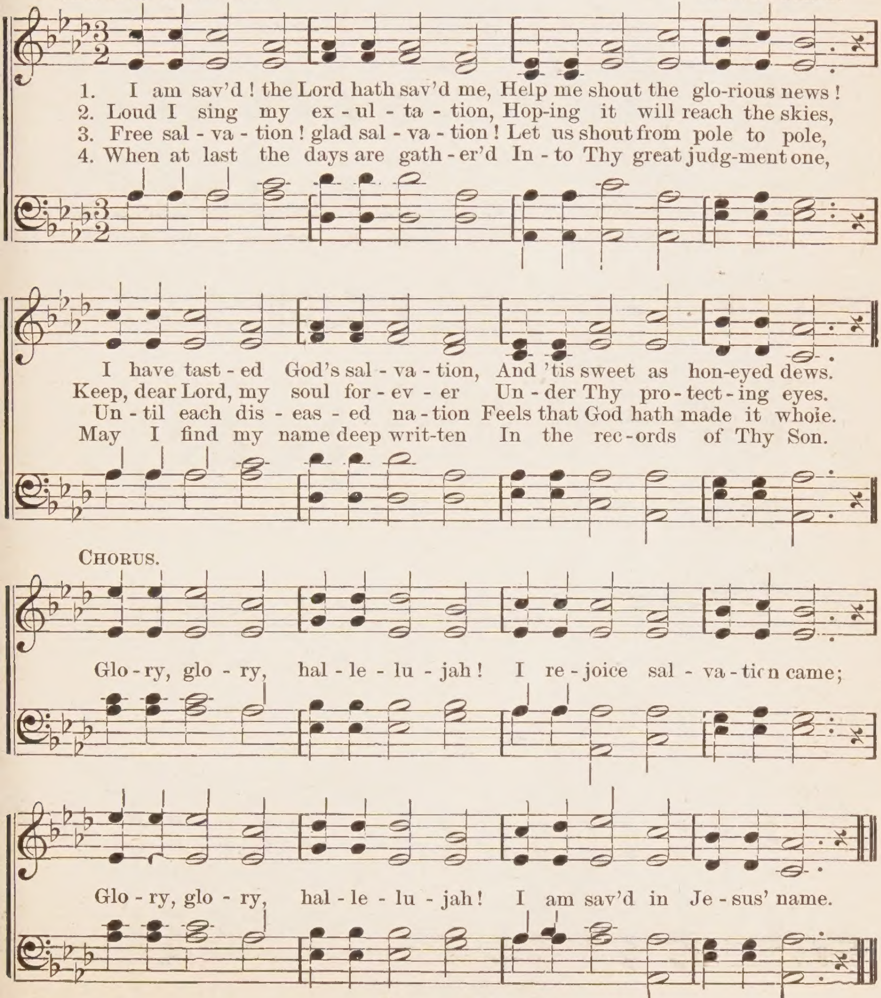
By permission.

I am Coming, Lord—Concluded.


com - ing, ...
com - ing, Lord, to Thee, I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee for rest.

No. 40. I am Saved.

Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. Jno. R. Sweney.

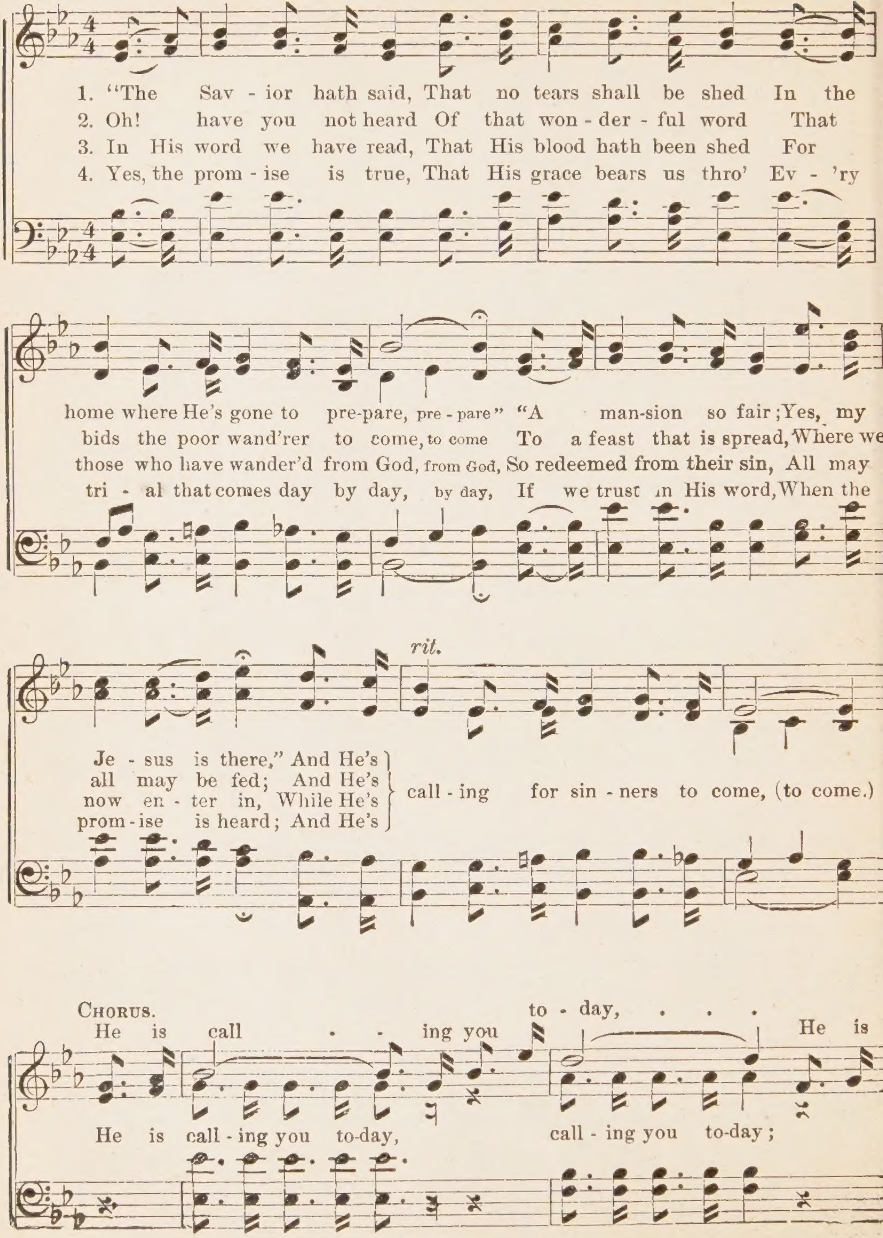

1. I am sav'd ! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glo-rious news !
2. Loud I sing my ex - ul - ta - tion, Hop-ing it will reach the skies,
3. Free sal - va - tion ! glad sal - va - tion ! Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gath - er'd In - to Thy great judg-ment one,
I have tast - ed God's sal - va - tion, And 'tis sweet as hon-eyed dews.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul for - ev - er Un - der Thy pro - tect - ing eyes.
Un - til each dis - eas - ed na - tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
May I find my name deep writ-ten In the rec - ords of Thy Son.
Chorus.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I re - joice sal - va - tion came;
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I am sav'd in Je - sus' name.

By permission.

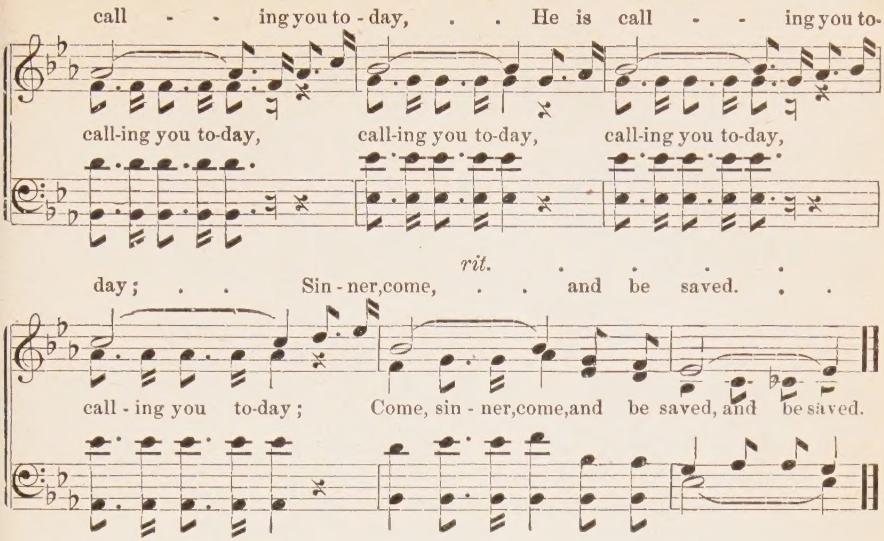
No. 41. He is Calling You To-Day.

"To-day if you will hear my voice, harden not your hearts."

P. B.

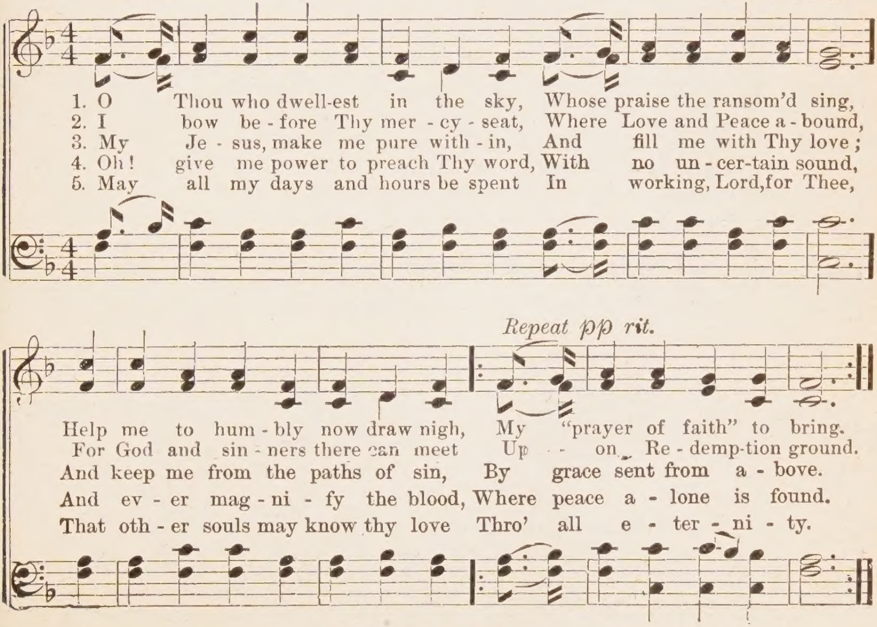

1. "The Savior hath said, That no tears shall be shed In the home where He's gone to pre-pare, pre-pare" "A man-sion so fair; Yes, my Je-sus is there," And He's
2. Oh! have you not heard Of that won-der-ful word That bids the poor wand'rer to come, to come To a feast that is spread, Where we all may be fed; And He's
3. In His word we have read, That His blood hath been shed For those who have wander'd from God, from God, So redeemed from their sin, All may now en-ter in, While He's
4. Yes, the prom-ise is true, That His grace bears us thro' Ev-'ry tri-al that comes day by day, by day, If we trust in His word, When the prom-ise is heard; And He's
call-ing for sin-ners to come, (to come.)
rit.
CHORUS.
He is call - - ing you to-day, . . . He is
He is call-ing you to-day, call-ing you to-day;

He is Calling You To-Day—Concluded.


call - - ing you to - day, . . He is call - - ing you to-
call-ing you to-day, call-ing you to-day, call-ing you to-day,
rit.
day; . . . Sin - ner, come, . . . and be saved. . .
call - ing you to-day; Come, sin - ner, come, and be saved, and be saved.

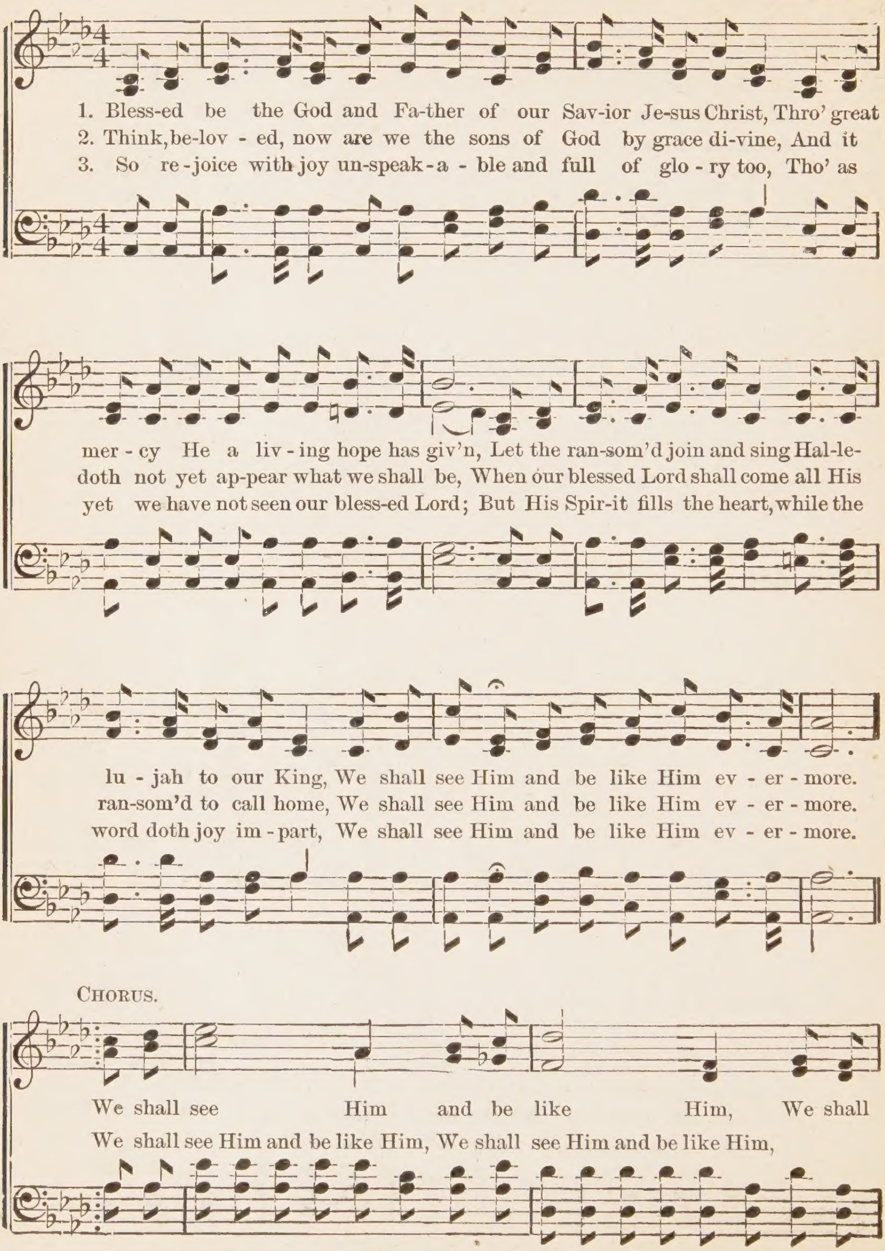
No. 42. The Worker's Prayer.

E. W. OAKES. P. BILHORN.

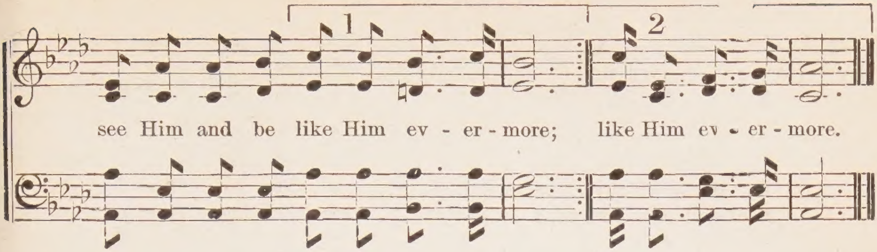

1. O Thou who dwell-est in the sky, Whose praise the ransom'd sing,
2. I bow be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat, Where Love and Peace a - bound,
3. My Je - sus, make me pure with - in, And fill me with Thy love;
4. Oh! give me power to preach Thy word, With no un - cer-tain sound,
5. May all my days and hours be spent In working, Lord, for Thee,
Repeat pp rit.
Help me to hum - bly now draw nigh, My "prayer of faith" to bring.
For God and sin - ners there can meet Up - on Re - demp-tion ground.
And keep me from the paths of sin, By grace sent from a - bove.
And ev - er mag - ni - fy the blood, Where peace a - lone is found.
That oth - er souls may know thy love Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 43. We shall See Him and be Like Him.

P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. Bless-ed be the God and Fa-ther of our Sav-ior Je-sus Christ, Thro' great
2. Think, be-lov - ed, now are we the sons of God by grace di-vine, And it
3. So re-joice with joy un-speak-a - ble and full of glo - ry too, Tho' as
mer - cy He a liv - ing hope has giv'n, Let the ran-som'd join and sing Hal-le-
doth not yet ap-pear what we shall be, When our blessed Lord shall come all His
yet we have not seen our bless-ed Lord; But His Spir-it fills the heart, while the
lu - jah to our King, We shall see Him and be like Him ev - er - more.
ran-som'd to call home, We shall see Him and be like Him ev - er - more.
word doth joy im-part, We shall see Him and be like Him ev - er - more.
Chorus.
We shall see Him and be like Him, We shall
We shall see Him and be like Him, We shall see Him and be like Him,

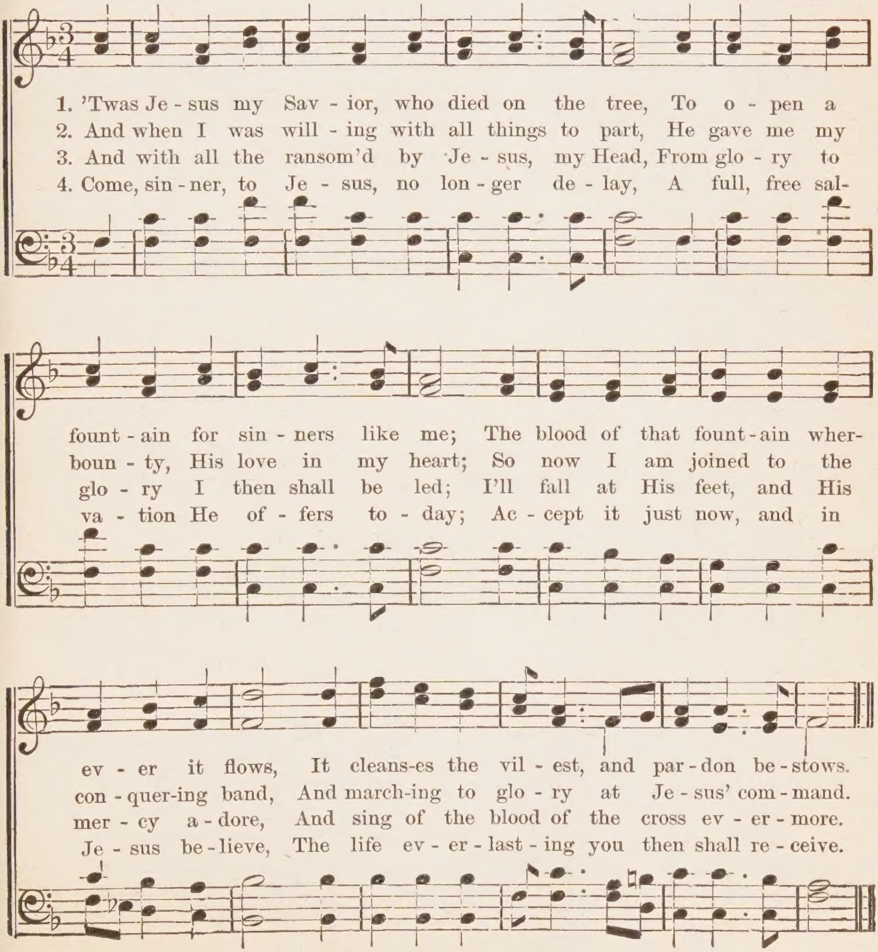
We shall See Him—Concluded.


1
2
see Him and be like Him ev - er - more; like Him ev - er - more.

No. 44.

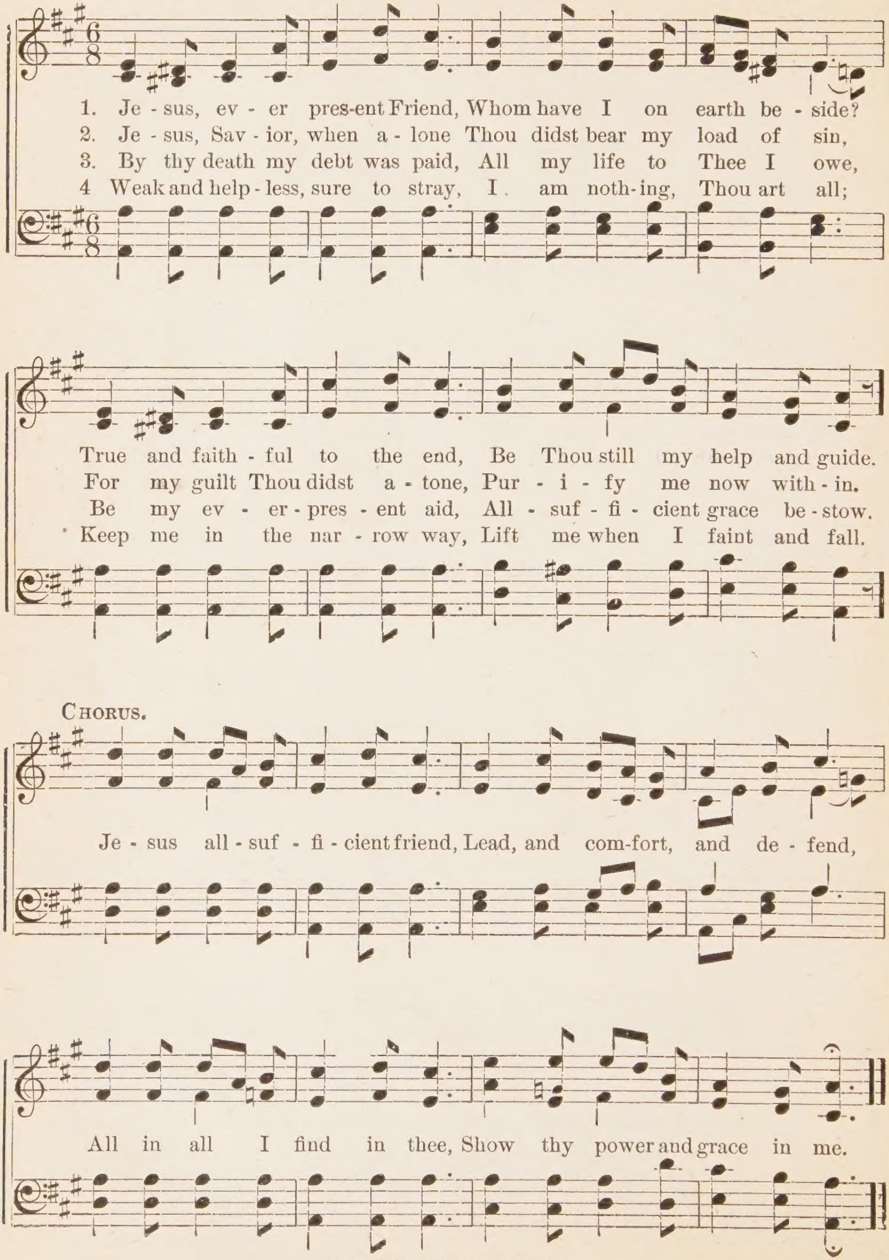
'Twas Jesus My Savior.

P. BILHORN.


1. 'Twas Je - sus my Sav - ior, who died on the tree, To o - pen a
2. And when I was will - ing with all things to part, He gave me my
3. And with all the ransom'd by Je - sus, my Head, From glo - ry to
4. Come, sin - ner, to Je - sus, no lon - ger de - lay, A full, free sal-
fount - ain for sin - ners like me; The blood of that fount - ain wher-
boun - ty, His love in my heart; So now I am joined to the
glo - ry I then shall be led; I'll fall at His feet, and His
va - tion He of - fers to - day; Ac - cept it just now, and in
ev - er it flows, It cleans-es the vil - est, and par - don be - stows.
con - quer-ing band, And march-ing to glo - ry at Je - sus' com - mand.
mer - cy a - dore, And sing of the blood of the cross ev - er - more.
Je - sus be - lieve, The life ev - er - last - ing you then shall re - ceive.

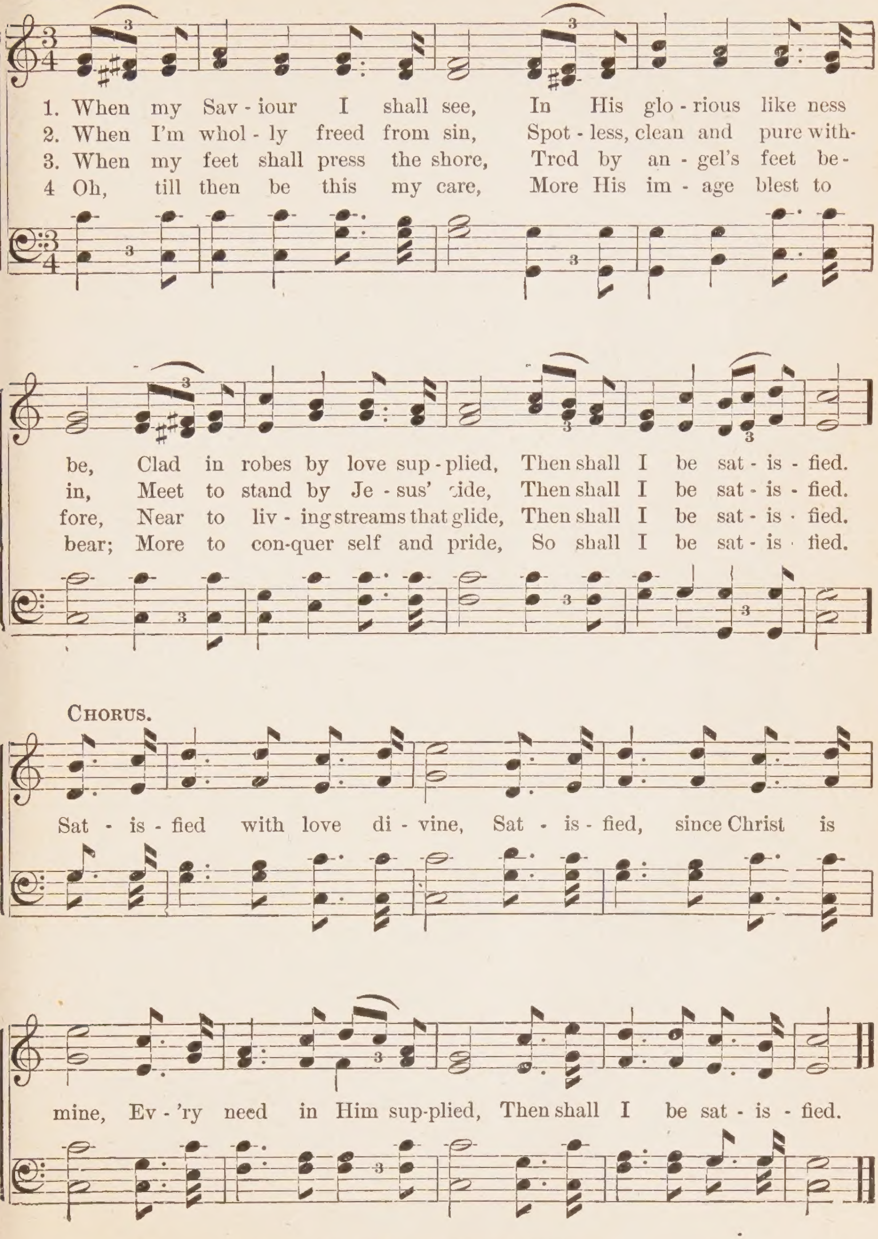
No. 45. Jesus All-Sufficient.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. ALFRED BEIRLY.


1. Je - sus, ev - er pres-ent Friend, Whom have I on earth be - side?
2. Je - sus, Sav - ior, when a - lone Thou didst bear my load of sin,
3. By thy death my debt was paid, All my life to Thee I owe,
4 Weak and help - less, sure to stray, I am noth-ing, Thou art all;
True and faith - ful to the end, Be Thou still my help and guide.
For my guilt Thou didst a - tone, Pur - i - fy me now with - in.
Be my ev - er - pres - ent aid, All - suf - fi - cient grace be - stow.
Keep me in the nar - row way, Lift me when I faint and fall.
CHORUS.
Je - sus all - suf - fi - cient friend, Lead, and com-fort, and de - fend,
All in all I find in thee, Show thy power and grace in me.

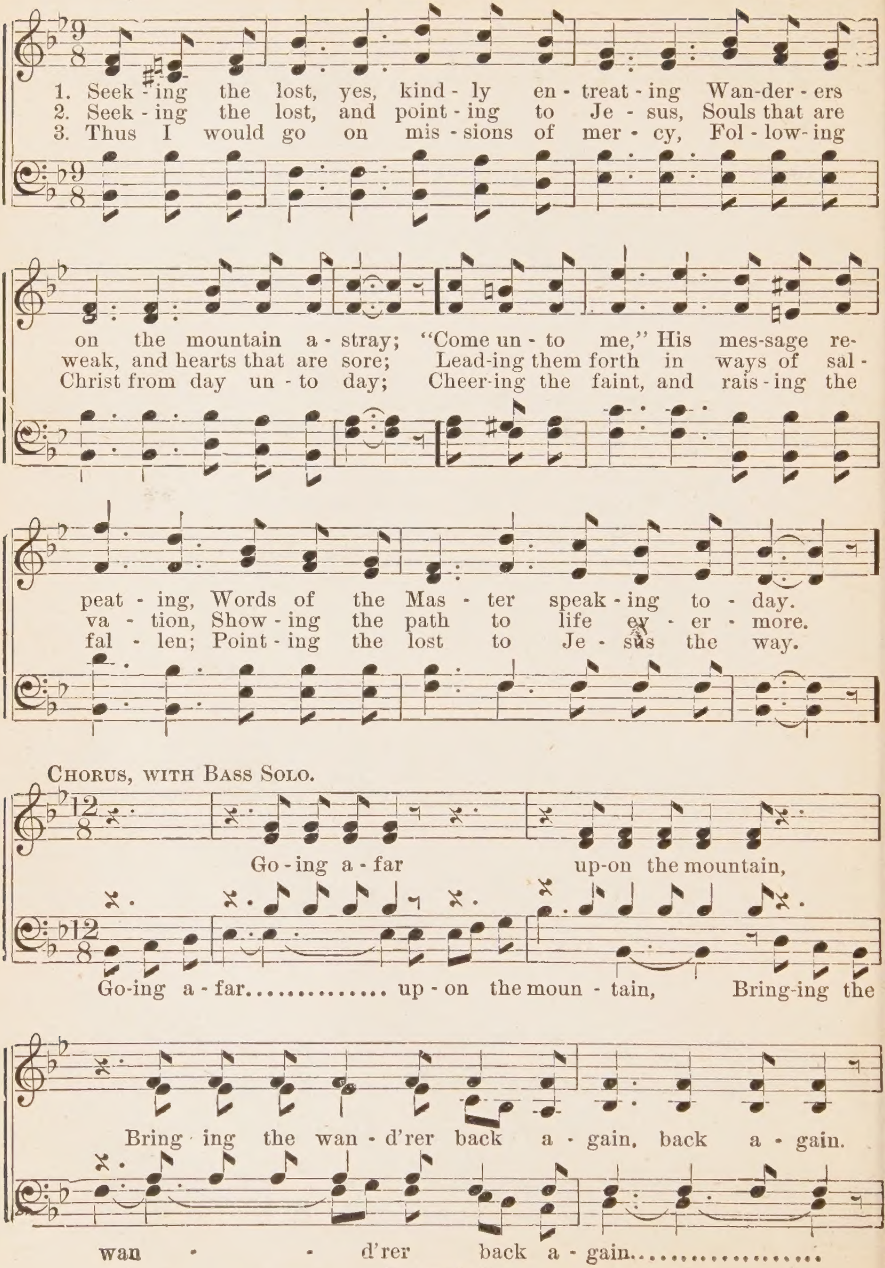
No. 46. When My Saviour I Shall See.

Arr. P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. When my Sav - iour I shall see, In His glo - rious like ness
2. When I'm whol - ly freed from sin, Spot - less, clean and pure with-
3. When my feet shall press the shore, Trod by an - gel's feet be -
4 Oh, till then be this my care, More His im - age blest to
be, Clad in robes by love sup - plied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.
in, Meet to stand by Je - sus' side, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.
fore, Near to liv - ing streams that glide, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.
bear; More to con-quer self and pride, So shall I be sat - is - fied.
Chorus.
Sat - is - fied with love di - vine, Sat - is - fied, since Christ is
mine, Ev - 'ry need in Him sup-plied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.

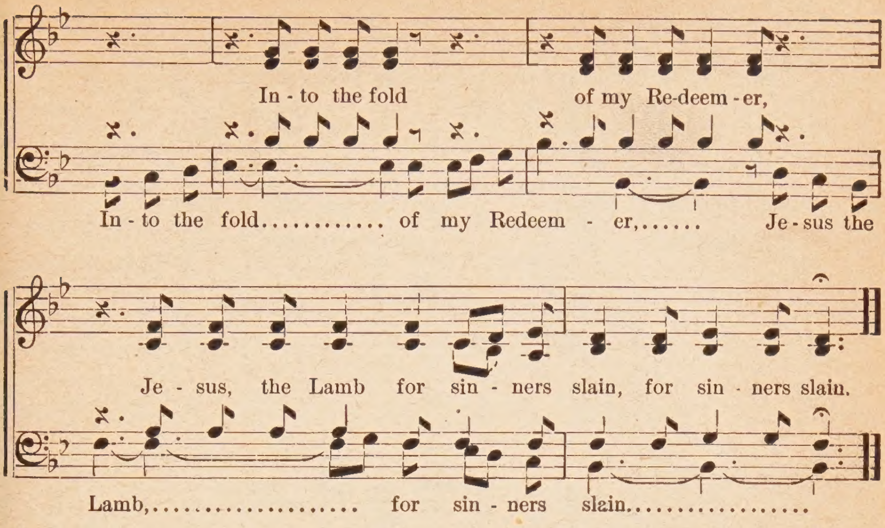
No. 47. Seeking the Lost.

W. A. Ogden. Luke 15: 6. W. A. Ogden.


1. Seek - ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing Wan-der - ers on the mountain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes-sage re- peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak - ing to - day.
2. Seek - ing the lost, and point - ing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal - va - tion, Show - ing the path to life ev - er - more.
3. Thus I would go on mis - sions of mer - cy, Fol - low- ing Christ from day un - to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and rais - ing the fal - len; Point - ing the lost to Je - sus the way.
Chorus, with Bass Solo.
Go - ing a - far up-on the mountain,
Go-ing a - far.............. up - on the moun - tain,
Bring-ing the wan - d'rer back a - gain, back a - gain.
wan - - d'rer back a - gain.................

By permission.

Seeking the Lost.—Concluded.

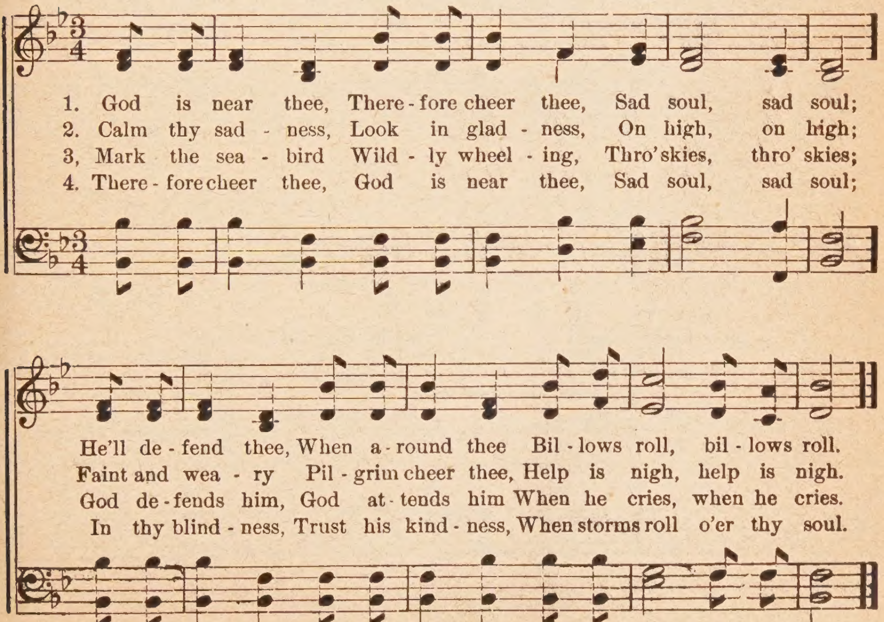

In - to the fold of my Re-deem - er,
In - to the fold............ of my Redeem - er,...... Je - sus the
Je - sus, the Lamb for sin - ners slain, for sin - ners slain.
Lamb,..................... for sin - ners slain.................

No. 48.

Cheer Thee.

"Be not far from me for there is none to help."

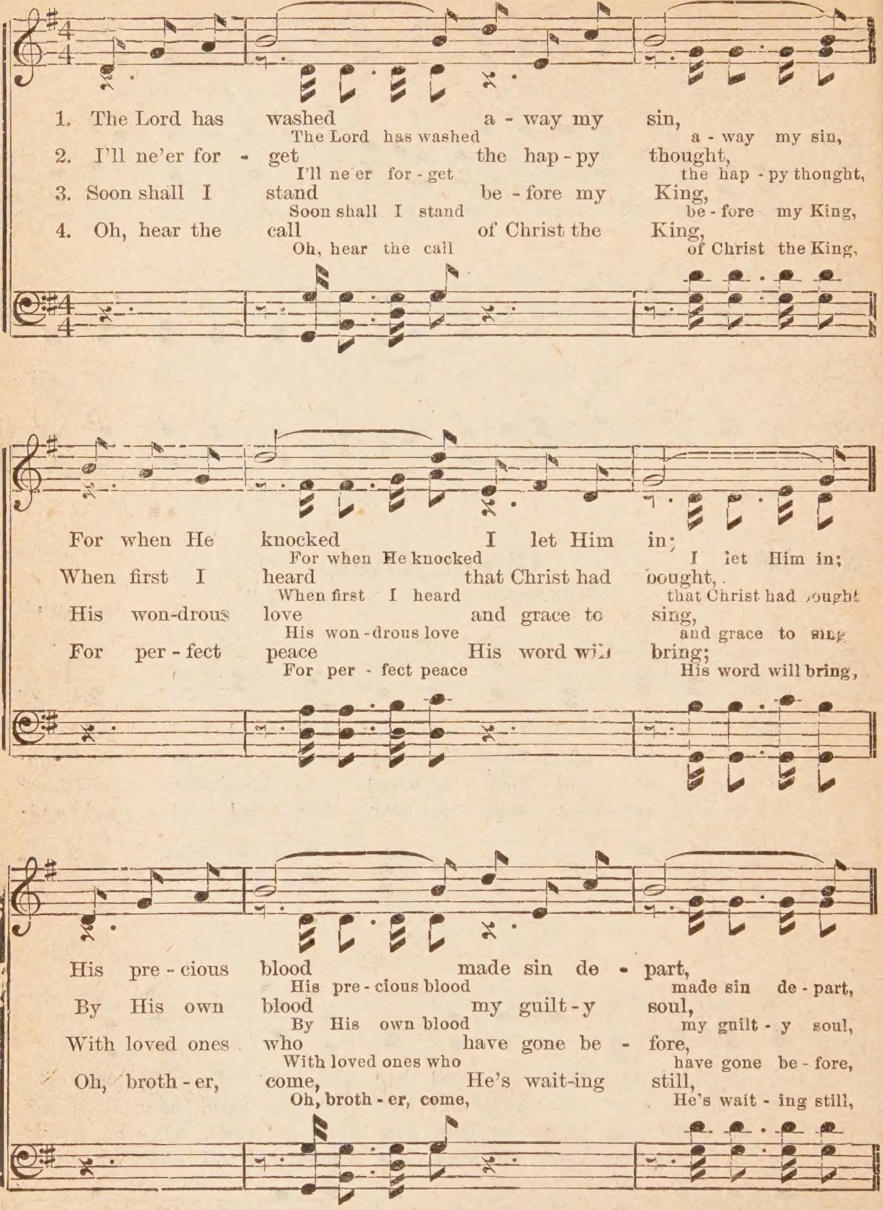
Arranged.


1. God is near thee, There-fore cheer thee, Sad soul, sad soul;
2. Calm thy sad - ness, Look in glad - ness, On high, on high;
3, Mark the sea - bird Wild - ly wheel - ing, Thro' skies, thro' skies;
4. There-fore cheer thee, God is near thee, Sad soul, sad soul;
He'll de - fend thee, When a - round thee Bil - lows roll, bil - lows roll.
Faint and wea - ry Pil - grim cheer thee, Help is nigh, help is nigh.
God de - fends him, God at - tends him When he cries, when he cries.
In thy blind - ness, Trust his kind - ness, When storms roll o'er thy soul.

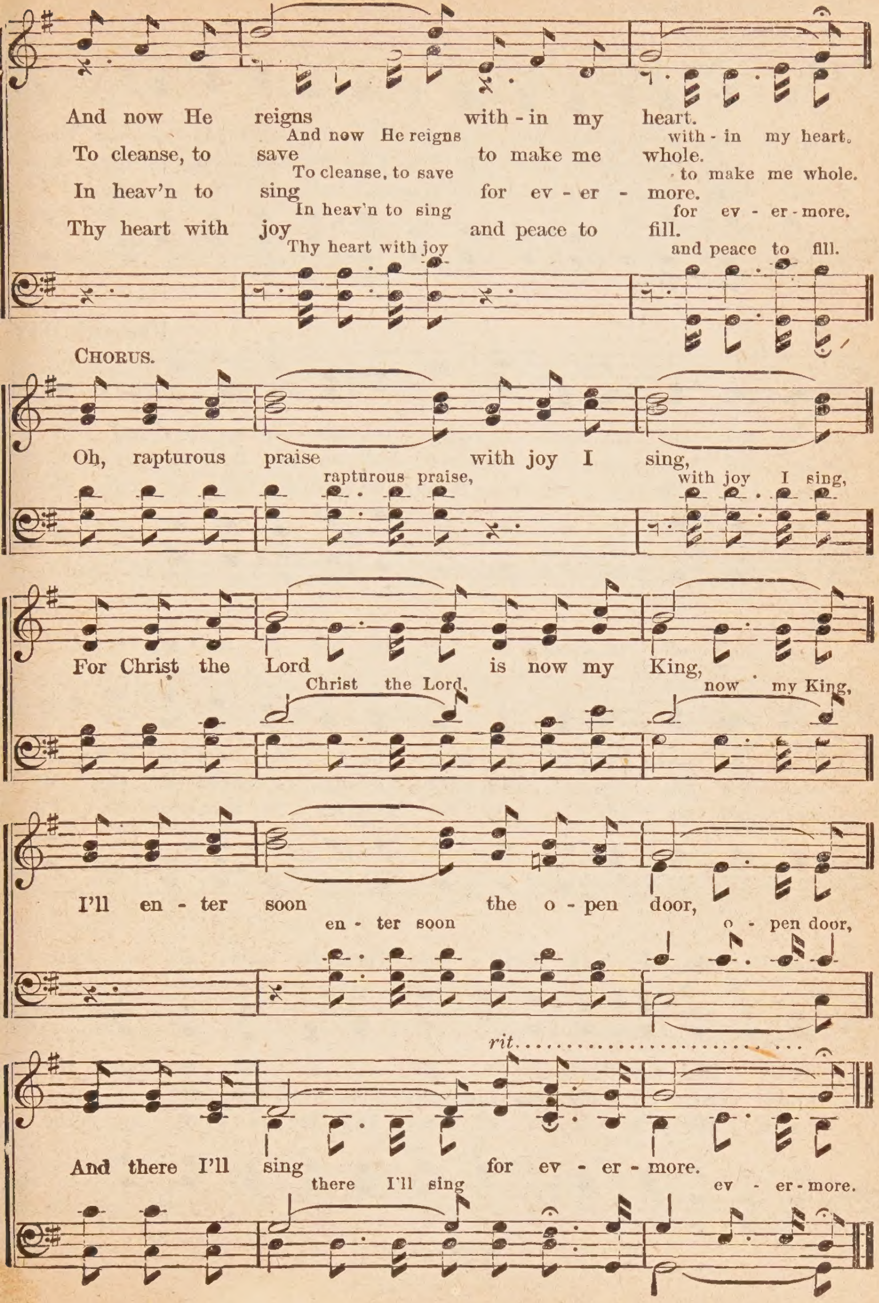
By permission.

No. 49. What Christ Has Done for Me.

P. B. P. Bilhorn.

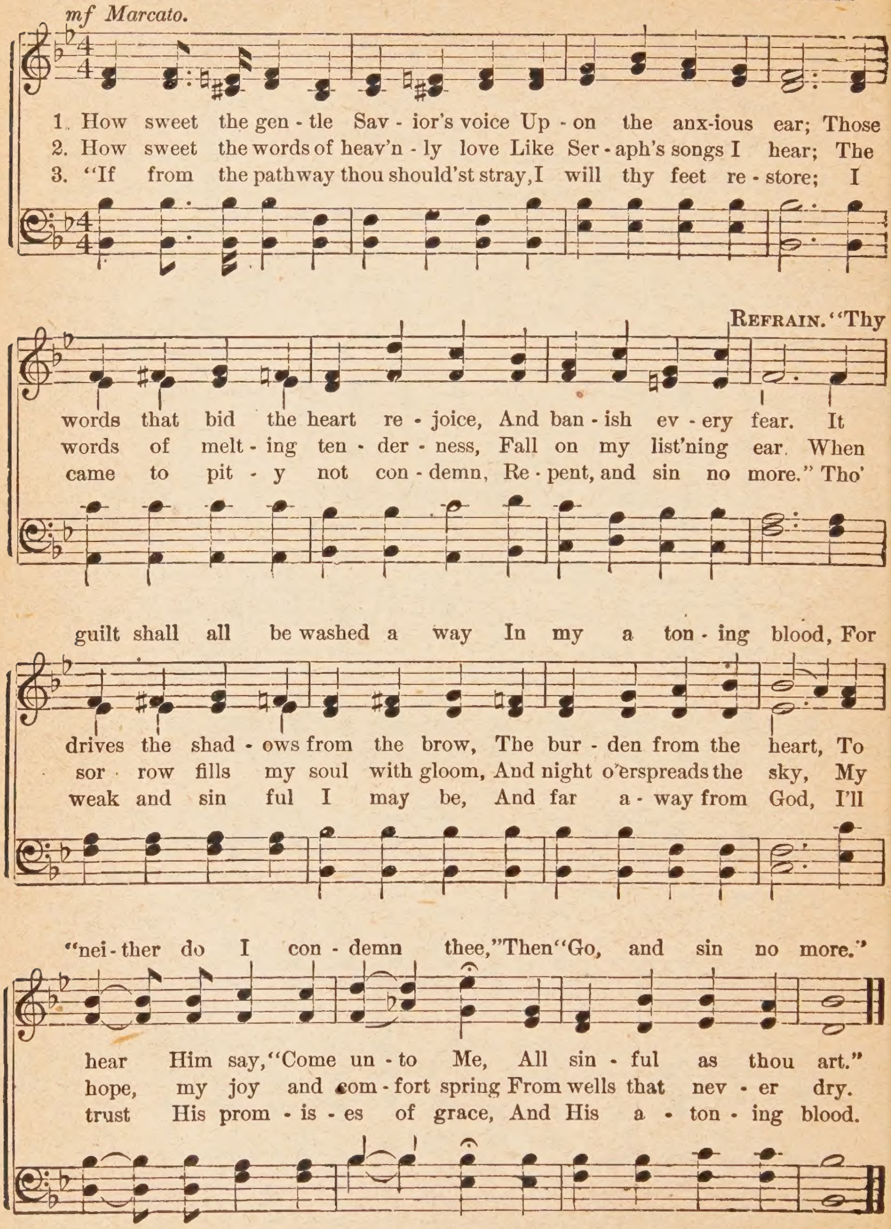

1. The Lord has washed a - way my sin,
The Lord has washed a - way my sin,
2. I'll ne'er for - get the hap - py thought,
I'll ne'er for - get the hap - py thought,
3. Soon shall I stand be - fore my King,
Soon shall I stand be - fore my King,
4. Oh, hear the call of Christ the King,
Oh, hear the call of Christ the King,
For when He knocked I let Him in;
For when He knocked I let Him in;
When first I heard that Christ had bought,
When first I heard that Christ had bought
His won-drous love and grace to sing,
His won - drous love and grace to sing,
For per - fect peace His word will bring;
For per - fect peace His word will bring,
His pre - cious blood made sin de - part,
His pre - cious blood made sin de - part,
By His own blood my guilt - y soul,
By His own blood my guilt - y soul,
With loved ones who have gone be - fore,
With loved ones who have gone be - fore,
Oh, broth - er, come, He's wait-ing still,
Oh, broth - er, come, He's wait - ing still,

What Christ Has Done for Me—Concluded.


And now He reigns with - in my heart.
And now He reigns with - in my heart.
To cleanse, to save to make me whole.
To cleanse, to save to make me whole.
In heav'n to sing for ev - er - more.
In heav'n to sing for ev - er - more.
Thy heart with joy and peace to fill.
Thy heart with joy and peace to fill.
Chorus.
Oh, rapturous praise with joy I sing,
rapturous praise, with joy I sing,
For Christ the Lord is now my King,
Christ the Lord, now my King,
I'll en - ter soon the o - pen door,
en - ter soon o - pen door,
rit.
And there I'll sing for ev - er - more.
there I'll sing ev - er - more.

No. 50. Go, and Sin no more.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Geo. Randall.


mf Marcato.
1. How sweet the gen - tle Sav - ior's voice Up - on the anx-ious ear; Those
2. How sweet the words of heav'n - ly love Like Ser - aph's songs I hear; The
3. "If from the pathway thou should'st stray, I will thy feet re - store; I
Refrain. "Thy
words that bid the heart re - joice, And ban - ish ev - ery fear. It
words of melt - ing ten - der - ness, Fall on my list'ning ear. When
came to pit - y not con - demn, Re - pent, and sin no more." Tho'
guilt shall all be washed a way In my a ton - ing blood, For
drives the shad - ows from the brow, The bur - den from the heart, To
sor - row fills my soul with gloom, And night o'erspreads the sky, My
weak and sin ful I may be, And far a - way from God, I'll
"nei - ther do I con - demn thee,"Then"Go, and sin no more."
hear Him say,"Come un - to Me, All sin - ful as thou art."
hope, my joy and com - fort spring From wells that nev - er dry.
trust His prom - is - es of grace, And His a - ton - ing blood.

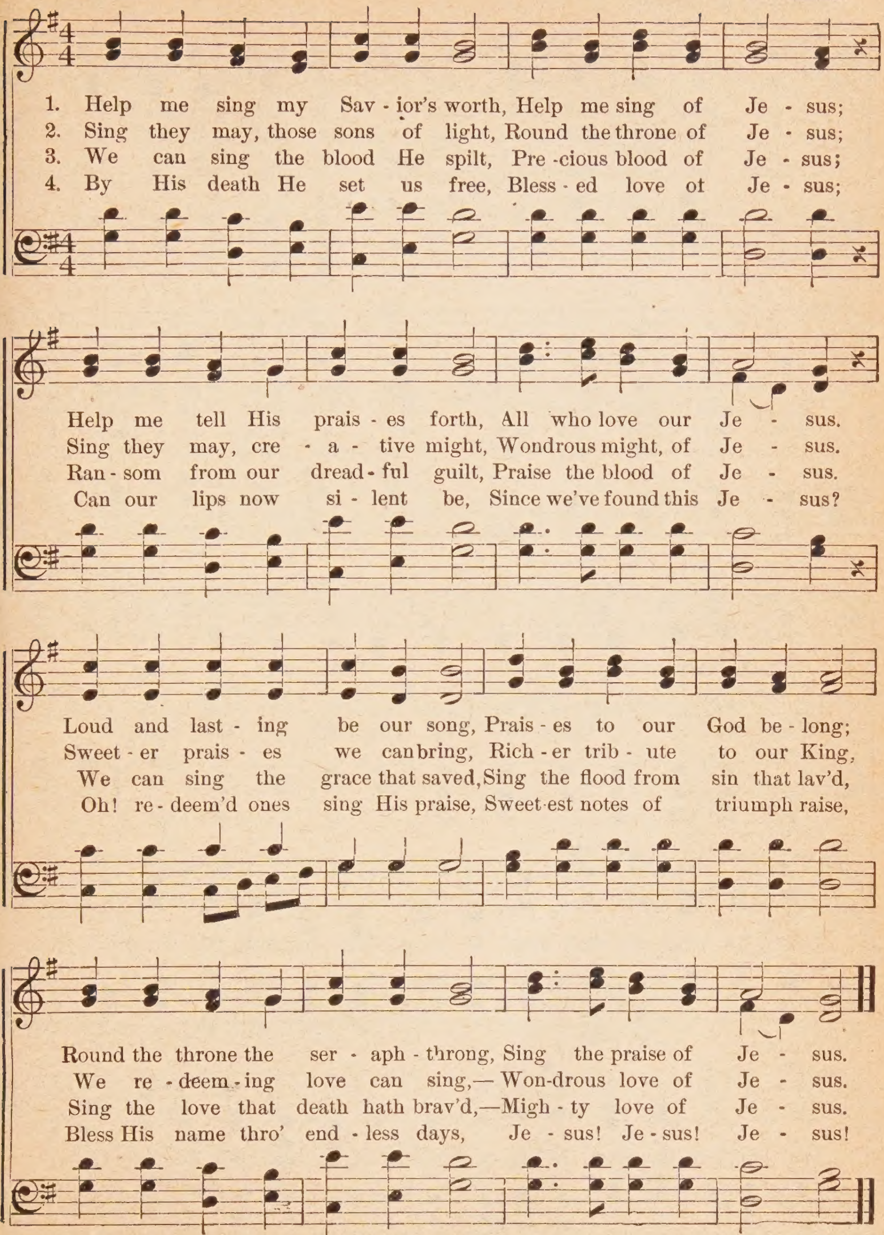
By permission.

No. 51.

Singing of Jesus.

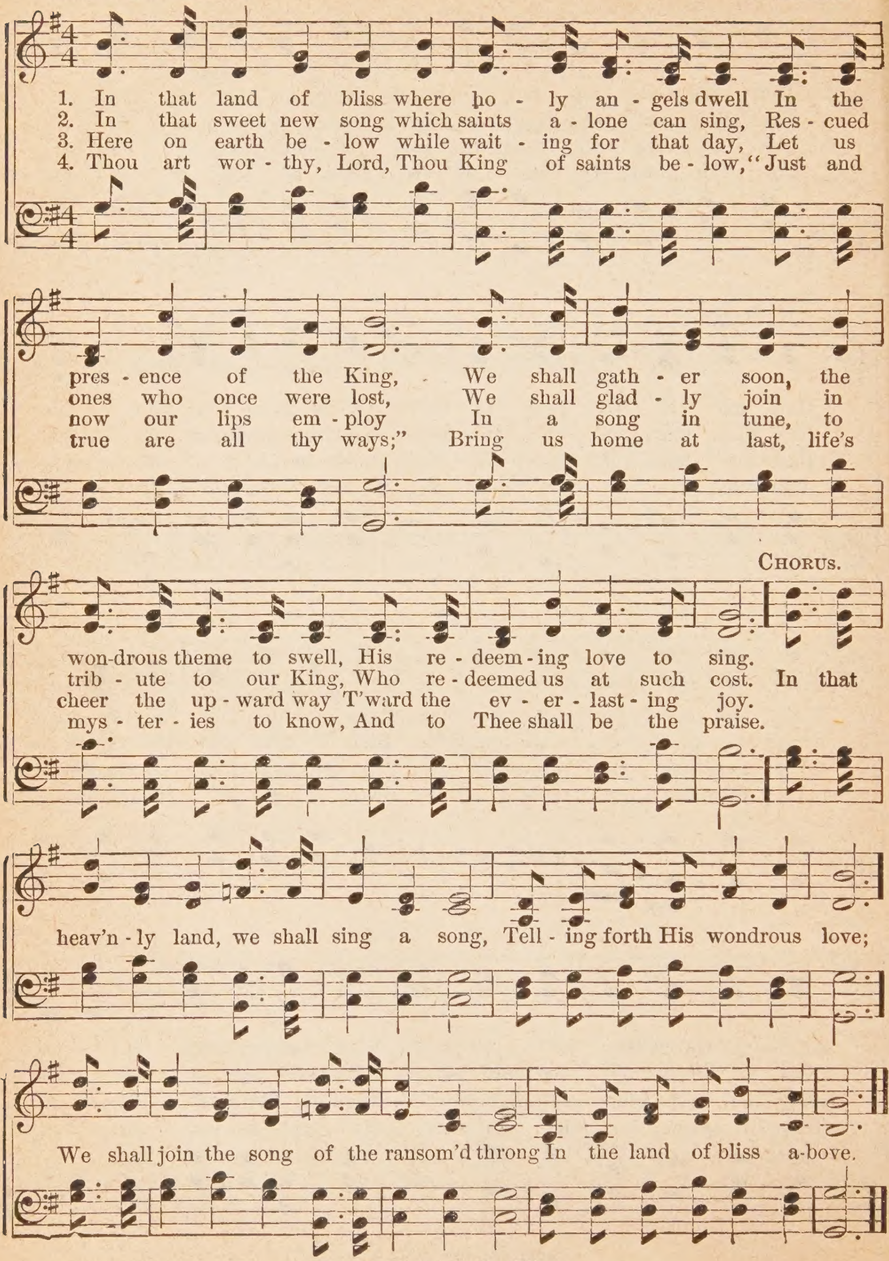
R. M. OFFORD.

P. BILHORN.


1. Help me sing my Sav - ior's worth, Help me sing of Je - sus;
2. Sing they may, those sons of light, Round the throne of Je - sus;
3. We can sing the blood He spilt, Pre -cious blood of Je - sus;
4. By His death He set us free, Bless - ed love ot Je - sus;
Help me tell His prais - es forth, All who love our Je - sus.
Sing they may, cre - a - tive might, Wondrous might, of Je - sus.
Ran - som from our dread - ful guilt, Praise the blood of Je - sus.
Can our lips now si - lent be, Since we've found this Je - sus?
Loud and last - ing be our song, Prais - es to our God be - long;
Sweet - er prais - es we can bring, Rich - er trib - ute to our King,
We can sing the grace that saved, Sing the flood from sin that lav'd,
Oh! re - deem'd ones sing His praise, Sweet-est notes of triumph raise,
Round the throne the ser - aph - throng, Sing the praise of Je - sus.
We re - deem - ing love can sing,— Won-drous love of Je - sus.
Sing the love that death hath brav'd,—Migh - ty love of Je - sus.
Bless His name thro' end - less days, Je - sus! Je - sus! Je - sus!

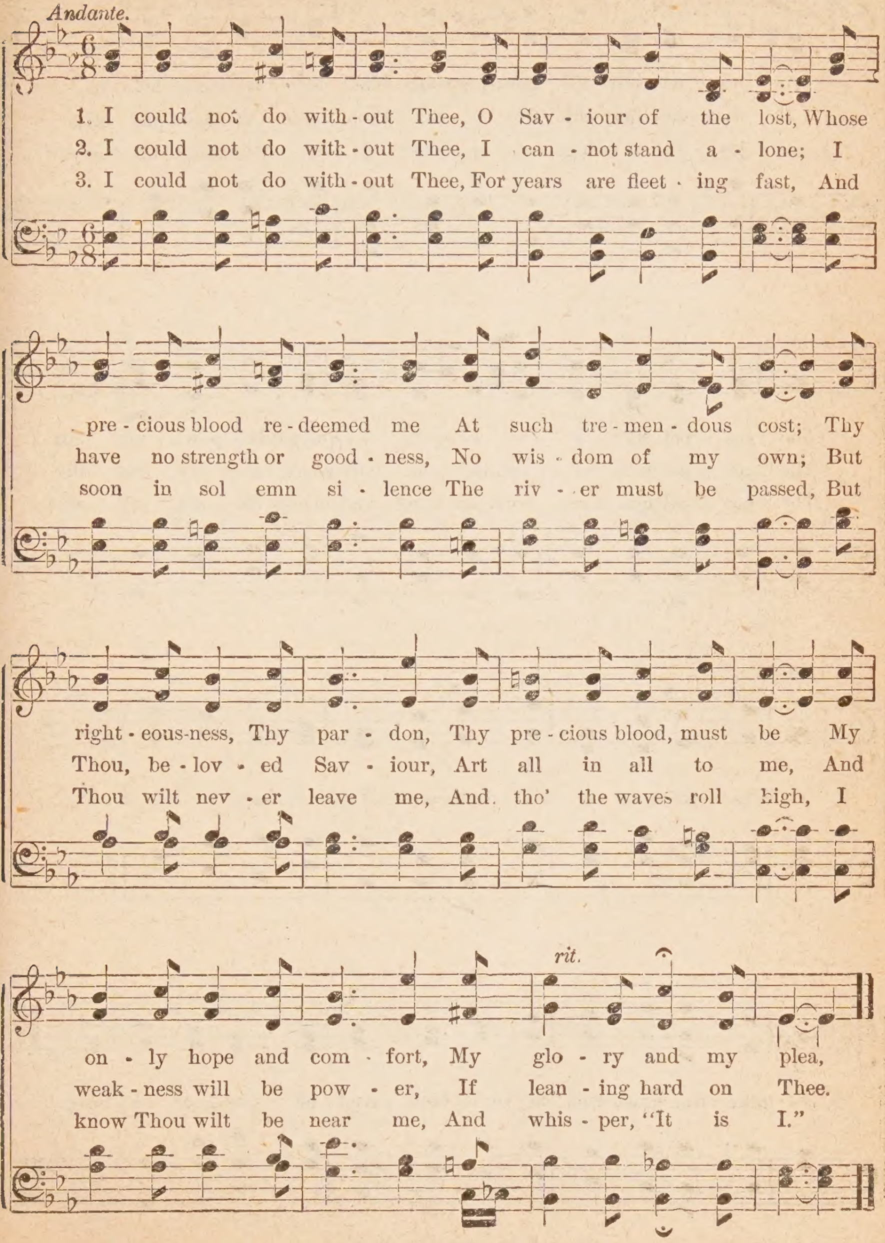
No. 52. In That Land of Bliss.

Miss Julia H. Johnston. P. Bilhorn.


1. In that land of bliss where ho - ly an - gels dwell In the
2. In that sweet new song which saints a - lone can sing, Res - cued
3. Here on earth be - low while wait - ing for that day, Let us
4. Thou art wor - thy, Lord, Thou King of saints be - low, "Just and
pres - ence of the King, We shall gath - er soon, the
ones who once were lost, We shall glad - ly join in
now our lips em - ploy In a song in tune, to
true are all thy ways;" Bring us home at last, life's
Chorus.
won-drous theme to swell, His re - deem - ing love to sing.
trib - ute to our King, Who re - deemed us at such cost. In that
cheer the up - ward way T'ward the ev - er - last - ing joy.
mys - ter - ies to know, And to Thee shall be the praise.
heav'n - ly land, we shall sing a song, Tell - ing forth His wondrous love;
We shall join the song of the ransom'd throng In the land of bliss a-bove.

No 53. I Could Not Do Without Thee.

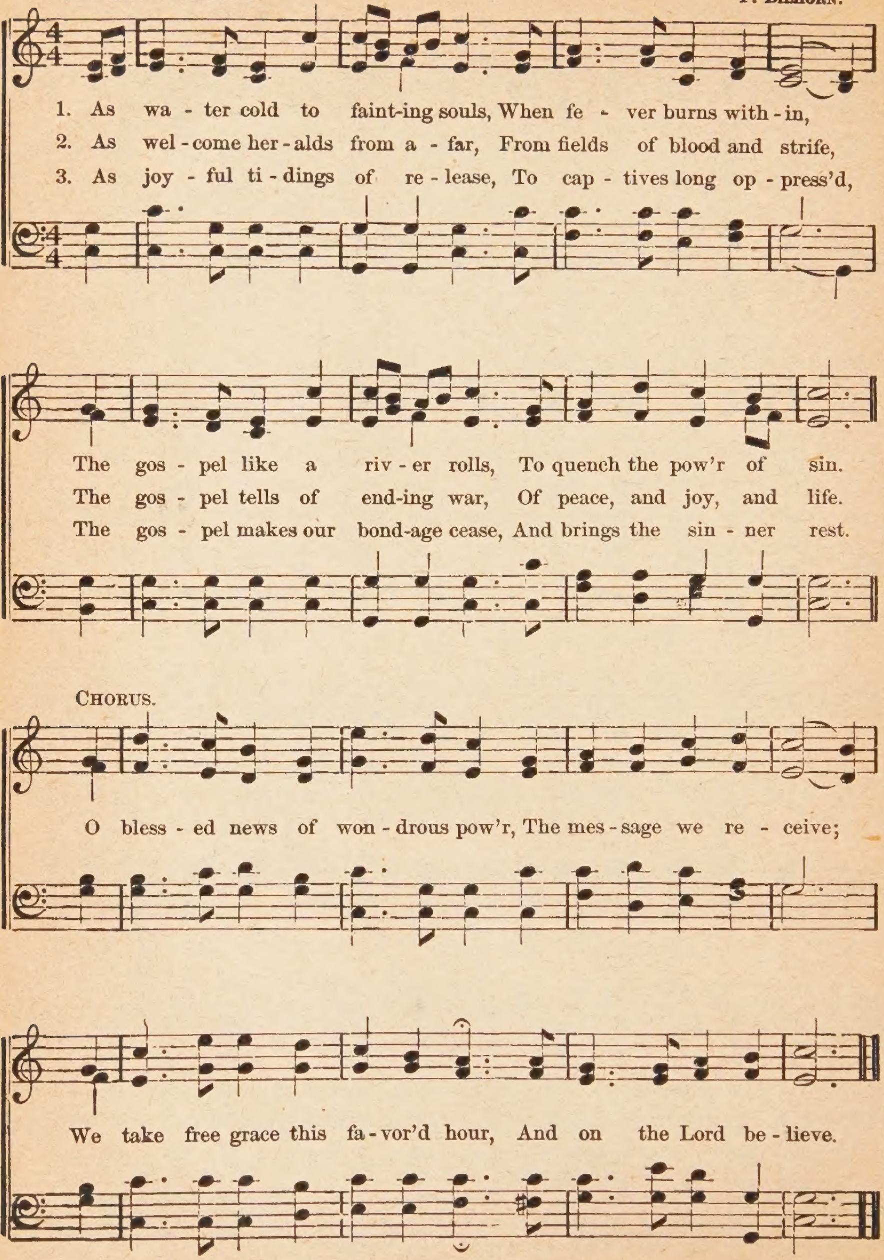
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. SIGISMUND THALBERG, arr.


Andante.
1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost, Whose
2. I could not do with - out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone; I
3. I could not do with - out Thee, For years are fleet - ing fast, And
pre - cious blood re - deemed me At such tre - men - dous cost; Thy
have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own; But
soon in sol emn si - lence The riv - er must be passed, But
right - eous-ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood, must be My
Thou, be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Art all in all to me, And
Thou wilt nev - er leave me, And tho' the waves roll high, I
on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea,
weak - ness will be pow - er, If lean - ing hard on Thee.
know Thou wilt be near me, And whis - per, "It is I."
rit.

No. 54.

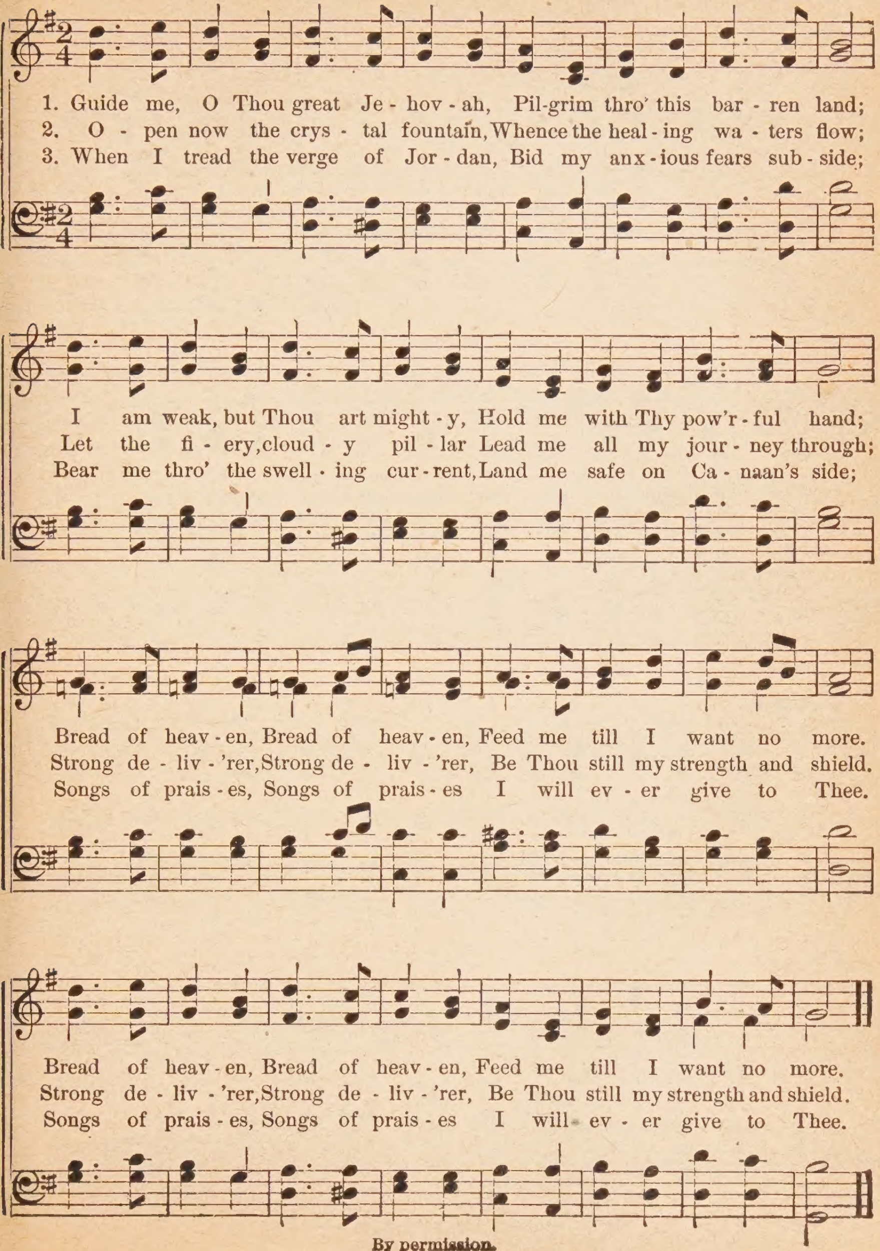
Manifold Grace.

Mrs. Geo. C. Needham. P. Bilhorn.


1. As wa - ter cold to faint-ing souls, When fe - ver burns with - in,
2. As wel - come her - alds from a - far, From fields of blood and strife,
3. As joy - ful ti - dings of re - lease, To cap - tives long op - press'd,
The gos - pel like a riv - er rolls, To quench the pow'r of sin.
The gos - pel tells of end-ing war, Of peace, and joy, and life.
The gos - pel makes our bond-age cease, And brings the sin - ner rest.
Chorus.
O bless - ed news of won - drous pow'r, The mes - sage we re - ceive;
We take free grace this fa - vor'd hour, And on the Lord be - lieve.

No. 55. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah!

Harrison.

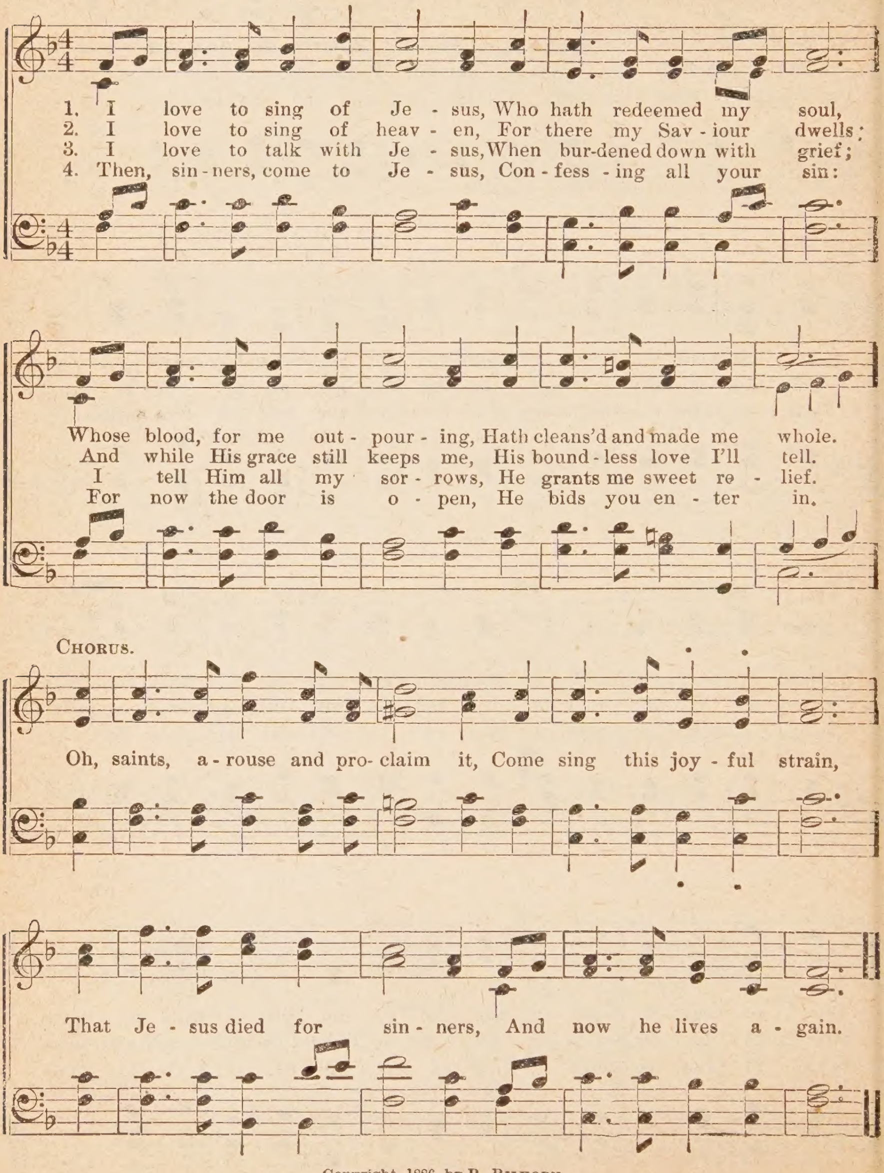

1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
2. Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar Lead me all my journey through;
Bear me thro' the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong deliv'rer, Strong deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of praises, Songs of praises I will ever give to Thee.
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong deliv'rer, Strong deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of praises, Songs of praises I will ever give to Thee.

By permission.

No. 56. I Love to Sing of Jesus.

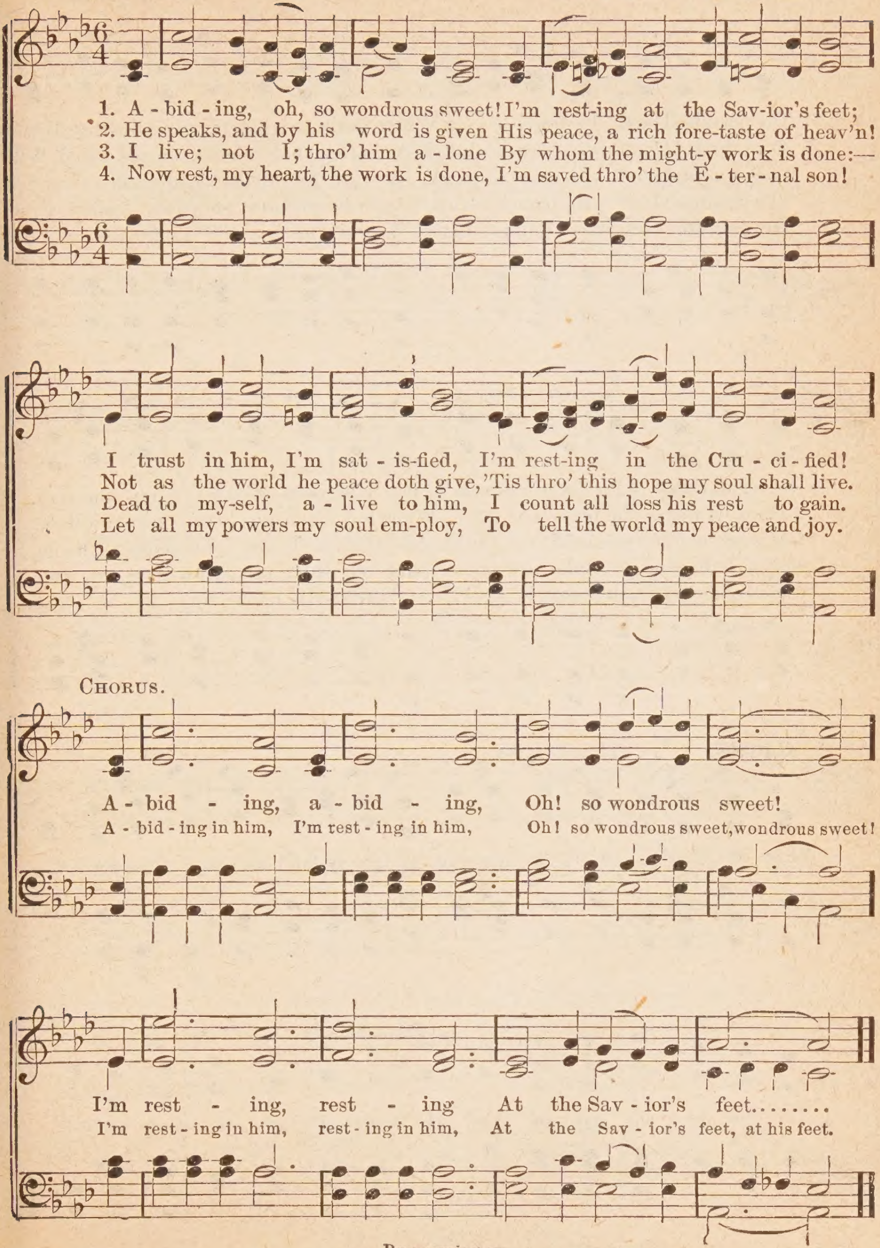
" O sing unto the Lord a new song: show forth his salvation from day to day "—Ps. xcvi: 1, 2.

P. B.


1. I love to sing of Je - sus, Who hath redeemed my soul,
2. I love to sing of heav - en, For there my Sav - iour dwells;
3. I love to talk with Je - sus, When bur-dened down with grief;
4. Then, sin - ners, come to Je - sus, Con - fess - ing all your sin:
Whose blood, for me out - pour - ing, Hath cleans'd and made me whole.
And while His grace still keeps me, His bound - less love I'll tell.
I tell Him all my sor - rows, He grants me sweet re - lief.
For now the door is o - pen, He bids you en - ter in.
CHORUS.
Oh, saints, a - rouse and pro - claim it, Come sing this joy - ful strain,
That Je - sus died for sin - ners, And now he lives a - gain.

No. 57. Abiding in Him.

Chas. B. J. Root. Melody by D. C. Wright. Arr.


1. A - bid - ing, oh, so wondrous sweet! I'm rest-ing at the Sav-ior's feet;
2. He speaks, and by his word is given His peace, a rich fore-taste of heav'n!
3. I live; not I; thro' him a - lone By whom the might-y work is done:—
4. Now rest, my heart, the work is done, I'm saved thro' the E - ter - nal son!
I trust in him, I'm sat - is-fied, I'm rest-ing in the Cru - ci - fied!
Not as the world he peace doth give, 'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.
Dead to my-self, a - live to him, I count all loss his rest to gain.
Let all my powers my soul em-ploy, To tell the world my peace and joy.
Chorus.
A - bid - ing, a - bid - ing, Oh! so wondrous sweet!
A - bid - ing in him, I'm rest - ing in him, Oh! so wondrous sweet, wondrous sweet!
I'm rest - ing, rest - ing At the Sav - ior's feet........
I'm rest - ing in him, rest - ing in him, At the Sav - ior's feet, at his feet.

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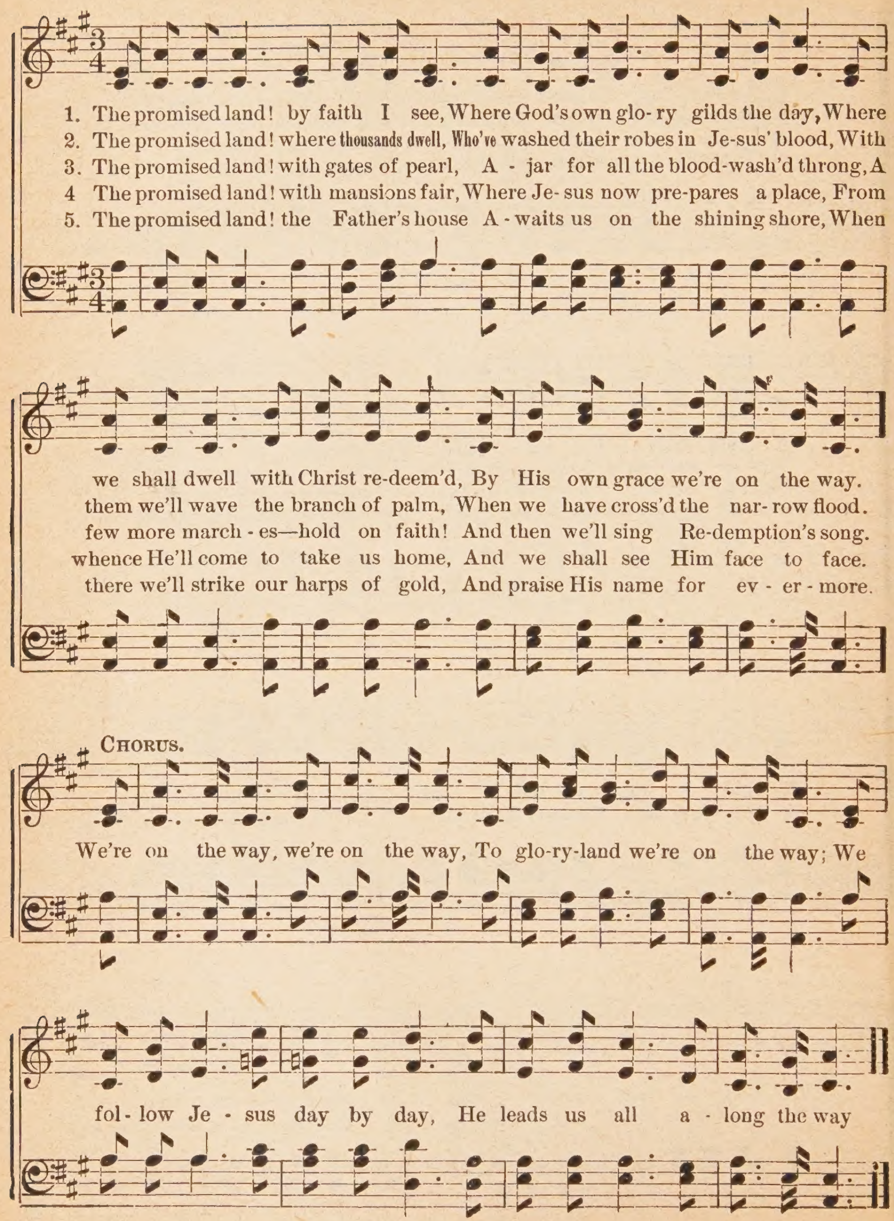
No. 58.

We're on the Way.

Isaiah 35: 8 to 10.

S. M. Sayford. D. B. Towner.


1. The promised land! by faith I see, Where God's own glo- ry gilds the day, Where
2. The promised land! where thousands dwell, Who've washed their robes in Je-sus' blood, With
3. The promised land! with gates of pearl, A - jar for all the blood-wash'd throng, A
4 The promised land! with mansions fair, Where Je- sus now pre-pares a place, From
5. The promised land! the Father's house A - waits us on the shining shore, When
we shall dwell with Christ re-deem'd, By His own grace we're on the way.
them we'll wave the branch of palm, When we have cross'd the nar- row flood.
few more march - es—hold on faith! And then we'll sing Re-demption's song.
whence He'll come to take us home, And we shall see Him face to face.
there we'll strike our harps of gold, And praise His name for ev - er - more.
Chorus.
We're on the way, we're on the way, To glo-ry-land we're on the way; We
fol- low Je - sus day by day, He leads us all a - long the way

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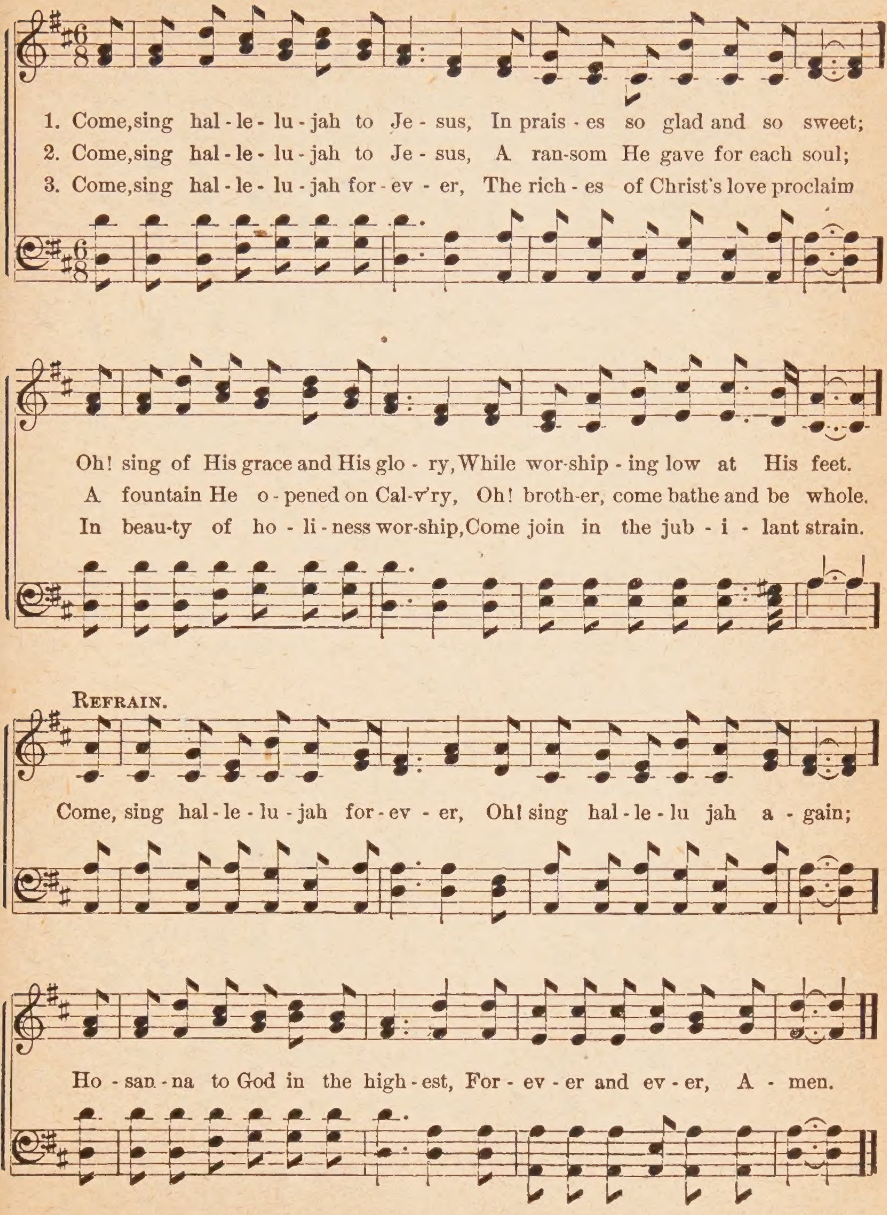
No. 59. Sing Hallelujah to Jesus.

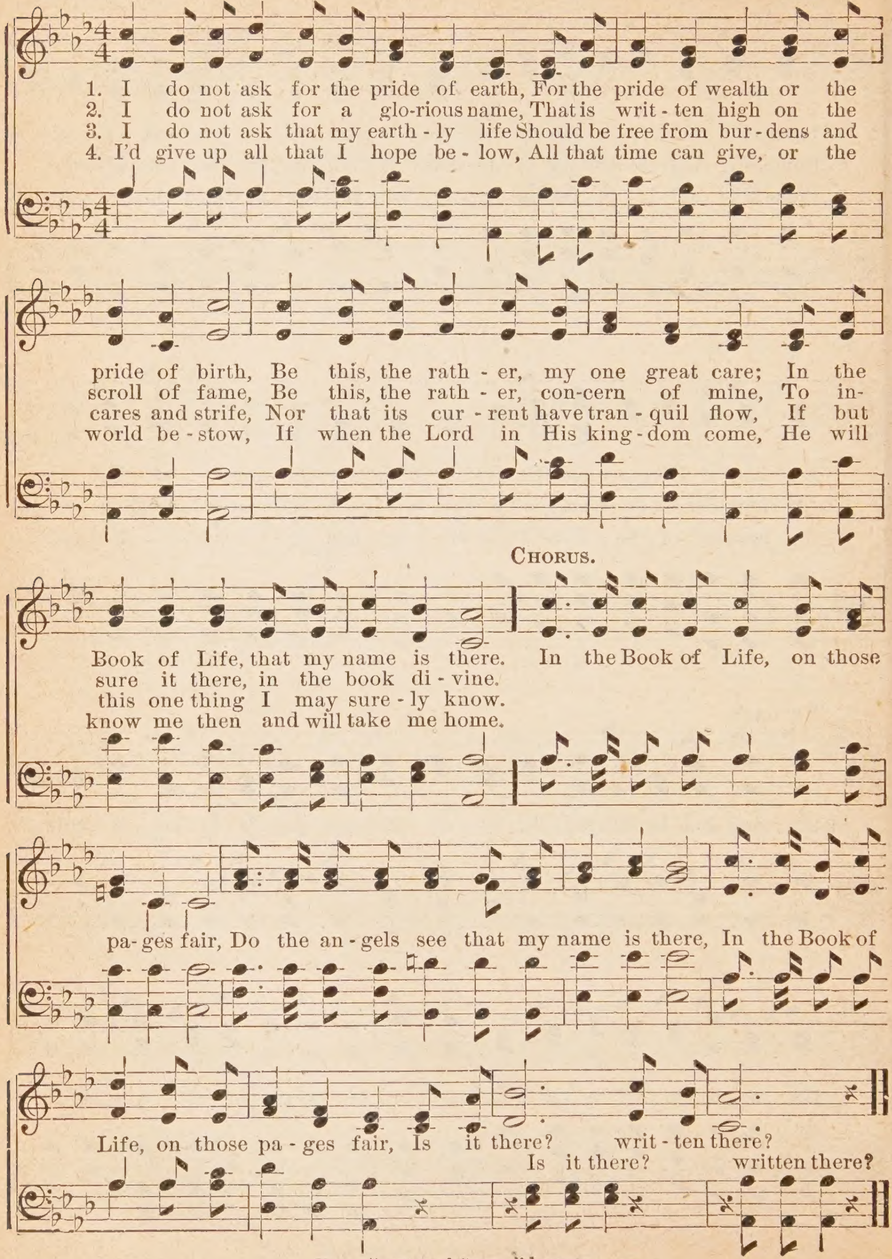
ELIZA M. SHERMAN. P. BILHORN.


1. Come, sing hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus, In prais-es so glad and so sweet;
2. Come, sing hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus, A ran-som He gave for each soul;
3. Come, sing hal-le-lu-jah for-ev-er, The rich-es of Christ's love proclaim
Oh! sing of His grace and His glo-ry, While wor-ship-ing low at His feet.
A fountain He o-pened on Cal-v'ry, Oh! broth-er, come bathe and be whole.
In beau-ty of ho-li-ness wor-ship, Come join in the jub-i-lant strain.
REFRAIN.
Come, sing hal-le-lu-jah for-ev-er, Oh! sing hal-le-lu jah a-gain;
Ho-san-na to God in the high-est, For-ev-er and ev-er, A-men.

No. 60. Is it There? Written There?

"Written in the Lamb's Book of Life."—Rev. 21: 27.

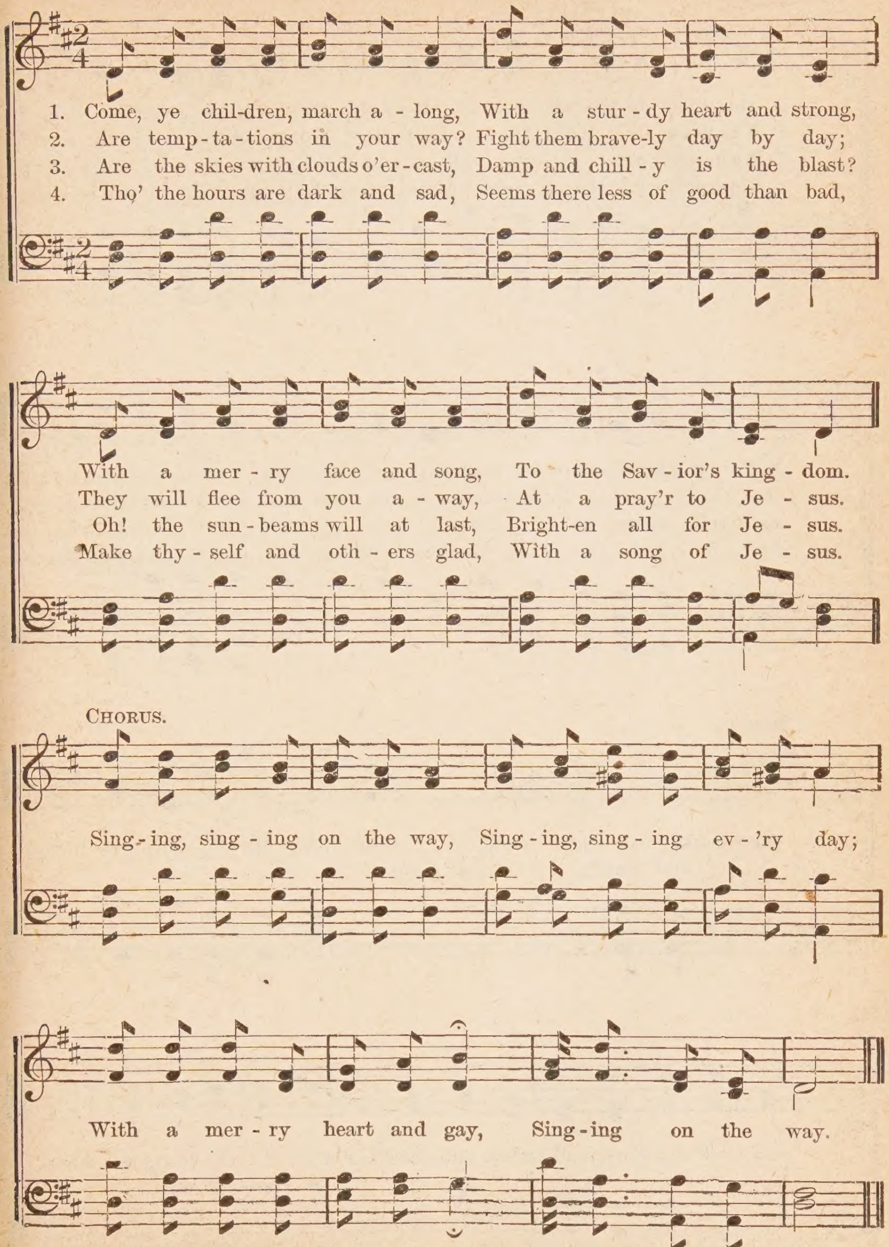
J. E. RANKIN, D. D. E. S. LORENZ.


1. I do not ask for the pride of earth, For the pride of wealth or the
2. I do not ask for a glo-rious name, That is writ - ten high on the
3. I do not ask that my earth - ly life Should be free from bur - dens and
4. I'd give up all that I hope be - low, All that time can give, or the
pride of birth, Be this, the rath - er, my one great care; In the
scroll of fame, Be this, the rath - er, con-cern of mine, To in-
cares and strife, Nor that its cur - rent have tran - quil flow, If but
world be - stow, If when the Lord in His king-dom come, He will
Book of Life, that my name is there.
sure it there, in the book di - vine.
this one thing I may sure - ly know.
know me then and will take me home.
CHORUS.
In the Book of Life, on those
pa-ges fair, Do the an - gels see that my name is there, In the Book of
Life, on those pa - ges fair, Is it there? writ - ten there?
Is it there? written there?

From "Songs of Grace," by per.

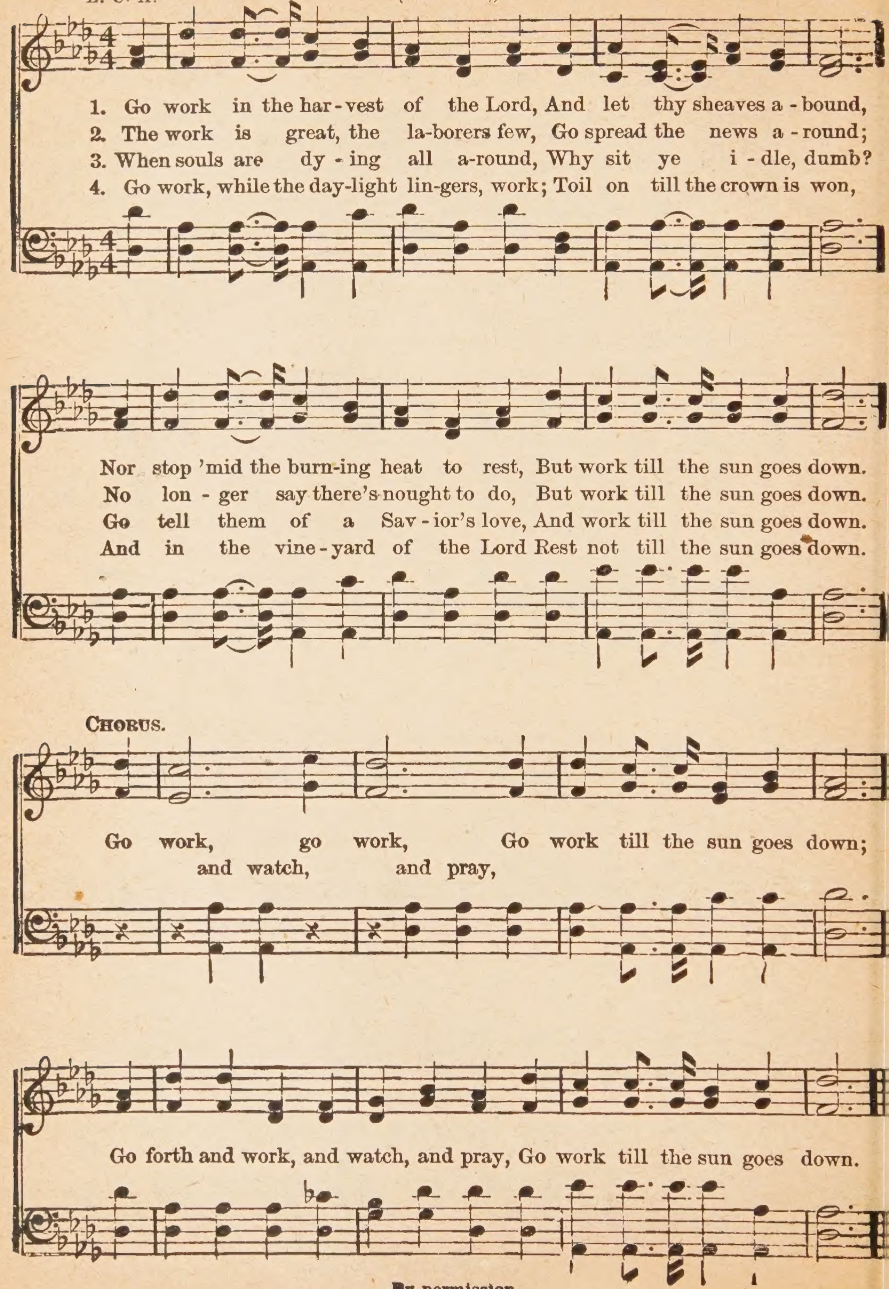
No. 61. Come, Ye Children, March Along.

Miss E. SHERMAN. P. BILHORN.


1. Come, ye chil-dren, march a - long, With a stur - dy heart and strong,
2. Are temp - ta - tions in your way? Fight them brave-ly day by day;
3. Are the skies with clouds o'er - cast, Damp and chill - y is the blast?
4. Tho' the hours are dark and sad, Seems there less of good than bad,
With a mer - ry face and song, To the Sav - ior's king - dom.
They will flee from you a - way, At a pray'r to Je - sus.
Oh! the sun - beams will at last, Bright-en all for Je - sus.
Make thy - self and oth - ers glad, With a song of Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Sing - ing, sing - ing on the way, Sing - ing, sing - ing ev - 'ry day;
With a mer - ry heart and gay, Sing - ing on the way.

No. 62. Work till the Sun Goes Down.

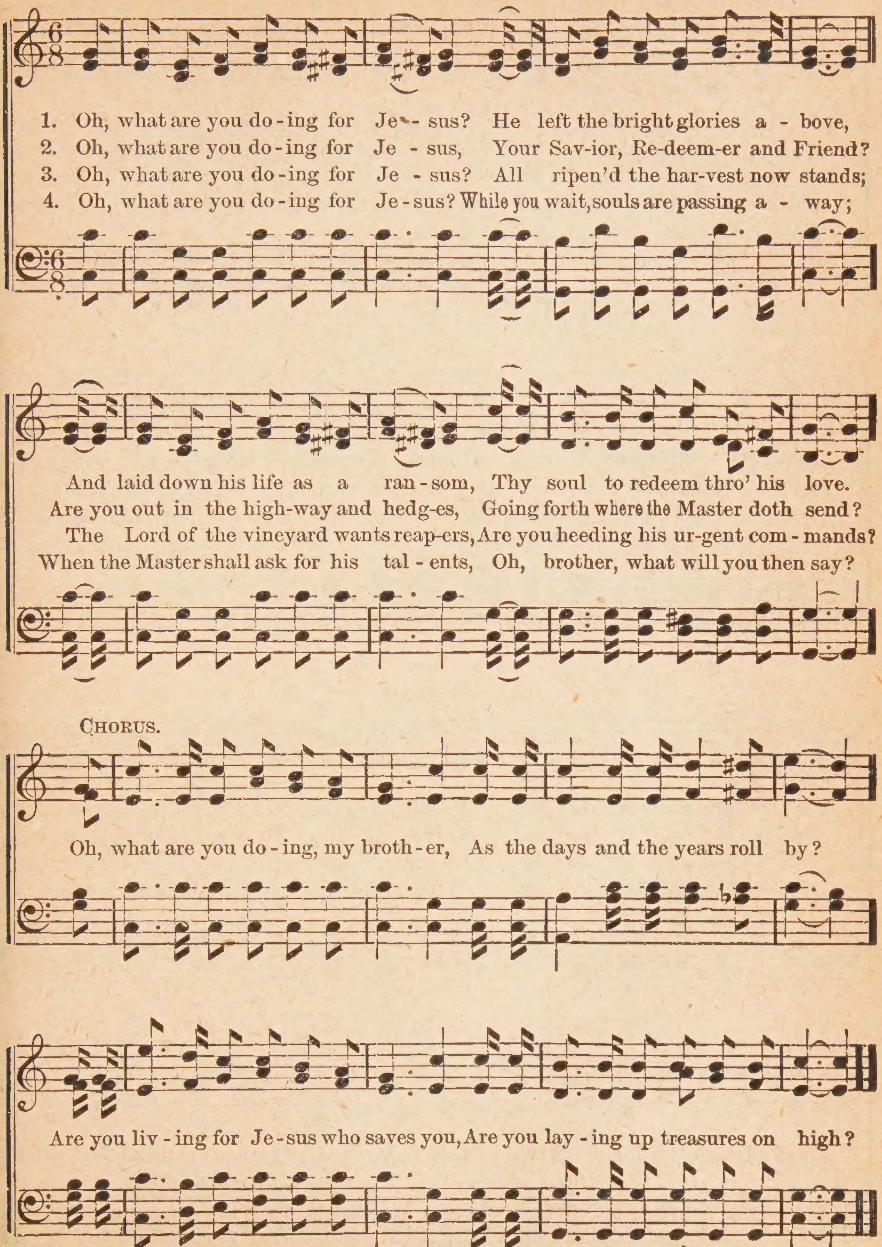
E. C. A. (Luke x 2,) E. C Avis


1. Go work in the har-vest of the Lord, And let thy sheaves a-bound,
2. The work is great, the la-borers few, Go spread the news a-round;
3. When souls are dy-ing all a-round, Why sit ye i-dle, dumb?
4. Go work, while the day-light lin-gers, work; Toil on till the crown is won,
Nor stop 'mid the burn-ing heat to rest, But work till the sun goes down.
No lon-ger say there's nought to do, But work till the sun goes down.
Go tell them of a Sav-ior's love, And work till the sun goes down.
And in the vine-yard of the Lord Rest not till the sun goes down.
Chorus.
Go work, and watch, go work, and pray, Go work till the sun goes down;
Go forth and work, and watch, and pray, Go work till the sun goes down.

By permission.

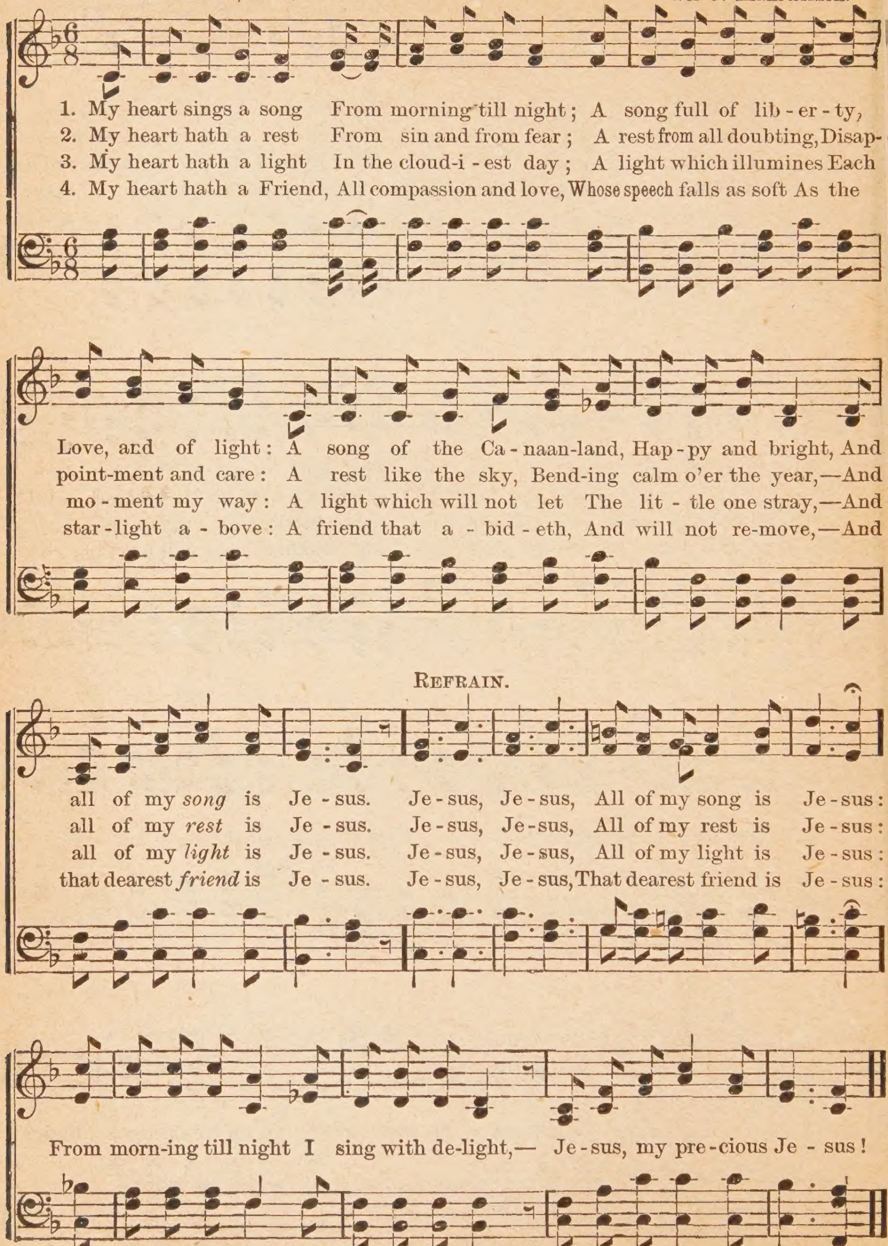
No. 63. What Are You Doing for Jesus?

P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. Oh, what are you do-ing for Je-sus? He left the bright glories a-bove,
2. Oh, what are you do-ing for Je-sus, Your Sav-ior, Re-deem-er and Friend?
3. Oh, what are you do-ing for Je-sus? All ripen'd the har-vest now stands;
4. Oh, what are you do-ing for Je-sus? While you wait, souls are passing a-way;
And laid down his life as a ran-som, Thy soul to redeem thro' his love.
Are you out in the high-way and hedg-es, Going forth where the Master doth send?
The Lord of the vineyard wants reap-ers, Are you heeding his ur-gent com-mands?
When the Master shall ask for his tal-ents, Oh, brother, what will you then say?
Chorus.
Oh, what are you do-ing, my broth-er, As the days and the years roll by?
Are you liv-ing for Je-sus who saves you, Are you lay-ing up treasures on high?

No. 64. Jesus, My All!

Rev. G. D. Watson, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

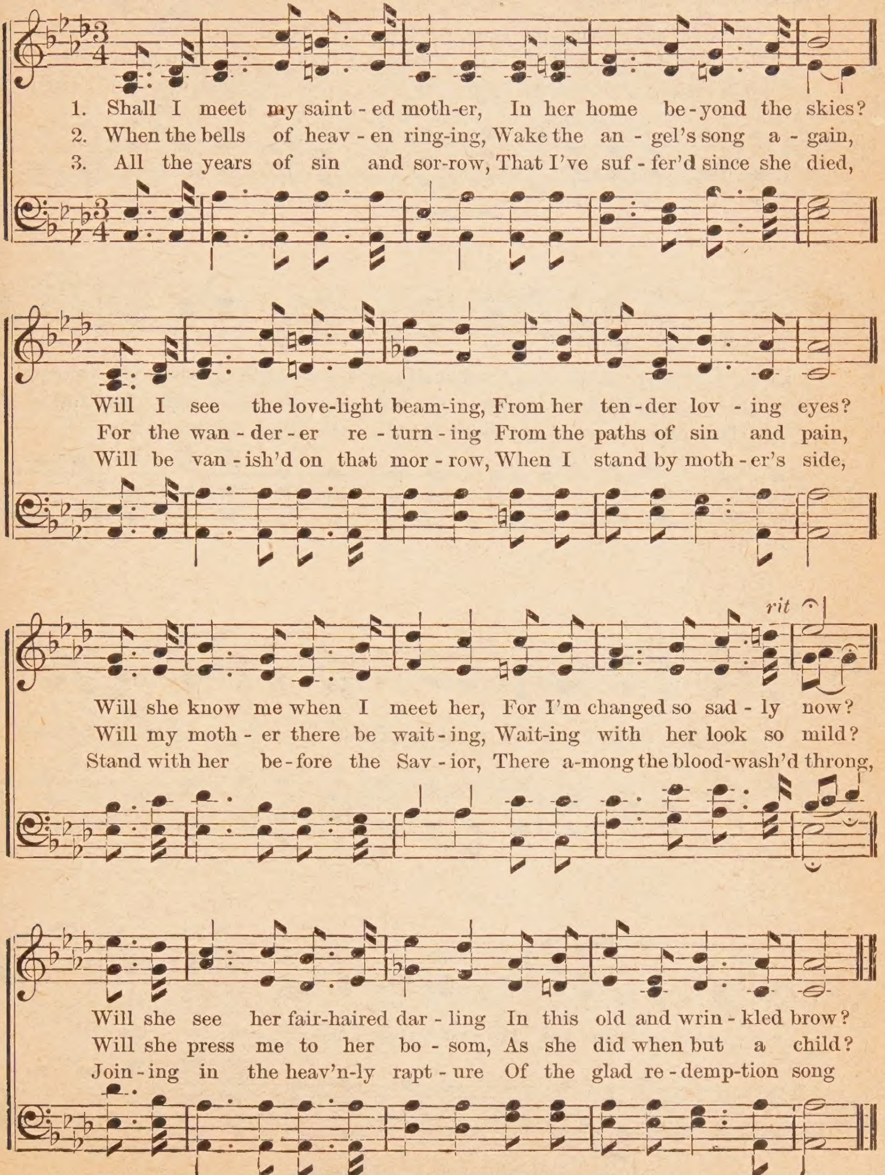

1. My heart sings a song From morning till night; A song full of lib-er-ty,
2. My heart hath a rest From sin and from fear; A rest from all doubting, Disap-
3. My heart hath a light In the cloud-i-est day; A light which illumines Each
4. My heart hath a Friend, All compassion and love, Whose speech falls as soft As the
Love, and of light: A song of the Ca-naan-land, Hap-py and bright, And
point-ment and care: A rest like the sky, Bend-ing calm o'er the year,—And
mo-ment my way: A light which will not let The lit-tle one stray,—And
star-light a-bove: A friend that a-bid-eth, And will not re-move,—And
Refrain.
all of my *song* is Je-sus. Je-sus, Je-sus, All of my song is Je-sus:
all of my *rest* is Je-sus. Je-sus, Je-sus, All of my rest is Je-sus:
all of my *light* is Je-sus. Je-sus, Je-sus, All of my light is Je-sus:
that dearest *friend* is Je-sus. Je-sus, Je-sus, That dearest friend is Je-sus:
From morn-ing till night I sing with de-light,— Je-sus, my pre-cious Je-sus!

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per.

No. 65. Shall I Meet my Sainted Mother?

The writer of these words in childhood promised his dying mother that he would meet her in heaven. Forgetful of his promise, he on reaching manhood became an infidel. The stirring words of Evangelist "Schiverea" brought to mind the long forgotten teaching of that Christian mother, and casting aside his infidelity he accepted Christ as his Savior.

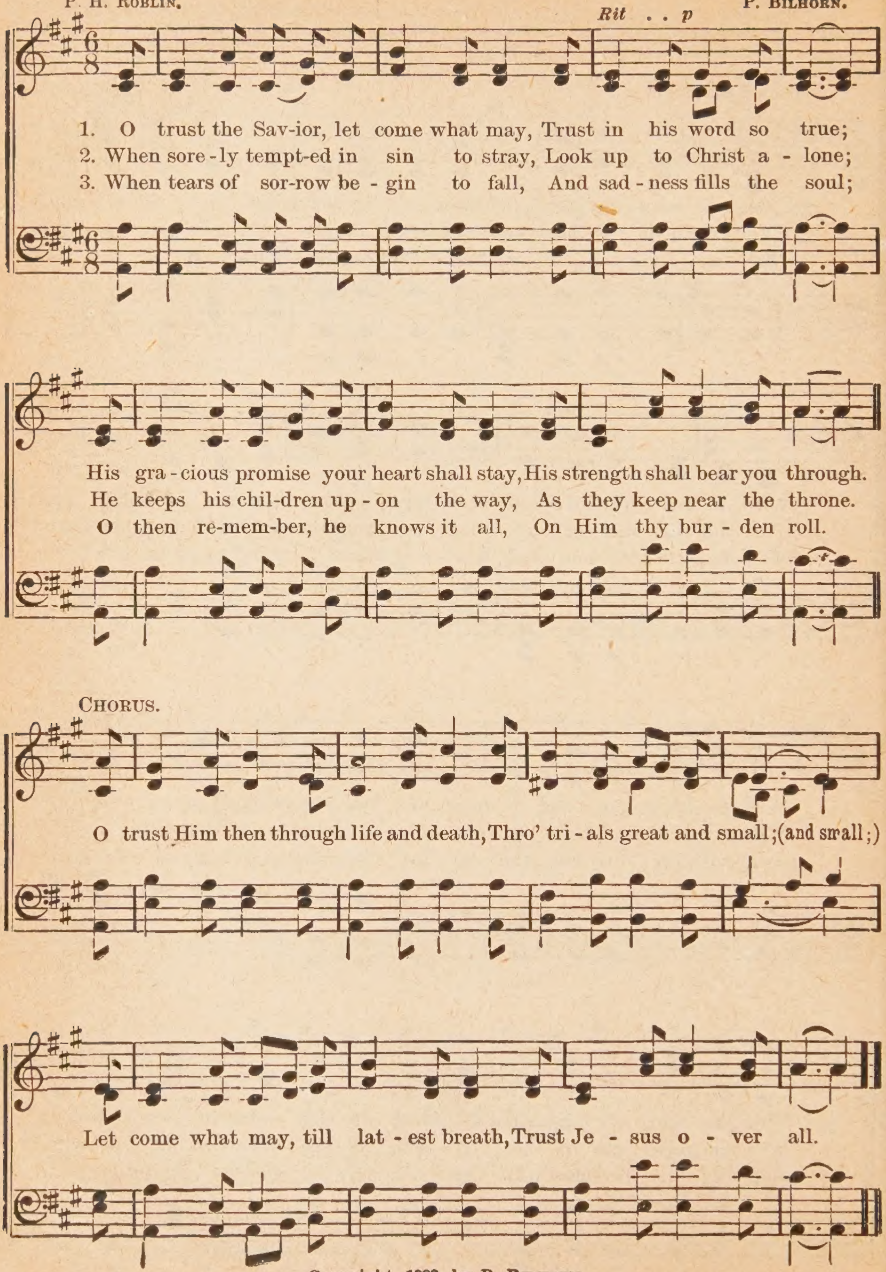
George Thompson. P. Bilhorn.


1. Shall I meet my saint-ed moth-er, In her home be-yond the skies?
2. When the bells of heav-en ring-ing, Wake the an-gel's song a-gain,
3. All the years of sin and sor-row, That I've suf-fer'd since she died,
Will I see the love-light beam-ing, From her ten-der lov-ing eyes?
For the wan-der-er re-turn-ing From the paths of sin and pain,
Will be van-ish'd on that mor-row, When I stand by moth-er's side,
rit
Will she know me when I meet her, For I'm changed so sad-ly now?
Will my moth-er there be wait-ing, Wait-ing with her look so mild?
Stand with her be-fore the Sav-ior, There a-mong the blood-wash'd throng,
Will she see her fair-haired dar-ling In this old and wrin-kled brow?
Will she press me to her bo-som, As she did when but a child?
Join-ing in the heav'n-ly rapt-ure Of the glad re-demp-tion song

No. 66. Trust Jesus Over All.

P. H. Roblin.

P. Bilhorn.


Rit . . p
1. O trust the Sav-ior, let come what may, Trust in his word so true;
2. When sore-ly tempt-ed in sin to stray, Look up to Christ a - lone;
3. When tears of sor-row be - gin to fall, And sad - ness fills the soul;
His gra - cious promise your heart shall stay, His strength shall bear you through.
He keeps his chil-dren up - on the way, As they keep near the throne.
O then re-mem-ber, he knows it all, On Him thy bur - den roll.
Chorus.
O trust Him then through life and death, Thro' tri - als great and small; (and small;)
Let come what may, till lat - est breath, Trust Je - sus o - ver all.

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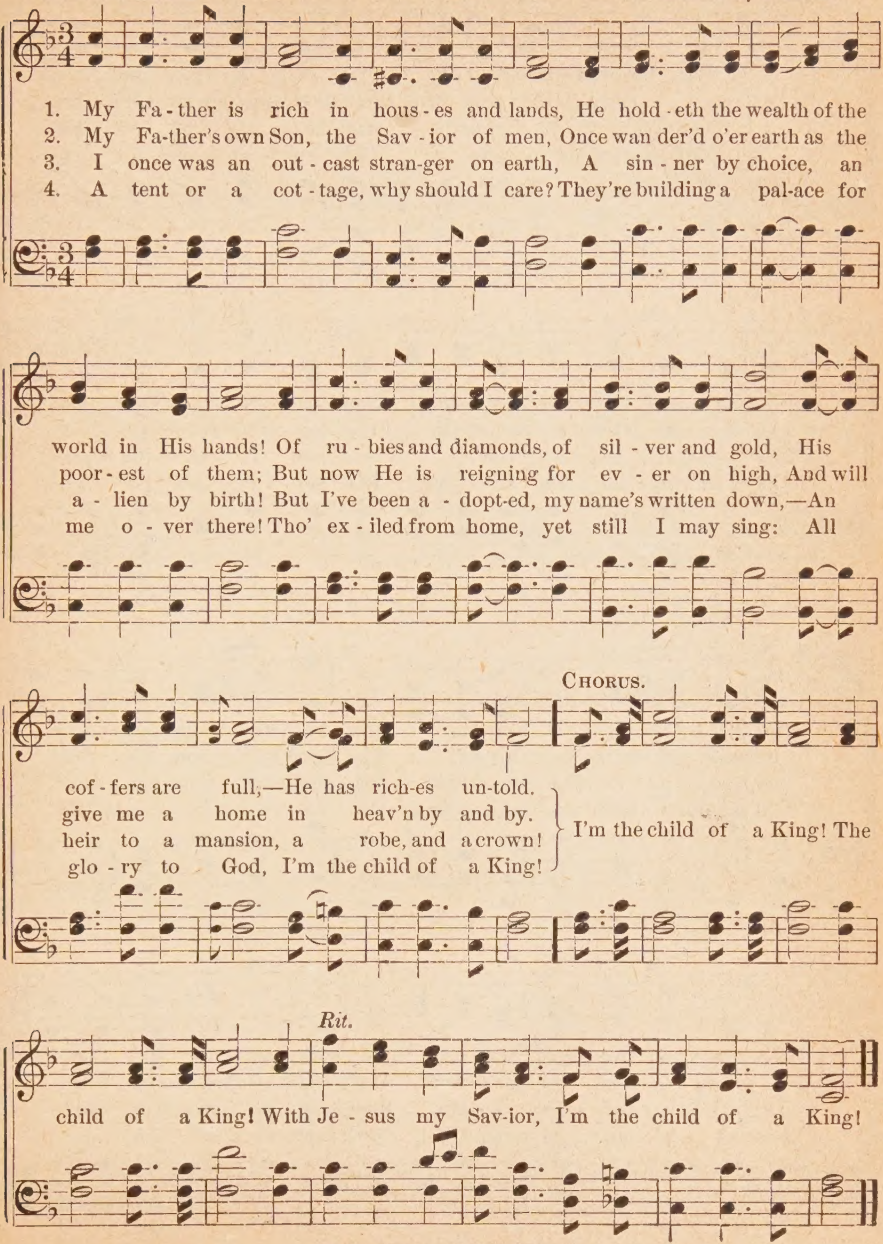
No. 67.

The Child of a King!

"Heirs of the kingdom."—James 2: 5.

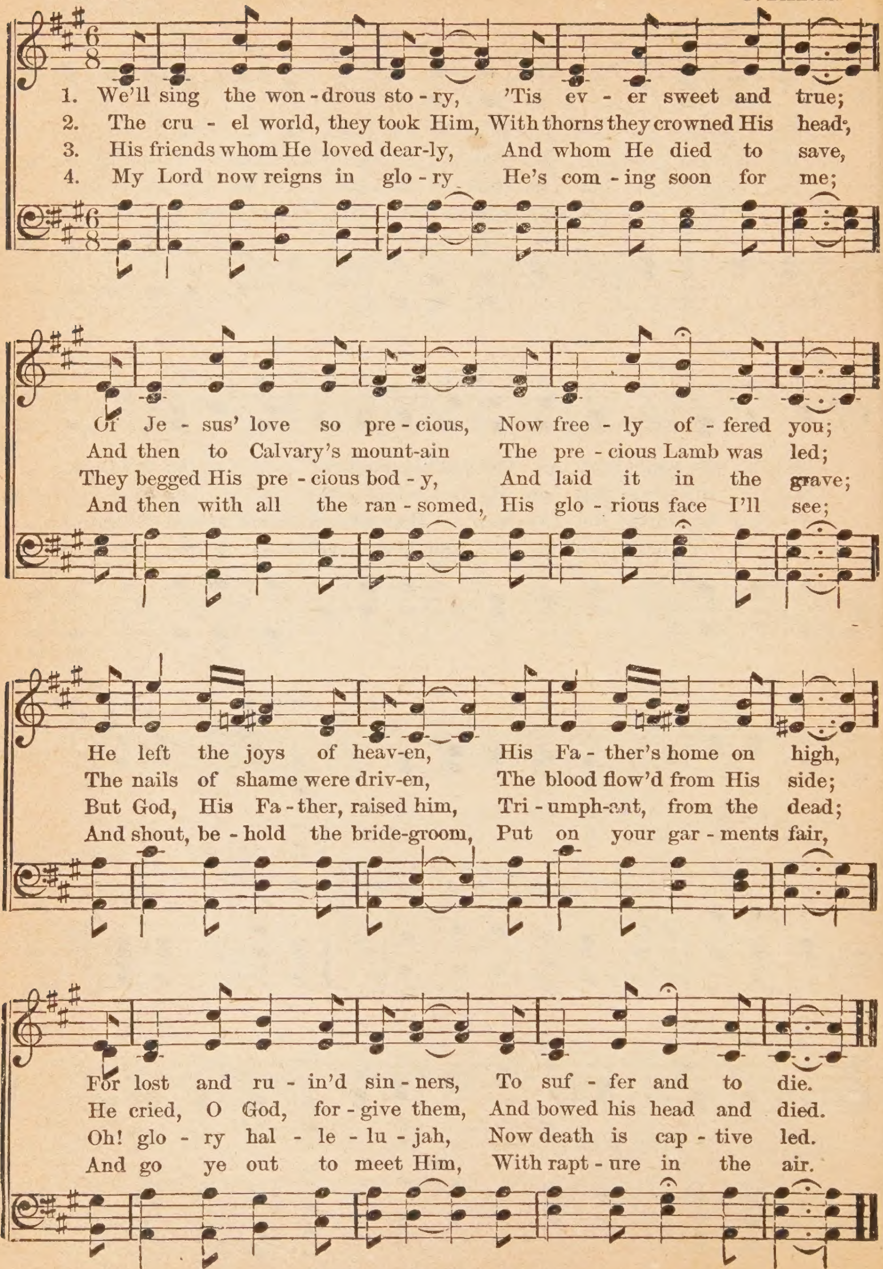
Hattie E. Buell. John B. Sumner, arr.


1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-ior of men, Once wan der'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stran-ger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for
world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
poor-est of them; But now He is reigning for ev-er on high, And will
a-lien by birth! But I've been a-dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me o-ver there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet still I may sing: All
cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.
give me a home in heav'n by and by.
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King!
Chorus.
I'm the child of a King! The
Rit.
child of a King! With Je-sus my Sav-ior, I'm the child of a King!

Permission by John B. Sumner.

No. 68. A Story Sweet and True.

E. W. Oakes. P. Bilhorn.

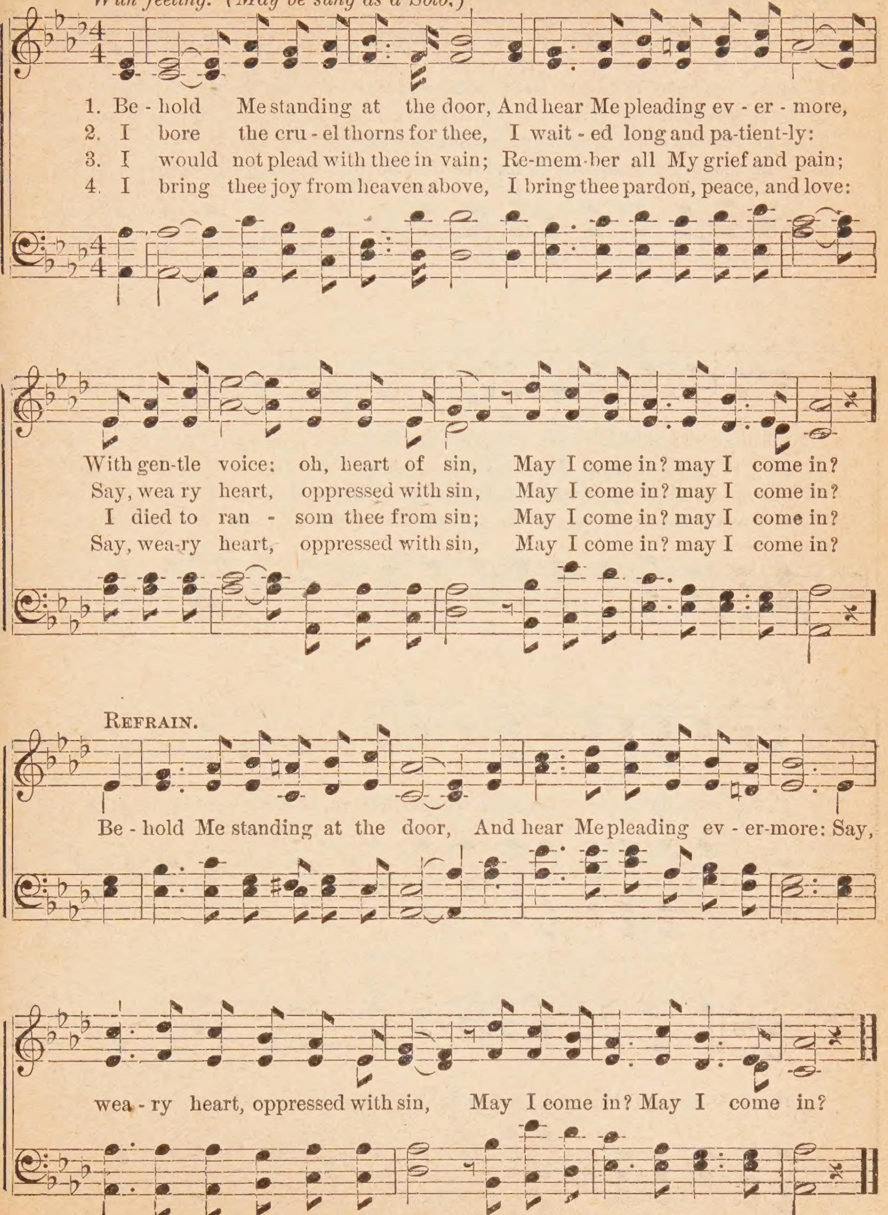


1. We'll sing the won - drous sto - ry, 'Tis ev - er sweet and true;
2. The cru - el world, they took Him, With thorns they crowned His head;
3. His friends whom He loved dear-ly, And whom He died to save,
4. My Lord now reigns in glo - ry He's com - ing soon for me;
Of Je - sus' love so pre - cious, Now free - ly of - fered you;
And then to Calvary's mount-ain The pre - cious Lamb was led;
They begged His pre - cious bod - y, And laid it in the grave;
And then with all the ran - somed, His glo - rious face I'll see;
He left the joys of heav-en, His Fa - ther's home on high,
The nails of shame were driv-en, The blood flow'd from His side;
But God, His Fa - ther, raised him, Tri - umph-ant, from the dead;
And shout, be - hold the bride-groom, Put on your gar - ments fair,
For lost and ru - in'd sin - ners, To suf - fer and to die.
He cried, O God, for - give them, And bowed his head and died.
Oh! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Now death is cap - tive led.
And go ye out to meet Him, With rapt - ure in the air.

No. 69. Behold Me Standing at the Door!

E. J. Crosby. **Mrs. J. F. Knapp.**

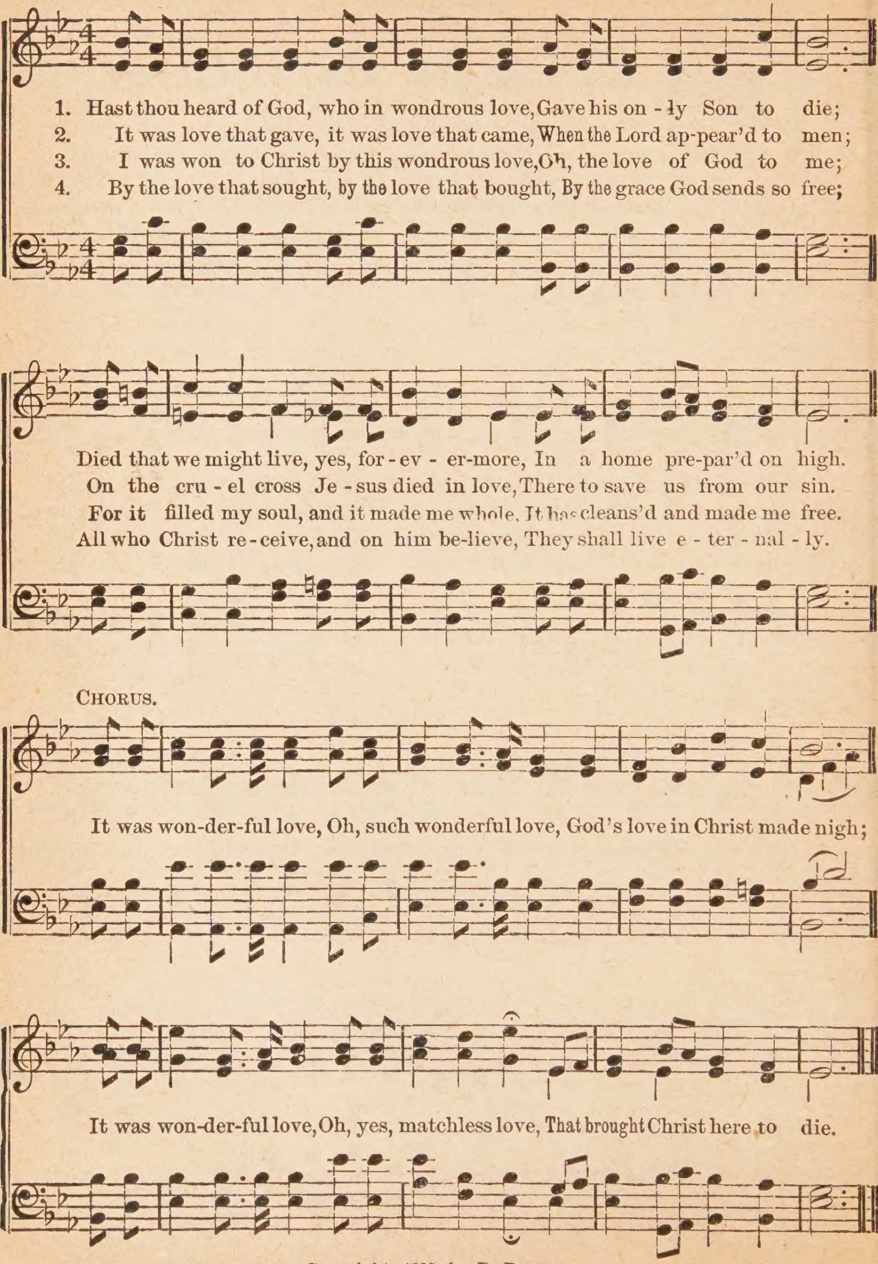
With feeling. (May be sung as a Solo.)


1. Be-hold Me standing at the door, And hear Me pleading ev-er-more,
2. I bore the cru-el thorns for thee, I wait-ed long and pa-tient-ly:
3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Re-mem-ber all My grief and pain;
4. I bring thee joy from heaven above, I bring thee pardon, peace, and love:
With gen-tle voice: oh, heart of sin, May I come in? may I come in?
Say, wea ry heart, oppressed with sin, May I come in? may I come in?
I died to ran-som thee from sin; May I come in? may I come in?
Say, wea-ry heart, oppressed with sin, May I come in? may I come in?
Refrain.
Be-hold Me standing at the door, And hear Me pleading ev-er-more: Say,
wea-ry heart, oppressed with sin, May I come in? May I come in?

By permission.

No. 70. God's Wonderful Love.

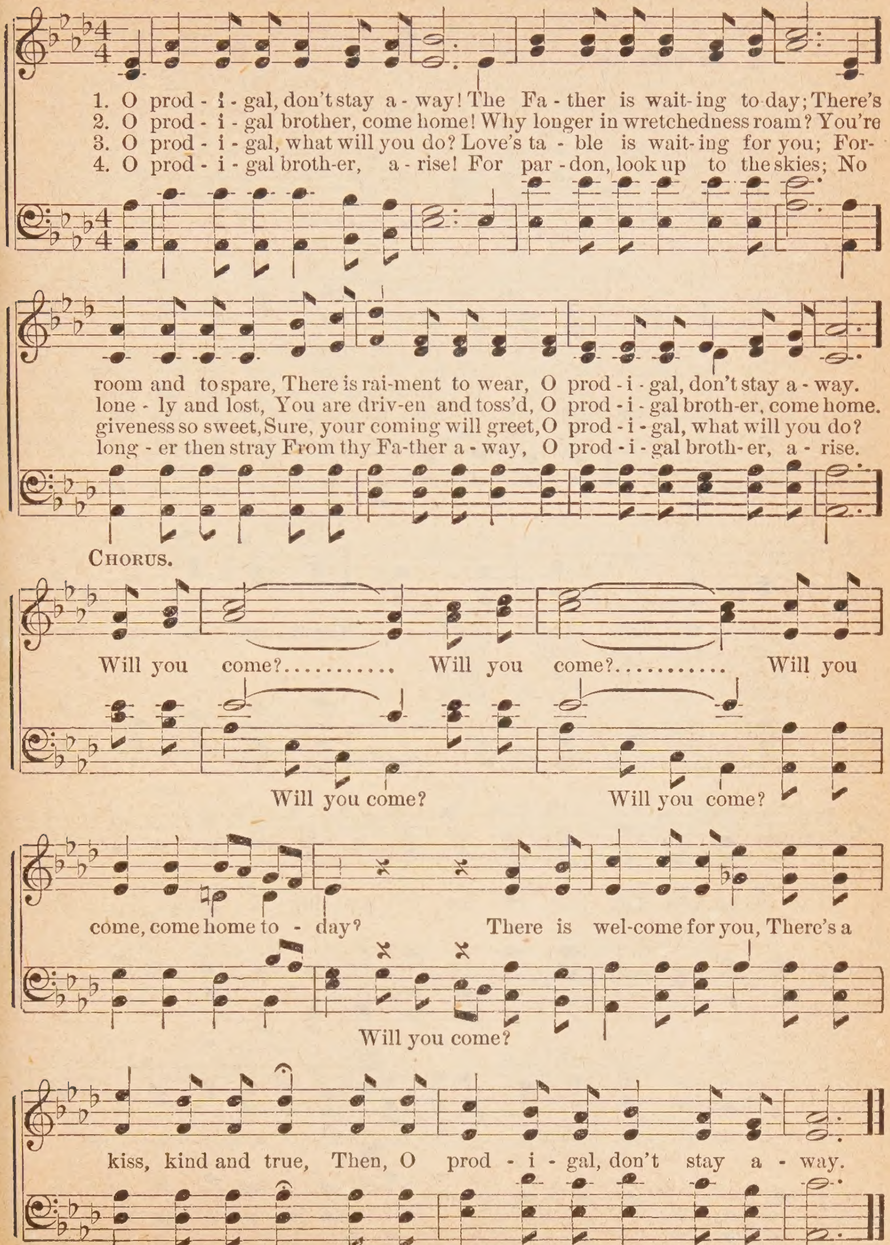
P. B. John iii. 16. P. Bilhorn.


1. Hast thou heard of God, who in wondrous love, Gave his on - ly Son to die;
2. It was love that gave, it was love that came, When the Lord ap-pear'd to men;
3. I was won to Christ by this wondrous love, Oh, the love of God to me;
4. By the love that sought, by the love that bought, By the grace God sends so free;
Died that we might live, yes, for - ev - er-more, In a home pre-par'd on high.
On the cru - el cross Je - sus died in love, There to save us from our sin.
For it filled my soul, and it made me whole, It has cleans'd and made me free.
All who Christ re - ceive, and on him be-lieve, They shall live e - ter - nal - ly.
Chorus.
It was won-der-ful love, Oh, such wonderful love, God's love in Christ made nigh;
It was won-der-ful love, Oh, yes, matchless love, That brought Christ here to die.

No. 71. O Prodigal, Don't Stay Away.

"*I will arise and go to my Father.*"—Luke 15: 18.

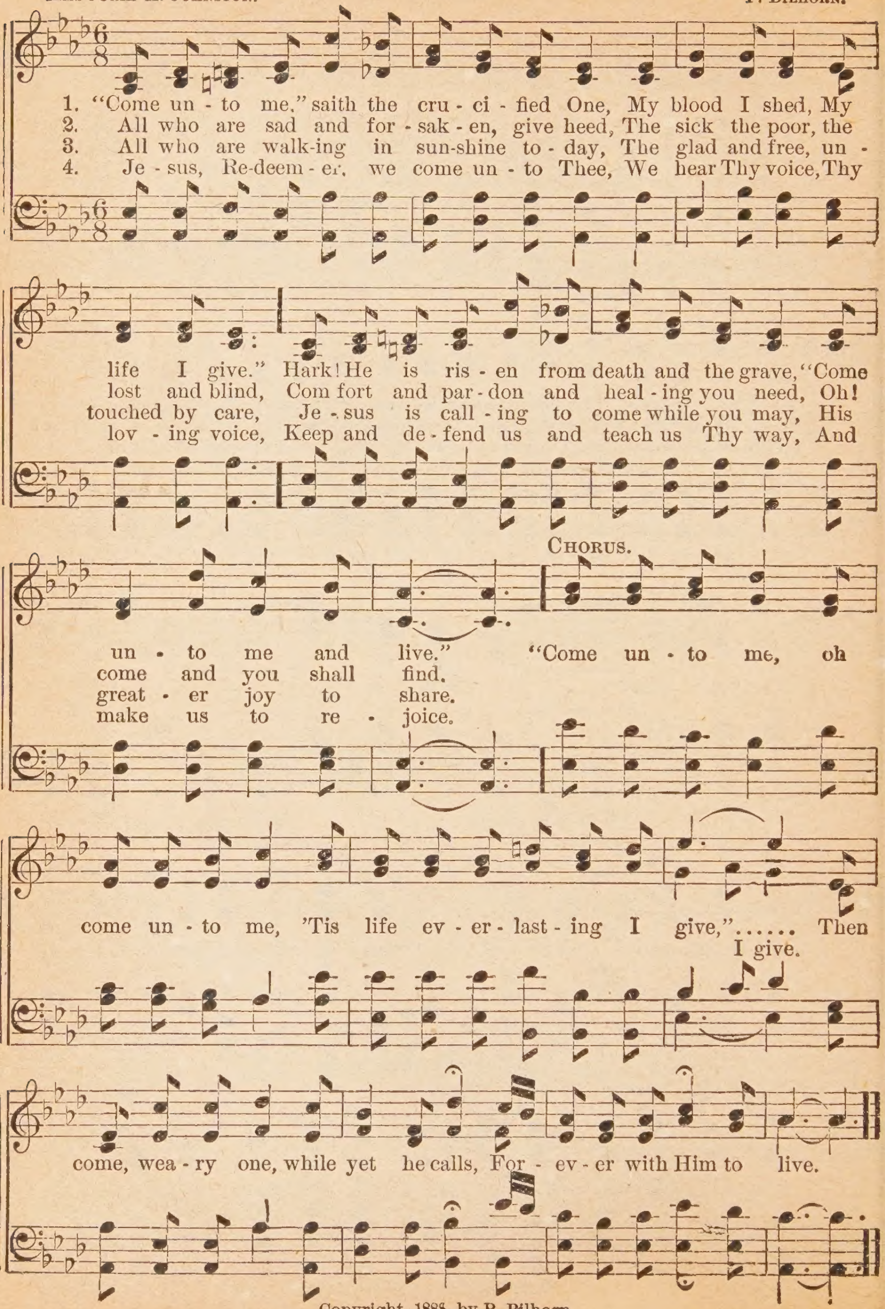
J. E. Rankin, D. D. J. W. Bischoff.


1. O prod - i - gal, don't stay a - way! The Fa - ther is wait - ing to-day; There's
2. O prod - i - gal brother, come home! Why longer in wretchedness roam? You're
3. O prod - i - gal, what will you do? Love's ta - ble is wait - ing for you; For-
4. O prod - i - gal broth-er, a - rise! For par - don, look up to the skies; No
room and to spare, There is rai-ment to wear, O prod - i - gal, don't stay a - way.
lone - ly and lost, You are driv-en and toss'd, O prod - i - gal broth-er, come home.
giveness so sweet, Sure, your coming will greet, O prod - i - gal, what will you do?
long - er then stray From thy Fa-ther a - way, O prod - i - gal broth - er, a - rise.
Chorus.
Will you come?........... Will you come?........... Will you
Will you come? Will you come?
come, come home to - day? There is wel-come for you, There's a
Will you come?
kiss, kind and true, Then, O prod - i - gal, don't stay a - way.

From "Gospel Bells," by per.

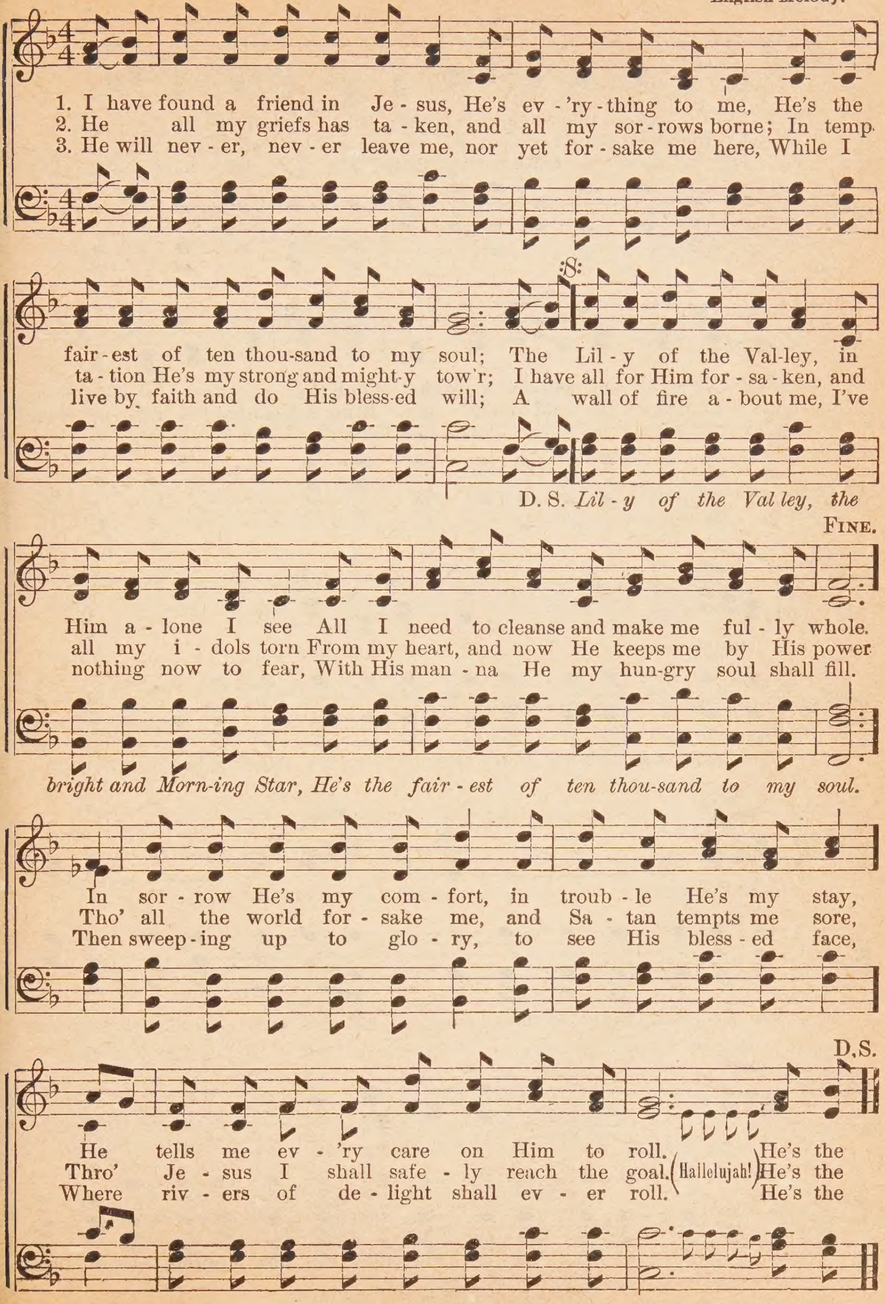
No. 72. Come Unto Me Saith Jesus.

Miss Julia H. Johnston. P. Bilhorn.


1. "Come un - to me," saith the cru - ci - fied One, My blood I shed, My
2. All who are sad and for - sak - en, give heed, The sick the poor, the
3. All who are walk-ing in sun-shine to - day, The glad and free, un -
4. Je - sus, Re-deem - er, we come un - to Thee, We hear Thy voice, Thy
life I give." Hark! He is ris - en from death and the grave, "Come
lost and blind, Com fort and par - don and heal - ing you need, Oh!
touched by care, Je - sus is call - ing to come while you may, His
lov - ing voice, Keep and de - fend us and teach us Thy way, And
un - to me and live."
come and you shall find.
great - er joy to share.
make us to re - joice.
Chorus.
"Come un - to me, oh
come un - to me, 'Tis life ev - er - last - ing I give,"...... Then
I give.
come, wea - ry one, while yet he calls, For - ev - er with Him to live.

No. 73. The Lily of the Valley.

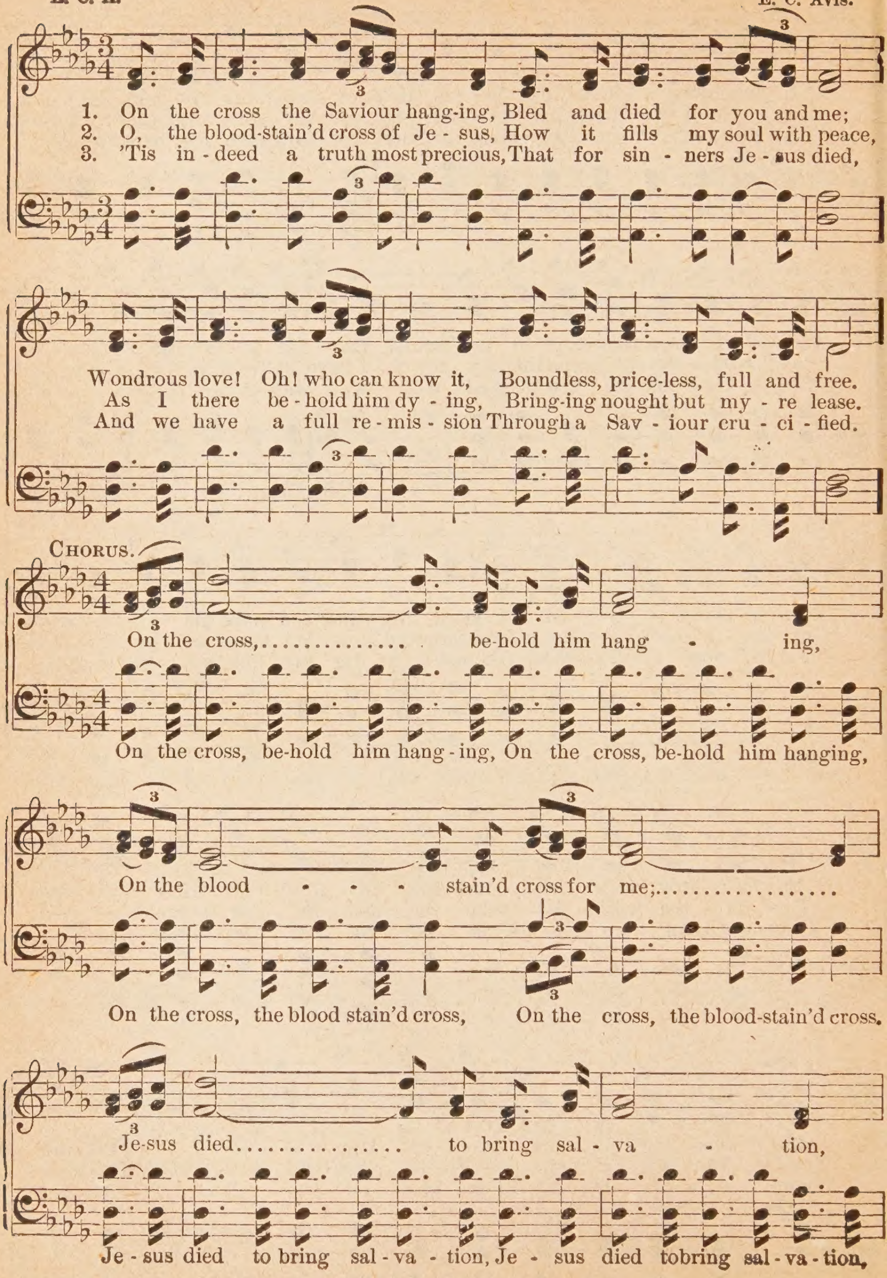
English Melody.


1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I
fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val-ley, in
ta - tion He's my strong and might-y tow'r; I have all for Him for - sa - ken, and
live by faith and do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've
D. S. Lil - y of the Val ley, the
Fine.
Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power
nothing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun-gry soul shall fill.
bright and Morn-ing Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul.
In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore,
Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry, to see His bless - ed face,
D.S.
He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. Hallelujah! He's the
Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

No. 74. Behold Him hanging.

E. C. A.

E. C. Avis.


1. On the cross the Saviour hang-ing, Bled and died for you and me;
2. O, the blood-stain'd cross of Je - sus, How it fills my soul with peace,
3. 'Tis in - deed a truth most precious, That for sin - ners Je - sus died,
Wondrous love! Oh! who can know it, Boundless, price-less, full and free.
As I there be - hold him dy - ing, Bring-ing nought but my - re lease.
And we have a full re - mis - sion Through a Sav - iour cru - ci - fied.
Chorus.
On the cross,.............. be-hold him hang - ing,
On the cross, be-hold him hang - ing, On the cross, be-hold him hanging,
On the blood - - - stain'd cross for me;.................
On the cross, the blood stain'd cross, On the cross, the blood-stain'd cross.
Je-sus died................ to bring sal - va - tion,
Je - sus died to bring sal - va - tion, Je - sus died tobring sal - va - tion,

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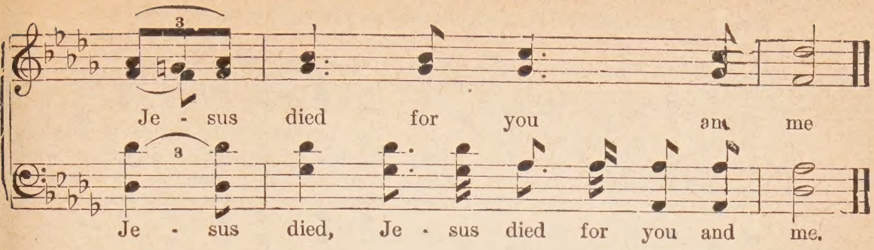
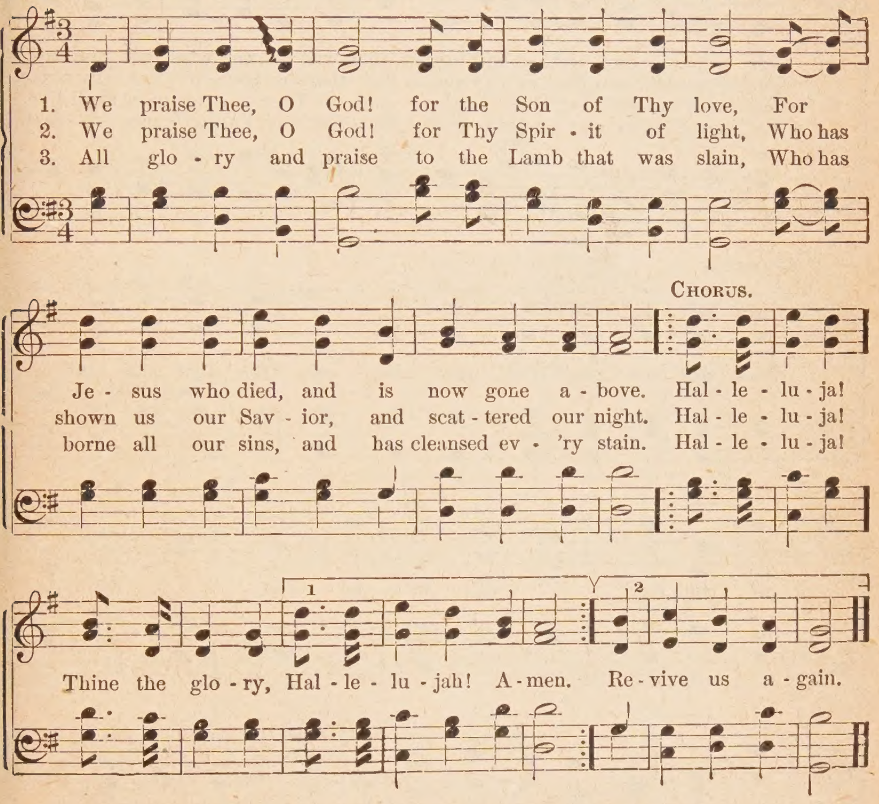
Behold Him hanging. Concluded.


Je - sus died for you and me
Je - sus died, Je - sus died for you and me.

No. 75. Revive Us Again.

Dr. W. P. Mackay.

English Melody.


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
Chorus.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
1
2
Re - vive us a - gain.

4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

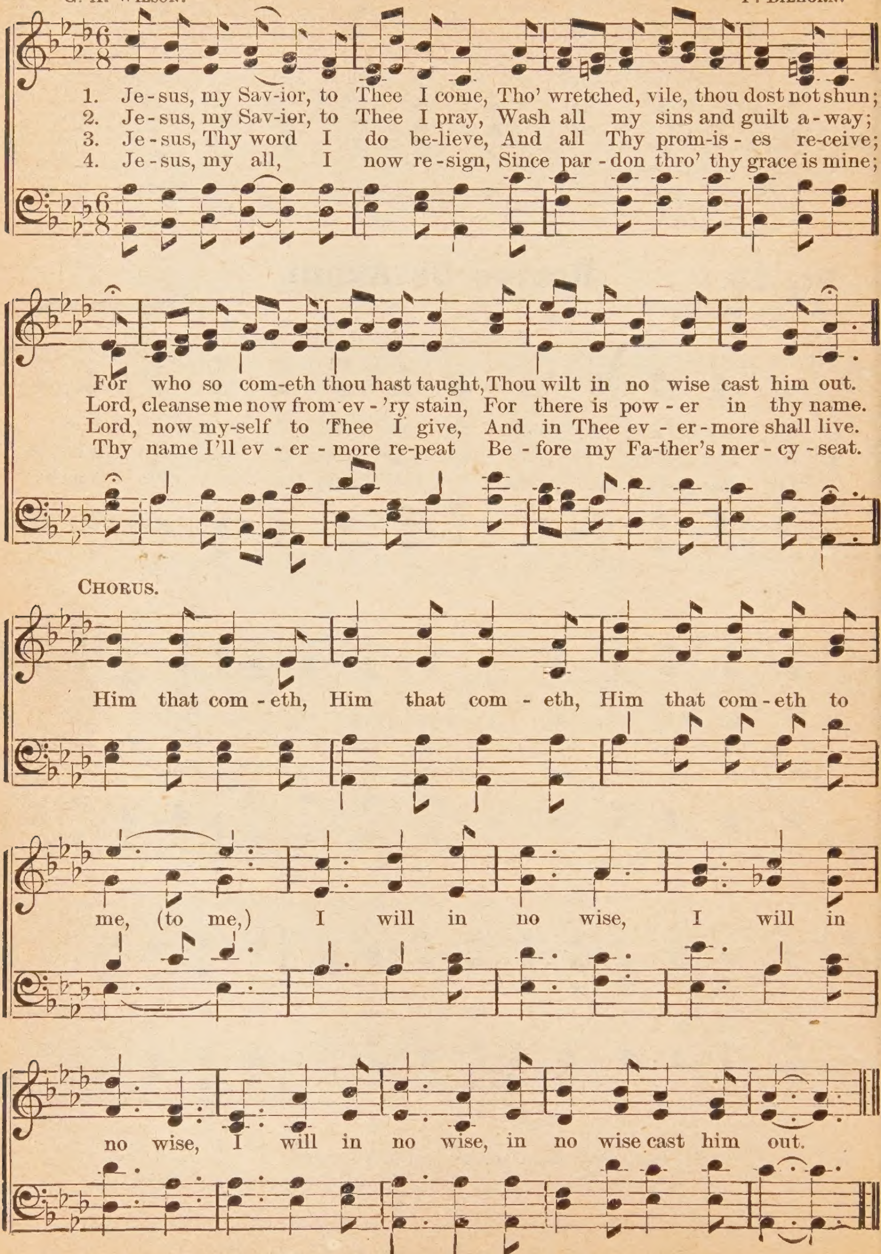
5. Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 76.

Jesus, My Savior.

"*Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.*"—Ps. li. 2.

G. A. Wilson. P. Bilhorn.


1. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, to Thee I come, Tho' wretched, vile, thou dost not shun; For who so com-eth thou hast taught, Thou wilt in no wise cast him out.
2. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, to Thee I pray, Wash all my sins and guilt a-way; Lord, cleanse me now from ev-'ry stain, For there is pow-er in thy name.
3. Je-sus, Thy word I do be-lieve, And all Thy prom-is-es re-ceive; Lord, now my-self to Thee I give, And in Thee ev-er-more shall live.
4. Je-sus, my all, I now re-sign, Since par-don thro' thy grace is mine; Thy name I'll ev-er-more re-peat Be-fore my Fa-ther's mer-cy-seat.
Chorus.
Him that com-eth, Him that com-eth, Him that com-eth to me, (to me,) I will in no wise, I will in no wise, I will in no wise, in no wise cast him out.

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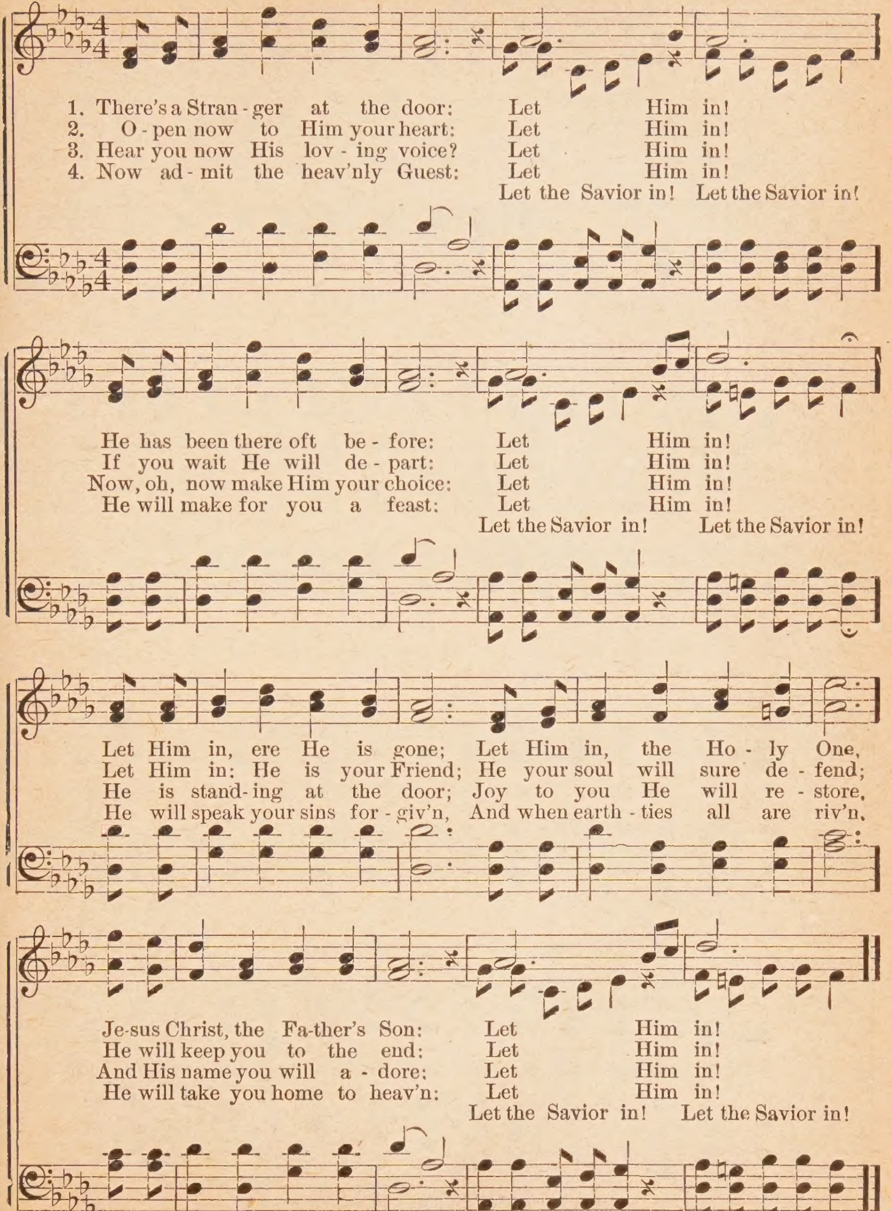
No. 77. Let the Savior In.

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—Rev. 3: 20.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.


1. There's a Stran-ger at the door: Let Him in!
2. O-pen now to Him your heart: Let Him in!
3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in!
4. Now ad-mit the heav'nly Guest: Let Him in!
Let the Savior in! Let the Savior in!
He has been there oft be-fore: Let Him in!
If you wait He will de-part: Let Him in!
Now, oh, now make Him your choice: Let Him in!
He will make for you a feast: Let Him in!
Let the Savior in! Let the Savior in!
Let Him in, ere He is gone; Let Him in, the Ho-ly One,
Let Him in: He is your Friend; He your soul will sure de-fend;
He is stand-ing at the door; Joy to you He will re-store,
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,
Je-sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son: Let Him in!
He will keep you to the end: Let Him in!
And His name you will a-dore: Let Him in!
He will take you home to heav'n: Let Him in!
Let the Savior in! Let the Savior in!

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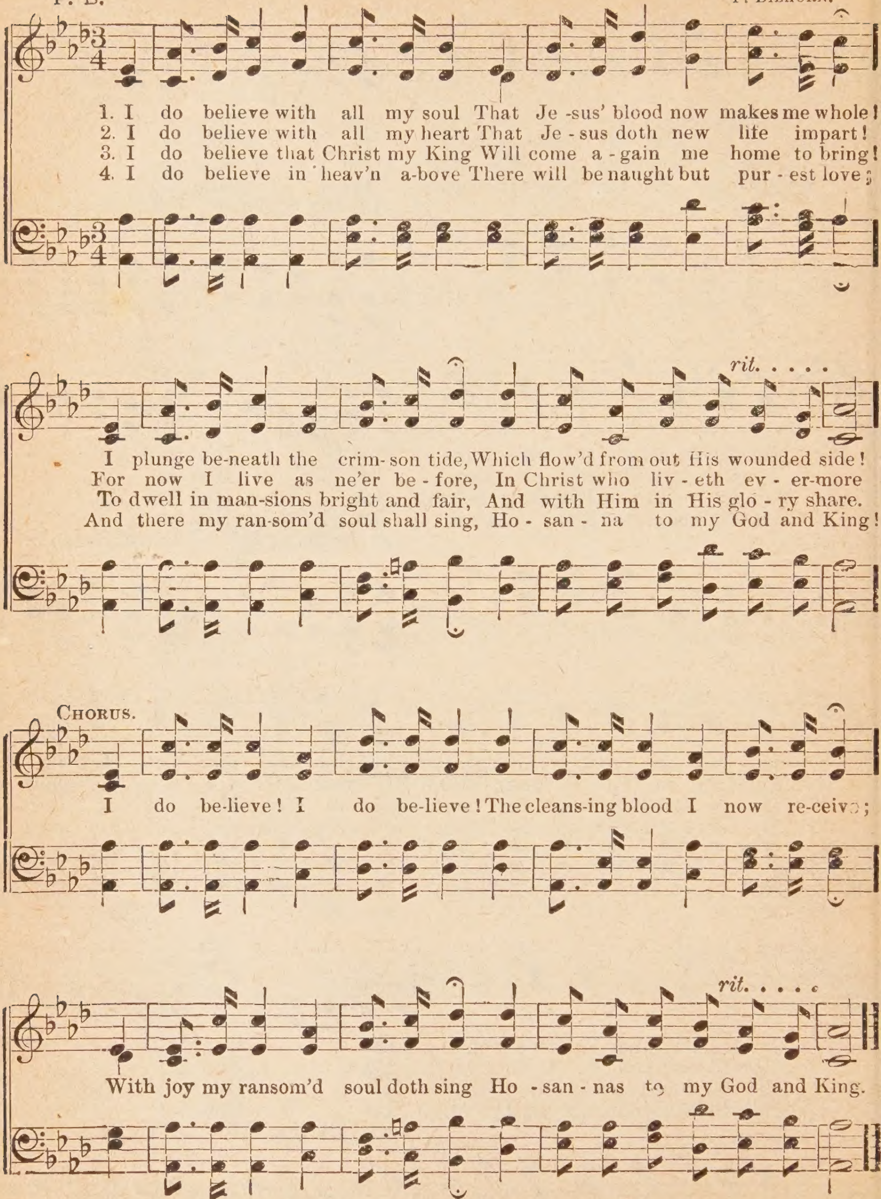
No. 78.

I Do Believe.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission." — Heb. ix: 22.

P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. I do believe with all my soul That Je-sus' blood now makes me whole! I plunge be-neath the crim-son tide, Which flow'd from out His wounded side!
2. I do believe with all my heart That Je-sus doth new life impart! For now I live as ne'er be-fore, In Christ who liv-eth ev-er-more
3. I do believe that Christ my King Will come a-gain me home to bring! To dwell in man-sions bright and fair, And with Him in His glo-ry share.
4. I do believe in heav'n a-bove There will be naught but pur-est love; And there my ran-som'd soul shall sing, Ho-san-na to my God and King!
rit. . . .
Chorus.
I do be-lieve! I do be-lieve! The cleans-ing blood I now re-ceive;
With joy my ransom'd soul doth sing Ho-san-nas to my God and King.
rit. . . .

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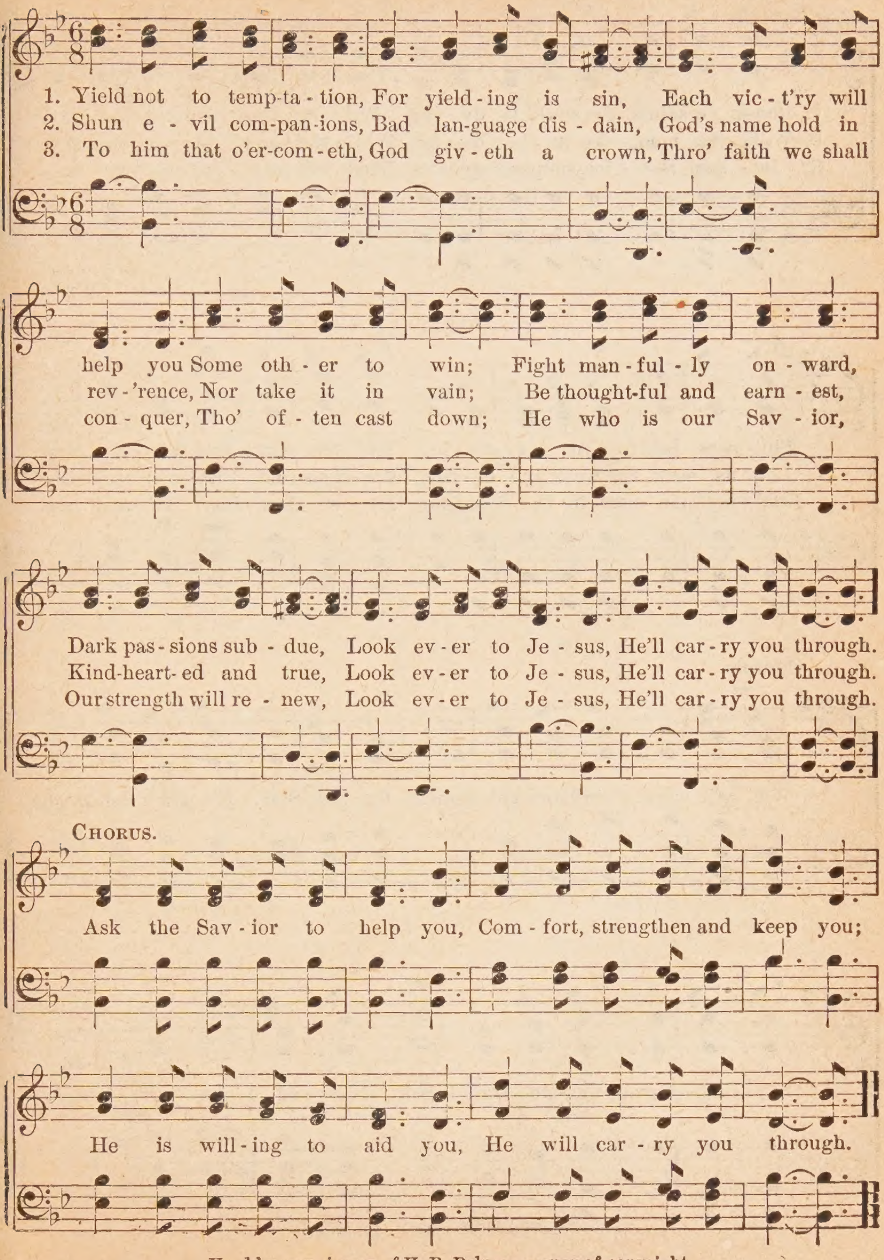
No. 79.

Yield not to Temptation.

Words and music by H. R. PALMER.


1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and earn - est,
con - quer, Tho' of - ten cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,
Dark pas - sions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
Kind-heart- ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com - fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

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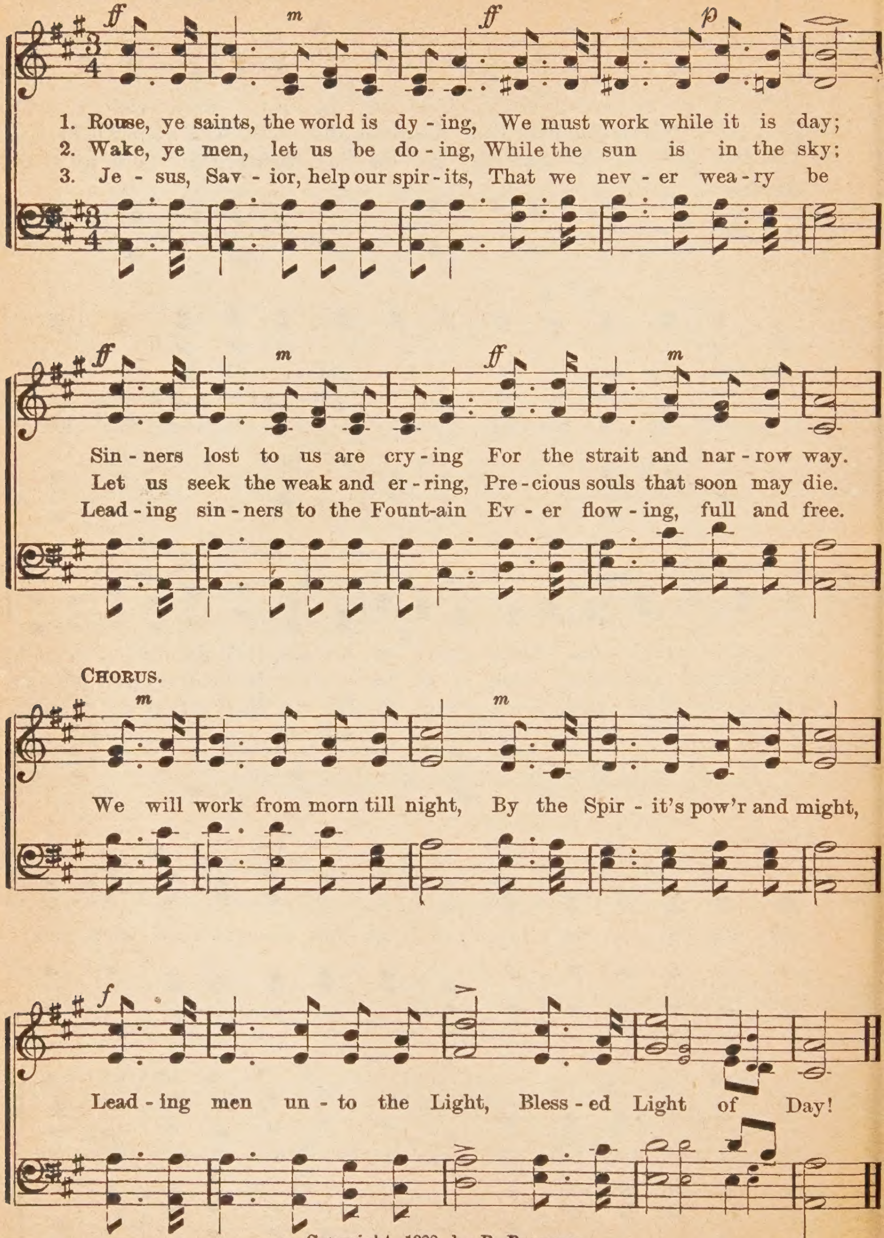
No. 80.

Rouse, Ye Saints.

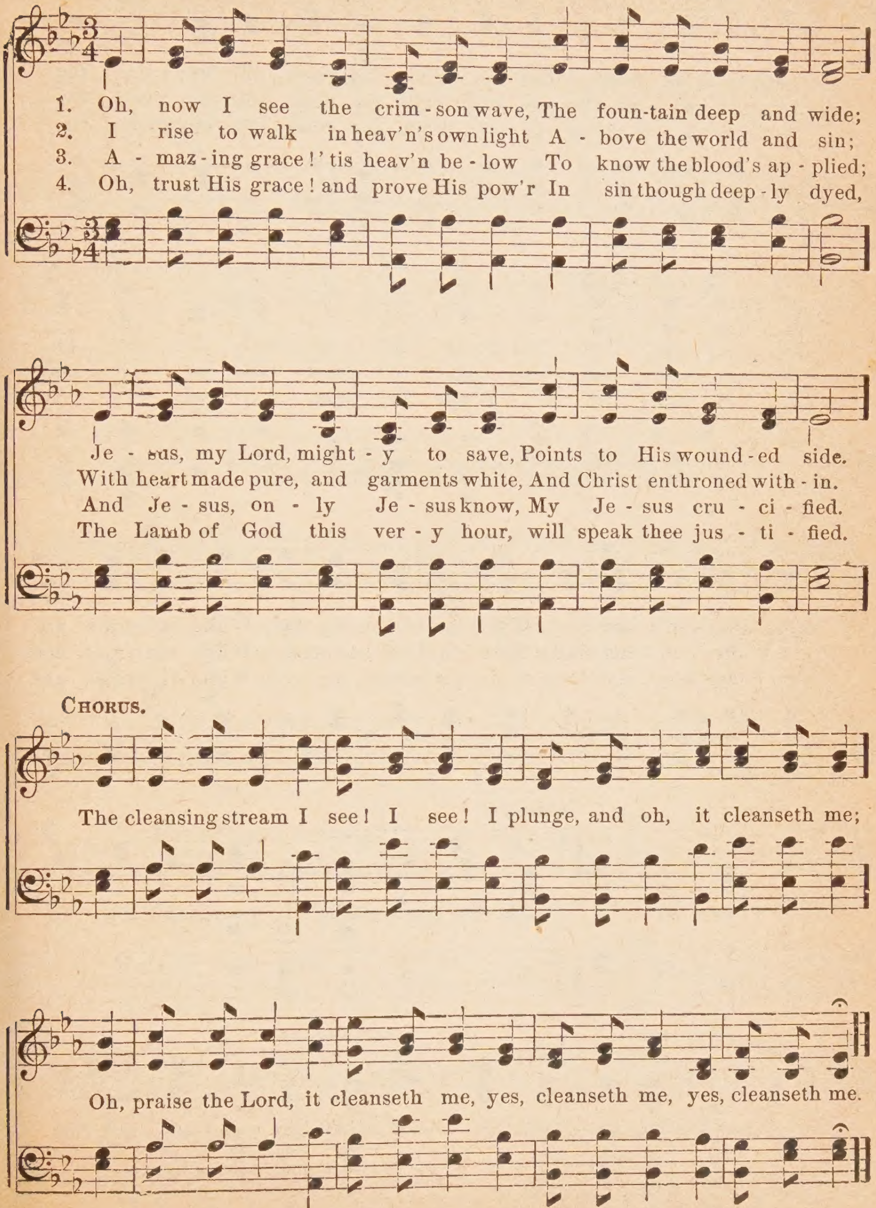
C. H. Yatman. P. Bilhorn.


ff m ff p
1. Rouse, ye saints, the world is dy - ing, We must work while it is day;
2. Wake, ye men, let us be do - ing, While the sun is in the sky;
3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, help our spir - its, That we nev - er wea - ry be
ff m ff m
Sin - ners lost to us are cry - ing For the strait and nar - row way.
Let us seek the weak and er - ring, Pre - cious souls that soon may die.
Lead - ing sin - ners to the Fount-ain Ev - er flow - ing, full and free.
Chorus.
m m
We will work from morn till night, By the Spir - it's pow'r and might,
f
Lead - ing men un - to the Light, Bless - ed Light of Day!

No. 81. The Cleansing Wave.

" And washed us from our sins in his own blood."—Rev. 13 : 5.

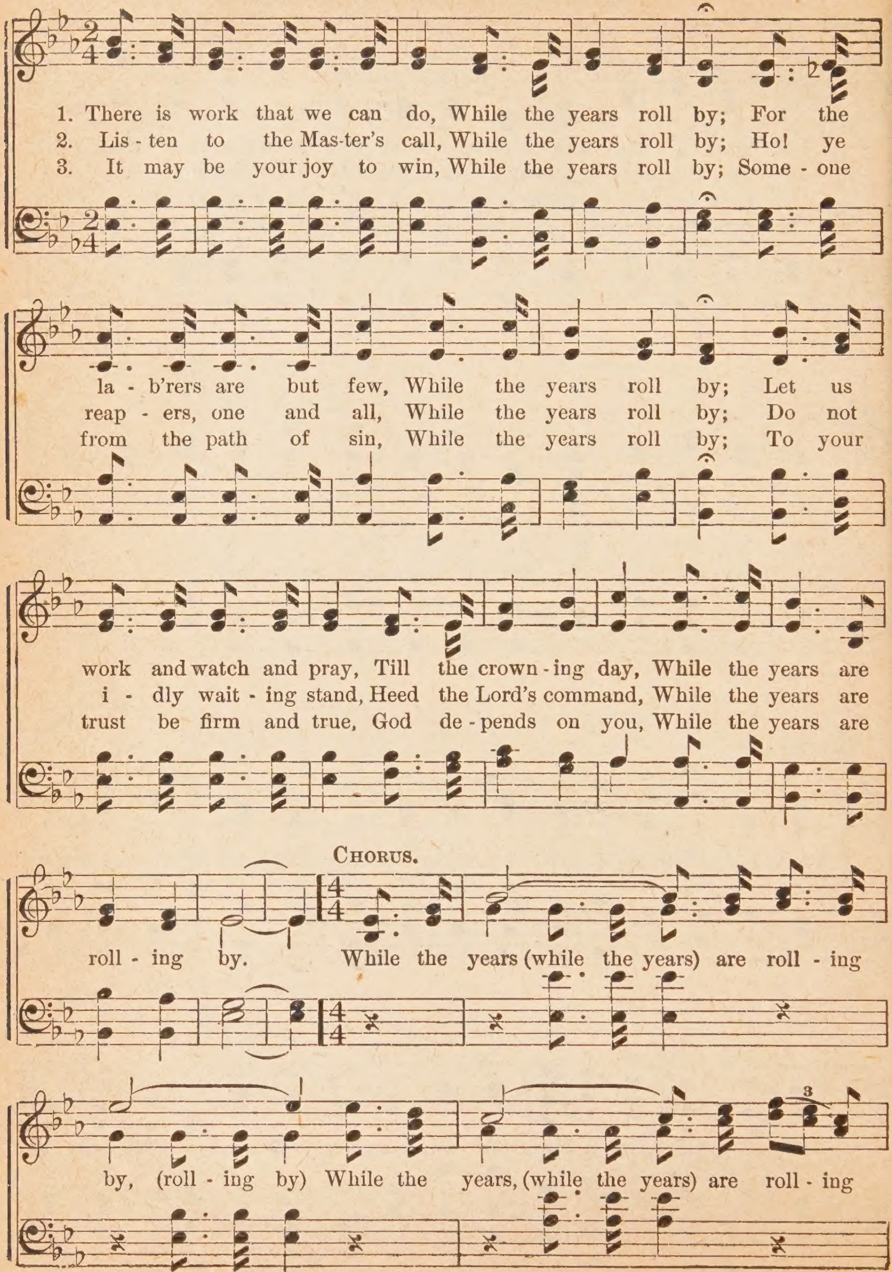
Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. **Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.**


1. Oh, now I see the crim - son wave, The foun-tain deep and wide;
2. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light A - bove the world and sin;
3. A - maz - ing grace! 'tis heav'n be - low To know the blood's ap - plied;
4. Oh, trust His grace! and prove His pow'r In sin though deep - ly dyed,
Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wound - ed side.
With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned with - in.
And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
The Lamb of God this ver - y hour, will speak thee jus - ti - fied.
Chorus.
The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me;
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

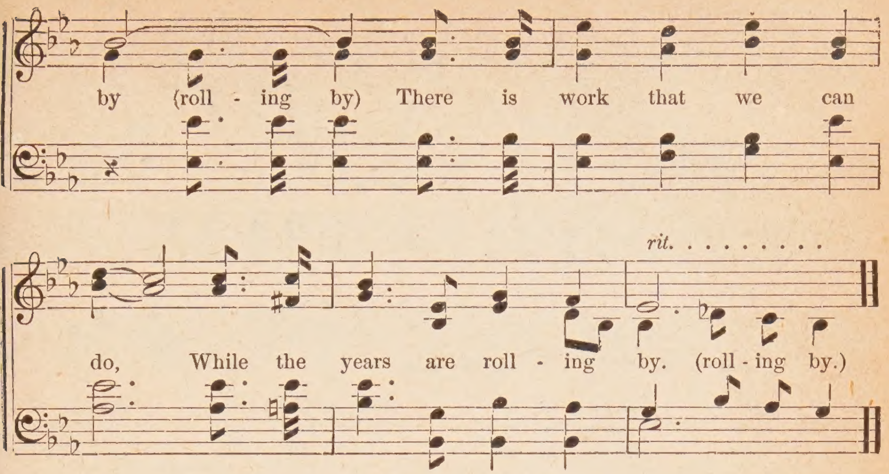
By permission.

No. 82. While the Years are Rolling by.

P. B. P. Bilhorn.

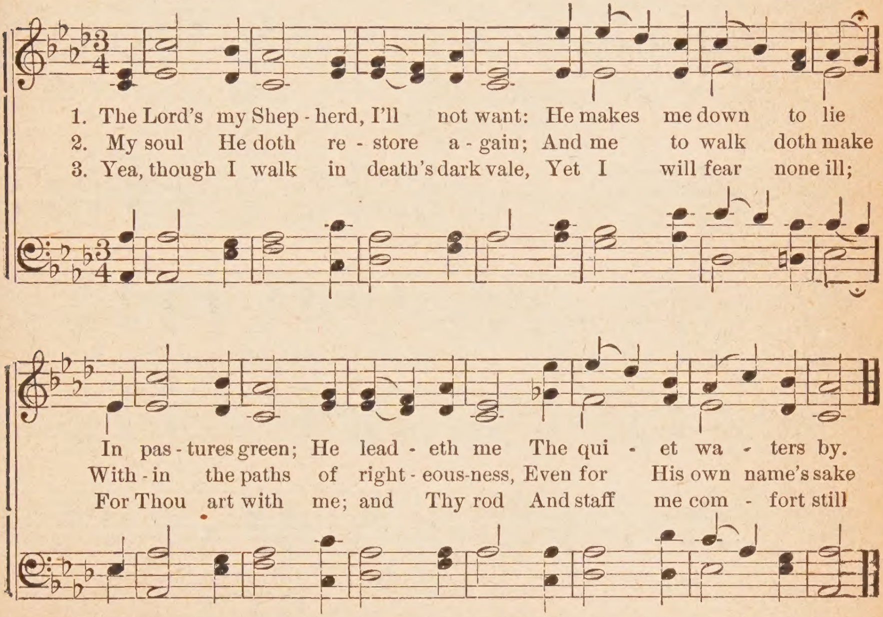

1. There is work that we can do, While the years roll by; For the
2. Lis - ten to the Mas-ter's call, While the years roll by; Ho! ye
3. It may be your joy to win, While the years roll by; Some - one
la - b'rers are but few, While the years roll by; Let us
reap - ers, one and all, While the years roll by; Do not
from the path of sin, While the years roll by; To your
work and watch and pray, Till the crown - ing day, While the years are
i - dly wait - ing stand, Heed the Lord's command, While the years are
trust be firm and true, God de - pends on you, While the years are
roll - ing by.
Chorus.
While the years (while the years) are roll - ing
by, (roll - ing by) While the years, (while the years) are roll - ing
3

While the Years are Rolling by.—Concluded.


by (roll - ing by) There is work that we can
do, While the years are roll - ing by. (roll - ing by.)
rit. . . . .

No. 83. The Lord's my Shepherd.

"Rous' Version," 1649. MOZART.


1. The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet I will fear none ill;
In pas - tures green; He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
With - in the paths of right - eous-ness, Even for His own name's sake
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff me com - fort still

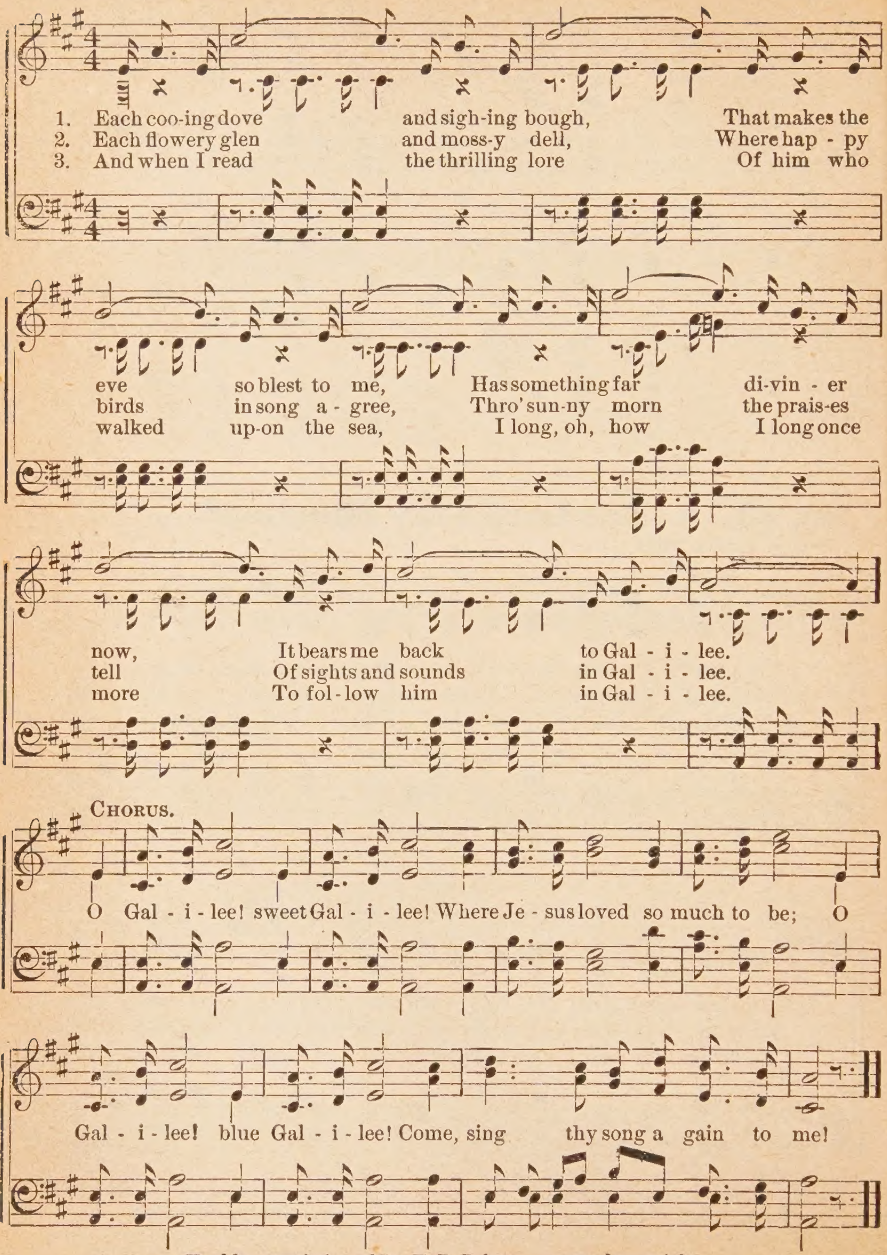
4 My table Thou hast furnishéd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil annoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be,

No. 84. Memories of Galilee.

"Jesus walked in Galilee."—John 7: 1.

Robert Morris, LL. D. H. R. Palmer.


1. Each coo-ing dove and sigh-ing bough, That makes the eve so blest to me, Has something far di-vin - er now, It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.
2. Each flowery glen and moss-y dell, Where hap - py birds in song a - gree, Thro' sun-ny morn the prais-es tell Of sights and sounds in Gal - i - lee.
3. And when I read the thrilling lore Of him who walked up-on the sea, I long, oh, how I long once more To fol - low him in Gal - i - lee.
Chorus.
O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal - i - lee! Where Je - sus loved so much to be; O Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a - gain to me!

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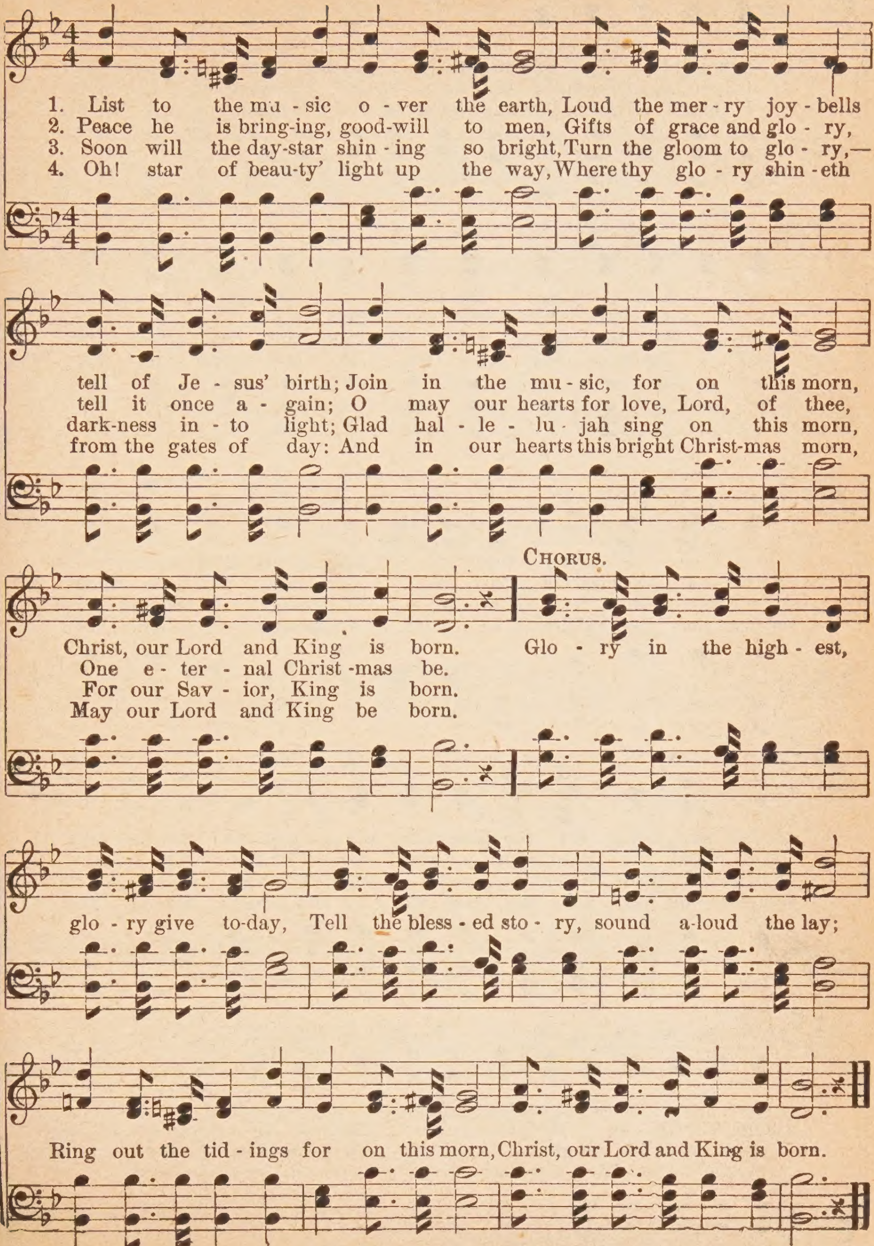
No. 85.

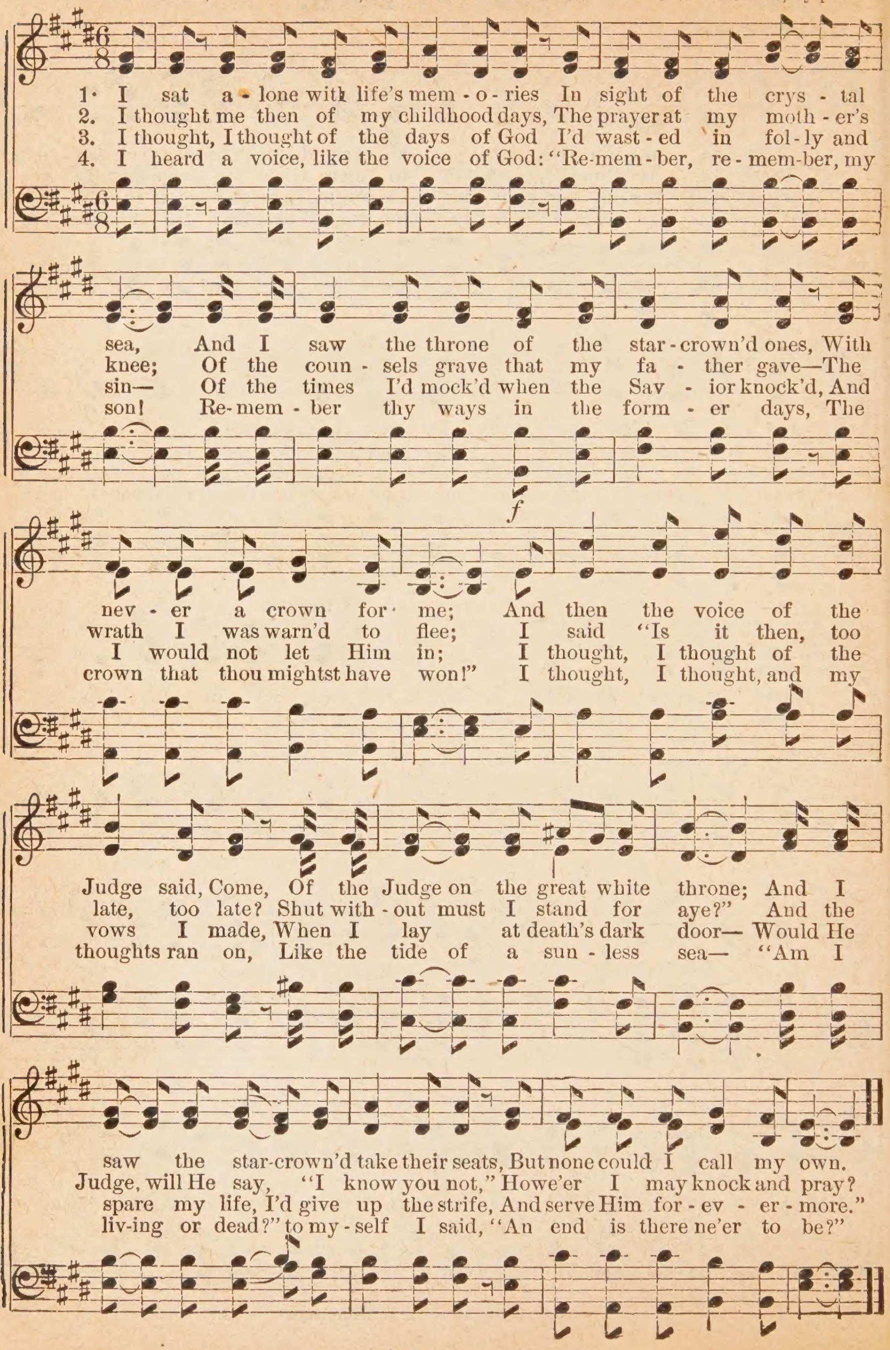
Christ is Born.

Eliza M. Sherman. **P. Bilhorn.**


1. List to the mu - sic o - ver the earth, Loud the mer - ry joy - bells
2. Peace he is bring-ing, good-will to men, Gifts of grace and glo - ry,
3. Soon will the day-star shin - ing so bright, Turn the gloom to glo - ry,—
4. Oh! star of beau-ty' light up the way, Where thy glo - ry shin - eth
tell of Je - sus' birth; Join in the mu - sic, for on this morn,
tell it once a - gain; O may our hearts for love, Lord, of thee,
dark-ness in - to light; Glad hal - le - lu - jah sing on this morn,
from the gates of day: And in our hearts this bright Christ-mas morn,
Christ, our Lord and King is born.
One e - ter - nal Christ -mas be.
For our Sav - ior, King is born.
May our Lord and King be born.
Chorus.
Glo - ry in the high - est,
glo - ry give to-day, Tell the bless - ed sto - ry, sound a-loud the lay;
Ring out the tid - ings for on this morn, Christ, our Lord and King is born.

No. 86. In Sight of the Crystal Sea.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D. *"Son, Remember."*—Luke 16: 25. J W Bischoff, by per.


1. I sat a - lone with life's mem - o - ries In sight of the crys - tal
2. I thought me then of my childhood days, The prayer at my moth - er's
3. I thought, I thought of the days of God I'd wast - ed in fol - ly and
4. I heard a voice, like the voice of God: "Re-mem - ber, re - mem-ber, my
sea, And I saw the throne of the star - crown'd ones, With
knee; Of the coun - sels grave that my fa - ther gave—The
sin— Of the times I'd mock'd when the Sav - ior knock'd, And
son! Re- mem - ber thy ways in the form - er days, The
f
nev - er a crown for me; And then the voice of the
wrath I was warn'd to flee; I said "Is it then, too
I would not let Him in; I thought, I thought of the
crown that thou mightst have won!" I thought, I thought, and my
Judge said, Come, Of the Judge on the great white throne; And I
late, too late? Shut with - out must I stand for aye?" And the
vows I made, When I lay at death's dark door— Would He
thoughts ran on, Like the tide of a sun - less sea— "Am I
saw the star-crown'd take their seats, But none could I call my own.
Judge, will He say, "I know you not," Howe'er I may knock and pray?
spare my life, I'd give up the strife, And serve Him for - ev - er - more."
liv-ing or dead?" to my - self I said, "An end is there ne'er to be?"

In Sight of the Crystal Sea.—Concluded.

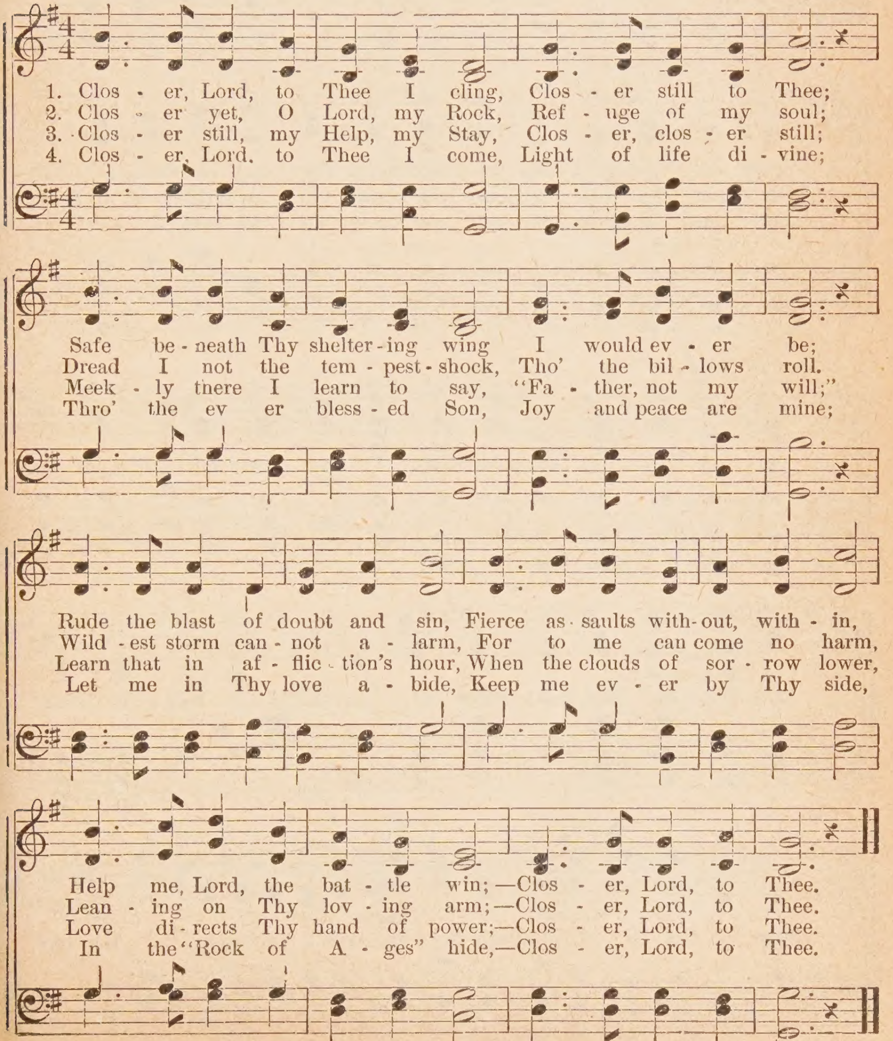
5 It seemed as tho' I woke from a dream,
How sweet was the light of day!
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells
From towers that were far away;
I then became as a little child,
And I wept and wept afresh;
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
And given a heart of flesh.

6 Still oft I sit with life's memories,
And I think of the crystal sea;
And I see the thrones of the star-crown'd ones,
I know there's a crown for me;
And when the voice of the Judge says, "Come,"
Of the Judge on the great white throne,
I know 'mid the thrones of the star-crown'd ones
There's one I shall call my own.

No. 87. Closer, Lord, to Thee.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

E. G. Taylor, D. D. Alt. — Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. Clos - er, Lord, to Thee I cling, Clos - er still to Thee;
2. Clos - er yet, O Lord, my Rock, Ref - uge of my soul;
3. Clos - er still, my Help, my Stay, Clos - er, clos - er still;
4. Clos - er, Lord, to Thee I come, Light of life di - vine;
Safe be - neath Thy shelter - ing wing I would ev - er be;
Dread I not the tem - pest - shock, Tho' the bil - lows roll.
Meek - ly there I learn to say, "Fa - ther, not my will;"
Thro' the ev er bless - ed Son, Joy and peace are mine;
Rude the blast of doubt and sin, Fierce as - saults with - out, with - in,
Wild - est storm can - not a - larm, For to me can come no harm,
Learn that in af - flic - tion's hour, When the clouds of sor - row lower,
Let me in Thy love a - bide, Keep me ev - er by Thy side,
Help me, Lord, the bat - tle win;—Clos - er, Lord, to Thee.
Lean - ing on Thy lov - ing arm;—Clos - er, Lord, to Thee.
Love di - rects Thy hand of power;—Clos - er, Lord, to Thee.
In the "Rock of A - ges" hide,—Clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

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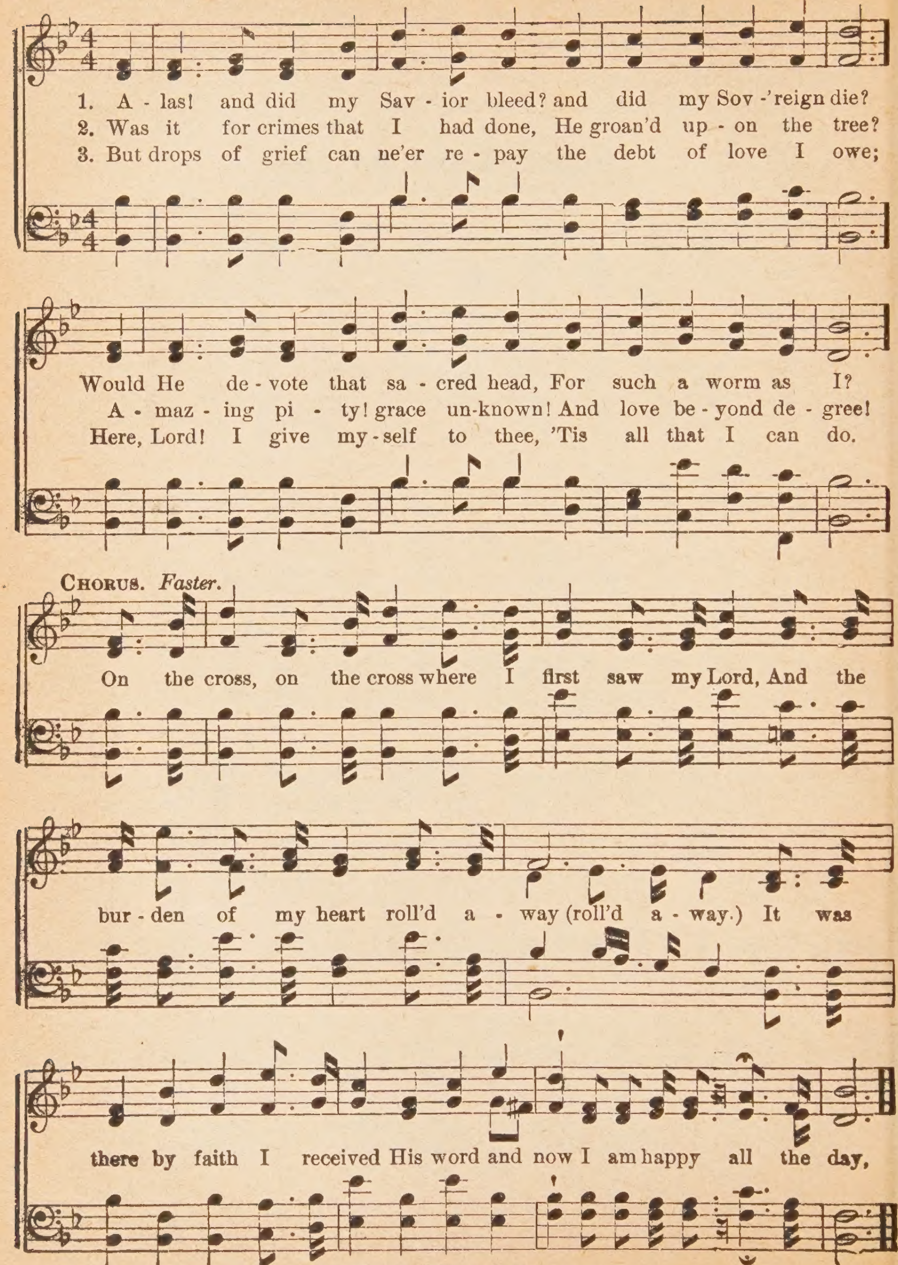
No. 88. On the Cross.

Words for chorus arr:

P. Bilhorn.

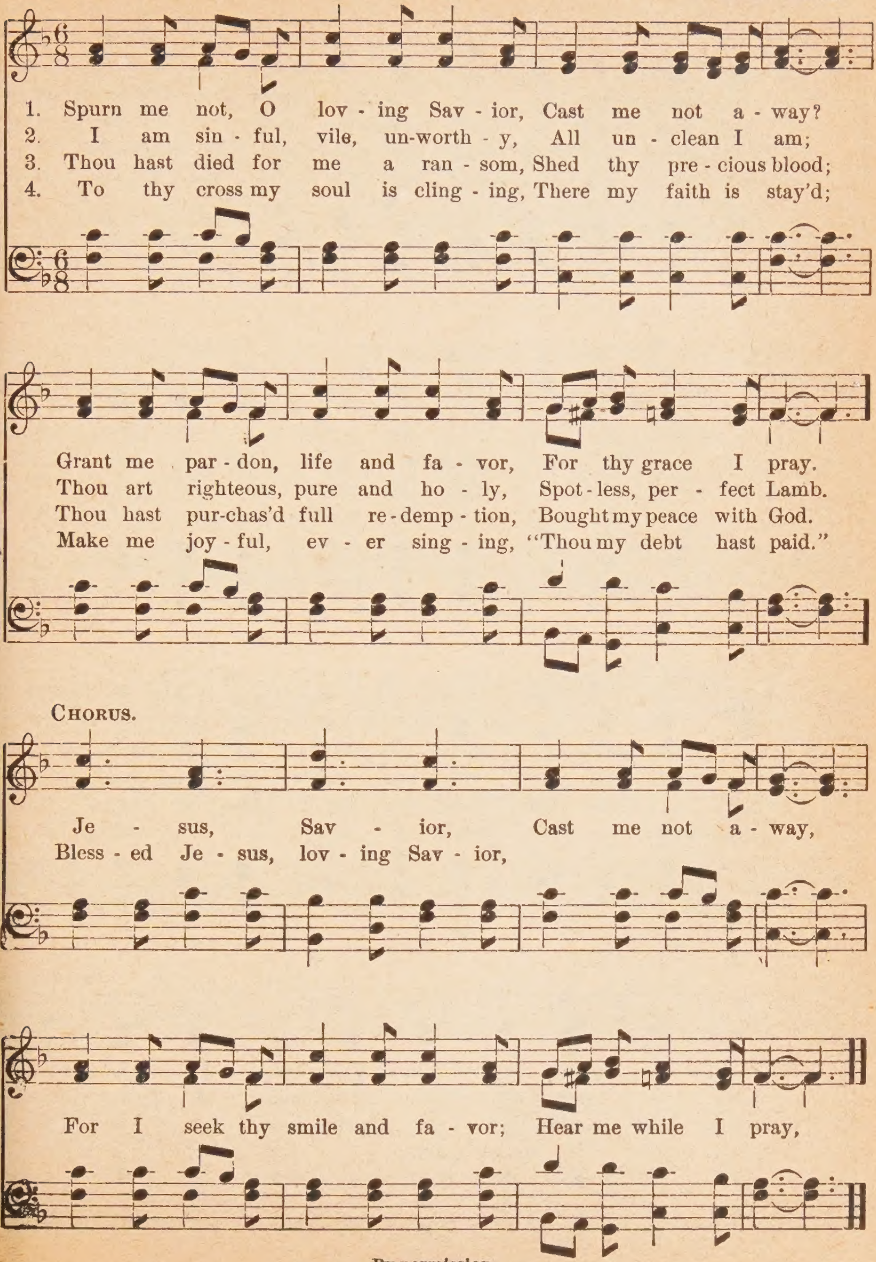

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? and did my Sov -'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the debt of love I owe;
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord! I give my - self to thee, 'Tis all that I can do.
Chorus. Faster.
On the cross, on the cross where I first saw my Lord, And the
bur - den of my heart roll'd a - way (roll'd a - way.) It was
there by faith I received His word and now I am happy all the day,

No. 89.

Spurn Me Not.

Rev. J. H. Martin.

D. E. Dortch.


1. Spurn me not, O lov - ing Sav - ior, Cast me not a - way?
2. I am sin - ful, vile, un-worth - y, All un - clean I am;
3. Thou hast died for me a ran - som, Shed thy pre - cious blood;
4. To thy cross my soul is cling - ing, There my faith is stay'd;
Grant me par - don, life and fa - vor, For thy grace I pray.
Thou art righteous, pure and ho - ly, Spot - less, per - fect Lamb.
Thou hast pur-chas'd full re - demp - tion, Bought my peace with God.
Make me joy - ful, ev - er sing - ing, "Thou my debt hast paid."
Chorus.
Je - sus, Sav - ior, Cast me not a - way,
Bless - ed Je - sus, lov - ing Sav - ior,
For I seek thy smile and fa - vor; Hear me while I pray,

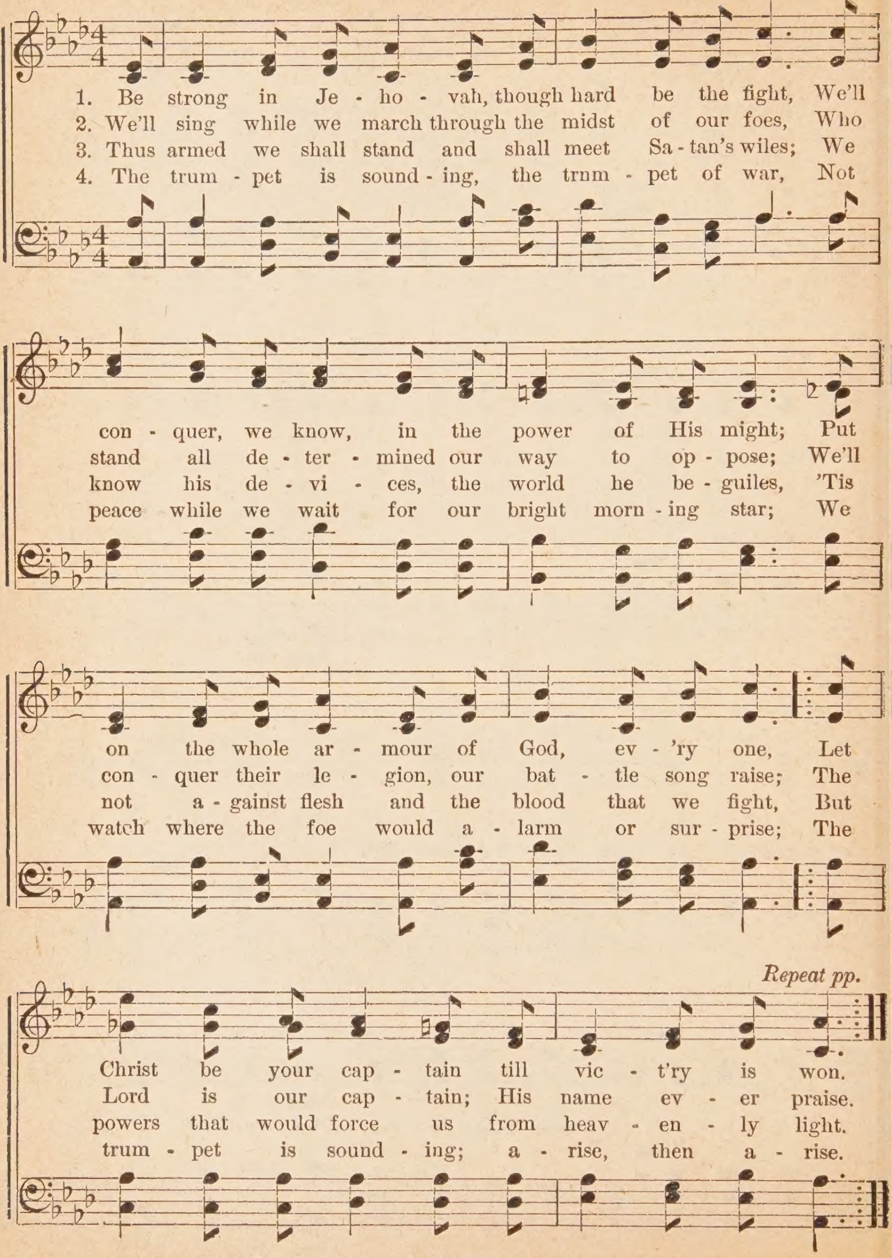
By permission.

No. 90.

Be Strong in Jehovah.

Arr. from G. & T.

P. Bilhorn.

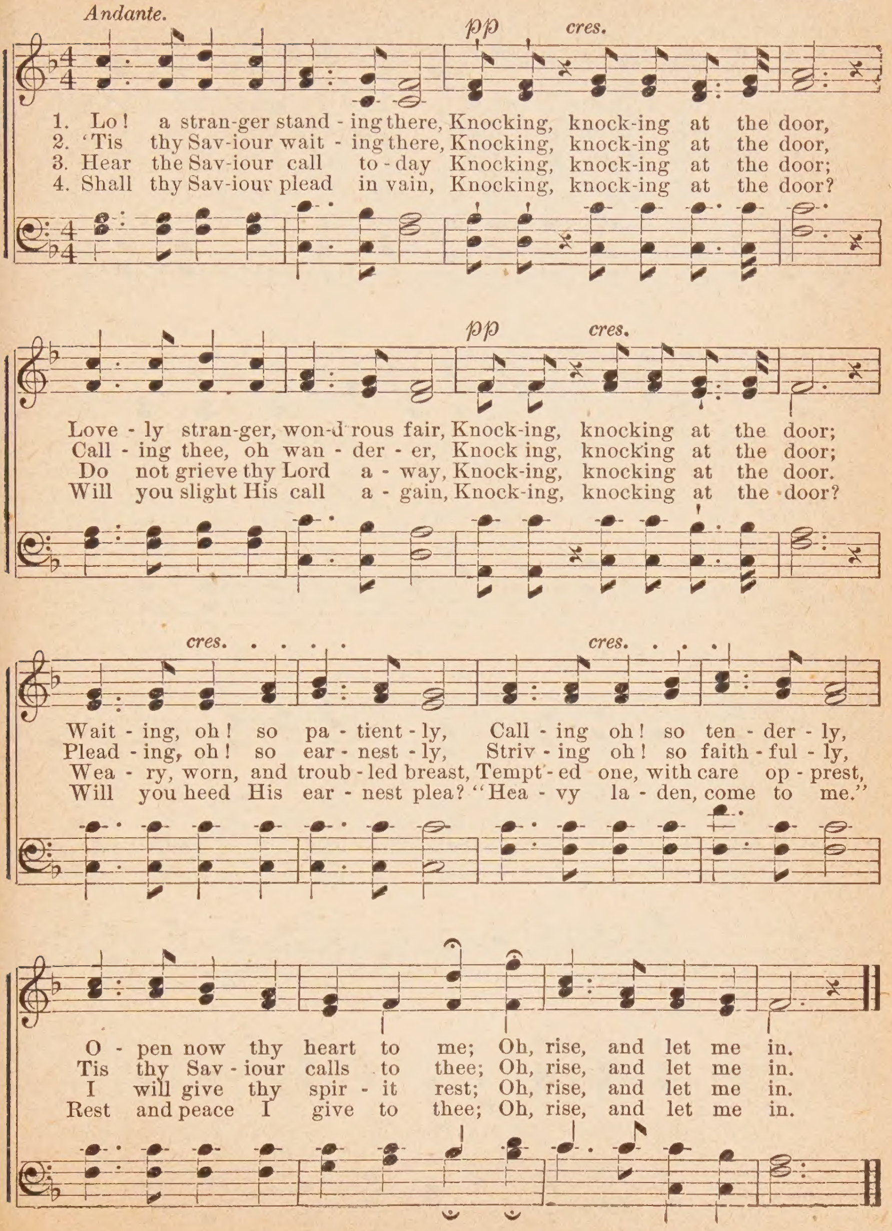

1. Be strong in Je - ho - vah, though hard be the fight, We'll
2. We'll sing while we march through the midst of our foes, Who
3. Thus armed we shall stand and shall meet Sa - tan's wiles; We
4. The trum - pet is sound - ing, the trnm - pet of war, Not
con - quer, we know, in the power of His might; Put
stand all de - ter - mined our way to op - pose; We'll
know his de - vi - ces, the world he be - guiles, 'Tis
peace while we wait for our bright morn - ing star; We
on the whole ar - mour of God, ev - 'ry one, Let
con - quer their le - gion, our bat - tle song raise; The
not a - gainst flesh and the blood that we fight, But
watch where the foe would a - larm or sur - prise; The
Repeat pp.
Christ be your cap - tain till vic - t'ry is won.
Lord is our cap - tain; His name ev - er praise.
powers that would force us from heav - en - ly light.
trum - pet is sound - ing; a - rise, then a - rise.

No. 91.

Rise, and let me in.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. iii : 20.

W. A. O. N. E. Townsend.


Andante.
pp
cres.
1. Lo! a stran-ger stand - ing there, Knocking, knock-ing at the door,
2. 'Tis thy Sav-iour wait - ing there, Knocking, knock-ing at the door,
3. Hear the Sav-iour call to - day Knocking, knock-ing at the door;
4. Shall thy Sav-iour plead in vain, Knocking, knock-ing at the door?
pp
cres.
Love - ly stran-ger, won-d'rous fair, Knock-ing, knocking at the door;
Call - ing thee, oh wan - der - er, Knock ing, knocking at the door;
Do not grieve thy Lord a - way, Knock-ing, knocking at the door.
Will you slight His call a - gain, Knock-ing, knocking at the door?
cres. . . . . .
cres. . . . .
Wait - ing, oh! so pa - tient - ly, Call - ing oh! so ten - der - ly,
Plead - ing, oh! so ear - nest - ly, Striv - ing oh! so faith - ful - ly,
Wea - ry, worn, and troub - led breast, Tempt - ed one, with care op - prest,
Will you heed His ear - nest plea? "Hea - vy la - den, come to me."
O - pen now thy heart to me; Oh, rise, and let me in.
Tis thy Sav - iour calls to thee; Oh, rise, and let me in.
I will give thy spir - it rest; Oh, rise, and let me in.
Rest and peace I give to thee; Oh, rise, and let me in.

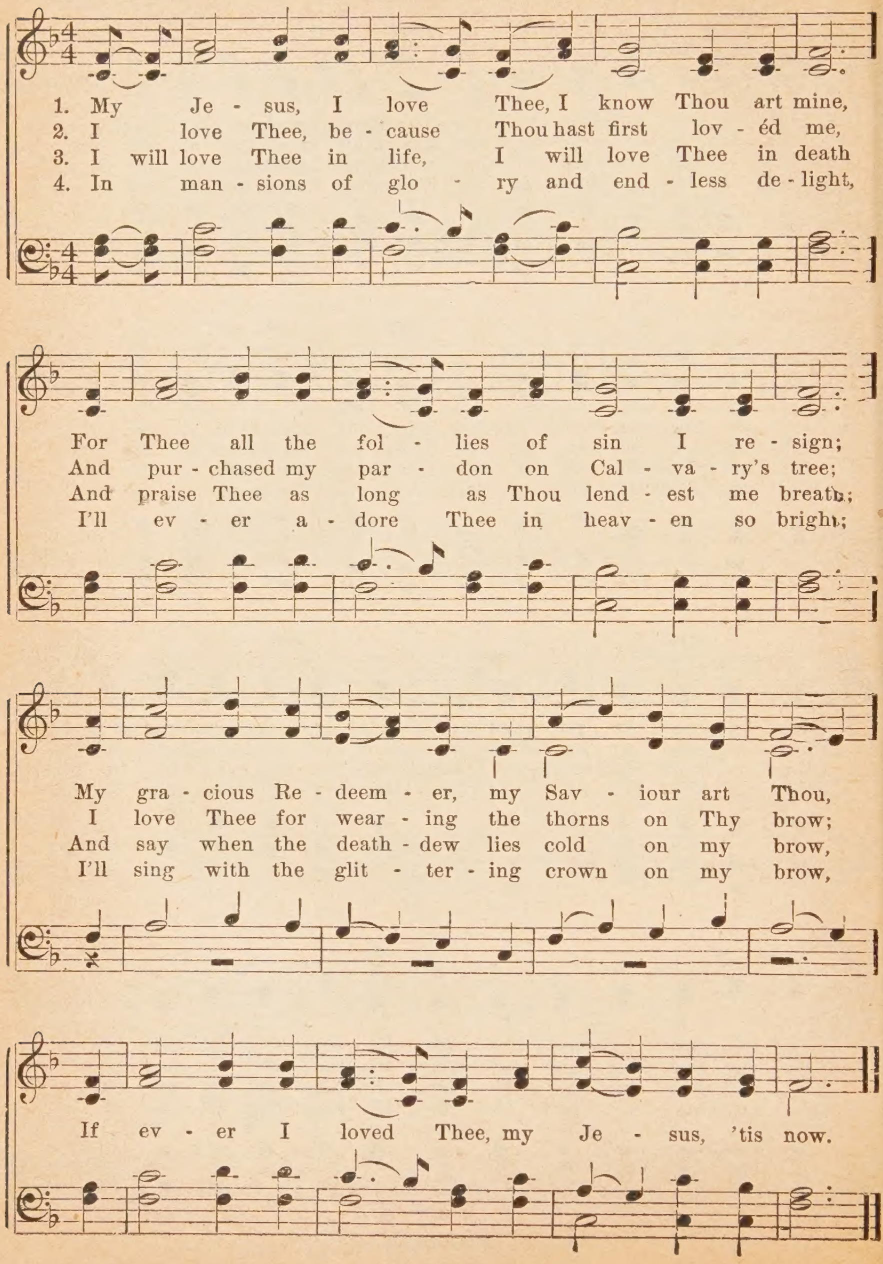
By permission.

No. 92.

My Jesus, I love Thee.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—John 17 : 10.

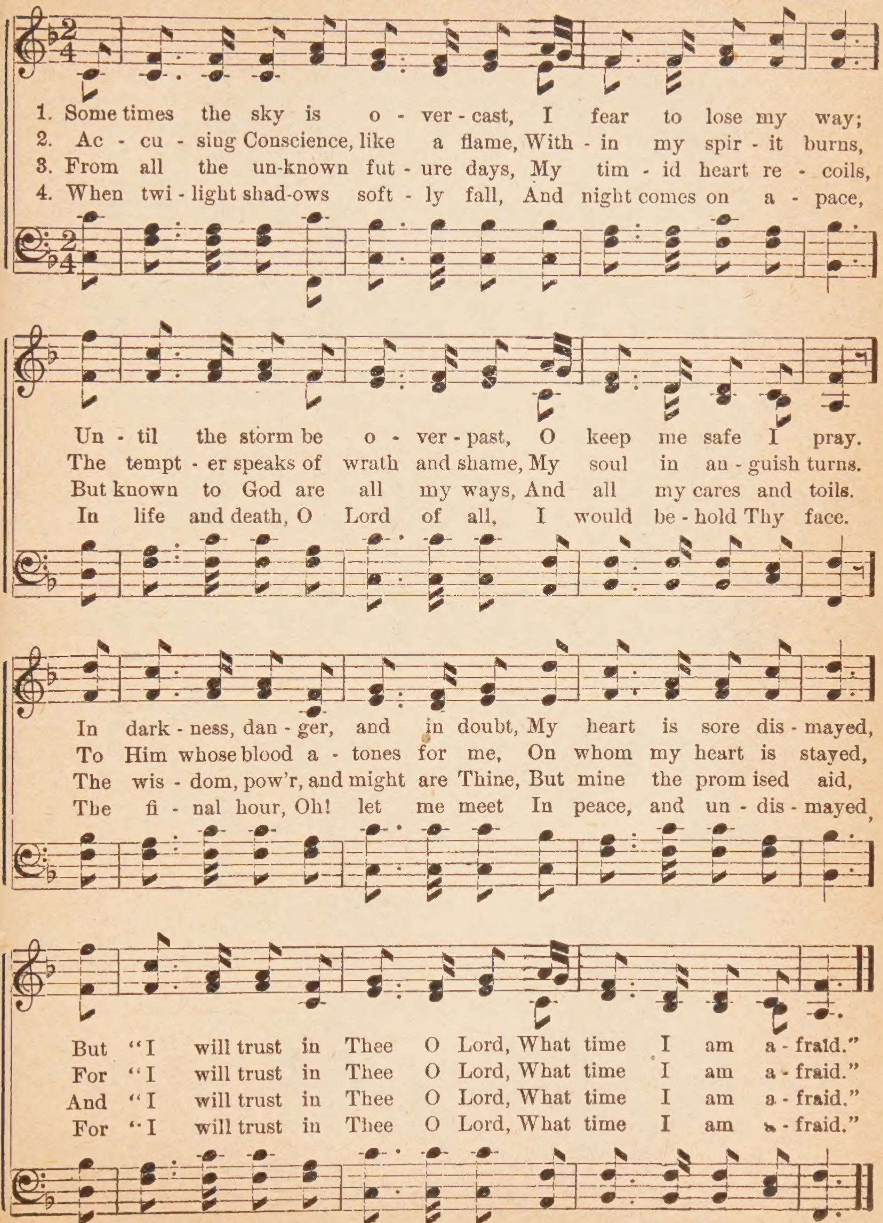
London Hymn Book, 1864. A. J. GORDON. By per.


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - éd me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 93. What Time I am Afraid.

What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee. Ps. 56 : 3.

Miss J. H. Johnston. "Scotch." Arr. by P. Bilhorn.

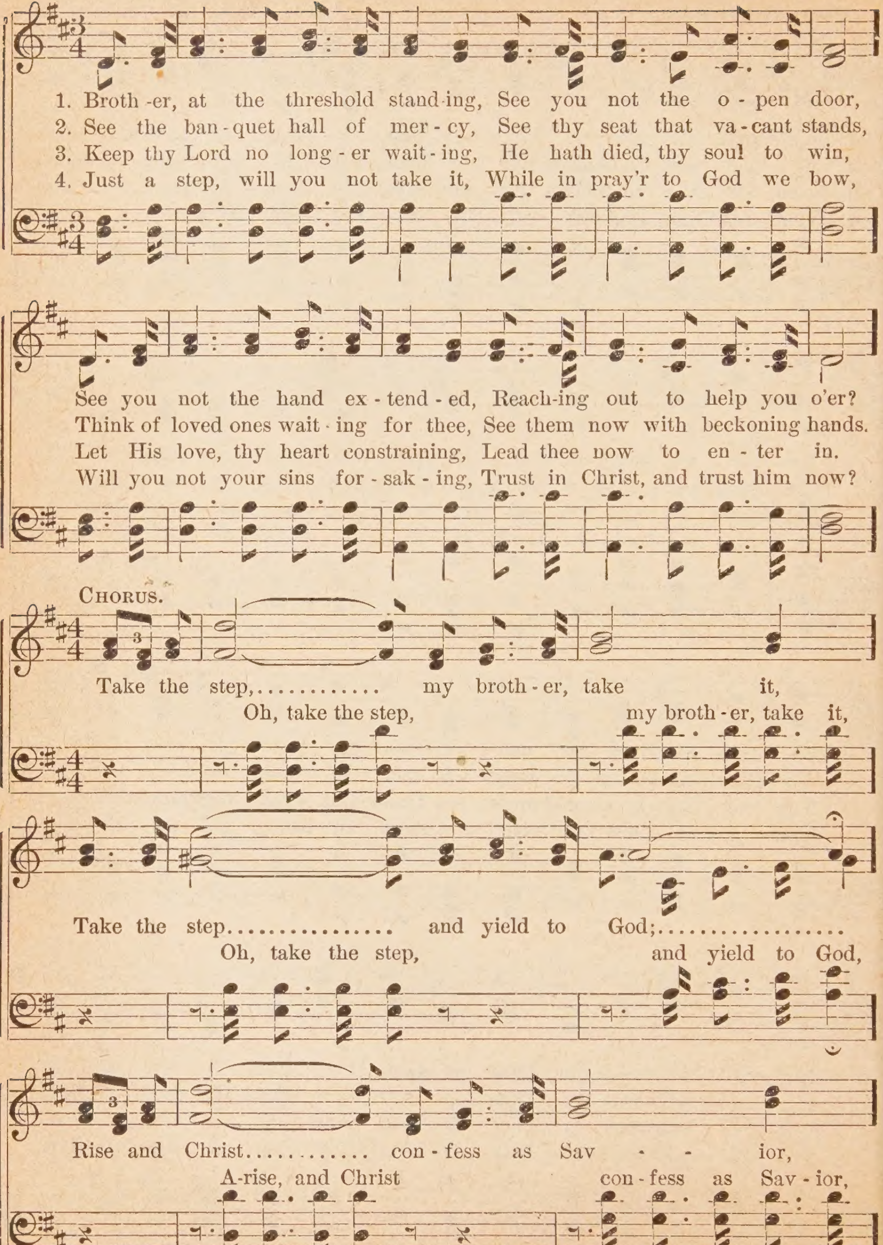

1. Some times the sky is o - ver - cast, I fear to lose my way;
2. Ac - cu - sing Conscience, like a flame, With - in my spir - it burns,
3. From all the un-known fut - ure days, My tim - id heart re - coils,
4. When twi - light shad-ows soft - ly fall, And night comes on a - pace,
Un - til the storm be o - ver - past, O keep me safe I pray.
The tempt - er speaks of wrath and shame, My soul in an - guish turns.
But known to God are all my ways, And all my cares and toils.
In life and death, O Lord of all, I would be - hold Thy face.
In dark - ness, dan - ger, and in doubt, My heart is sore dis - mayed,
To Him whose blood a - tones for me, On whom my heart is stayed,
The wis - dom, pow'r, and might are Thine, But mine the prom ised aid,
The fi - nal hour, Oh! let me meet In peace, and un - dis - mayed,
But "I will trust in Thee O Lord, What time I am a - fraid."
For "I will trust in Thee O Lord, What time I am a - fraid."
And "I will trust in Thee O Lord, What time I am a - fraid."
For "I will trust in Thee O Lord, What time I am a - fraid."

No. 94.

Take the Step.

MARY MORE.

J. H. BURKE,


1. Broth-er, at the threshold stand-ing, See you not the o-pen door,
2. See the ban-quet hall of mer-cy, See thy seat that va-cant stands,
3. Keep thy Lord no long-er wait-ing, He hath died, thy soul to win,
4. Just a step, will you not take it, While in pray'r to God we bow,
See you not the hand ex-tend-ed, Reach-ing out to help you o'er?
Think of loved ones wait-ing for thee, See them now with beckoning hands.
Let His love, thy heart constraining, Lead thee now to en-ter in.
Will you not your sins for-sak-ing, Trust in Christ, and trust him now?
CHORUS.
Take the step,............ my broth-er, take it,
Oh, take the step, my broth-er, take it,
Take the step................ and yield to God;.................
Oh, take the step, and yield to God,
Rise and Christ............ con-fess as Sav - - ior,
A-rise, and Christ con-fess as Sav-ior,

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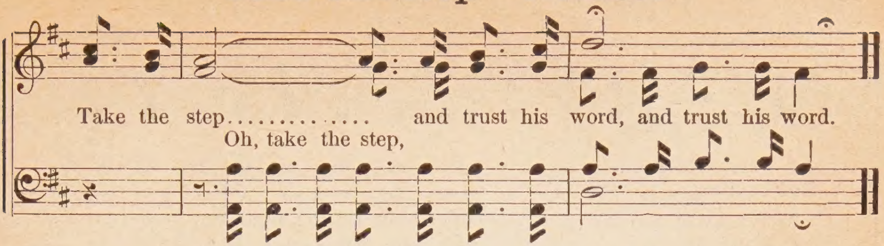
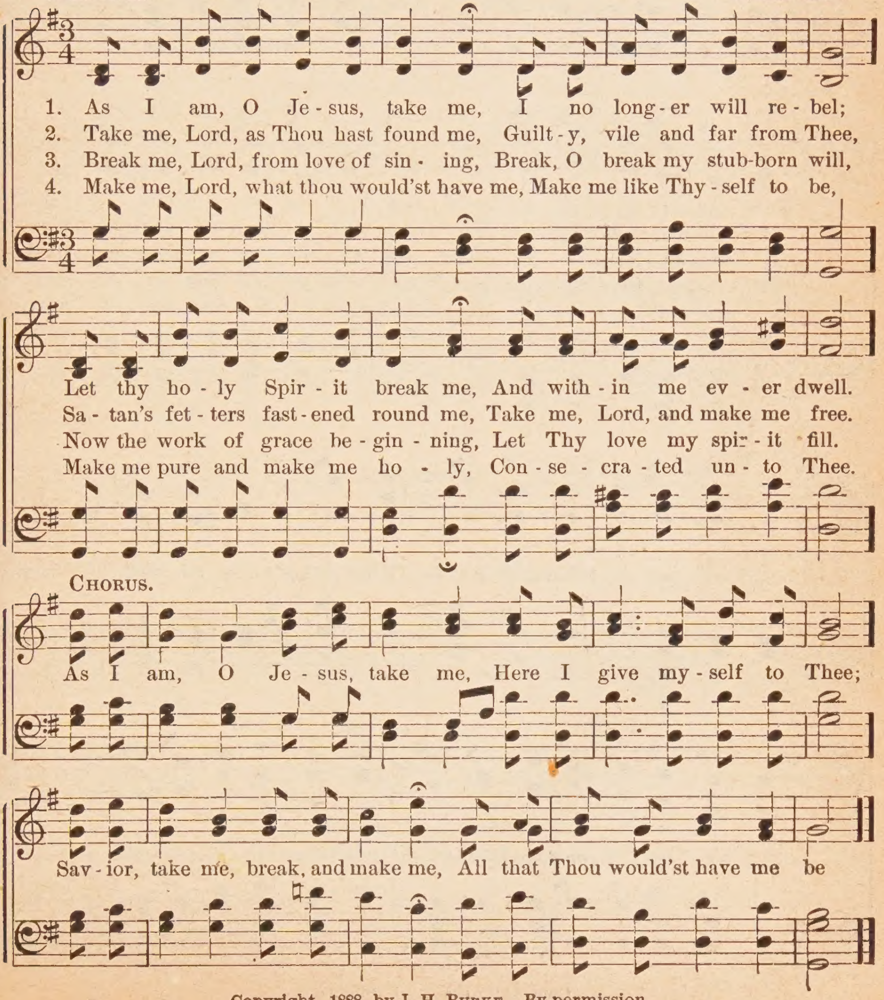
Take The step. Concluded


Take the step.............. and trust his word, and trust his word.
Oh, take the step,

No. 95. As I am, O Jesus, Take me.

MARY MORE. J. H. BURKE.


1. As I am, O Je-sus, take me, I no long-er will re-bel;
2. Take me, Lord, as Thou hast found me, Guilt-y, vile and far from Thee,
3. Break me, Lord, from love of sin-ing, Break, O break my stub-born will,
4. Make me, Lord, what thou would'st have me, Make me like Thy-self to be,
Let thy ho-ly Spir-it break me, And with-in me ev-er dwell.
Sa-tan's fet-ters fast-ened round me, Take me, Lord, and make me free.
Now the work of grace be-gin-ning, Let Thy love my spir-it fill.
Make me pure and make me ho-ly, Con-se-cra-ted un-to Thee.
CHORUS.
As I am, O Je-sus, take me, Here I give my-self to Thee;
Sav-ior, take me, break, and make me, All that Thou would'st have me be

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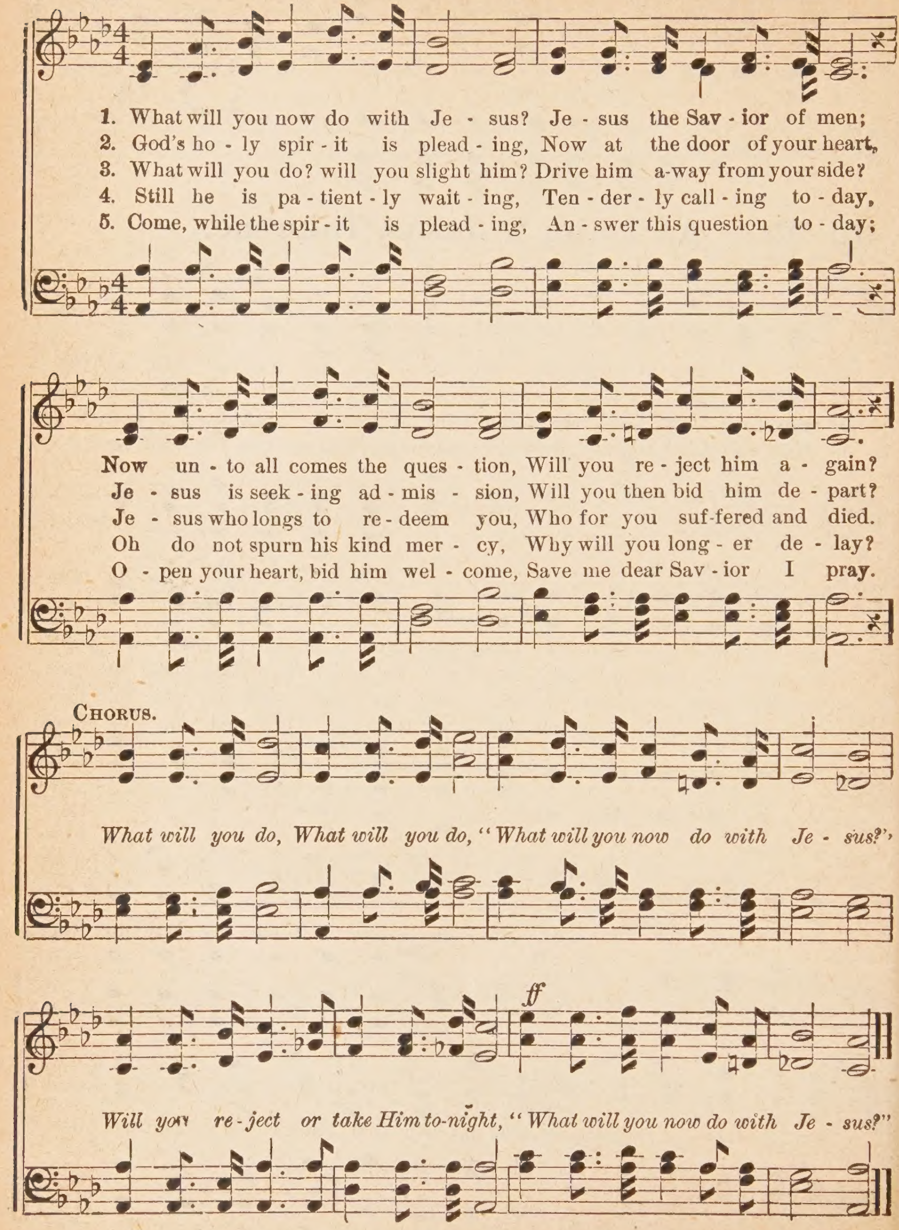
No. 96. What will you now Do with Jesus.

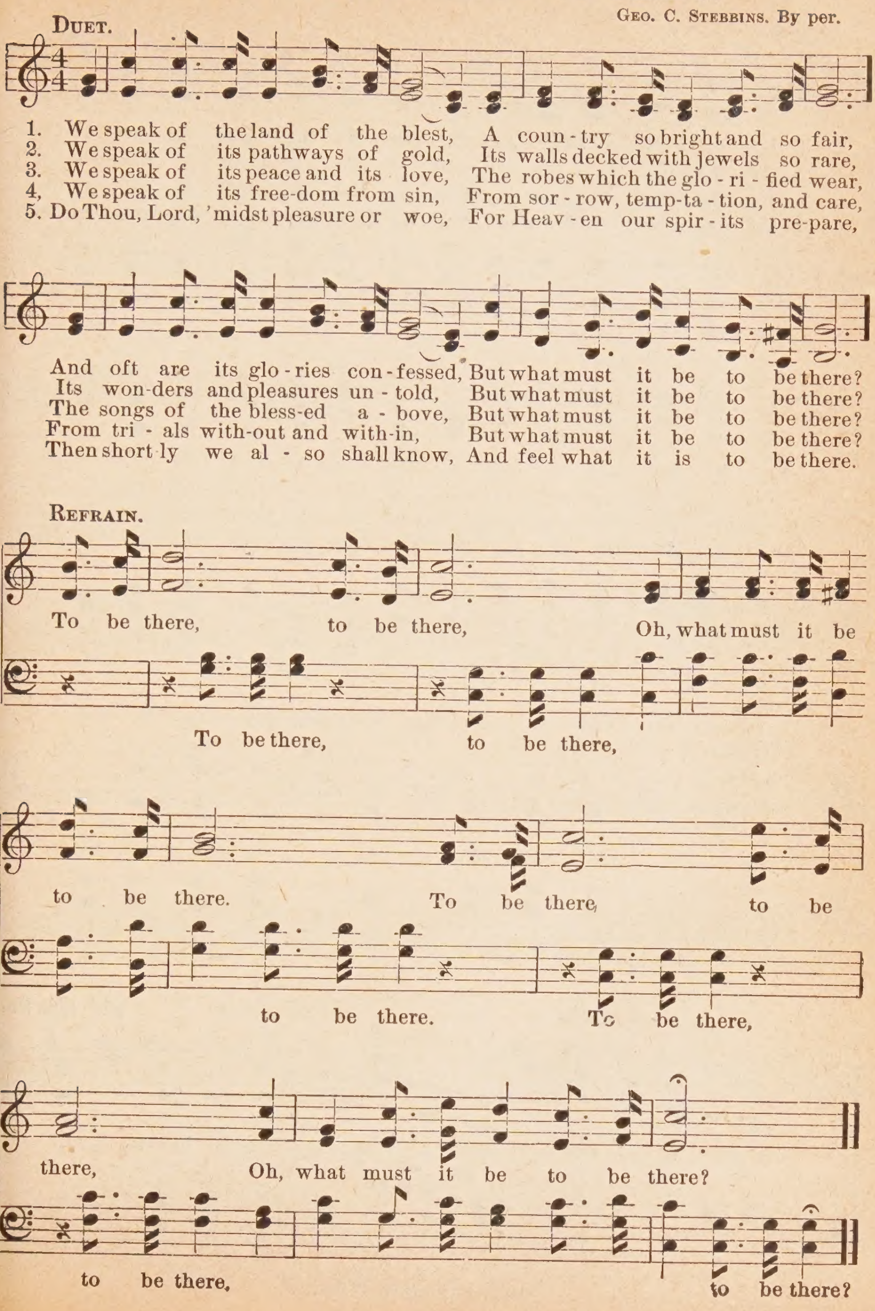
Matthew 27: 22.

P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. What will you now do with Je - sus? Je - sus the Sav - ior of men;
2. God's ho - ly spir - it is plead - ing, Now at the door of your heart,
3. What will you do? will you slight him? Drive him a-way from your side?
4. Still he is pa - tient - ly wait - ing, Ten - der - ly call - ing to - day,
5. Come, while the spir - it is plead - ing, An - swer this question to - day;
Now un - to all comes the ques - tion, Will you re - ject him a - gain?
Je - sus is seek - ing ad - mis - sion, Will you then bid him de - part?
Je - sus who longs to re - deem you, Who for you suf-fered and died.
Oh do not spurn his kind mer - cy, Why will you long - er de - lay?
O - pen your heart, bid him wel - come, Save me dear Sav - ior I pray.
Chorus.
What will you do, What will you do, "What will you now do with Je - sus?"
ff
Will you re - ject or take Him to-night, "What will you now do with Je - sus?"

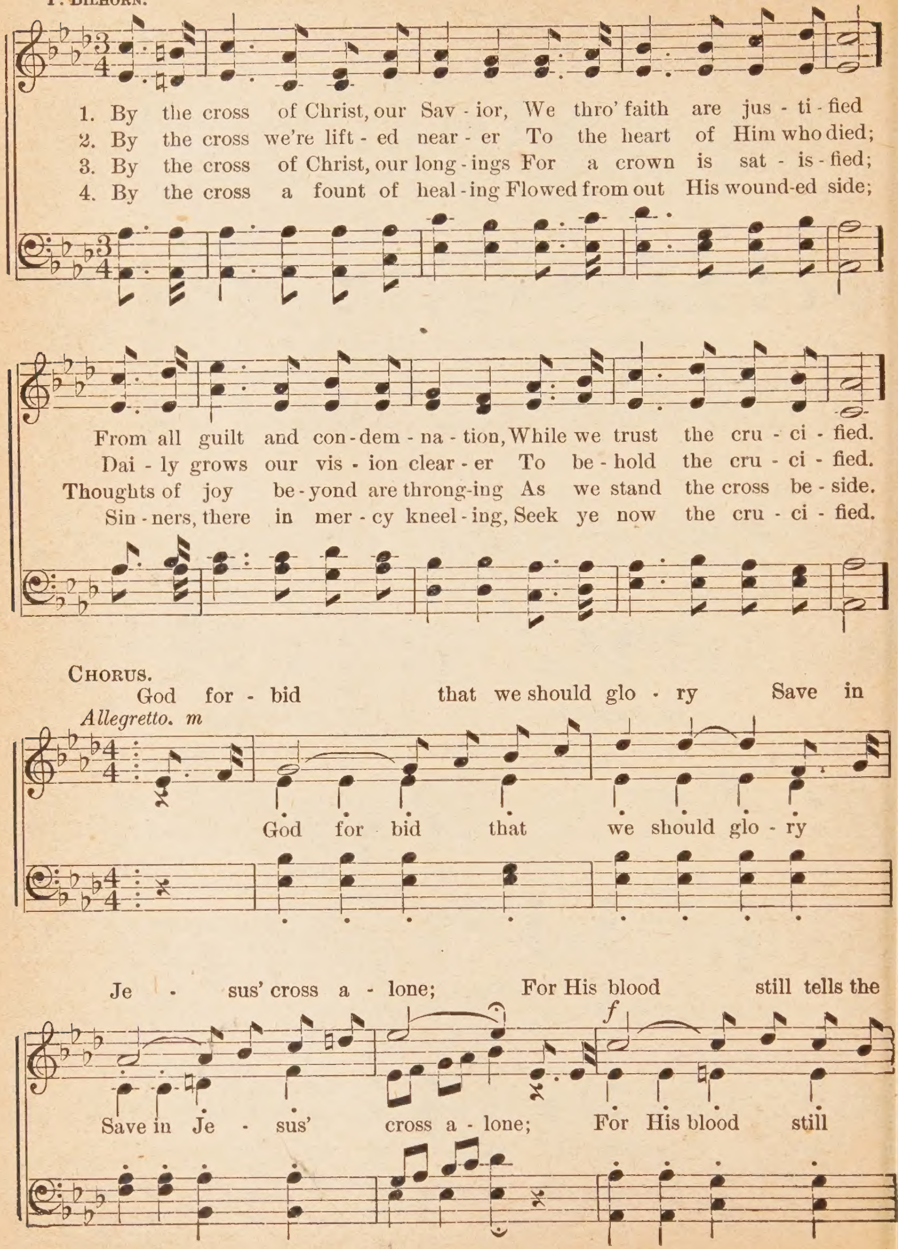
No. 97. What must it be to be There?

Geo. C. Stebbins. By per.


Duet.
1. We speak of the land of the blest, A coun-try so bright and so fair,
2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
3. We speak of its peace and its love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear,
4, We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor-row, temp-ta-tion, and care,
5. Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe, For Heav-en our spir-its pre-pare,
And oft are its glo-ries con-fessed, But what must it be to be there?
Its won-ders and pleasures un-told, But what must it be to be there?
The songs of the bless-ed a-bove, But what must it be to be there?
From tri-als with-out and with-in, But what must it be to be there?
Then short-ly we al-so shall know, And feel what it is to be there.
Refrain.
To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be
To be there, to be there,
to be there. To be there, to be
to be there. To be there,
there, Oh, what must it be to be there?
to be there, to be there?

No. 98. By the Cross of Christ.

P. Bilhorn. Alfred Beirly.


1. By the cross of Christ, our Sav - ior, We thro' faith are jus - ti - fied
2. By the cross we're lift - ed near - er To the heart of Him who died;
3. By the cross of Christ, our long - ings For a crown is sat - is - fied;
4. By the cross a fount of heal - ing Flowed from out His wound-ed side;
From all guilt and con - dem - na - tion, While we trust the cru - ci - fied.
Dai - ly grows our vis - ion clear - er To be - hold the cru - ci - fied.
Thoughts of joy be - yond are throng-ing As we stand the cross be - side.
Sin - ners, there in mer - cy kneel - ing, Seek ye now the cru - ci - fied.
Chorus.
God for - bid that we should glo - ry Save in
Allegretto. m
God for bid that we should glo - ry
Je - sus' cross a - lone; For His blood still tells the
f
Save in Je - sus' cross a - lone; For His blood still

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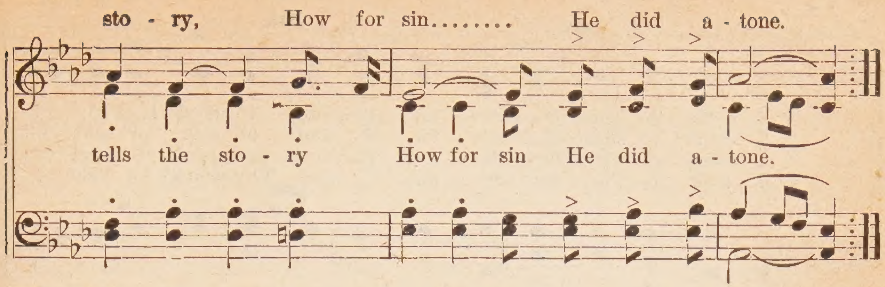
By the Cross.—Concluded.

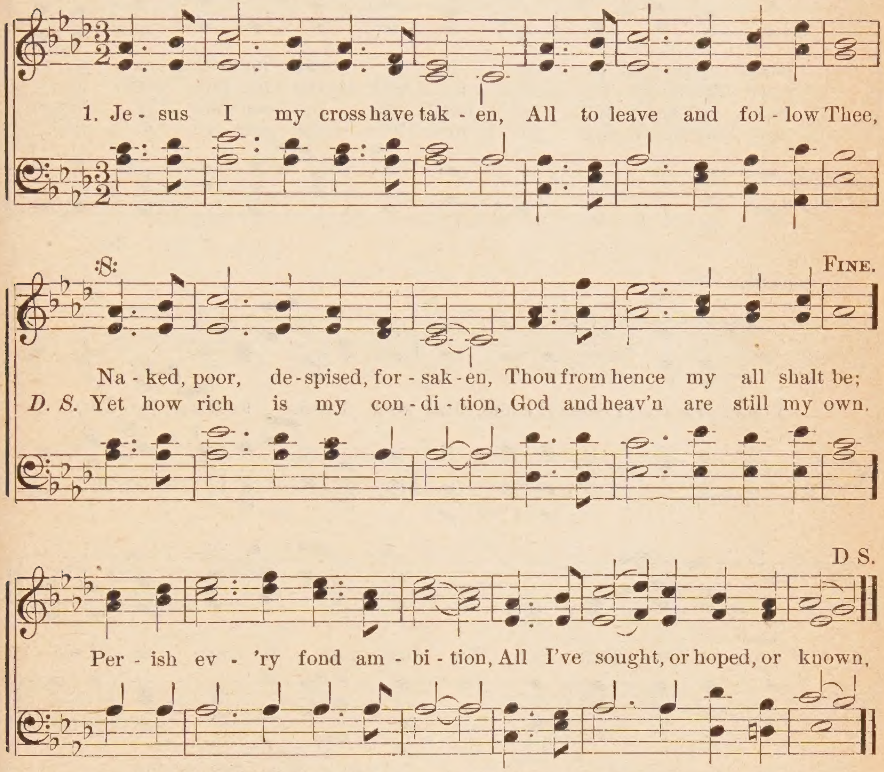

sto - ry, How for sin........ He did a - tone.
tells the sto - ry How for sin He did a - tone.

No. 99.

Autumn.

Henry F. Lyte.

Spanish.

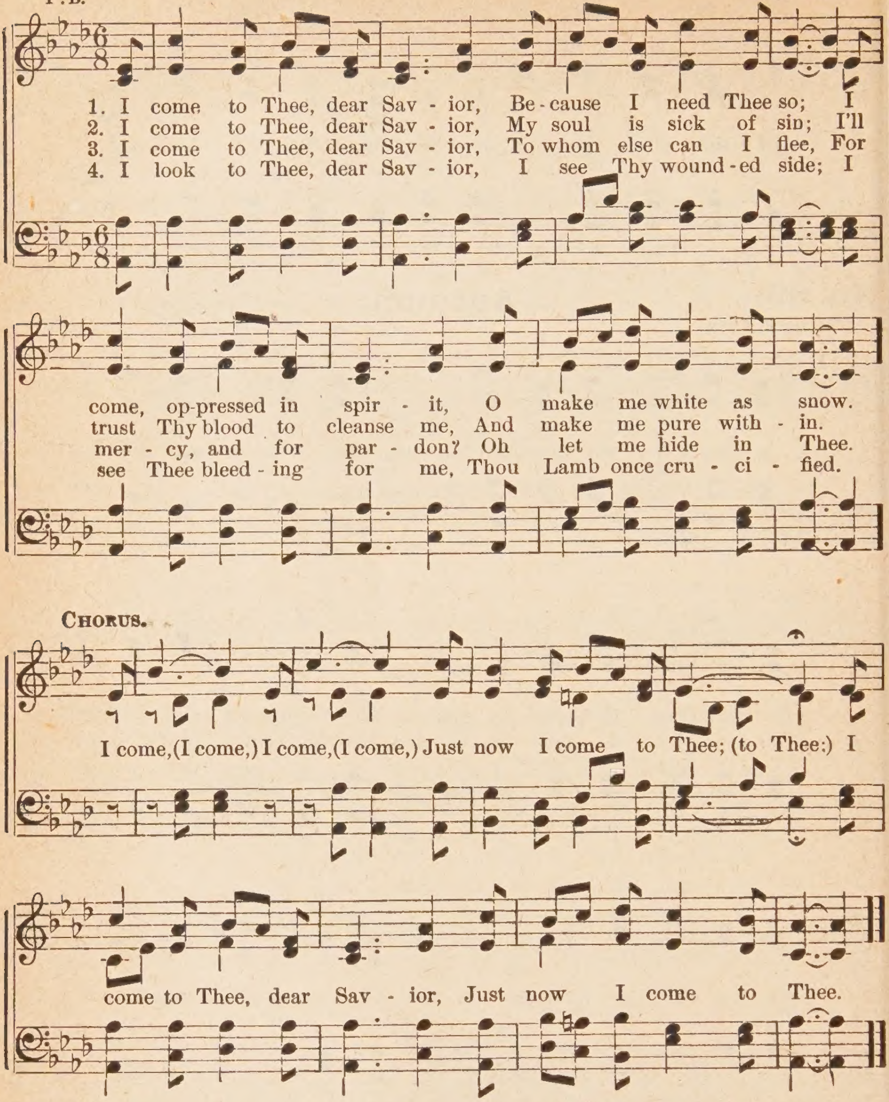

1. Je - sus I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee,
𝄋
Fine.
Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
D. S. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
D S.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not like them untrue;
Oh! while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy earthly days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 100. I Come to Thee, Dear Savior.

P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. I come to Thee, dear Sav - ior, Be - cause I need Thee so; I come, op-pressed in spir - it, O make me white as snow.
2. I come to Thee, dear Sav - ior, My soul is sick of sin; I'll trust Thy blood to cleanse me, And make me pure with - in.
3. I come to Thee, dear Sav - ior, To whom else can I flee, For mer - cy, and for par - don? Oh let me hide in Thee.
4. I look to Thee, dear Sav - ior, I see Thy wound - ed side; I see Thee bleed - ing for me, Thou Lamb once cru - ci - fied.
Chorus.
I come, (I come,) I come, (I come,) Just now I come to Thee; (to Thee:) I come to Thee, dear Sav - ior, Just now I come to Thee.

5 I see Thee resurrected,
From death to reign on high;
I see Thee interceding,
To draw the sinner nigh.

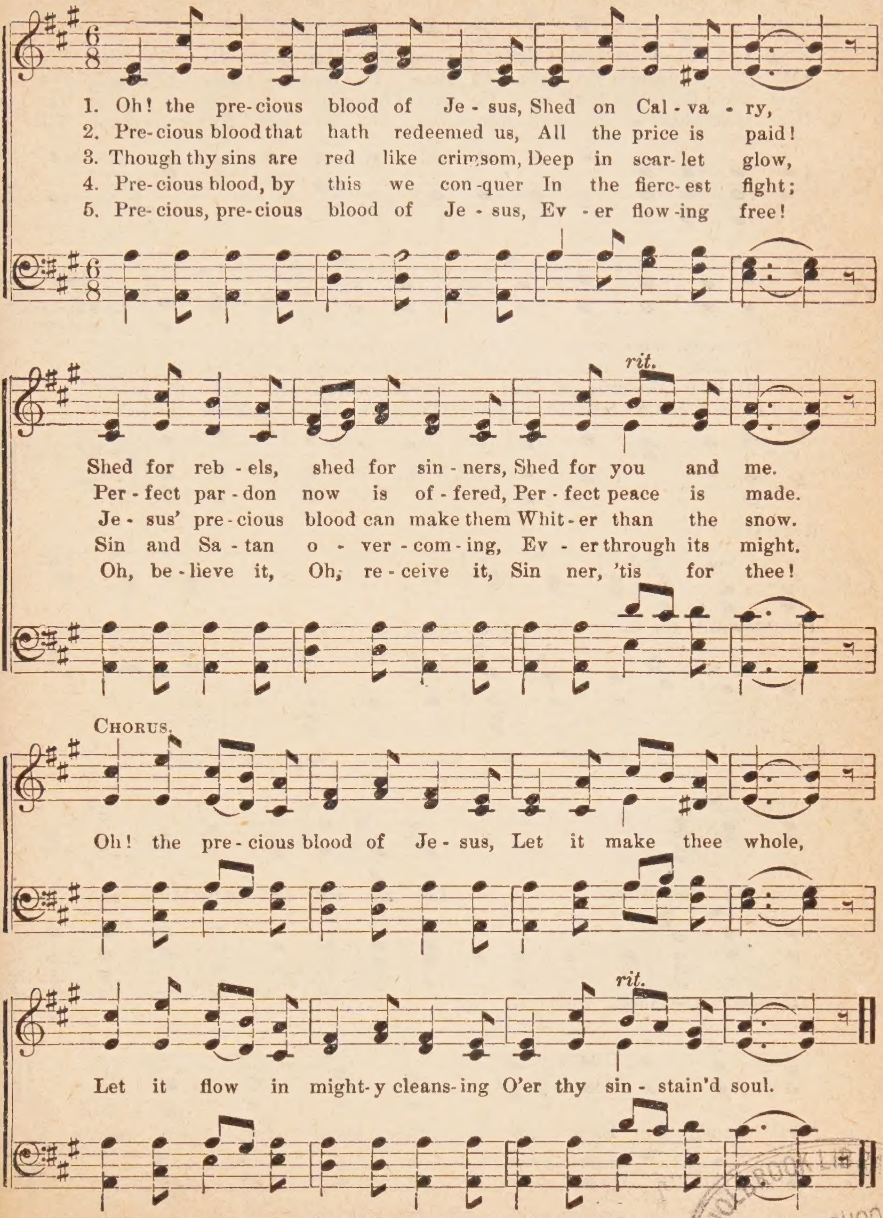
6 I trust in Thee, dear Savior,
Thy blood now speaks for me,
And as I bow before Thee,
Oh bid me live in Thee.

7 I rest in Thee, dear Savior,
My resting is complete;
I find the sweetest comforts
While bowing at Thy feet.

8 Oh help me live, dear Savior,
Much fruit to bear in Thee;
To glorify the Father
Through all eternity.

No. 101. Let it make thee Whole.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. BILHORN.


1. Oh! the pre-cious blood of Je-sus, Shed on Cal-va-ry,
2. Pre-cious blood that hath redeemed us, All the price is paid!
3. Though thy sins are red like crimsom, Deep in scar-let glow,
4. Pre-cious blood, by this we con-quer In the fierc-est fight;
5. Pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je-sus, Ev-er flow-ing free!
rit.
Shed for reb-els, shed for sin-ners, Shed for you and me.
Per-fect par-don now is of-fered, Per-fect peace is made.
Je-sus' pre-cious blood can make them Whit-er than the snow.
Sin and Sa-tan o-ver-com-ing, Ev-er through its might.
Oh, be-lieve it, Oh, re-ceive it, Sin-ner, 'tis for thee!
CHORUS.
Oh! the pre-cious blood of Je-sus, Let it make thee whole,
rit.
Let it flow in might-y cleans-ing O'er thy sin-stain'd soul.

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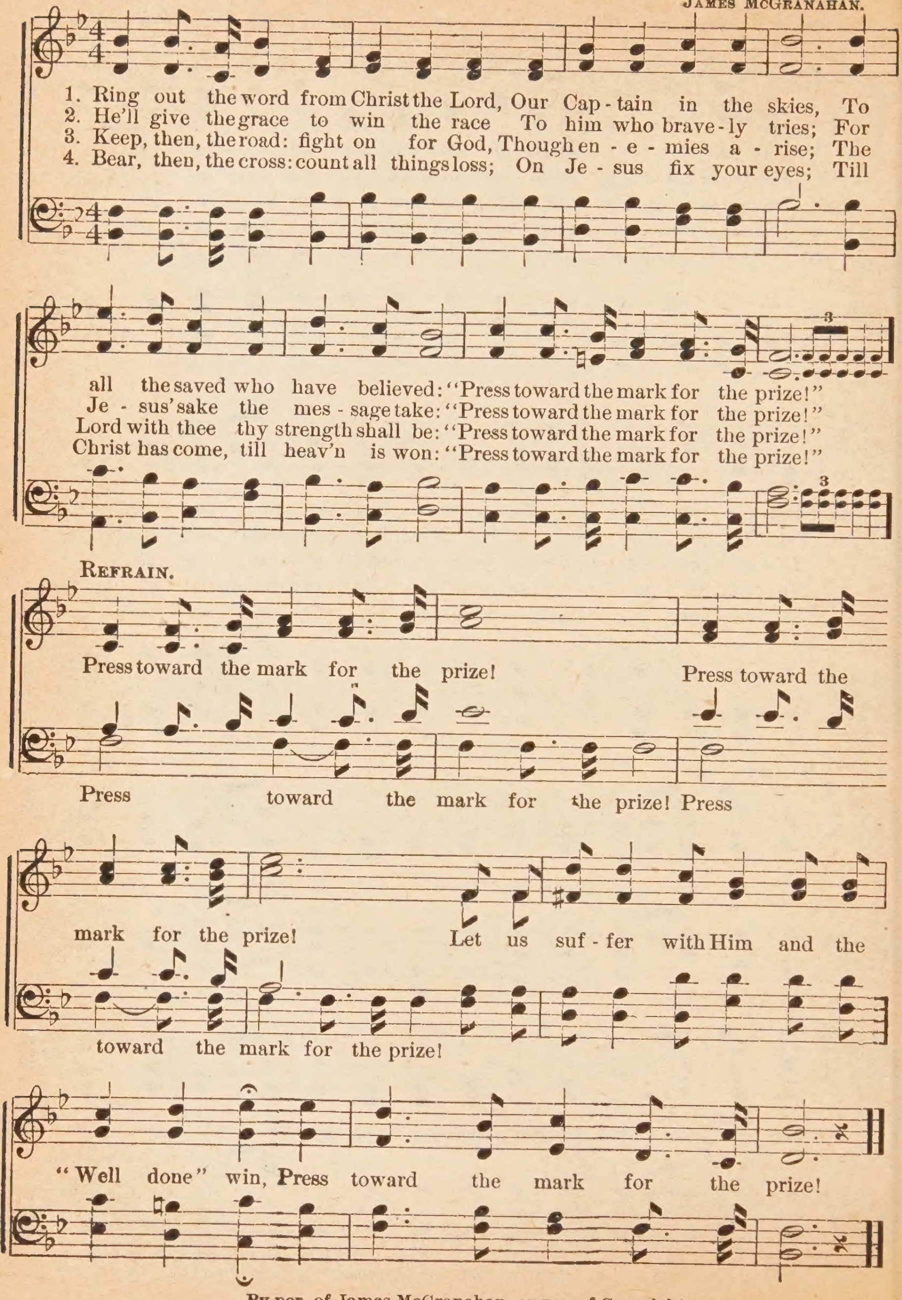
No. 102. Press toward the Mark.

El. Nathan.

James McGranahan.


1. Ring out the word from Christ the Lord, Our Cap - tain in the skies, To
2. He'll give the grace to win the race To him who brave - ly tries; For
3. Keep, then, the road: fight on for God, Though en - e - mies a - rise; The
4. Bear, then, the cross: count all things loss; On Je - sus fix your eyes; Till
all the saved who have believed: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
Je - sus' sake the mes - sage take: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
Lord with thee thy strength shall be: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
Christ has come, till heav'n is won: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
Refrain.
Press toward the mark for the prize! Press toward the
Press toward the mark for the prize! Press
mark for the prize! Let us suf - fer with Him and the
toward the mark for the prize!
"Well done" win, Press toward the mark for the prize!

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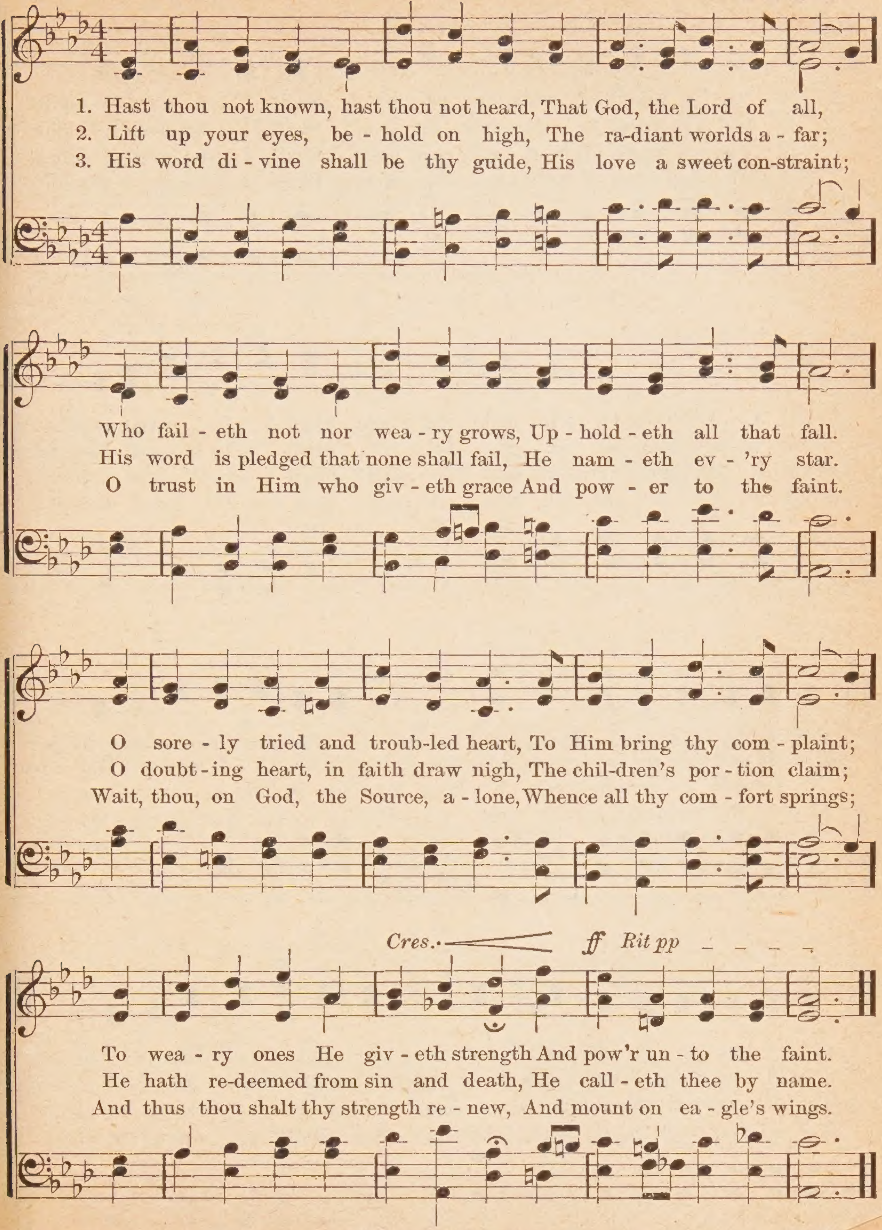
No. 103. He Giveth Power to the Faint.

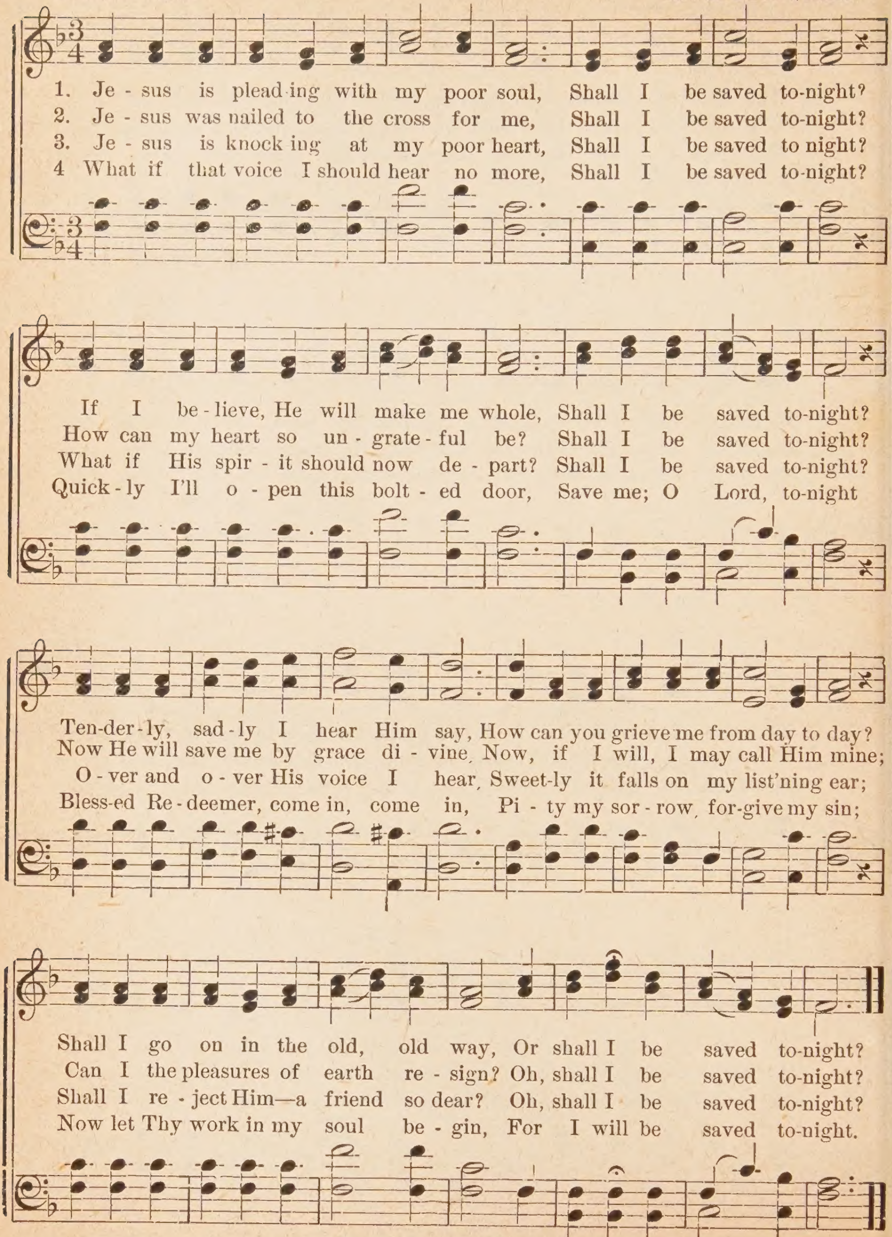
Julia H. Johnston. P. Bilhorn.


1. Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, That God, the Lord of all,
2. Lift up your eyes, be - hold on high, The ra-diant worlds a - far;
3. His word di - vine shall be thy guide, His love a sweet con-straint;
Who fail - eth not nor wea - ry grows, Up - hold - eth all that fall.
His word is pledged that none shall fail, He nam - eth ev - 'ry star.
O trust in Him who giv - eth grace And pow - er to the faint.
O sore - ly tried and troub-led heart, To Him bring thy com - plaint;
O doubt - ing heart, in faith draw nigh, The chil-dren's por - tion claim;
Wait, thou, on God, the Source, a - lone, Whence all thy com - fort springs;
Cres.
ff Rit pp
To wea - ry ones He giv - eth strength And pow'r un - to the faint.
He hath re-deemed from sin and death, He call - eth thee by name.
And thus thou shalt thy strength re - new, And mount on ea - gle's wings.

No. 104. Shall I be Saved To-night?

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isaiah 45: 22.

Fanny J. Crosby. Mrs. M. Bliss Wilson.

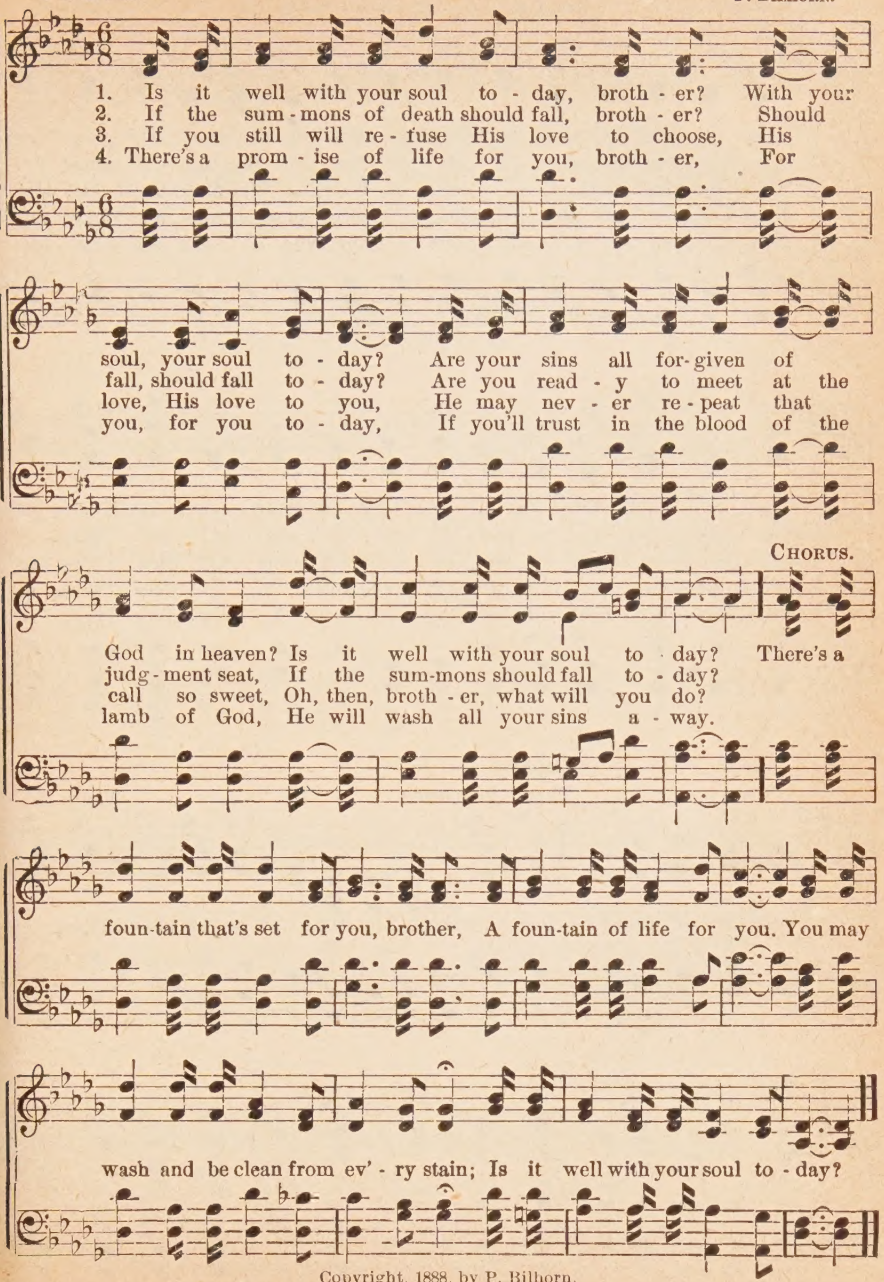

1. Je - sus is plead-ing with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
2. Je - sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
3. Je - sus is knock-ing at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to night?
4 What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?
If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
How can my heart so un - grate - ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
What if His spir - it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to-night?
Quick-ly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me; O Lord, to-night
Ten-der-ly, sad-ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
Now He will save me by grace di - vine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweet-ly it falls on my list'ning ear;
Bless-ed Re - deemer, come in, come in, Pi - ty my sor - row, for-give my sin;
Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
Can I the pleasures of earth re - sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Shall I re - ject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night.

By permission.

No. 105. Is it Well with Your Soul?

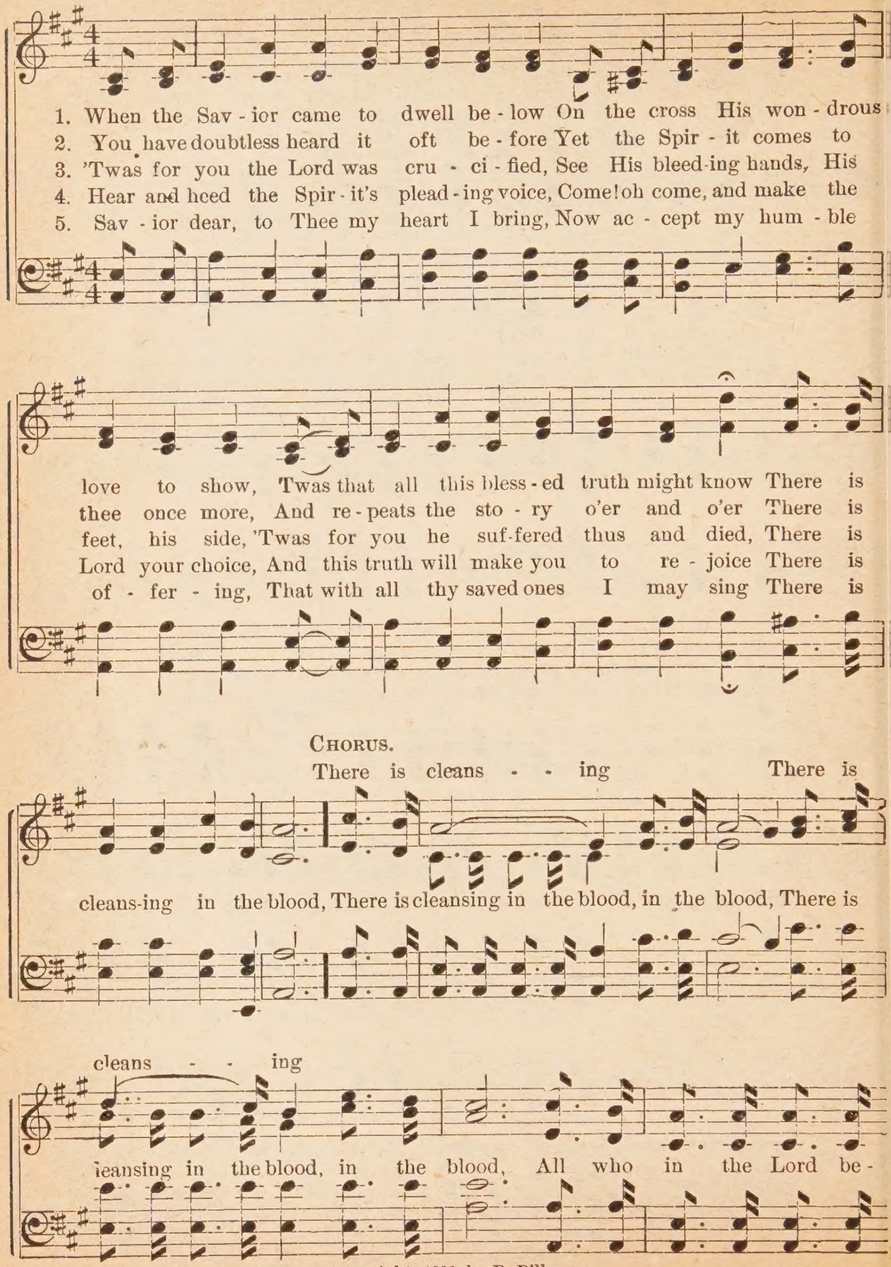
P. H. Roblin

P. Bilhorn.

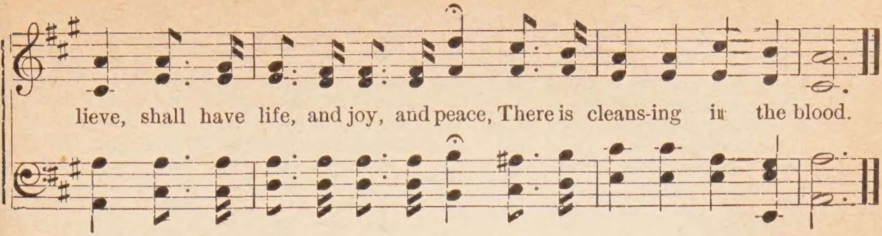

1. Is it well with your soul to - day, broth - er? With your
2. If the sum - mons of death should fall, broth - er? Should
3. If you still will re - fuse His love to choose, His
4. There's a prom - ise of life for you, broth - er, For
soul, your soul to - day? Are your sins all for- given of
fall, should fall to - day? Are you read - y to meet at the
love, His love to you, He may nev - er re - peat that
you, for you to - day, If you'll trust in the blood of the
God in heaven? Is it well with your soul to - day? There's a
judg - ment seat, If the sum-mons should fall to - day?
call so sweet, Oh, then, broth - er, what will you do?
lamb of God, He will wash all your sins a - way.
Chorus.
foun-tain that's set for you, brother, A foun-tain of life for you. You may
wash and be clean from ev' - ry stain; Is it well with your soul to - day?

No. 106. There is Cleansing in the Blood.

W. A. Wells. Heb. 9: 22. John 1: 7. Eph. 1: 7. Rev. 1: 5. P. Bilhorn.


1. When the Sav-ior came to dwell be-low On the cross His won-drous love to show, 'Twas that all this bless-ed truth might know There is
2. You have doubtless heard it oft be-fore Yet the Spir-it comes to thee once more, And re-peats the sto-ry o'er and o'er There is
3. 'Twas for you the Lord was cru-ci-fied, See His bleed-ing hands, His feet, his side, 'Twas for you he suf-fered thus and died, There is
4. Hear and heed the Spir-it's plead-ing voice, Come! oh come, and make the Lord your choice, And this truth will make you to re-joice There is
5. Sav-ior dear, to Thee my heart I bring, Now ac-cept my hum-ble of-fer-ing, That with all thy saved ones I may sing There is
CHORUS.
There is cleans - - ing There is cleans - - ing
cleans-ing in the blood, There is cleansing in the blood, in the blood, There is cleansing in the blood, in the blood, All who in the Lord be-

There is Cleansing in the Blood.—Concluded.


lieve, shall have life, and joy, and peace, There is cleans-ing in the blood.

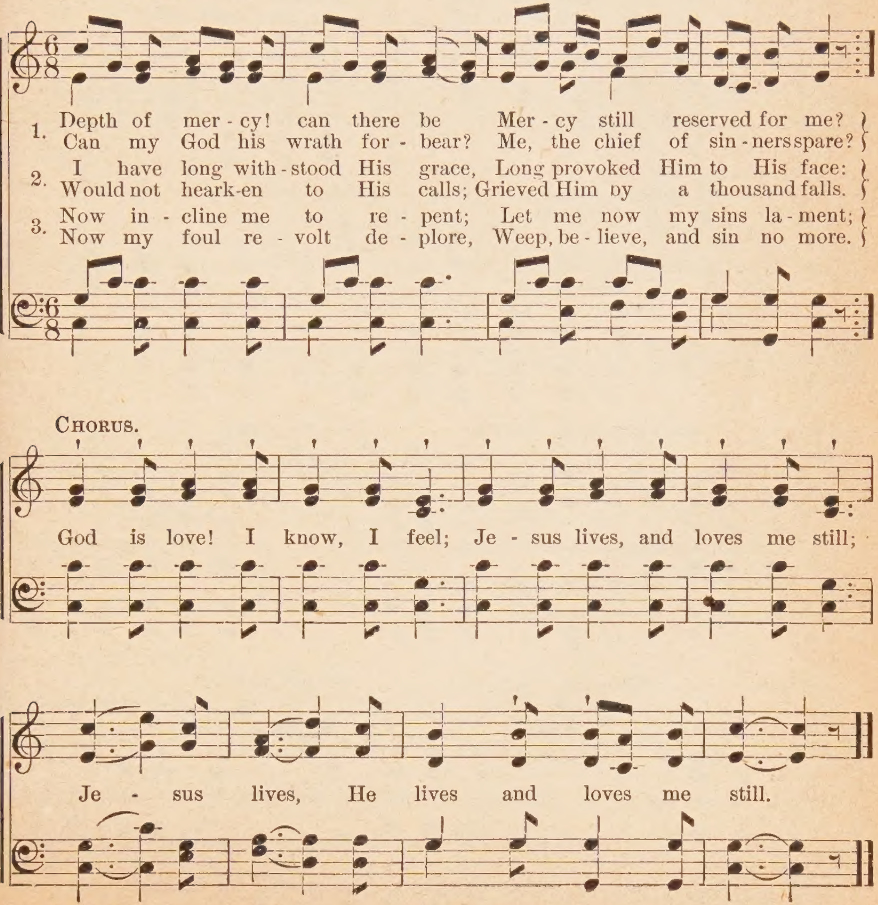
No. 107.

Depth of Mercy.

God is Love. I John, 4: 8.

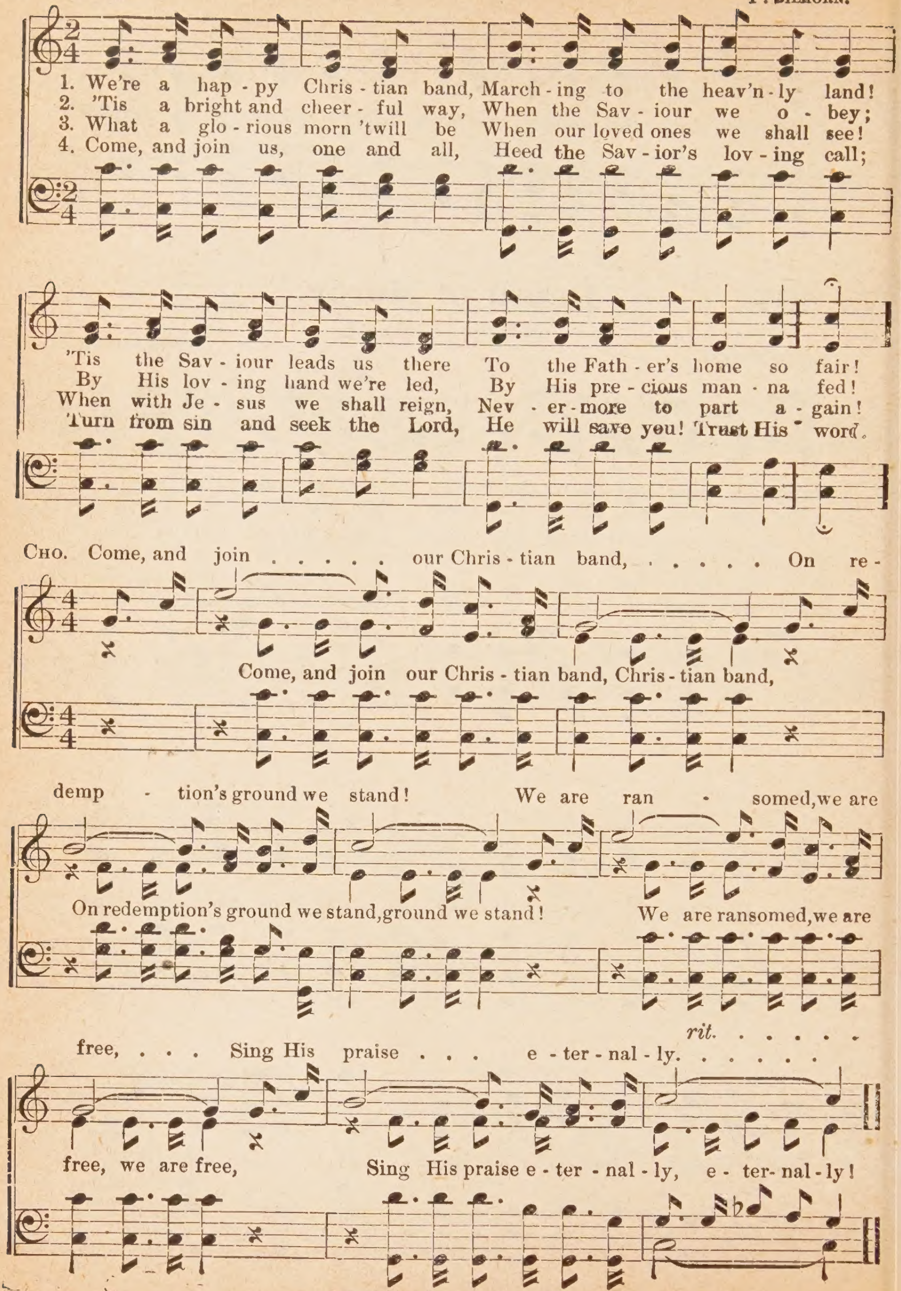
Charles Wesley.

From Stevenson.


1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners spare?
2. I have long with - stood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face:
Would not heark-en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;
Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.
Chorus.
God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus lives, and loves me still;
Je - sus lives, He lives and loves me still.

No. 108. A Happy Band are We.

P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. We're a hap - py Chris - tian band, March - ing to the heav'n - ly land!
2. 'Tis a bright and cheer - ful way, When the Sav - iour we o - bey;
3. What a glo - rious morn 'twill be When our loved ones we shall see!
4. Come, and join us, one and all, Heed the Sav - ior's lov - ing call;
'Tis the Sav - iour leads us there To the Fath - er's home so fair!
By His lov - ing hand we're led, By His pre - cious man - na fed!
When with Je - sus we shall reign, Nev - er - more to part a - gain!
Turn from sin and seek the Lord, He will save you! Trust His word.
Cho. Come, and join . . . . . our Chris - tian band, ... On re - demp - tion's ground we stand! We are ran - somed, we are free, . . . Sing His praise . . . e - ter - nal - ly. . . . . . .
Come, and join our Chris - tian band, Chris - tian band,
On redemption's ground we stand, ground we stand!
We are ransomed, we are free, we are free,
Sing His praise e - ter - nal - ly, e - ter - nal - ly!
rit.

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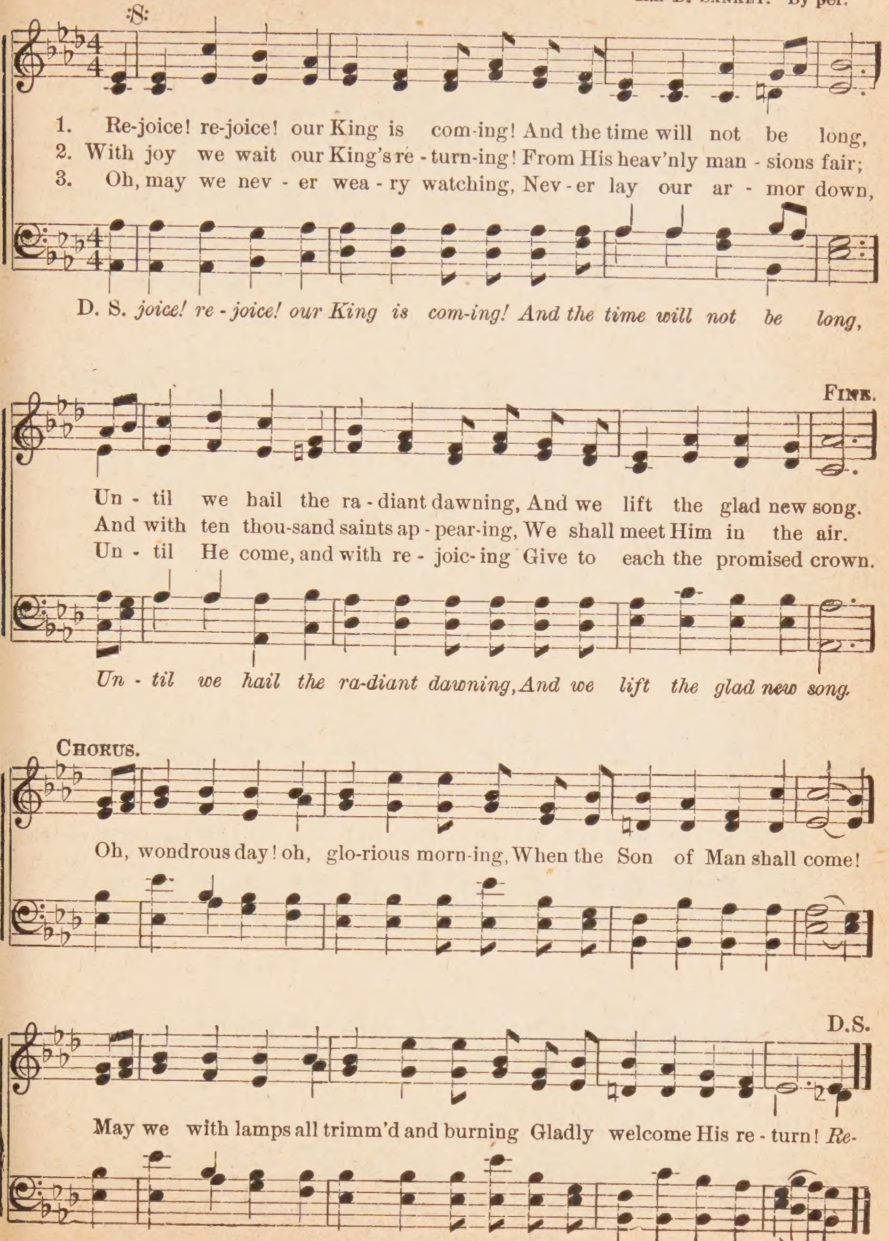
No. 109.

The King is Coming.

"Behold, I come quickly."—Rev. 22: 12.

Rian A. Dykes.

Ira D. Sankey. By per.


𝄋
1. Re-joice! re-joice! our King is com-ing! And the time will not be long,
2. With joy we wait our King's re-turn-ing! From His heav'nly man-sions fair;
3. Oh, may we nev-er wea-ry watching, Nev-er lay our ar-mor down,
D. S. *joice! re-joice! our King is com-ing! And the time will not be long,*
Fine.
Un-til we hail the ra-diant dawning, And we lift the glad new song.
And with ten thou-sand saints ap-pear-ing, We shall meet Him in the air.
Un-til He come, and with re-joic-ing Give to each the promised crown.
Un-til we hail the ra-diant dawning, And we lift the glad new song.
Chorus.
Oh, wondrous day! oh, glo-rious morn-ing, When the Son of Man shall come!
D.S.
May we with lamps all trimm'd and burning Gladly welcome His re-turn! *Re-*

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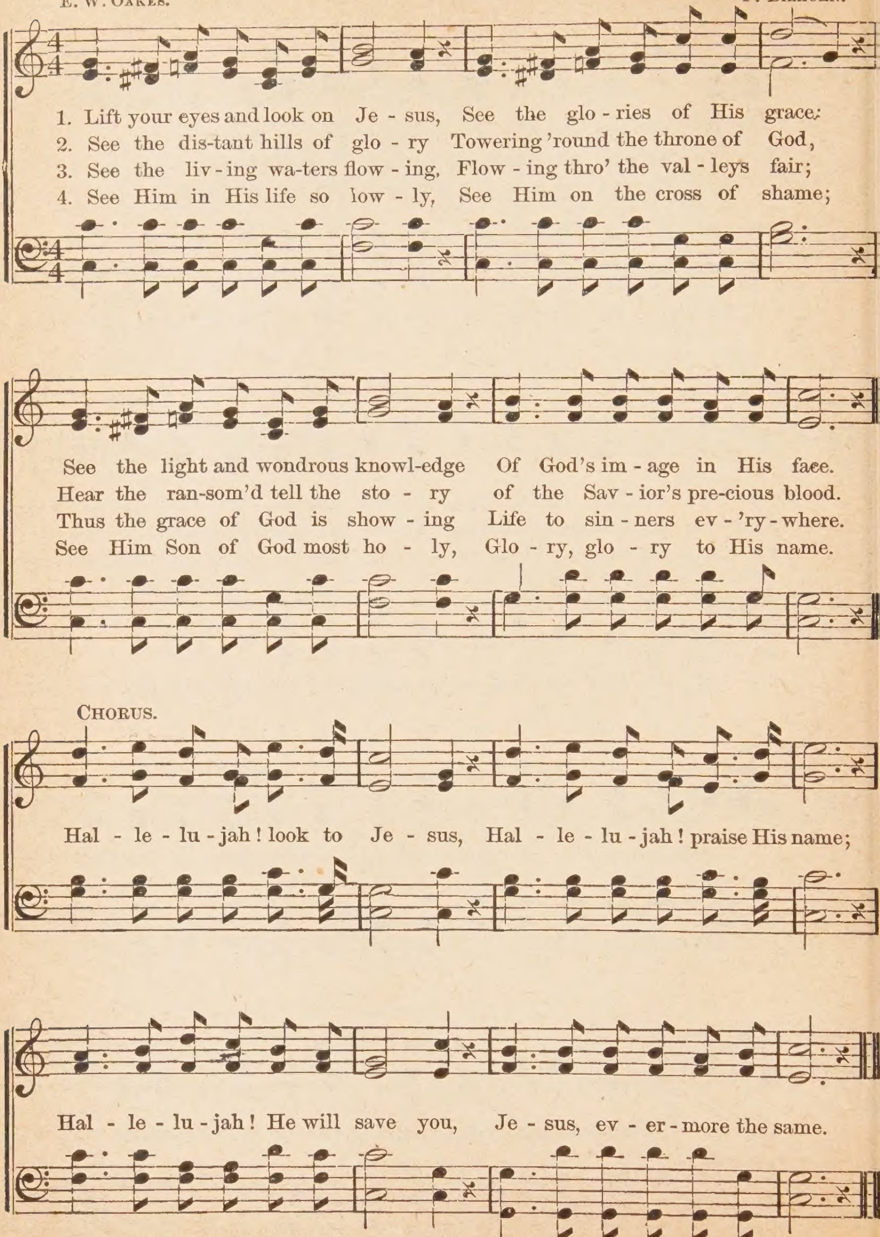
No. 110. Hallelujah! Look to Jesus.

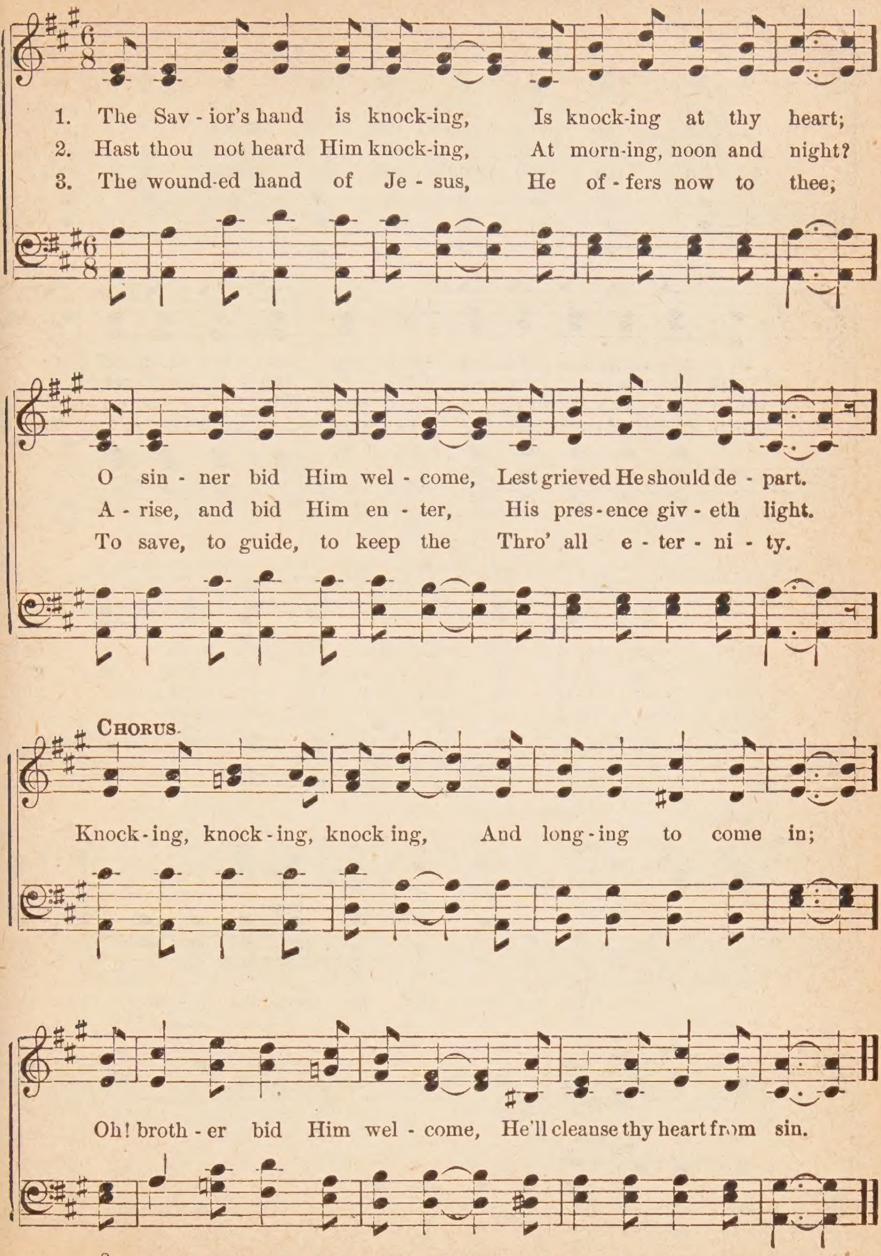
"To give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. iv. 6.

E. W. OAKES. P. BILHORN.


1. Lift your eyes and look on Je - sus, See the glo - ries of His grace;
2. See the dis-tant hills of glo - ry Towering 'round the throne of God,
3. See the liv - ing wa-ters flow - ing, Flow - ing thro' the val - leys fair;
4. See Him in His life so low - ly, See Him on the cross of shame;
See the light and wondrous knowl-edge Of God's im - age in His face.
Hear the ran-som'd tell the sto - ry of the Sav - ior's pre-cious blood.
Thus the grace of God is show - ing Life to sin - ners ev - 'ry - where.
See Him Son of God most ho - ly, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! look to Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! praise His name;
Hal - le - lu - jah! He will save you, Je - sus, ev - er - more the same.

No. 111. The Savior's Hand.

Peter Bilhorn. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. The Sav - ior's hand is knock-ing, Is knock-ing at thy heart;
2. Hast thou not heard Him knock-ing, At morn-ing, noon and night?
3. The wound-ed hand of Je - sus, He of - fers now to thee;
O sin - ner bid Him wel - come, Lest grieved He should de - part.
A - rise, and bid Him en - ter, His pres-ence giv - eth light.
To save, to guide, to keep the Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
Chorus.
Knock-ing, knock-ing, knock ing, And long-ing to come in;
Oh! broth - er bid Him wel - come, He'll cleanse thy heart from sin.

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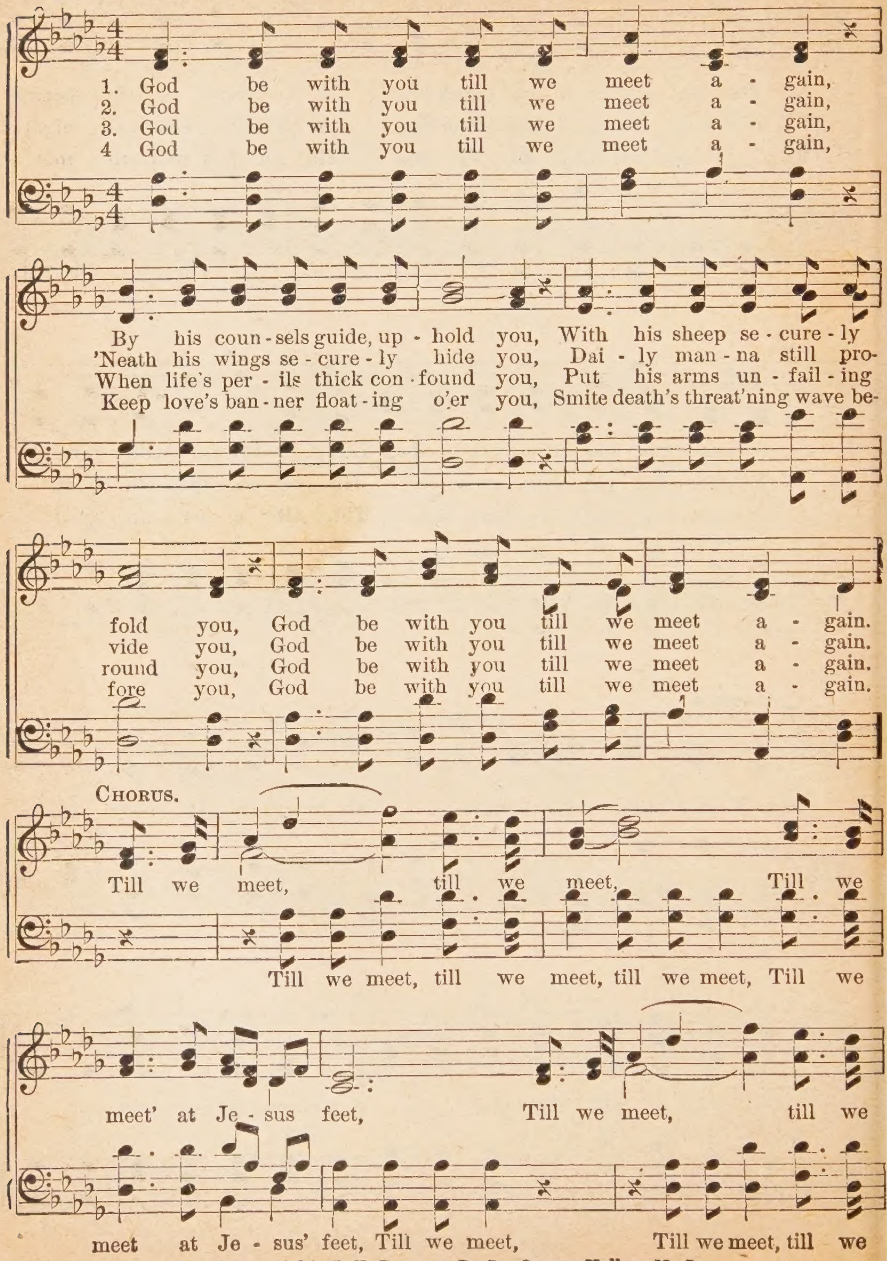
No. 112. God be with You.*

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be With you."—Rom. 16:20.

J. E. Rankin. D. D. W. G Tomer. By Per.


1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you, With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you, Daily manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you, Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
4 God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.
Chorus.
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet' at Jesus feet, Till we meet, till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we

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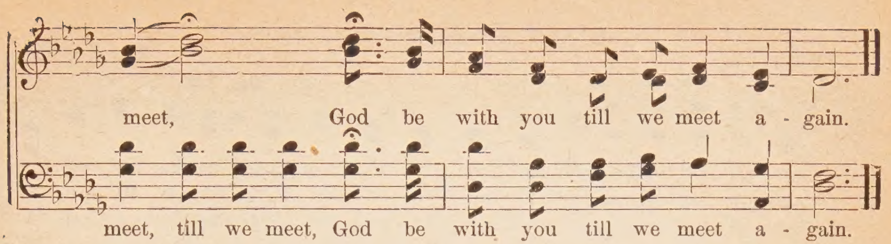
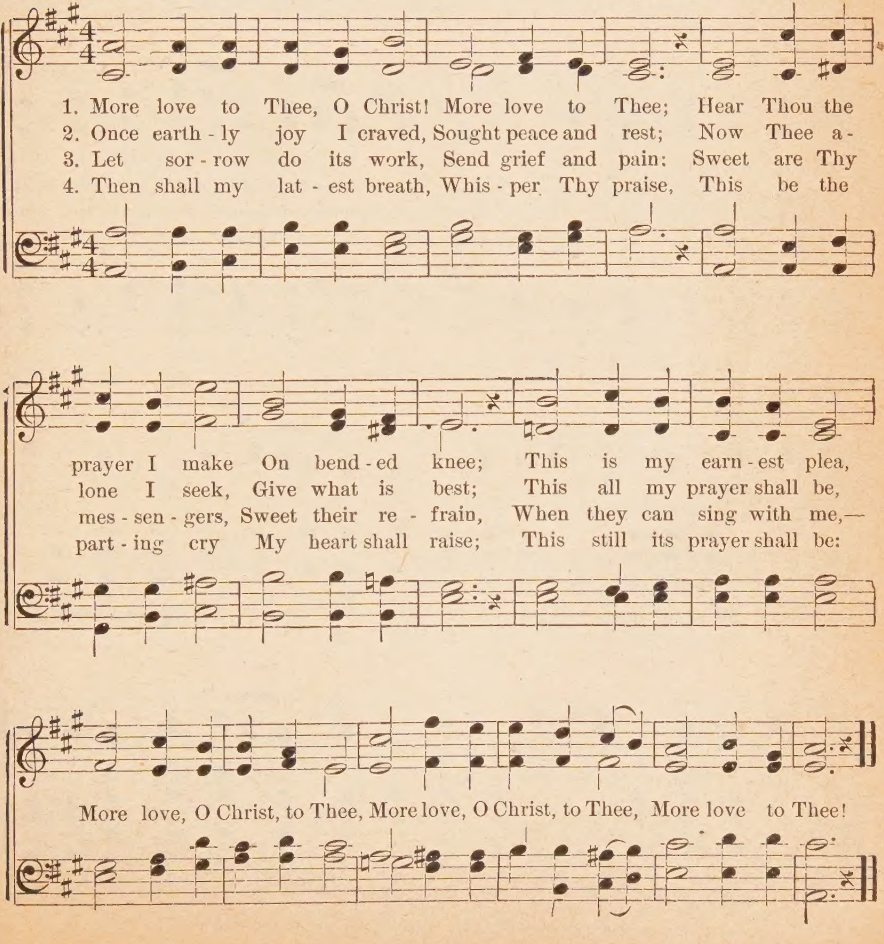
God be with You.—Concluded.


meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

No. 113. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

"Continue ye in my love."—John 15: 8.

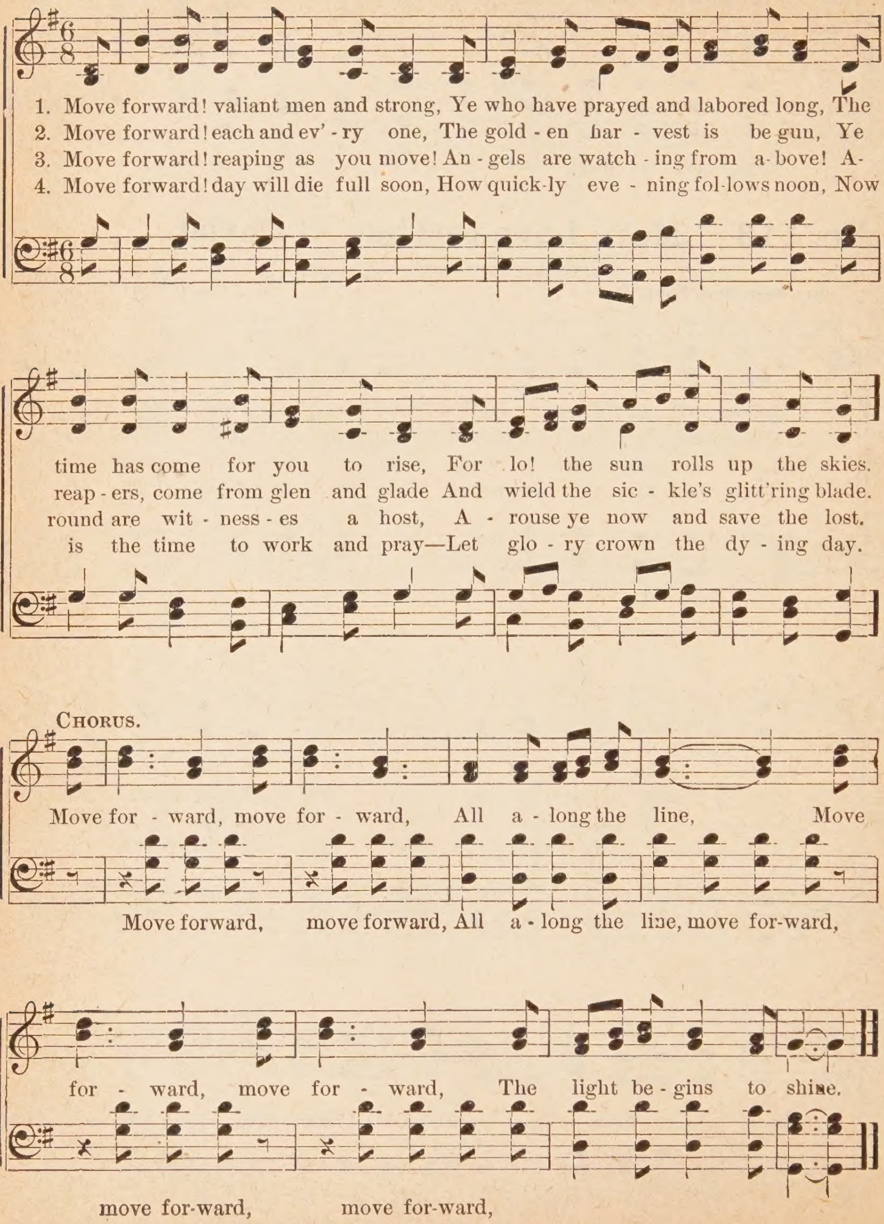
Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss. Sir Arthur Sullivan. (1842.)


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a - lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be,
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,—
4. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whis - per Thy praise, This be the part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee!

No. 114. Move Forward!

"The Lord is my light and my salvation.—Ps. 27: 1.

G. W. Crofs. D. B. Towner.


1. Move forward! valiant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and labored long, The
2. Move forward! each and ev' - ry one, The gold - en har - vest is be gun, Ye
3. Move forward! reaping as you move! An - gels are watch - ing from a-bove! A-
4. Move forward! day will die full soon, How quick-ly eve - ning fol-lows noon, Now
time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.
reap - ers, come from glen and glade And wield the sic - kle's glitt'ring blade.
round are wit - ness - es a host, A - rouse ye now and save the lost.
is the time to work and pray—Let glo - ry crown the dy - ing day.
Chorus.
Move for - ward, move for - ward, All a - long the line, Move
Move forward, move forward, All a - long the line, move for-ward,
for - ward, move for - ward, The light be - gins to shine.
move for-ward, move for-ward,

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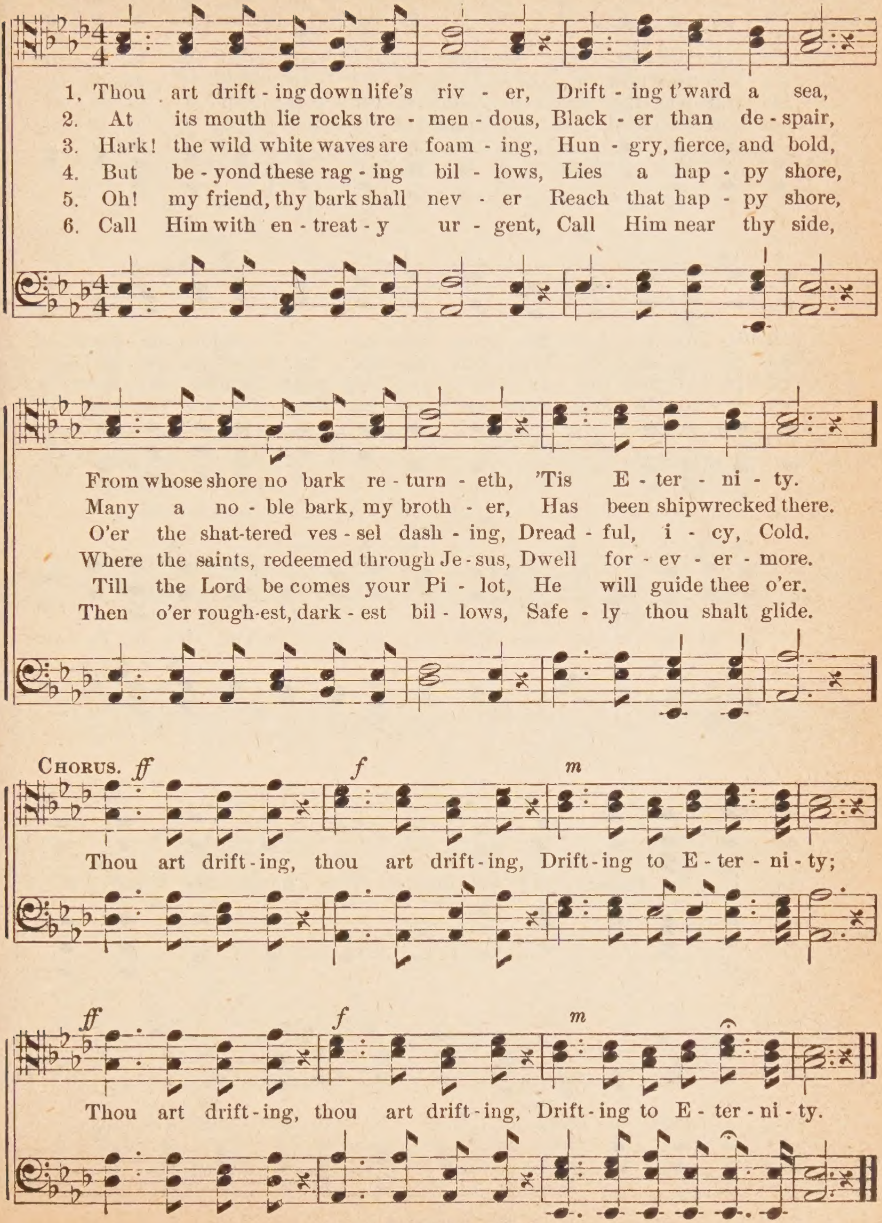
No. 115. Thou art Drifting.

For Male Voices.

P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. Thou art drift - ing down life's riv - er, Drift - ing t'ward a sea,
2. At its mouth lie rocks tre - men - dous, Black - er than de - spair,
3. Hark! the wild white waves are foam - ing, Hun - gry, fierce, and bold,
4. But be - yond these rag - ing bil - lows, Lies a hap - py shore,
5. Oh! my friend, thy bark shall nev - er Reach that hap - py shore,
6. Call Him with en - treat - y ur - gent, Call Him near thy side,
From whose shore no bark re - turn - eth, 'Tis E - ter - ni - ty.
Many a no - ble bark, my broth - er, Has been shipwrecked there.
O'er the shat-tered ves - sel dash - ing, Dread - ful, i - cy, Cold.
Where the saints, redeemed through Je - sus, Dwell for - ev - er - more.
Till the Lord be comes your Pi - lot, He will guide thee o'er.
Then o'er rough-est, dark - est bil - lows, Safe - ly thou shalt glide.
Chorus.
ff
f
m
Thou art drift - ing, thou art drift - ing, Drift - ing to E - ter - ni - ty;
ff
f
m
Thou art drift - ing, thou art drift - ing, Drift - ing to E - ter - ni - ty.

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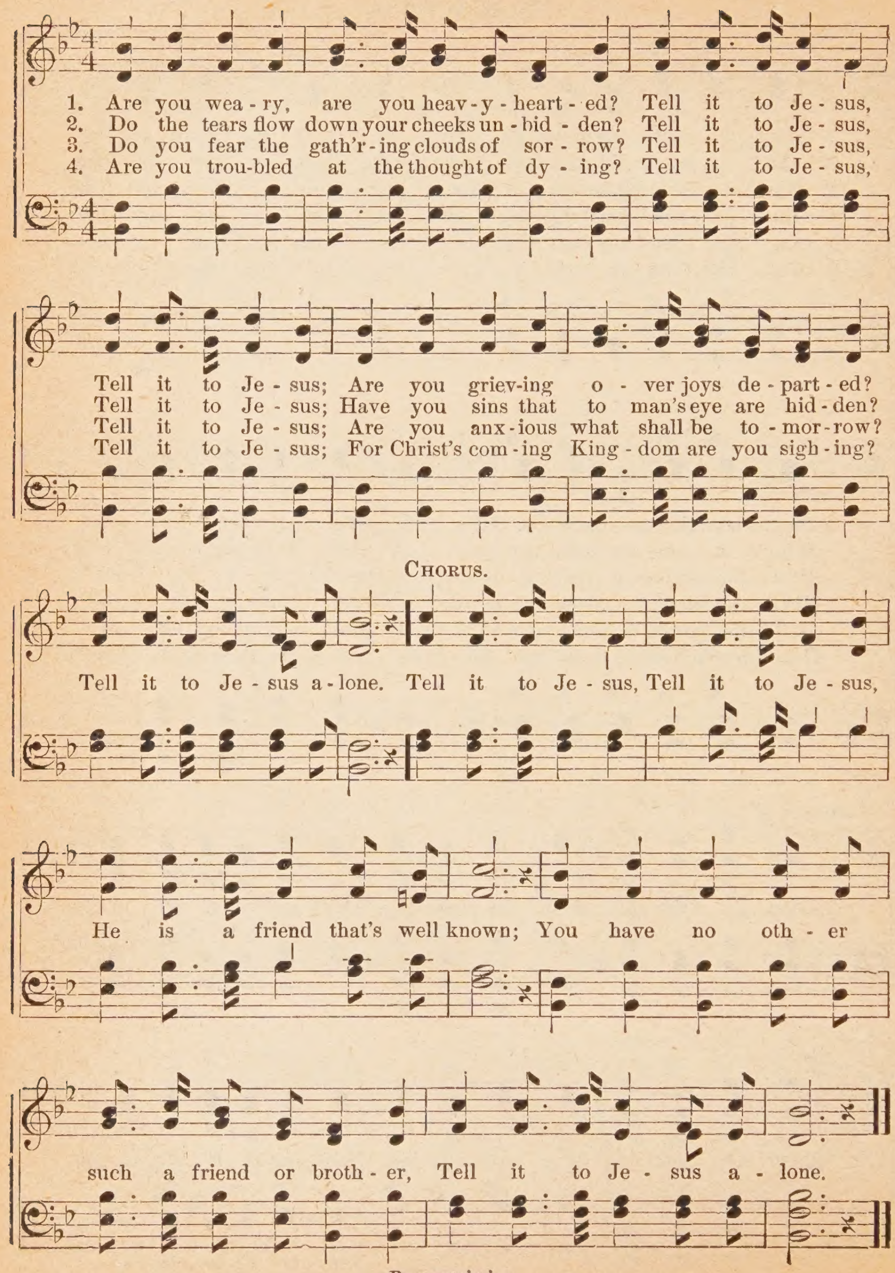
No. 116. Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. Matt. xiv. 12. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'r-ing clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you trou-bled at the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,
Tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing o-ver joys de-part-ed?
Tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
Tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?
Tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's com-ing King-dom are you sigh-ing?
CHORUS.
Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,
He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth-er
such a friend or broth-er, Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.

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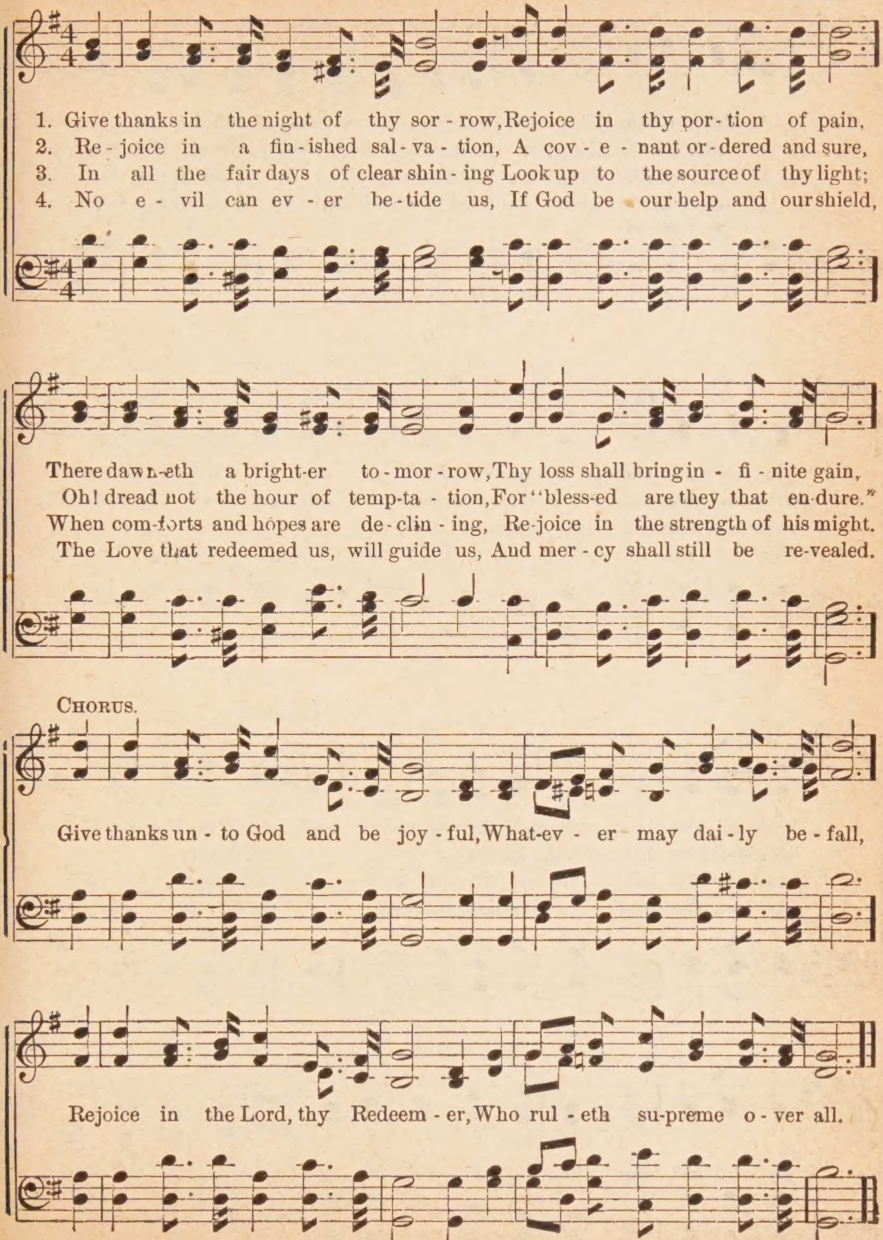
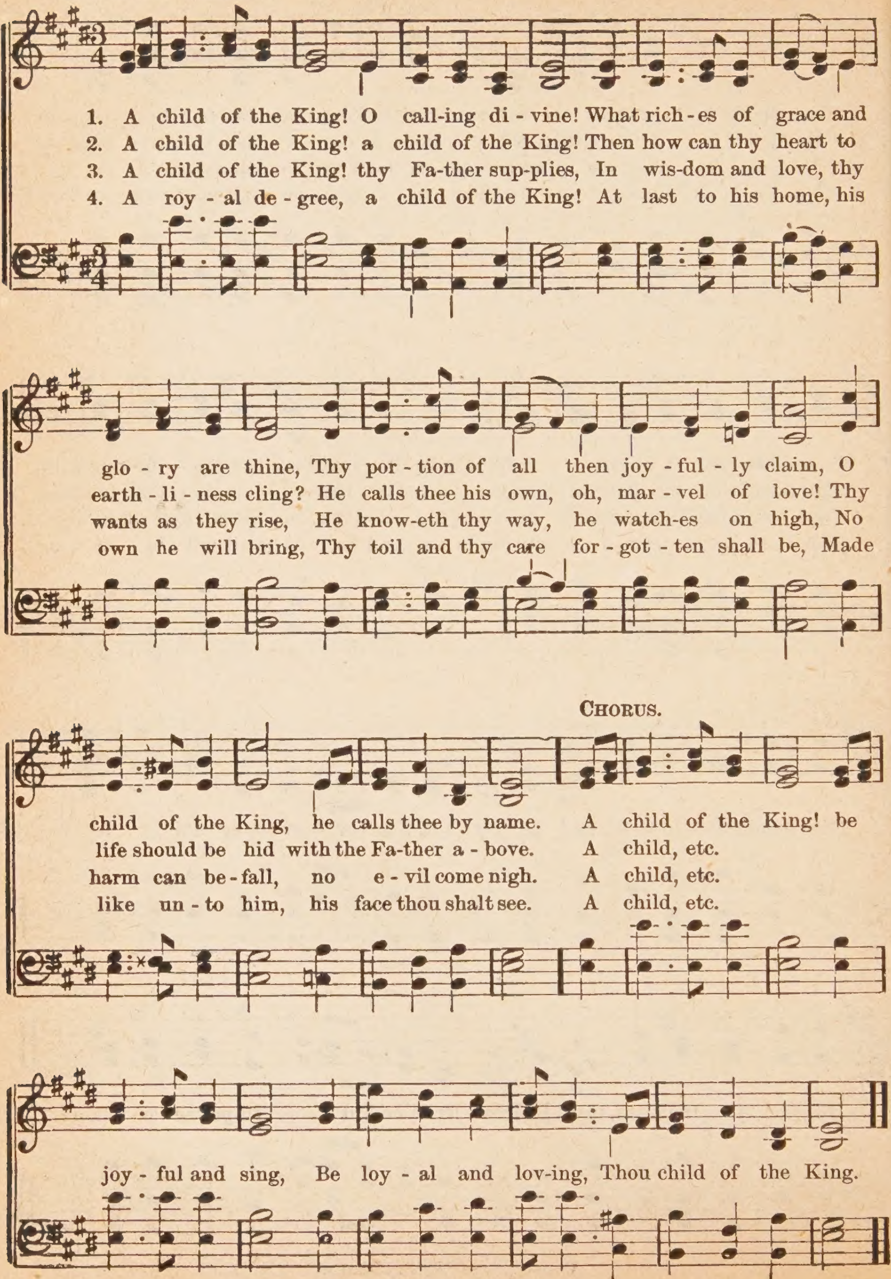
No. 117. In Everything Give Thanks.

Julia H. Johnston. **P. Bilhorn.**


1. Give thanks in the night of thy sor - row, Rejoice in thy por - tion of pain,
2. Re - joice in a fin - ished sal - va - tion, A cov - e - nant or - dered and sure,
3. In all the fair days of clear shin - ing Look up to the source of thy light;
4. No e - vil can ev - er be - tide us, If God be our help and our shield,
There dawn-eth a bright-er to - mor - row, Thy loss shall bring in - fi - nite gain.
Oh! dread not the hour of temp-ta - tion, For "bless-ed are they that en-dure."
When com-forts and hopes are de - clin - ing, Re-joice in the strength of his might.
The Love that redeemed us, will guide us, And mer - cy shall still be re-vealed.
Chorus.
Give thanks un - to God and be joy - ful, What-ev - er may dai - ly be - fall,
Rejoice in the Lord, thy Redeem - er, Who rul - eth su-preme o - ver all.

No. 118. A Child of the King.

Miss Julia H. Johnston. P. Bilhorn.


1. A child of the King! O call-ing di - vine! What rich - es of grace and
2. A child of the King! a child of the King! Then how can thy heart to
3. A child of the King! thy Fa-ther sup-plies, In wis-dom and love, thy
4. A roy - al de - gree, a child of the King! At last to his home, his
glo - ry are thine, Thy por - tion of all then joy - ful - ly claim, O
earth - li - ness cling? He calls thee his own, oh, mar - vel of love! Thy
wants as they rise, He know-eth thy way, he watch-es on high, No
own he will bring, Thy toil and thy care for - got - ten shall be, Made
Chorus.
child of the King, he calls thee by name. A child of the King! be
life should be hid with the Fa-ther a - bove. A child, etc.
harm can be - fall, no e - vil come nigh. A child, etc.
like un - to him, his face thou shalt see. A child, etc.
joy - ful and sing, Be loy - al and lov-ing, Thou child of the King.

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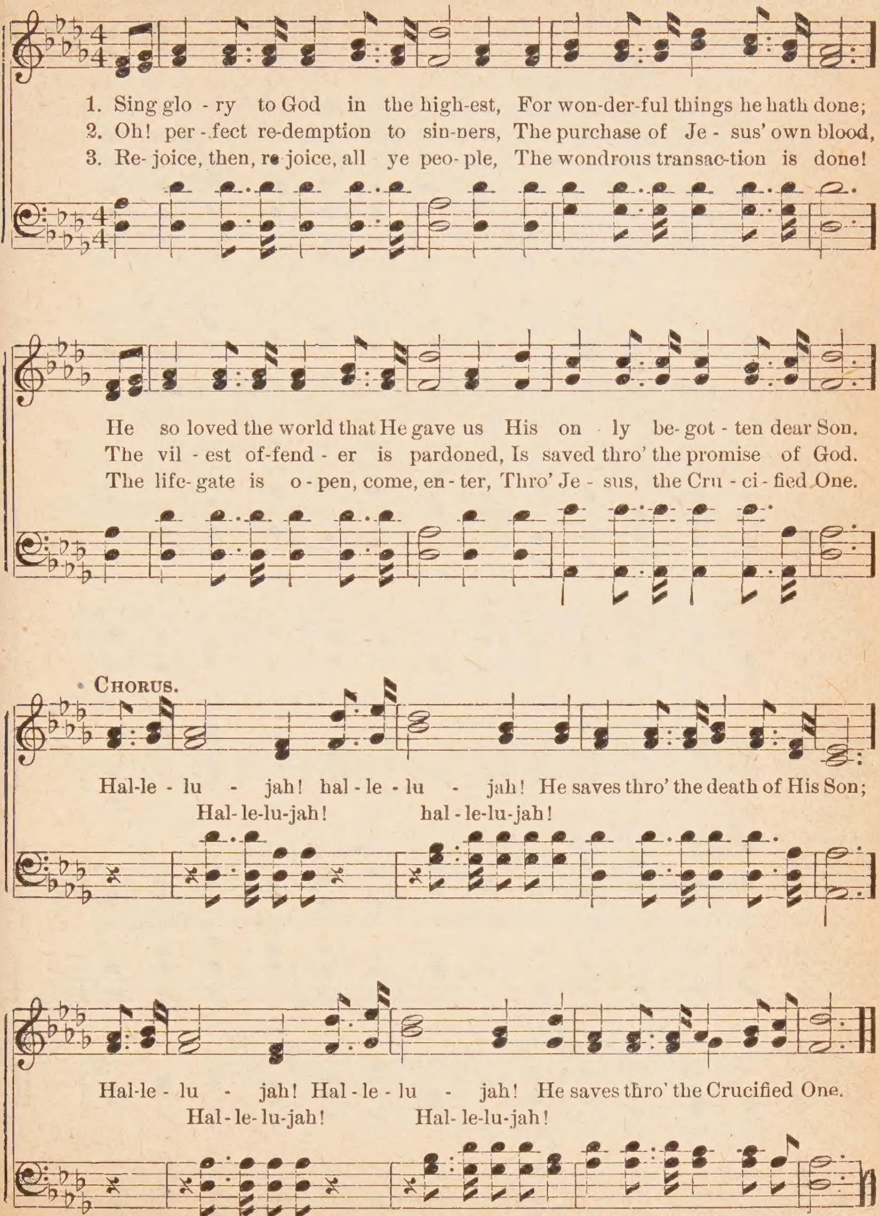
No. 119.

He Saves.

John 3: 17.

Frank M. Davis. E. C. Avis.


1. Sing glo - ry to God in the high-est, For won-der-ful things he hath done;
2. Oh! per - fect re-demption to sin-ners, The purchase of Je - sus' own blood,
3. Re- joice, then, re joice, all ye peo- ple, The wondrous transac-tion is done!
He so loved the world that He gave us His on - ly be- got - ten dear Son.
The vil - est of-fend - er is pardoned, Is saved thro' the promise of God.
The life- gate is o - pen, come, en - ter, Thro' Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied One.
Chorus.
Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! He saves thro' the death of His Son;
Hal- le-lu-jah! hal - le-lu-jah!
Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! He saves thro' the Crucified One.
Hal - le- lu-jah! Hal- le-lu-jah!

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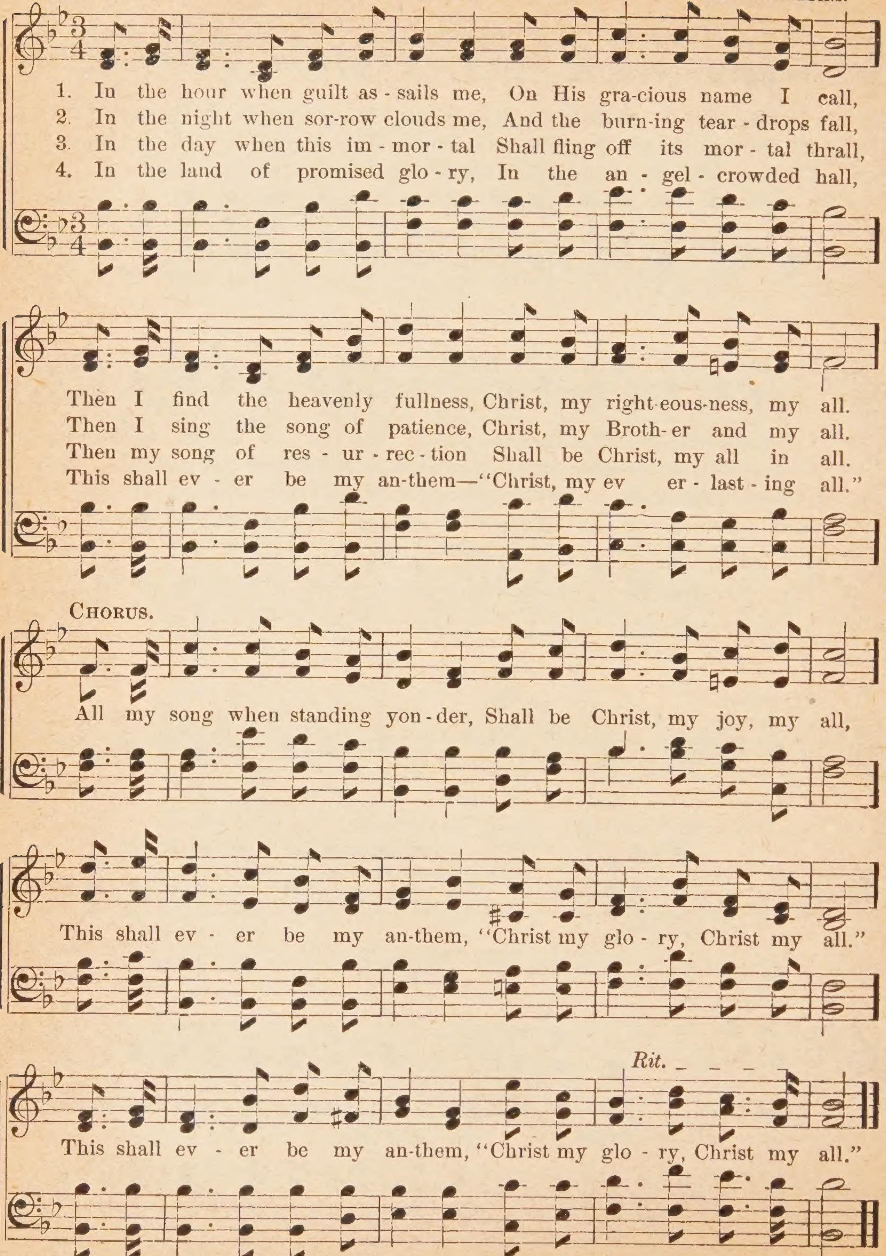
No. 120.

Christ, my All.

Horatius Bonar, D. D. *"Christ is all, and in all."*—Col. 3 : 11. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. In the hour when guilt as-sails me, On His gra-cious name I call,
2. In the night when sor-row clouds me, And the burn-ing tear-drops fall,
3. In the day when this im-mor-tal Shall fling off its mor-tal thrall,
4. In the land of promised glo-ry, In the an-gel-crowded hall,
Then I find the heavenly fullness, Christ, my right-eous-ness, my all.
Then I sing the song of patience, Christ, my Broth-er and my all.
Then my song of res-ur-rec-tion Shall be Christ, my all in all.
This shall ev-er be my an-them—"Christ, my ev-er-last-ing all."
Chorus.
All my song when standing yon-der, Shall be Christ, my joy, my all,
This shall ev-er be my an-them, "Christ my glo-ry, Christ my all."
Rit.
This shall ev-er be my an-them, "Christ my glo-ry, Christ my all."

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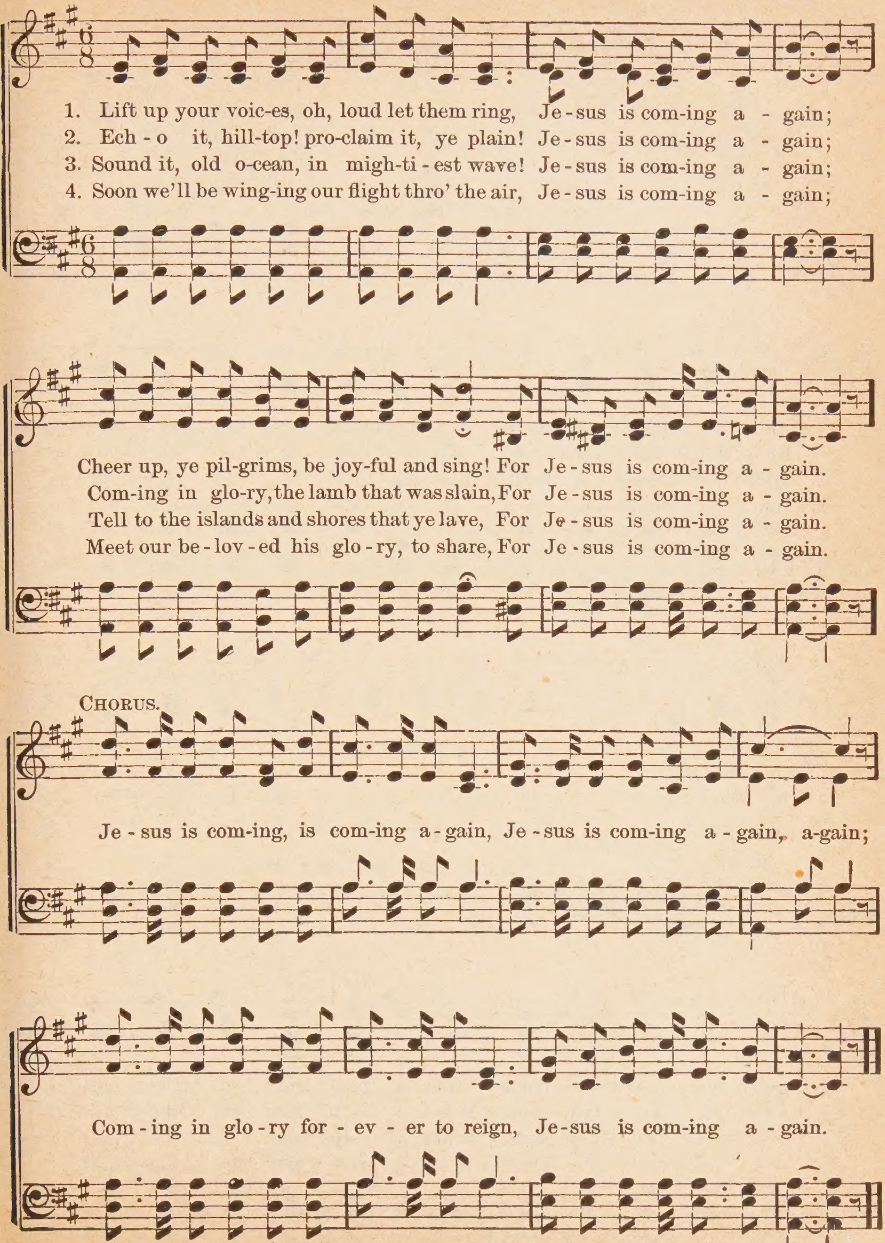
No. 121.

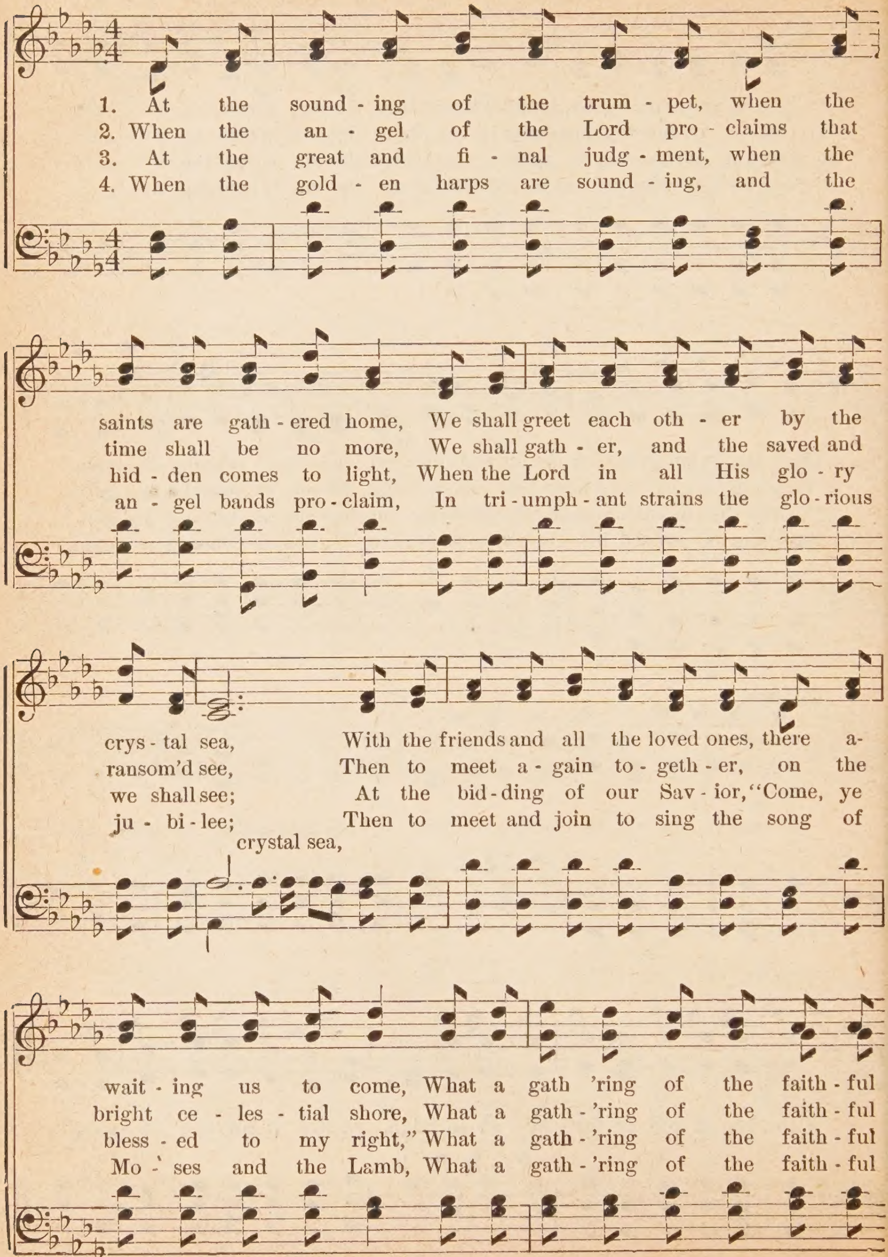
Jesus is Coming.

Jessie E. Strout. Mark viii. 38. P. Bilhorn.


1. Lift up your voic-es, oh, loud let them ring, Je-sus is com-ing a - gain;
2. Ech - o it, hill-top! pro-claim it, ye plain! Je-sus is com-ing a - gain;
3. Sound it, old o-cean, in migh-ti-est wave! Je-sus is com-ing a - gain;
4. Soon we'll be wing-ing our flight thro' the air, Je-sus is com-ing a - gain;
Cheer up, ye pil-grims, be joy-ful and sing! For Je-sus is com-ing a - gain.
Com-ing in glo-ry, the lamb that was slain, For Je-sus is com-ing a - gain.
Tell to the islands and shores that ye lave, For Je-sus is com-ing a - gain.
Meet our be-lov-ed his glo-ry, to share, For Je-sus is com-ing a - gain.
Chorus.
Je-sus is com-ing, is com-ing a-gain, Je-sus is com-ing a-gain, a-gain;
Com-ing in glo-ry for-ev-er to reign, Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.

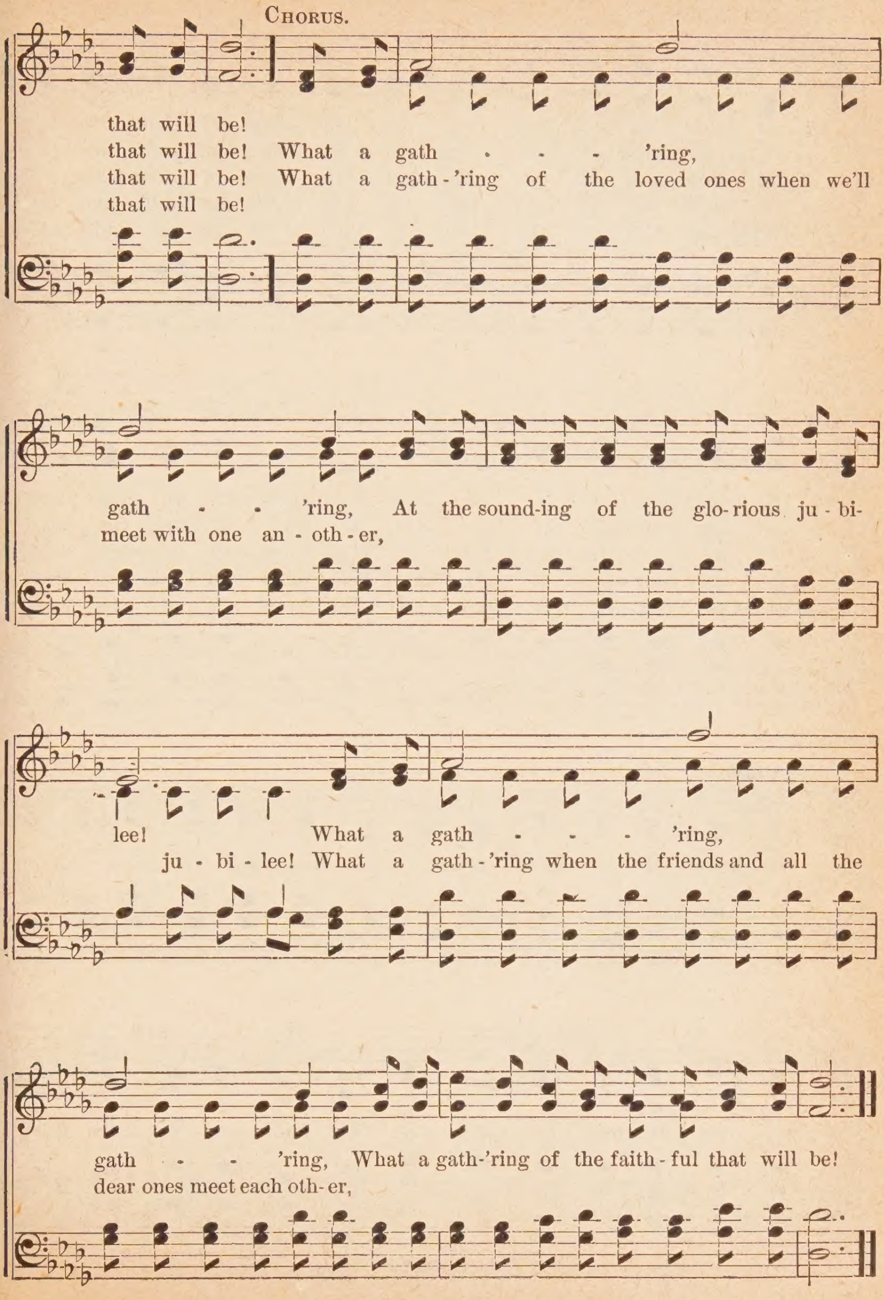
No. 122. What a Gathering That will be.

J. H. K. J. H. Kurzenknabe


1. At the sound - ing of the trum - pet, when the
2. When the an - gel of the Lord pro - claims that
3. At the great and fi - nal judg - ment, when the
4. When the gold - en harps are sound - ing, and the
saints are gath - ered home, We shall greet each oth - er by the
time shall be no more, We shall gath - er, and the saved and
hid - den comes to light, When the Lord in all His glo - ry
an - gel bands pro - claim, In tri - umph - ant strains the glo - rious
crys - tal sea, With the friends and all the loved ones, there a-
ransom'd see, Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the
we shall see; At the bid - ding of our Sav - ior, "Come, ye
ju - bi - lee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of
crystal sea,
wait - ing us to come, What a gath 'ring of the faith - ful
bright ce - les - tial shore, What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful
bless - ed to my right," What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful
Mo - ses and the Lamb, What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful

By Permission.

What a Gathering, etc.—Concluded.

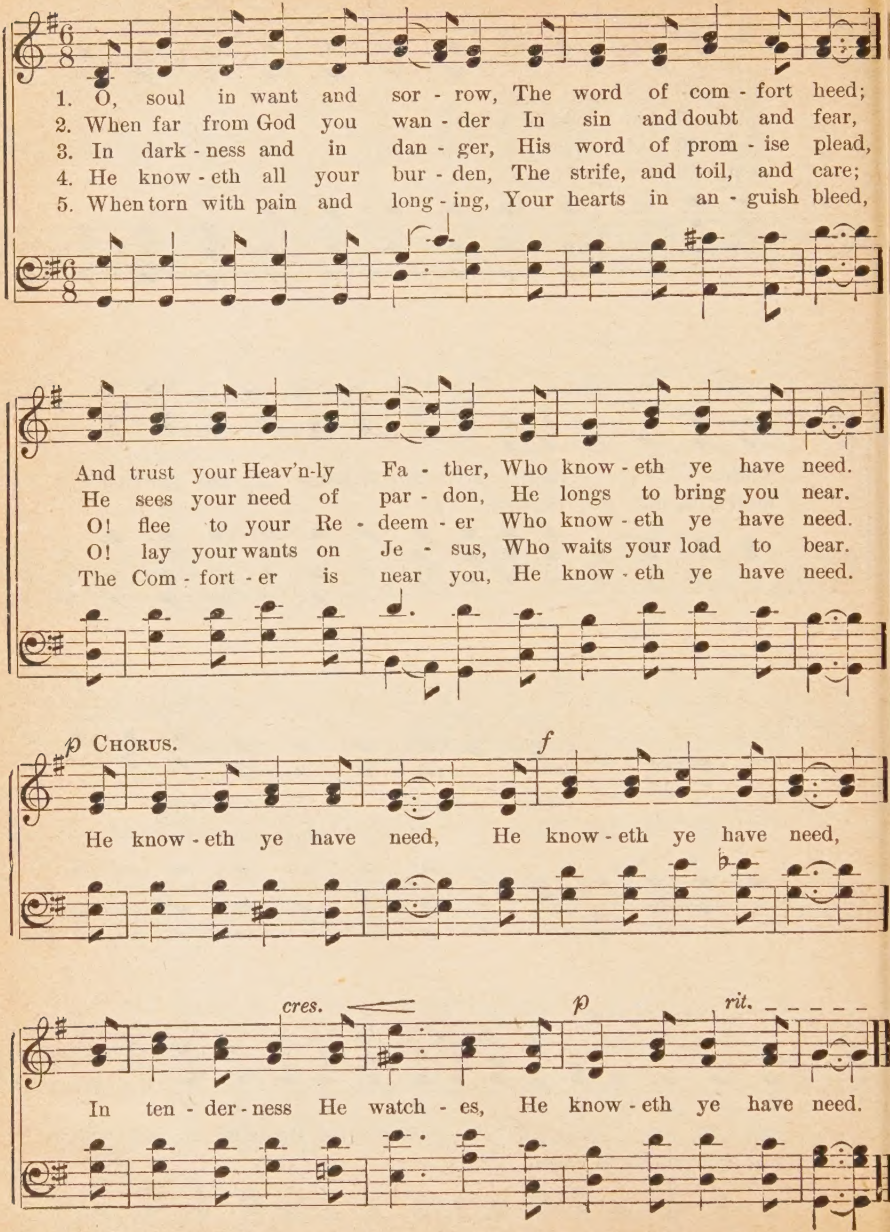

Chorus.
that will be!
that will be! What a gath - - - 'ring,
that will be! What a gath-'ring of the loved ones when we'll
that will be!
gath - - 'ring, At the sound-ing of the glo-rious ju-bi-
meet with one an-oth-er,
lee! What a gath - - - 'ring,
ju-bi-lee! What a gath-'ring when the friends and all the
gath - - 'ring, What a gath-'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
dear ones meet each oth-er,

No. 123. He Knoweth Ye Have Need.

Matt. 6: 32.

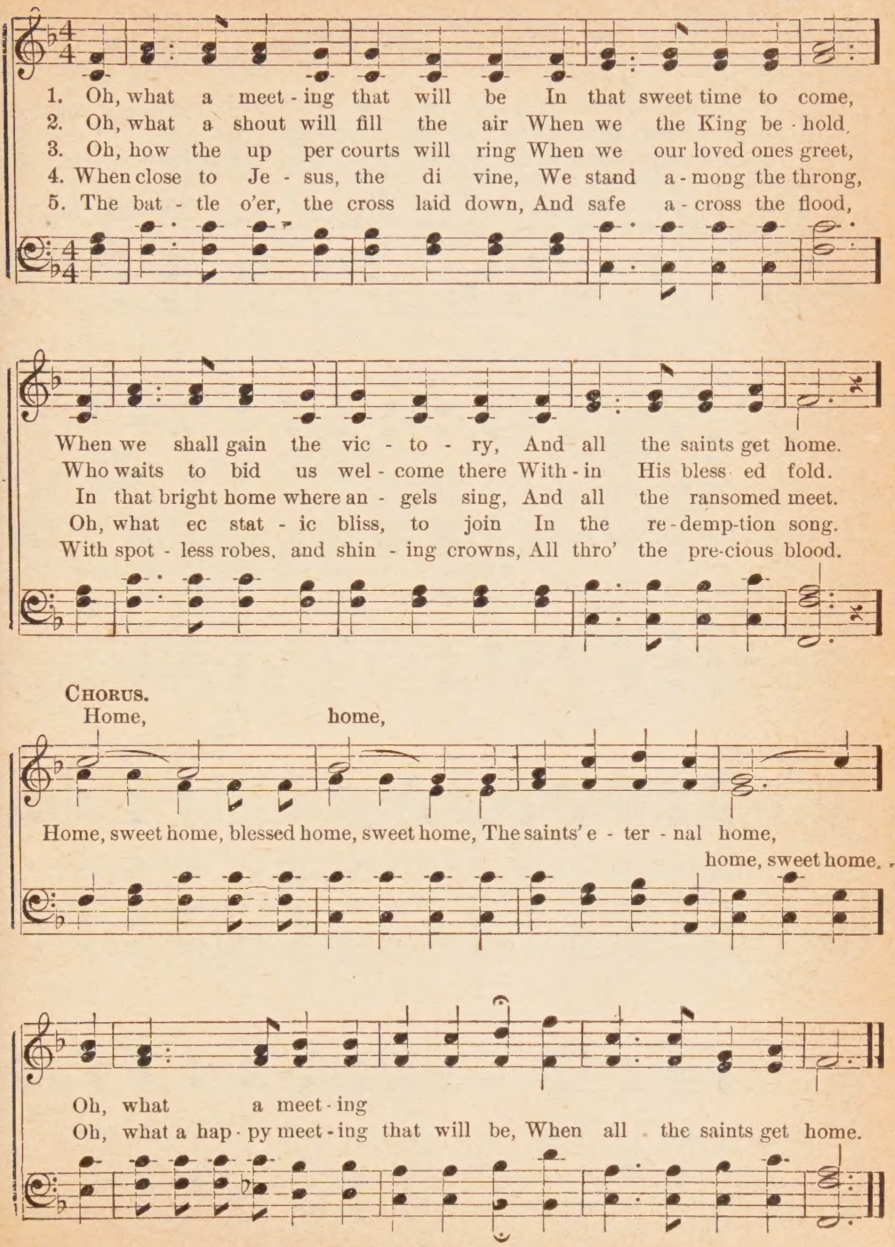
Miss Julia H. Johnston.

P. Bilhorn.


1. O, soul in want and sorrow, The word of comfort heed;
And trust your Heav'n-ly Father, Who know-eth ye have need.
2. When far from God you wander In sin and doubt and fear,
He sees your need of pardon, He longs to bring you near.
3. In darkness and in danger, His word of promise plead,
O! flee to your Redeemer Who know-eth ye have need.
4. He know-eth all your burden, The strife, and toil, and care;
O! lay your wants on Jesus, Who waits your load to bear.
5. When torn with pain and longing, Your hearts in anguish bleed,
The Comforter is near you, He know-eth ye have need.
p
Chorus.
He know-eth ye have need,
f
He know-eth ye have need,
cres.
In tenderness He watches,
p
rit.
He know-eth ye have need.

No. 124. When All the Saints Get Home.

Mrs. Harriet Jones. D. B. Towner.


1. Oh, what a meet-ing that will be In that sweet time to come,
2. Oh, what a shout will fill the air When we the King be-hold,
3. Oh, how the up per courts will ring When we our loved ones greet,
4. When close to Je-sus, the di vine, We stand a-mong the throng,
5. The bat-tle o'er, the cross laid down, And safe a-cross the flood,
When we shall gain the vic-to-ry, And all the saints get home.
Who waits to bid us wel-come there With-in His bless-ed fold.
In that bright home where an-gels sing, And all the ransomed meet.
Oh, what ec stat-ic bliss, to join In the re-demp-tion song.
With spot-less robes, and shin-ing crowns, All thro' the pre-cious blood.
Chorus.
Home, home,
Home, sweet home, blessed home, sweet home, The saints' e-ter-nal home,
home, sweet home.
Oh, what a meet-ing
Oh, what a hap-py meet-ing that will be, When all the saints get home.

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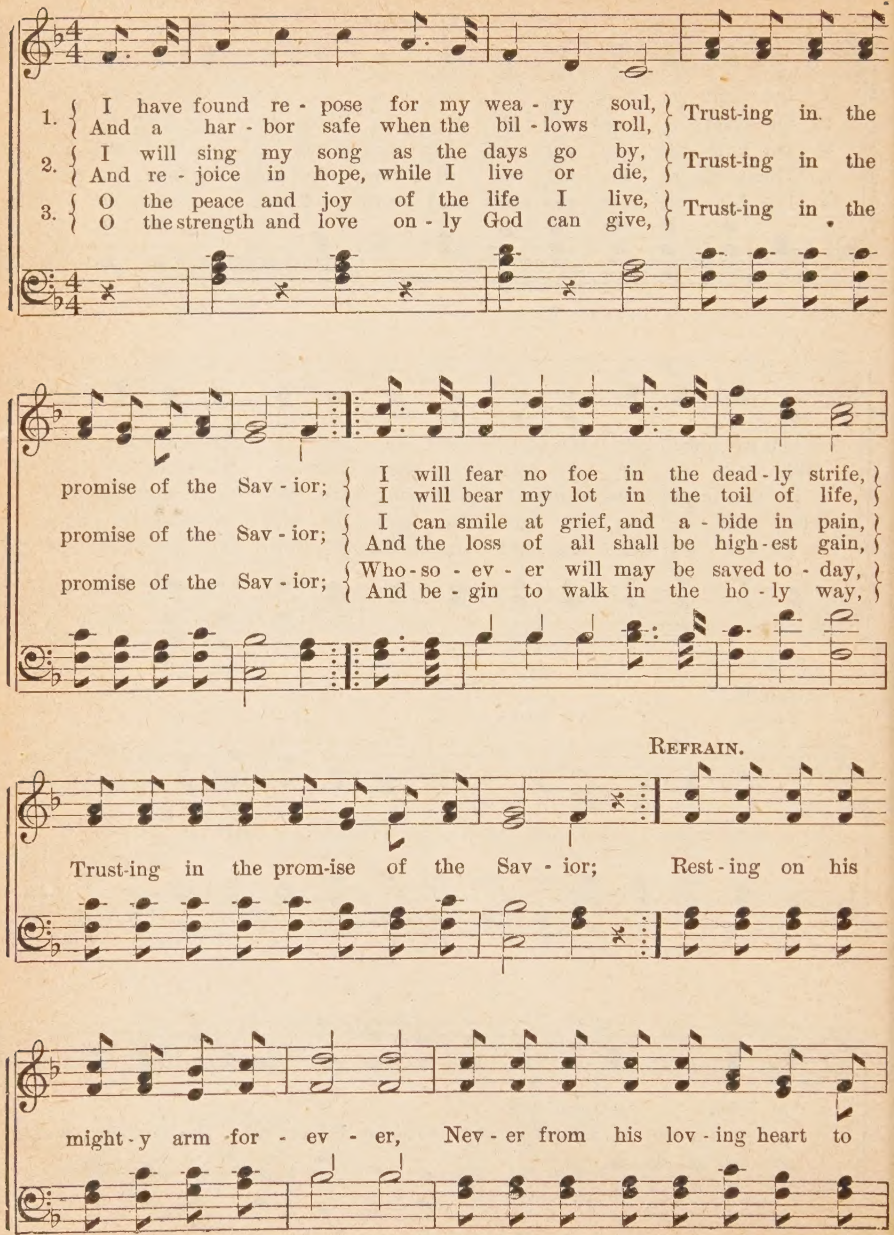
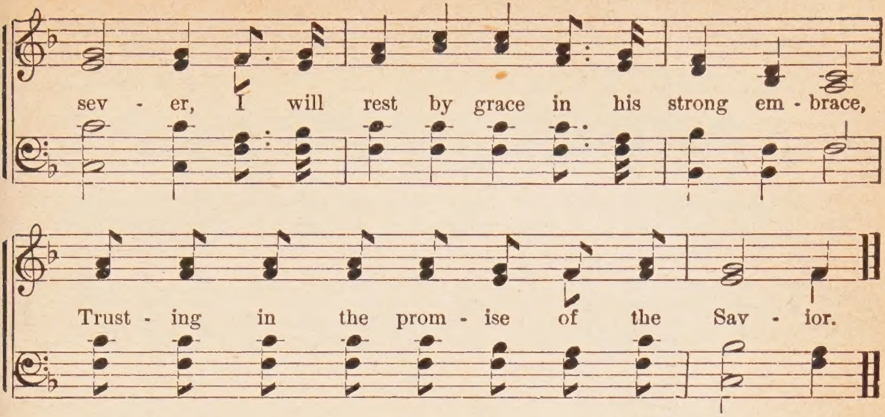
No. 125. Trusting in the Promise.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. E. S. Lorenz.


1. I have found re - pose for my wea - ry soul, Trust-ing in the promise of the Sav - ior;
And a har - bor safe when the bil - lows roll,
2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trust-ing in the promise of the Sav - ior;
And re - joice in hope, while I live or die,
3. O the peace and joy of the life I live, Trust-ing in the promise of the Sav - ior;
O the strength and love on - ly God can give,
I will fear no foe in the dead - ly strife,
I will bear my lot in the toil of life,
I can smile at grief, and a - bide in pain,
And the loss of all shall be high - est gain,
Who - so - ev - er will may be saved to - day,
And be - gin to walk in the ho - ly way,
Trust-ing in the prom-ise of the Sav - ior;
Refrain.
Rest - ing on his might - y arm for - ev - er,
Nev - er from his lov - ing heart to

From "Songs of Refreshing," by per.

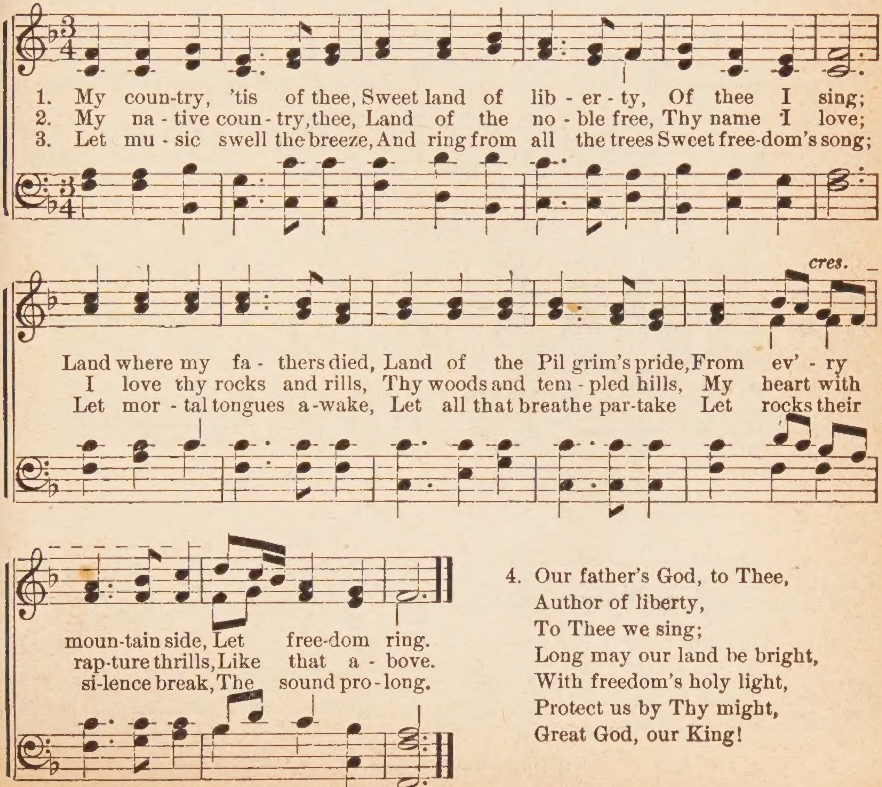
Trusting in the Promise. Concluded.


sev - er, I will rest by grace in his strong em - brace,
Trust - ing in the prom - ise of the Sav - ior.

No. 126. My Country, ’tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith.

AMERICA.

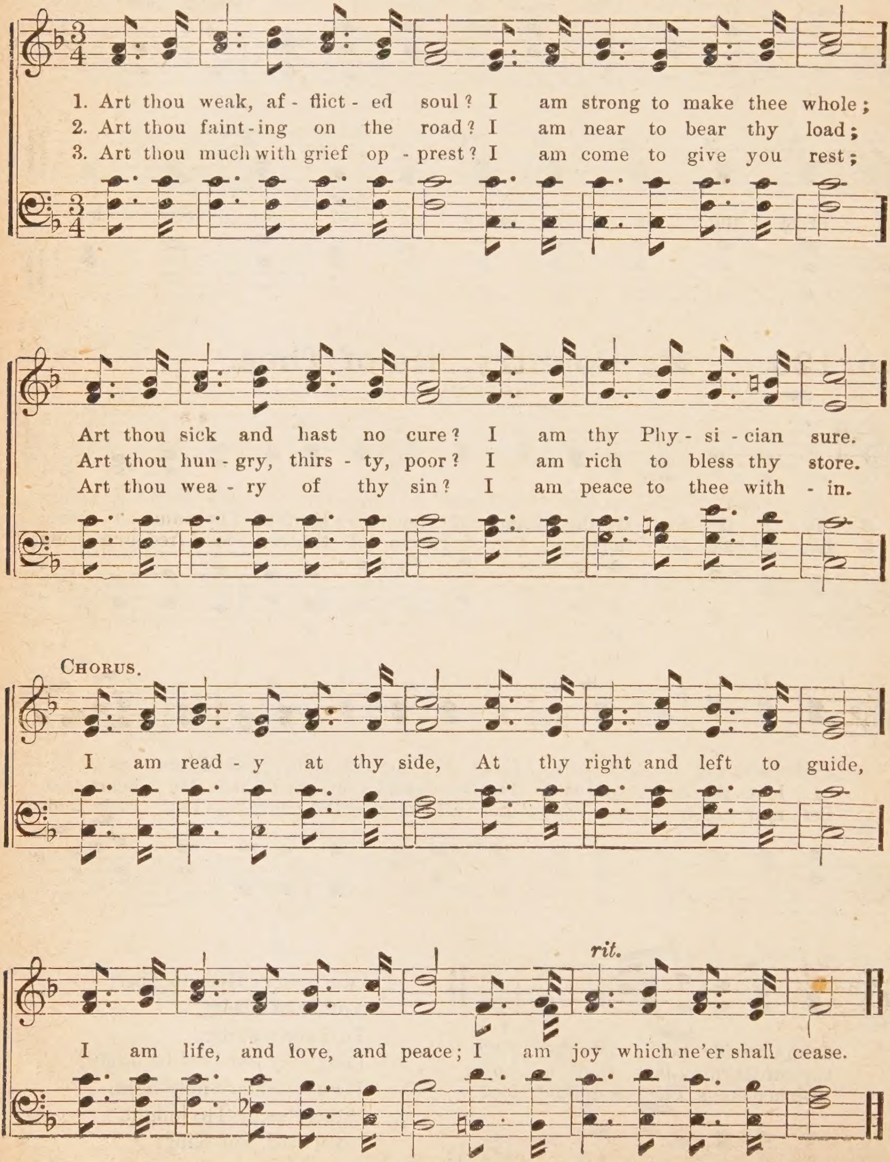

1. My coun-try, ’tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing;
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love;
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet free-dom’s song;
Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the Pil grim’s pride, From ev’ - ry
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills, My heart with
Let mor - tal tongues a-wake, Let all that breathe par-take Let rocks their
cres.
moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring.
rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
si-lence break, The sound pro - long.

4. Our father’s God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom’s holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

No. 127. An All-Sufficient Savior.

"*But my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.*"—Phil. 4: 19.

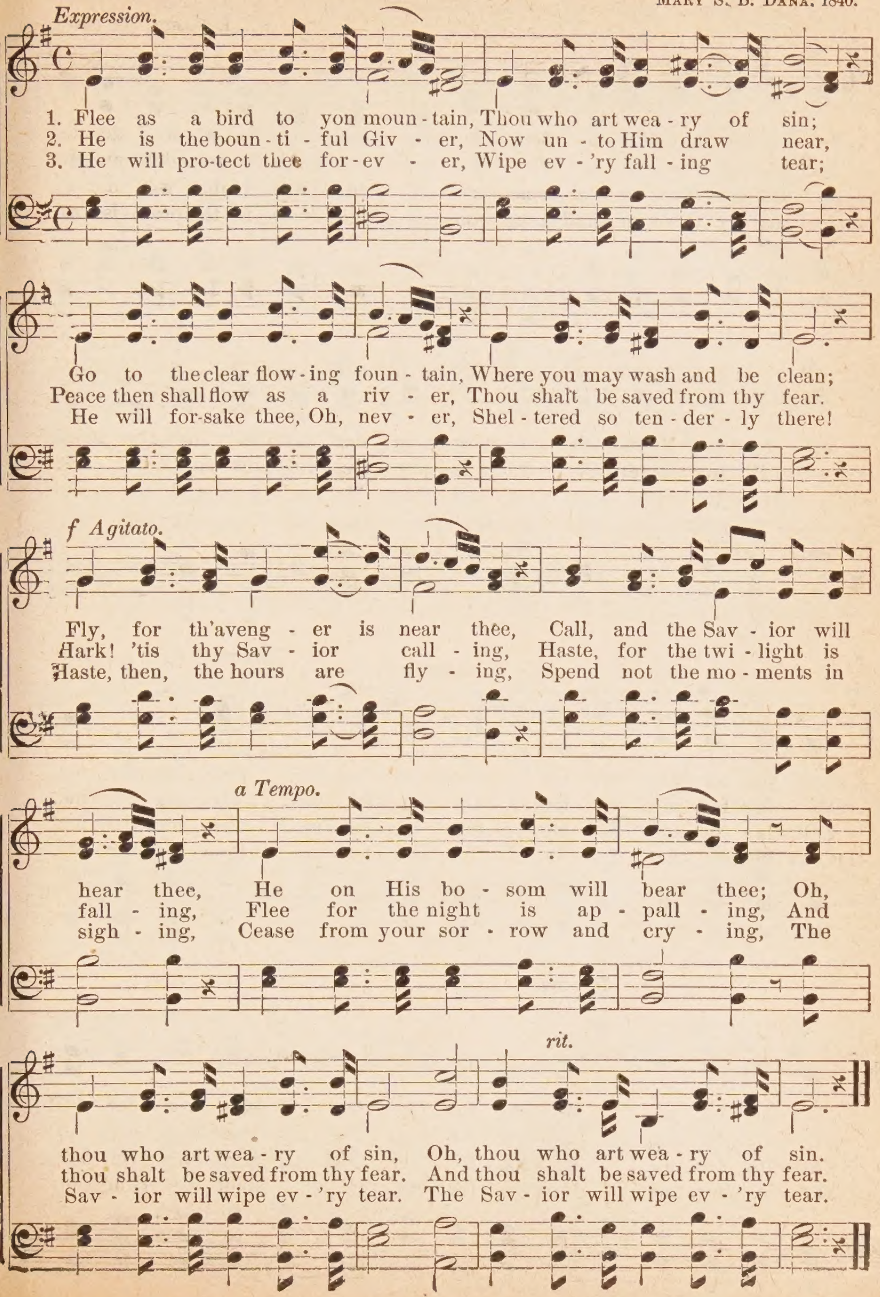
Words arr. by P. B. P. BILHORN.


1. Art thou weak, af - flict - ed soul? I am strong to make thee whole;
2. Art thou faint-ing on the road? I am near to bear thy load;
3. Art thou much with grief op - prest? I am come to give you rest;
Art thou sick and hast no cure? I am thy Phy - si - cian sure.
Art thou hun - gry, thirs - ty, poor? I am rich to bless thy store.
Art thou wea - ry of thy sin? I am peace to thee with - in.
CHORUS.
I am read - y at thy side, At thy right and left to guide,
rit.
I am life, and love, and peace; I am joy which ne'er shall cease.

No. 128.

Flee as a Bird.

Mary S. B. Dana. 1840.

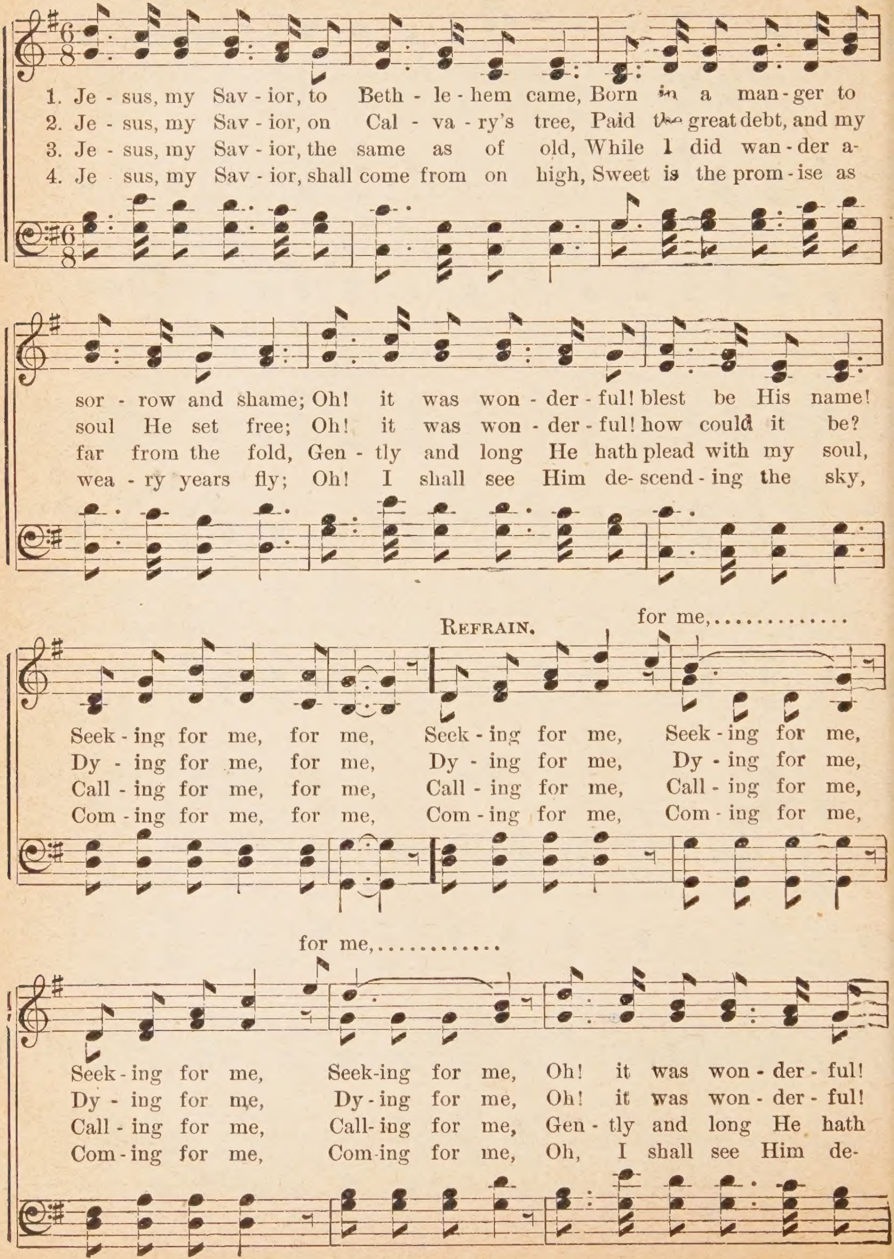

Expression.
1. Flee as a bird to yon moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin;
2. He is the boun - ti - ful Giv - er, Now un - to Him draw near,
3. He will pro-tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear;
Go to the clear flow - ing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean;
Peace then shall flow as a riv - er, Thou shalt be saved from thy fear.
He will for-sake thee, Oh, nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there!
f Agitato.
Fly, for th'aveng - er is near thee, Call, and the Sav - ior will
Hark! 'tis thy Sav - ior call - ing, Haste, for the twi - light is
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the mo - ments in
a Tempo.
hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear thee; Oh,
fall - ing, Flee for the night is ap - pall - ing, And
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The
rit.
thou who art wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
thou shalt be saved from thy fear. And thou shalt be saved from thy fear.
Sav - ior will wipe ev - 'ry tear. The Sav - ior will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

No. 129.

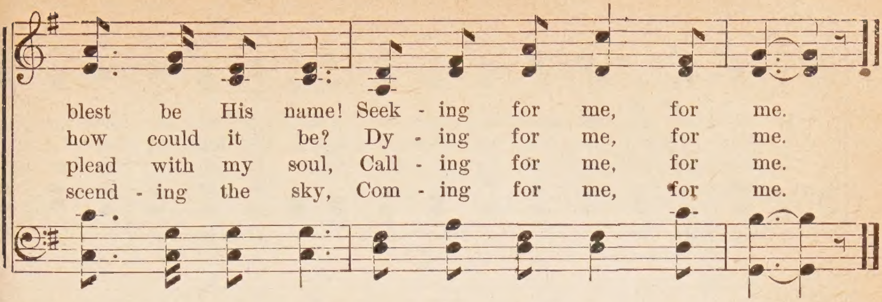
Seeking for Me.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lo "—Luke 19: 10.

E. E. Hasty. By per.

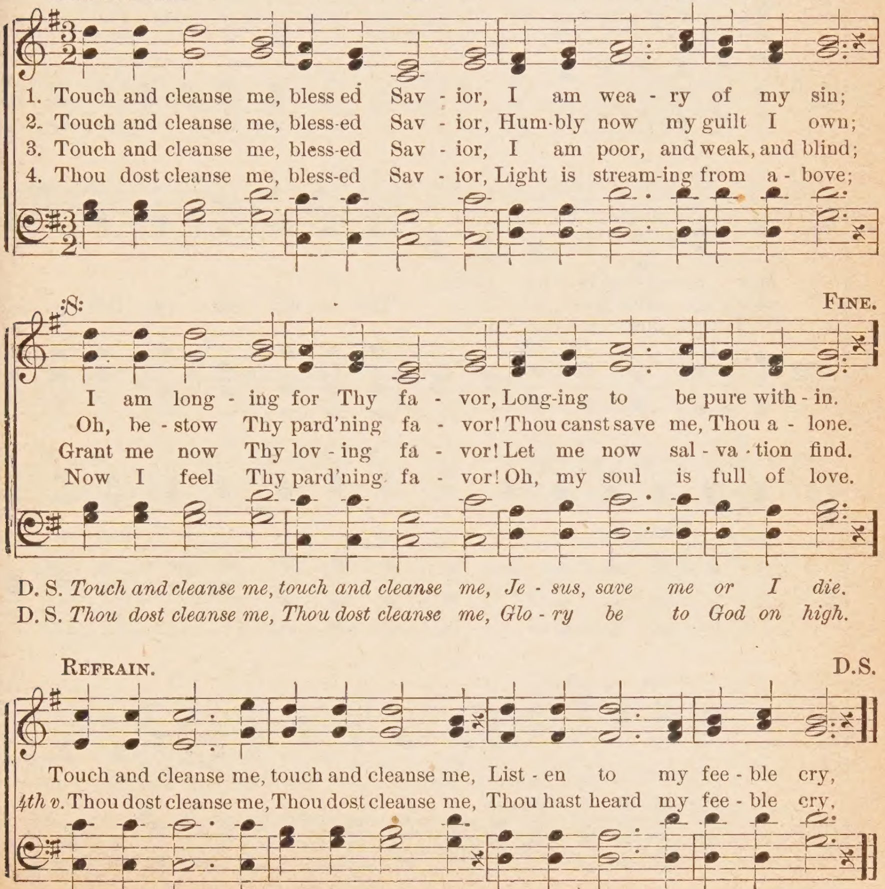

1. Jesus, my Savior, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame; Oh! it was wonderful! blest be His name!
2. Jesus, my Savior, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free; Oh! it was wonderful! how could it be?
3. Jesus, my Savior, the same as of old, While I did wander afar from the fold, Gently and long He hath plead with my soul,
4. Jesus, my Savior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly; Oh! I shall see Him descending the sky,
Refrain.
for me,............
Seeking for me, for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Oh! it was wonderful!
Dying for me, for me, Dying for me, Dying for me, Dying for me, Dying for me, Oh! it was wonderful!
Calling for me, for me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Gently and long He hath
Coming for me, for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Oh, I shall see Him de-
for me,............

Seeking for Me.—Concluded.


blest be His name! Seek - ing for me, for me.
how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.
scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.

No. 130. Touch and Cleanse Me.

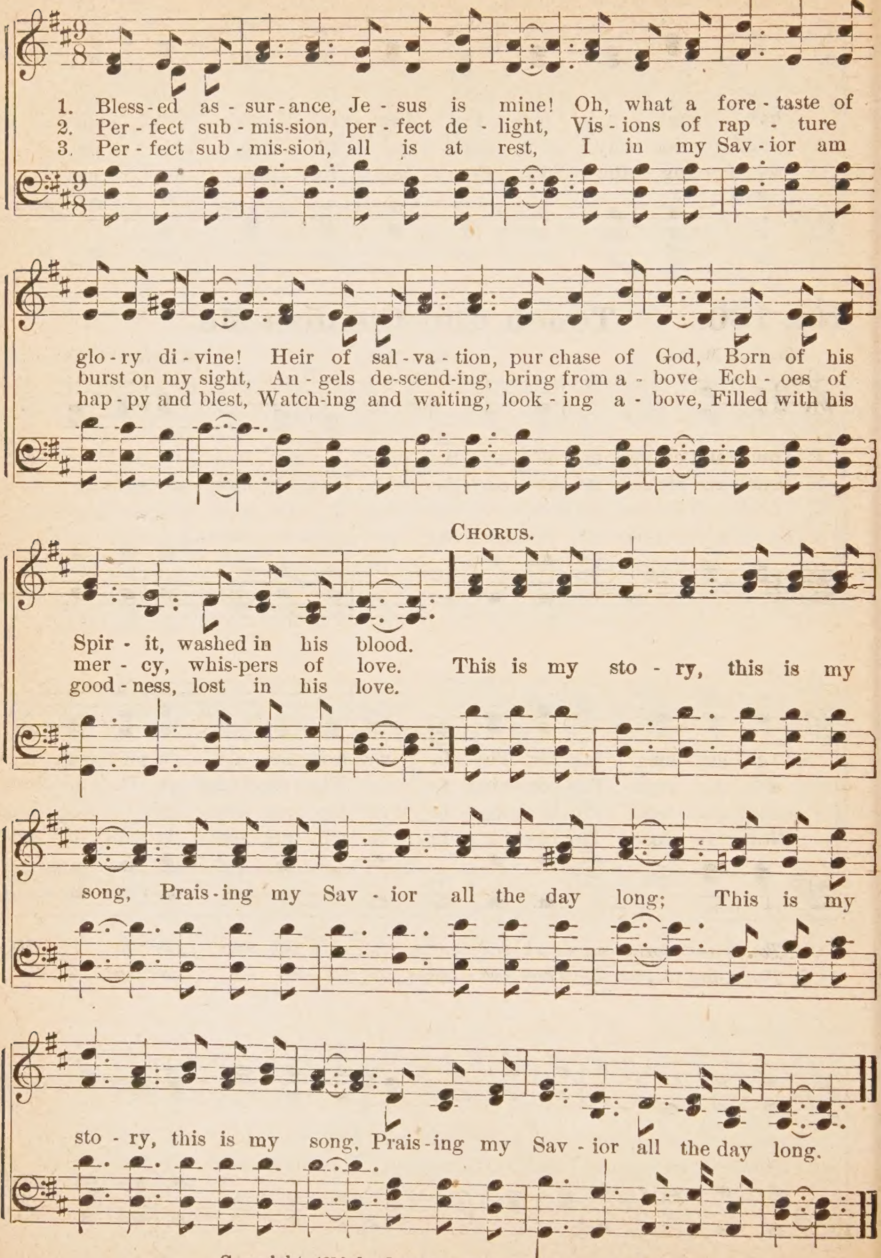
Mary F. Marsh. Matt. 8: 3. Warren W. Bentley.


1. Touch and cleanse me, bless ed Sav - ior, I am wea - ry of my sin;
2. Touch and cleanse me, bless-ed Sav - ior, Hum-bly now my guilt I own;
3. Touch and cleanse me, bless-ed Sav - ior, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
4. Thou dost cleanse me, bless-ed Sav - ior, Light is stream-ing from a - bove;
𝄋
Fine.
I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor, Long-ing to be pure with - in.
Oh, be - stow Thy pard'ning fa - vor! Thou canst save me, Thou a - lone.
Grant me now Thy lov - ing fa - vor! Let me now sal - va - tion find.
Now I feel Thy pard'ning fa - vor! Oh, my soul is full of love.
D. S. Touch and cleanse me, touch and cleanse me, Je - sus, save me or I die.
D. S. Thou dost cleanse me, Thou dost cleanse me, Glo - ry be to God on high.
Refrain.
D.S.
Touch and cleanse me, touch and cleanse me, List - en to my fee - ble cry,
4th v. Thou dost cleanse me, Thou dost cleanse me, Thou hast heard my fee - ble cry,

By permission of S. T. Gordon.

No. 131. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY. *"He is faithful that hath promised."*—Heb. 10: 23. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of his Spir-it, washed in his blood.
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and waiting, look-ing a-bove, Filled with his good-ness, lost in his love.
CHORUS.
This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

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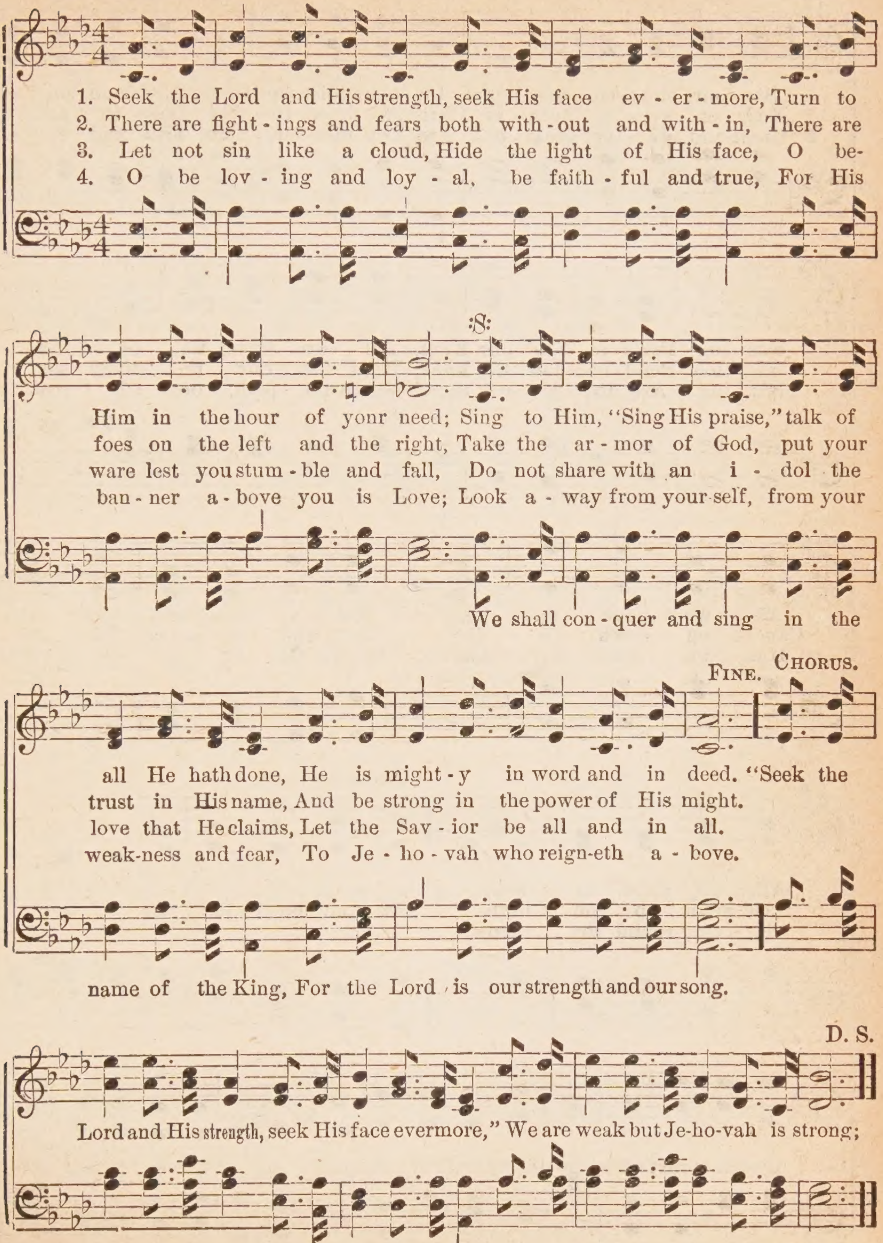
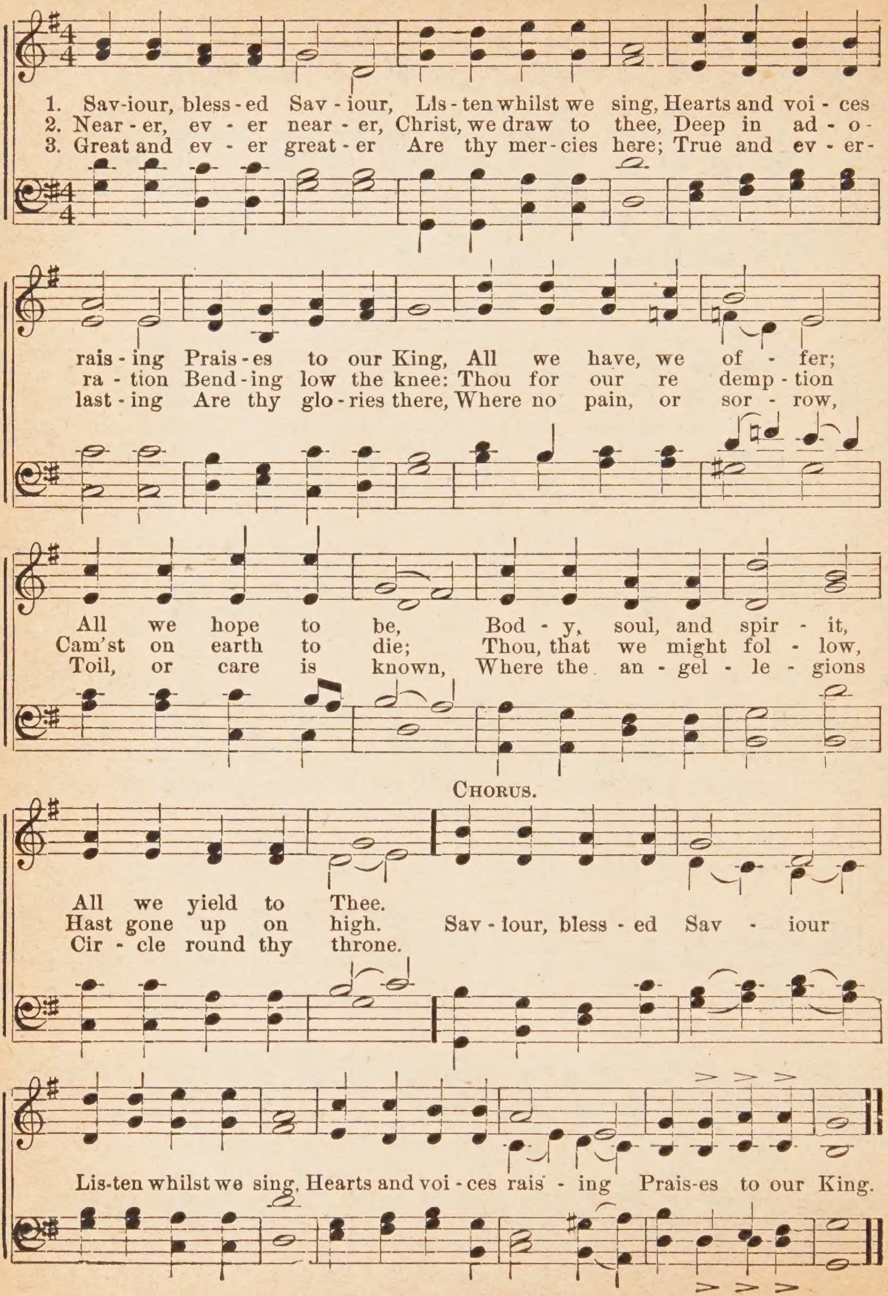
No. 132. Seek The Lord and His Strength.

Miss Julia H. Johnston. Ps. 105: 4. P Bilhorn.


1. Seek the Lord and His strength, seek His face ev - er - more, Turn to
2. There are fight - ings and fears both with - out and with - in, There are
3. Let not sin like a cloud, Hide the light of His face, O be-
4. O be lov - ing and loy - al, be faith - ful and true, For His
𝄋
Him in the hour of yonr need; Sing to Him, "Sing His praise," talk of
foes on the left and the right, Take the ar - mor of God, put your
ware lest you stum - ble and fall, Do not share with an i - dol the
ban - ner a - bove you is Love; Look a - way from your self, from your
We shall con - quer and sing in the
Fine.
Chorus.
all He hath done, He is might - y in word and in deed. "Seek the
trust in His name, And be strong in the power of His might.
love that He claims, Let the Sav - ior be all and in all.
weak-ness and fear, To Je - ho - vah who reign-eth a - bove.
name of the King, For the Lord is our strength and our song.
D. S.
Lord and His strength, seek His face evermore," We are weak but Je-ho-vah is strong;

No. 133. Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

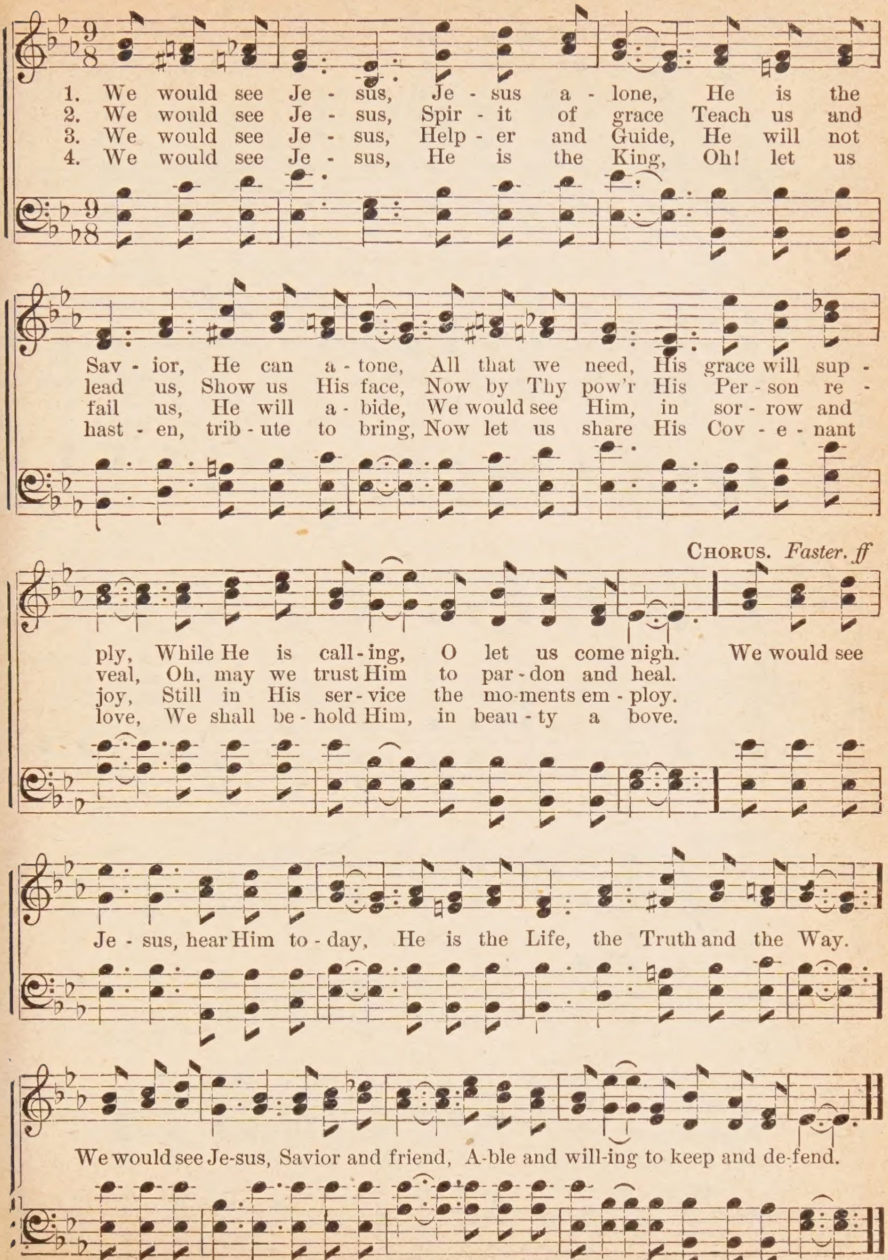
Godfrey Thwing. Haydn.


1. Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, Lis-ten whilst we sing, Hearts and voi-ces
2. Near-er, ev-er near-er, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in ad-o-
3. Great and ev-er great-er Are thy mer-cies here; True and ev-er-
rais-ing Prais-es to our King, All we have, we of-fer;
ra-tion Bend-ing low the knee: Thou for our re demp-tion
last-ing Are thy glo-ries there, Where no pain, or sor-row,
All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul, and spir-it,
Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol-low,
Toil, or care is known, Where the an-gel-le-gions
All we yield to Thee.
Hast gone up on high.
Cir-cle round thy throne.
Chorus.
Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour
Lis-ten whilst we sing, Hearts and voi-ces rais-ing Prais-es to our King.

No. 134. We Would See Jesus.

Miss Julia H. Johnston.

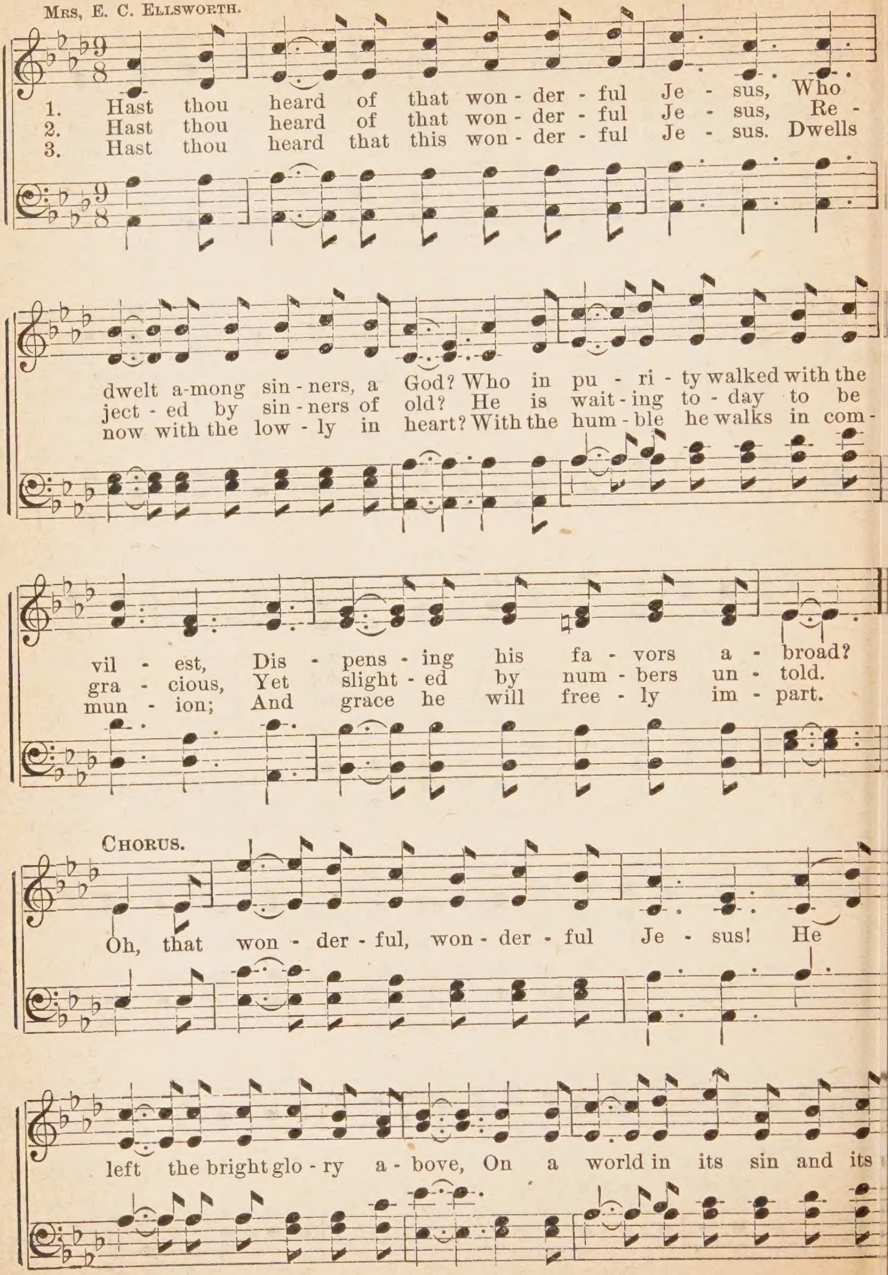
P. Bilhorn.


1. We would see Je - sus, Je - sus a - lone, He is the
2. We would see Je - sus, Spir - it of grace Teach us and
3. We would see Je - sus, Help - er and Guide, He will not
4. We would see Je - sus, He is the King, Oh! let us
Sav - ior, He can a - tone, All that we need, His grace will sup -
lead us, Show us His face, Now by Thy pow'r His Per - son re -
fail us, He will a - bide, We would see Him, in sor - row and
hast - en, trib - ute to bring, Now let us share His Cov - e - nant
ply, While He is call - ing, O let us come nigh.
veal, Oh, may we trust Him to par - don and heal.
joy, Still in His ser - vice the mo-ments em - ploy.
love, We shall be - hold Him, in beau - ty a bove.
Chorus. Faster. ff
We would see
Je - sus, hear Him to - day, He is the Life, the Truth and the Way.
We would see Je-sus, Savior and friend, A-ble and will-ing to keep and de-fend.

No. 135. Hast Thou heard of Jesus?

J. H. Tenny.

Mrs, E. C. Ellsworth.


1. Hast thou heard of that won - der - ful Je - sus, Who dwelt a-mong sin - ners, a God? Who in pu - ri - ty walked with the vil - est, Dis - pens - ing his fa - vors a - broad?
2. Hast thou heard of that won - der - ful Je - sus, Re - ject - ed by sin - ners of old? He is wait - ing to - day to be gra - cious, Yet slight - ed by num - bers un - told.
3. Hast thou heard that this won - der - ful Je - sus. Dwells now with the low - ly in heart? With the hum - ble he walks in com - mun - ion; And grace he will free - ly im - part.
Chorus.
Oh, that won - der - ful, won - der - ful Je - sus! He left the bright glo - ry a - bove, On a world in its sin and its

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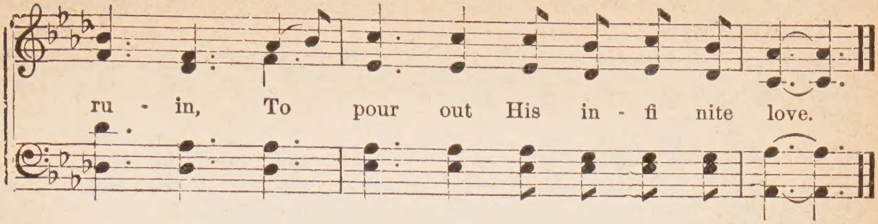
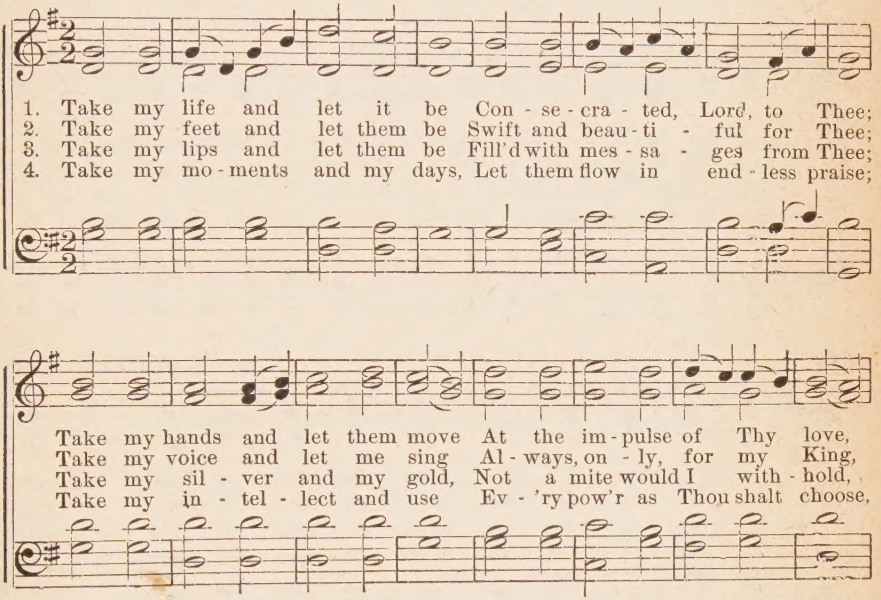
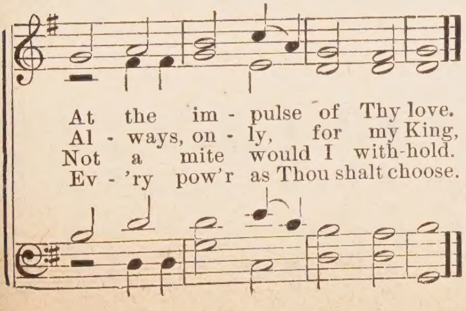
Hast Thou heard of Jesus? Concluded.



No. 136. Take my Life and let it Be.

Frances R. Havergall. HENDON. **C. H. A. Malan.**


1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa - ges from Thee;
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love,
Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King,
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold,
Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose,


At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Al - ways, on - ly, for my King,
Not a mite would I with-hold.
Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

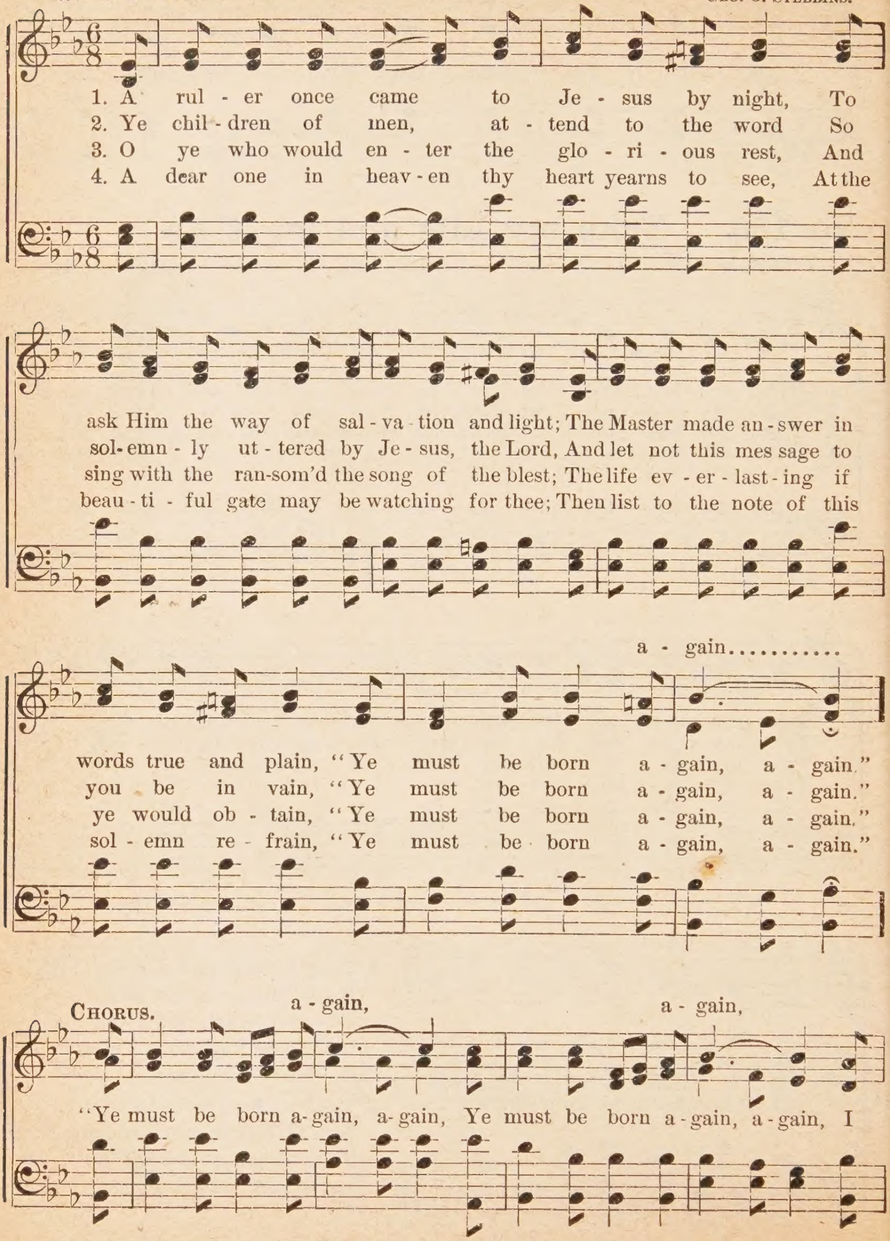
5 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal Throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only. all for Thee.

No. 137. Ye Must be Born Again.

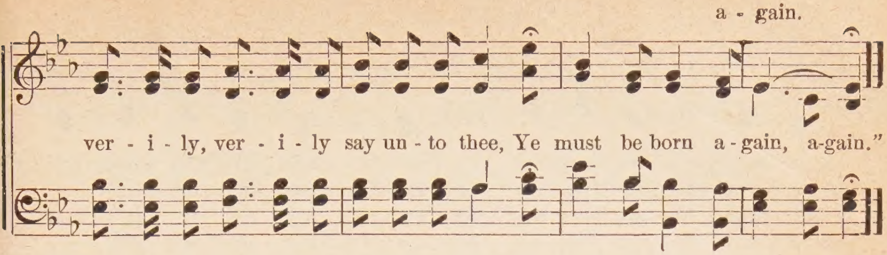
Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3: 3

REV. W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born again, again."
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain, "Ye must be born again, again."
3. O ye who would enter the glorious rest, And sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest; The life everlasting if ye would obtain, "Ye must be born again, again."
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this solemn refrain, "Ye must be born again, again."
again...........
CHORUS.
again,
again,
"Ye must be born again, again, Ye must be born again, again, I

By permission of F. H. Revell.

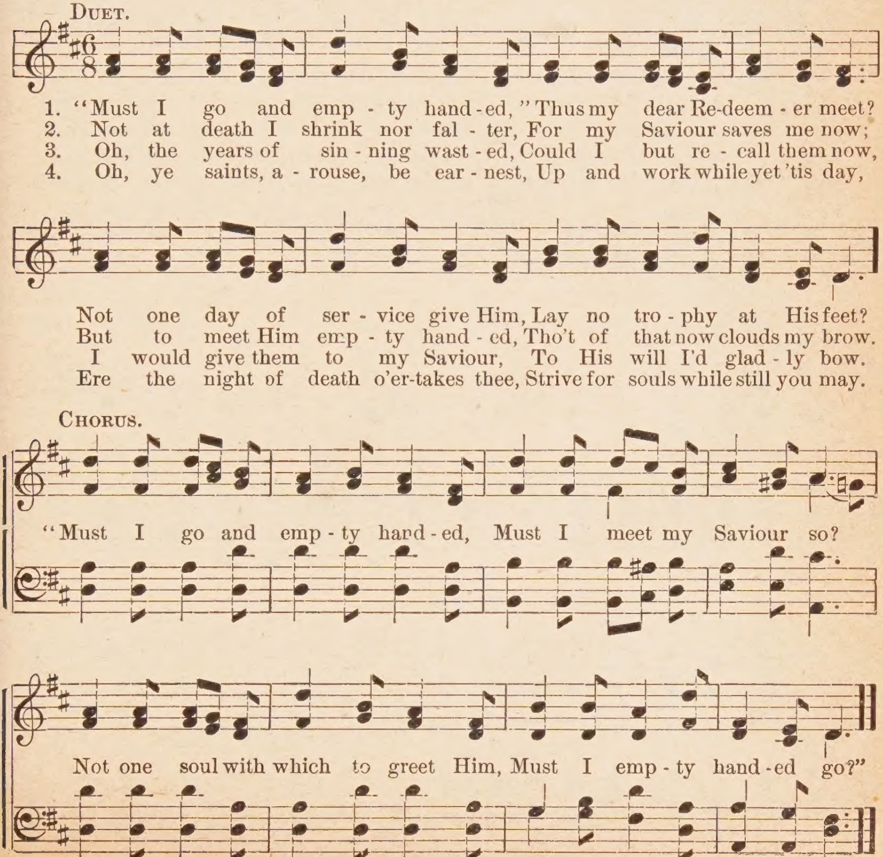
Ye Must be Born Again.—Concluded.


a - gain.
ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain."

No. 138. Must I Go, and Empty Handed?

After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly thirty years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go, and empty handed?"*

C. C. LUTHER. Dan. 12: 3. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

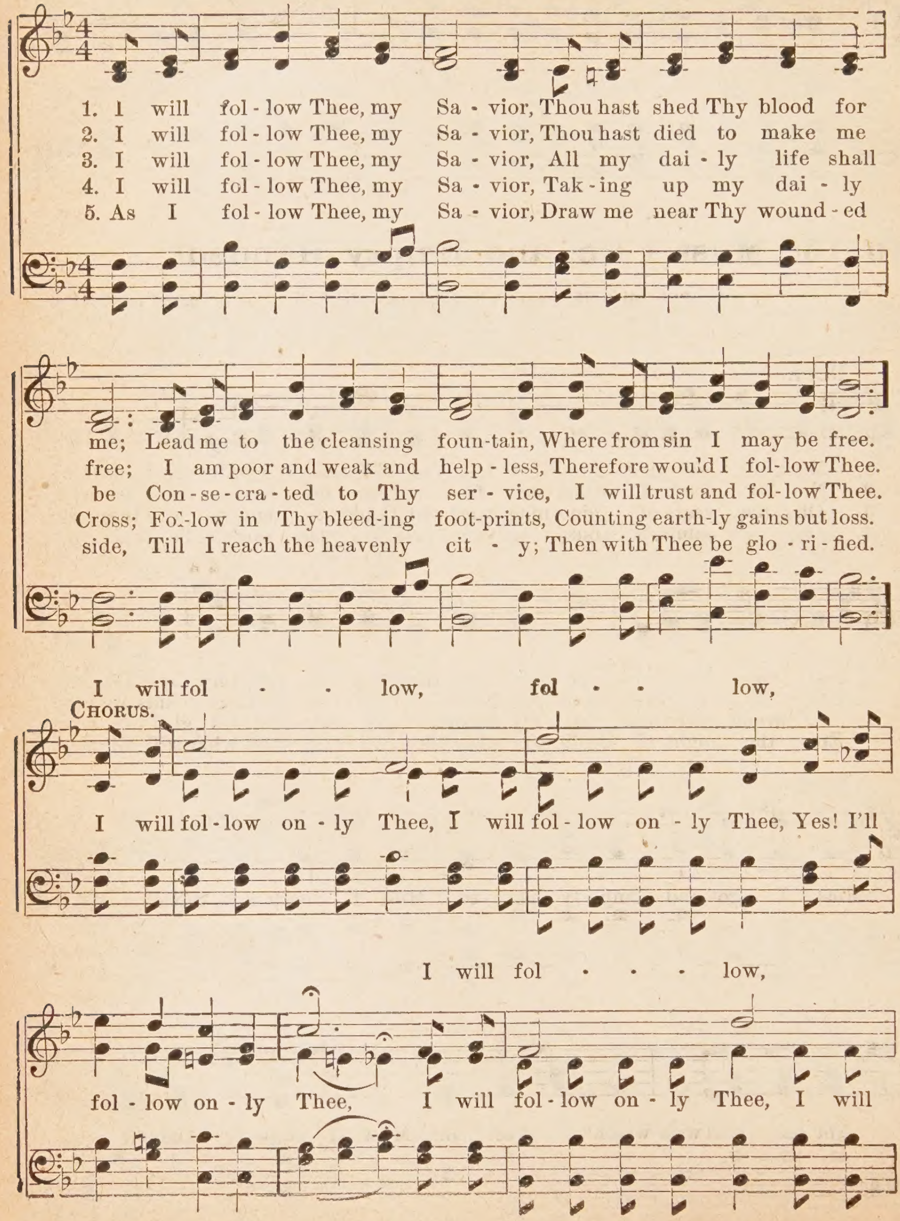

DUET.
1. "Must I go and emp - ty hand - ed," Thus my dear Re-deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Saviour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a - rouse, be ear - nest, Up and work while yet 'tis day,
Not one day of ser - vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
But to meet Him emp - ty hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Saviour, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.
CHORUS.
"Must I go and emp - ty hand - ed, Must I meet my Saviour so?
Not one soul with which to greet Him, Must I emp - ty hand - ed go?"

By permission.

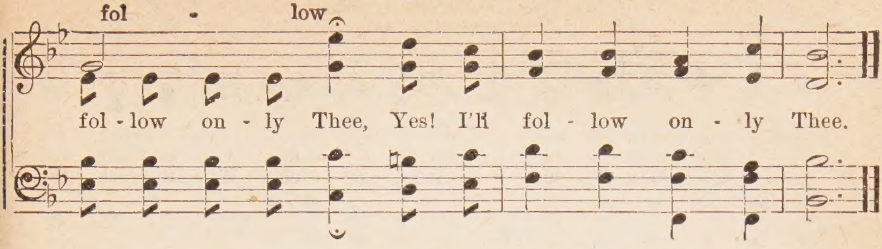
No. 139. I will Follow Thee, my Savior.

P. B.

PETER BILHORN.


1. I will fol - low Thee, my Sa - vior, Thou hast shed Thy blood for
2. I will fol - low Thee, my Sa - vior, Thou hast died to make me
3. I will fol - low Thee, my Sa - vior, All my dai - ly life shall
4. I will fol - low Thee, my Sa - vior, Tak - ing up my dai - ly
5. As I fol - low Thee, my Sa - vior, Draw me near Thy wound - ed
me; Lead me to the cleansing foun-tain, Where from sin I may be free.
free; I am poor and weak and help - less, Therefore would I fol-low Thee.
be Con - se - cra - ted to Thy ser - vice, I will trust and fol-low Thee.
Cross; Fol-low in Thy bleed-ing foot-prints, Counting earth-ly gains but loss.
side, Till I reach the heavenly cit - y; Then with Thee be glo - ri - fied.
I will fol - - low, fol - - low,
CHORUS.
I will fol - low on - ly Thee, I will fol - low on - ly Thee, Yes! I'll
I will fol - - - low,
fol - low on - ly Thee, I will fol - low on - ly Thee, I will

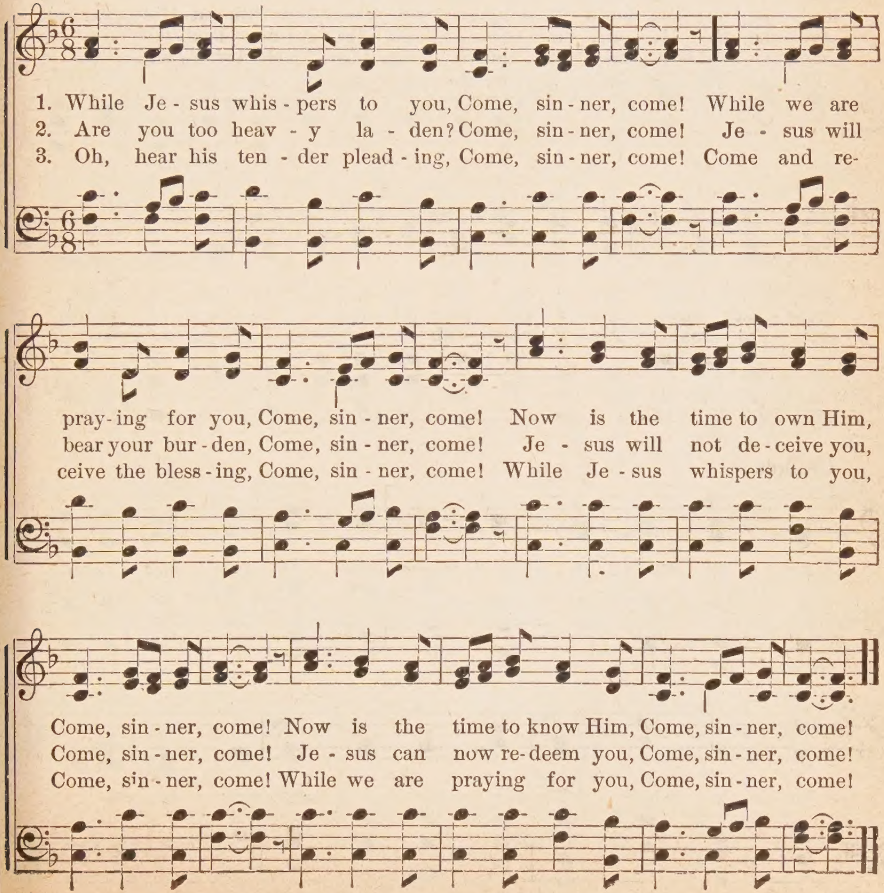
I will Follow Thee.—Concluded.



No. 140. While Jesus whispers.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—Matt. 9: 28.

W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.

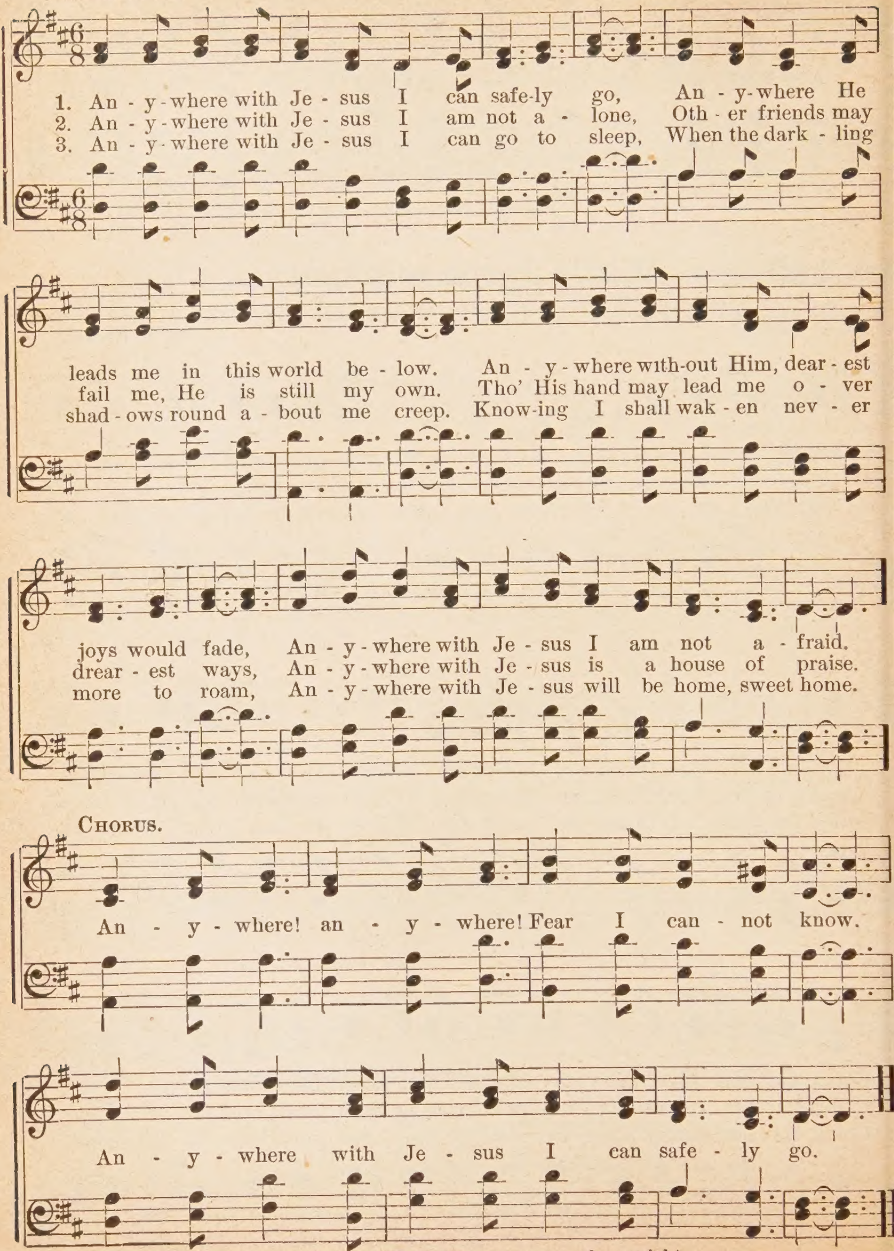

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear his ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-
pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de - ceive you,
ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,
Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

Copyright 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

No. 141. Anywhere with Jesus.

"I will trust and not be afraid."—Isaiah 12: 2.

Jessie H. Brown. D. B. Towner.


1. Any-where with Jesus I can safe-ly go, Any-where He
2. Any-where with Jesus I am not alone, Other friends may
3. Any-where with Jesus I can go to sleep, When the darkling
leads me in this world below. Any-where with-out Him, dearest
fail me, He is still my own. Tho' His hand may lead me over
shadows round about me creep. Know-ing I shall waken never
joys would fade, Any-where with Jesus I am not afraid.
dreariest ways, Any-where with Jesus is a house of praise.
more to roam, Any-where with Jesus will be home, sweet home.
Chorus.
Anywhere! anywhere! Fear I cannot know.
Any-where with Jesus I can safe-ly go.

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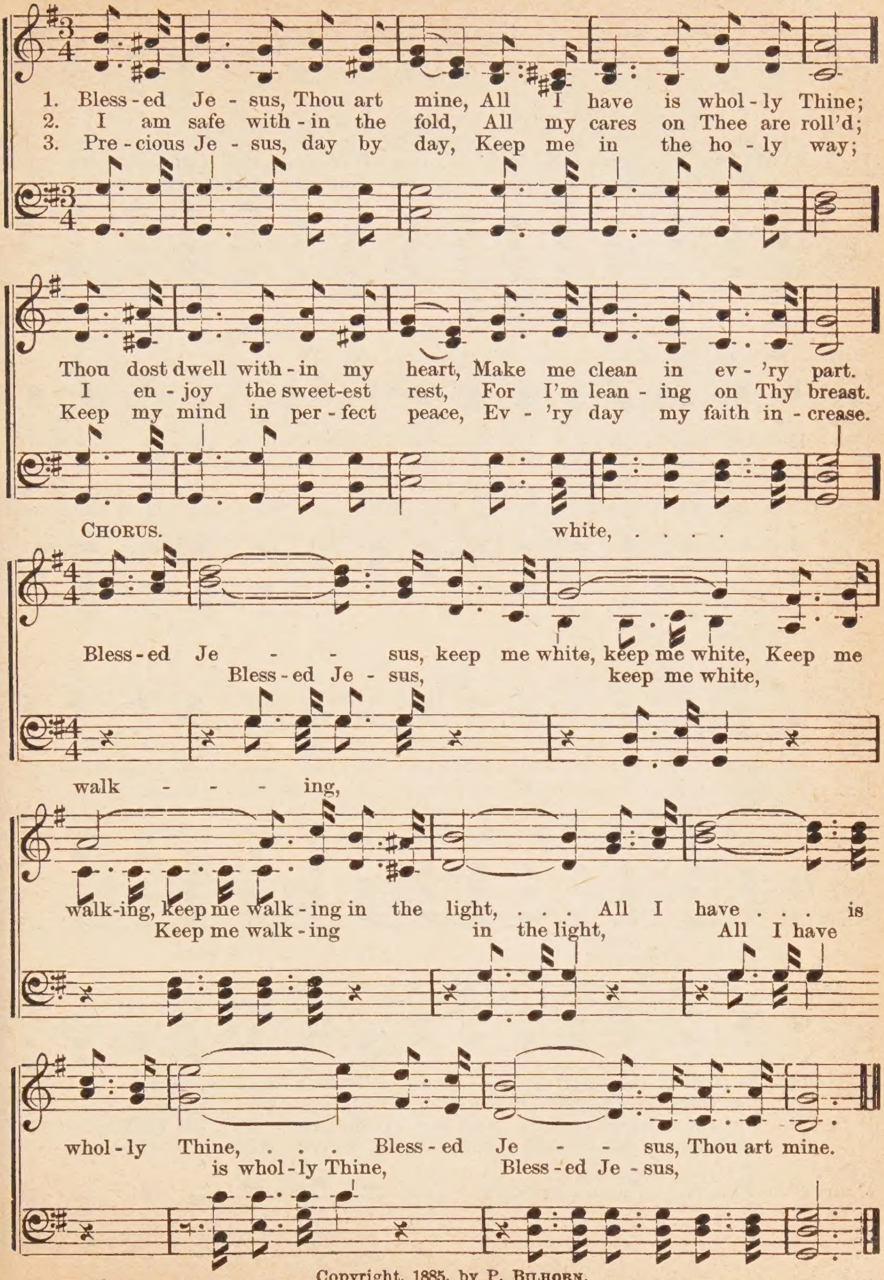
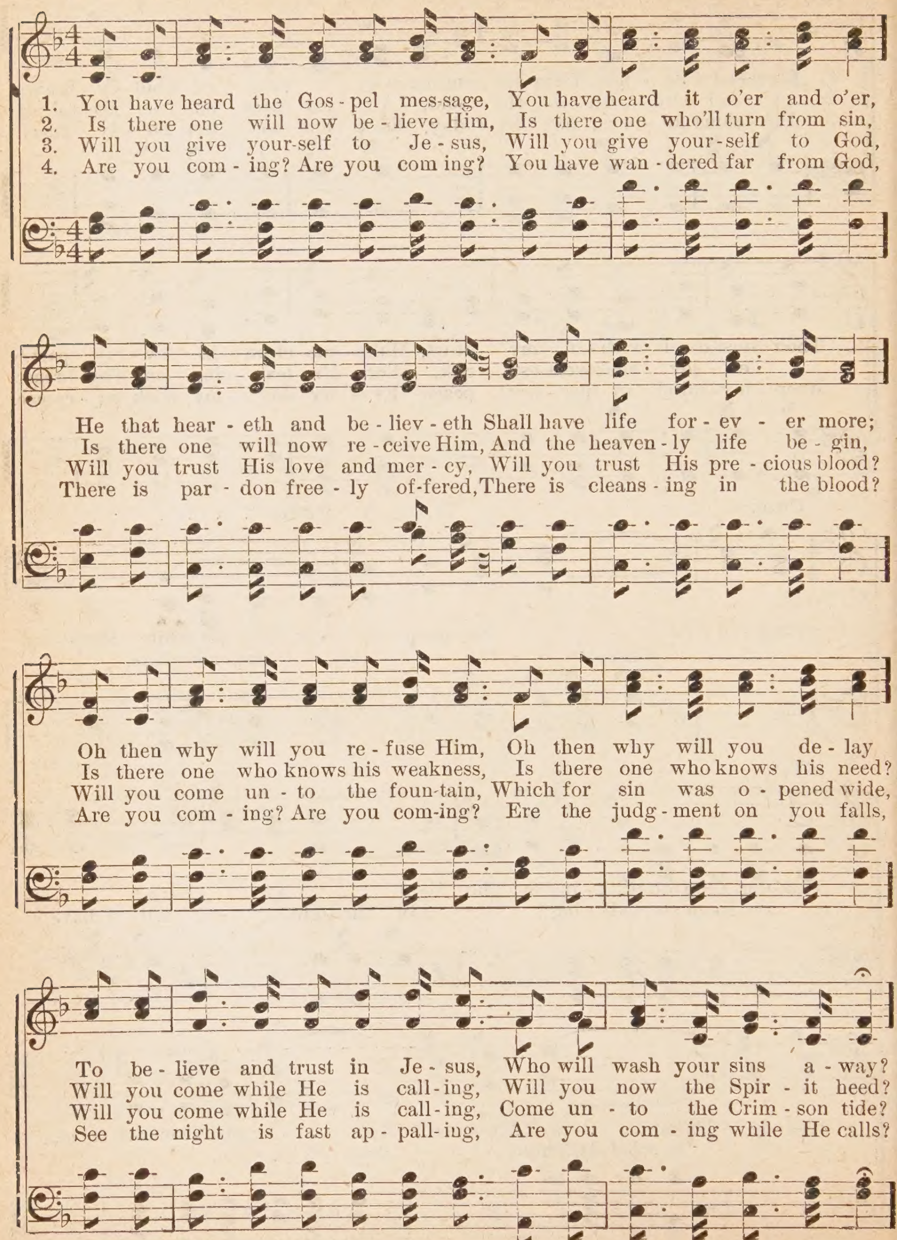
No. 142. Blessed Jesus, Keep Me White.

P. B.　　　　P. Bilhorn.

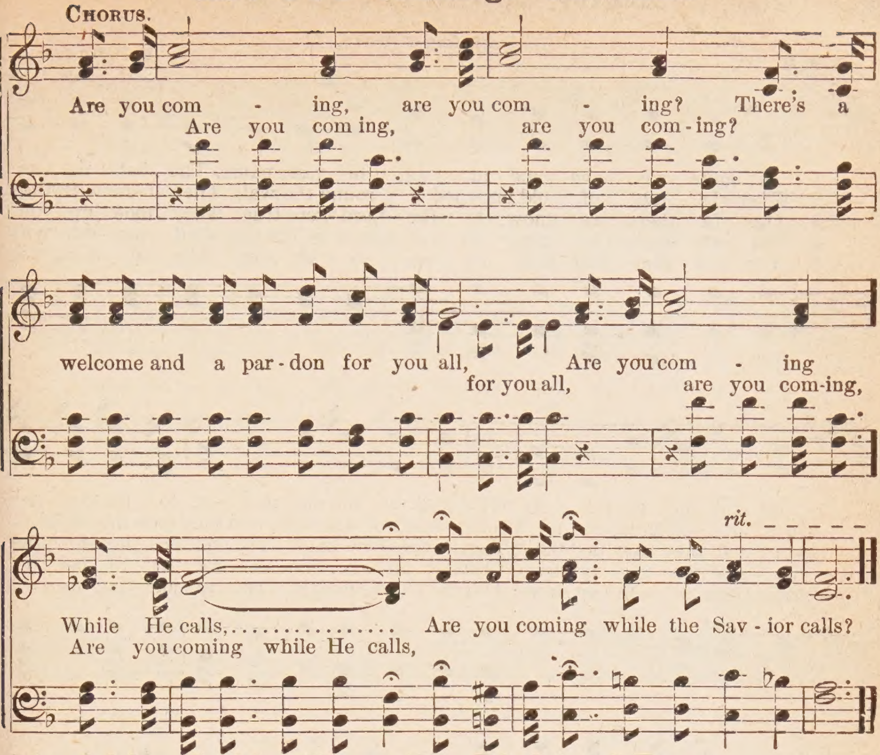

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou art mine, All I have is whol-ly Thine;
2. I am safe with-in the fold, All my cares on Thee are roll'd;
3. Pre-cious Je-sus, day by day, Keep me in the ho-ly way;
Thou dost dwell with-in my heart, Make me clean in ev-'ry part.
I en-joy the sweet-est rest, For I'm lean-ing on Thy breast.
Keep my mind in per-fect peace, Ev-'ry day my faith in-crease.
Chorus.
white, ...
Bless-ed Je - - sus, keep me white, keep me white, Keep me
Bless-ed Je-sus, keep me white,
walk - - - ing,
walk-ing, keep me walk-ing in the light, . . . All I have . . . is
Keep me walk-ing in the light, All I have
whol-ly Thine, . . . Bless-ed Je - - sus, Thou art mine.
is whol-ly Thine, Bless-ed Je-sus,

No. 143. Are You Coming While He Calls?

P. B. P. Bilhorn.

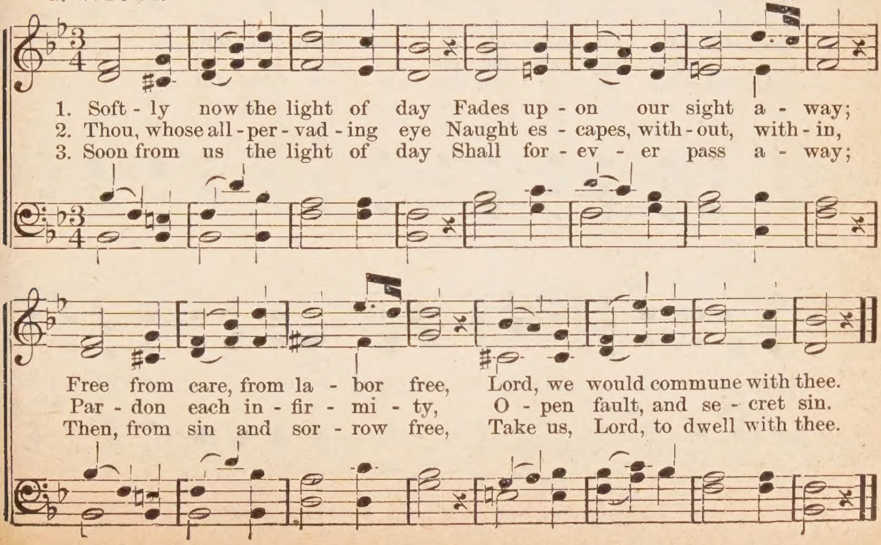

1. You have heard the Gos-pel mes-sage, You have heard it o'er and o'er,
2. Is there one will now be-lieve Him, Is there one who'll turn from sin,
3. Will you give your-self to Je-sus, Will you give your-self to God,
4. Are you com-ing? Are you com ing? You have wan-dered far from God,
He that hear-eth and be-liev-eth Shall have life for-ev-er more;
Is there one will now re-ceive Him, And the heaven-ly life be-gin,
Will you trust His love and mer-cy, Will you trust His pre-cious blood?
There is par-don free-ly of-fered, There is cleans-ing in the blood?
Oh then why will you re-fuse Him, Oh then why will you de-lay
Is there one who knows his weakness, Is there one who knows his need?
Will you come un-to the foun-tain, Which for sin was o-pened wide,
Are you com-ing? Are you com-ing? Ere the judg-ment on you falls,
To be-lieve and trust in Je-sus, Who will wash your sins a-way?
Will you come while He is call-ing, Will you now the Spir-it heed?
Will you come while He is call-ing, Come un-to the Crim-son tide?
See the night is fast ap-pall-ing, Are you com-ing while He calls?

Are You Coming. Concluded.


Chorus.
Are you com - ing, are you com - ing? There's a
Are you com ing, are you com - ing?
welcome and a par - don for you all, Are you com - ing
for you all, are you com-ing,
rit.
While He calls,................ Are you coming while the Sav - ior calls?
Are you coming while He calls,

No. 144. Softly Now the Light of Day.

G. W. Doane. Gottschalk.

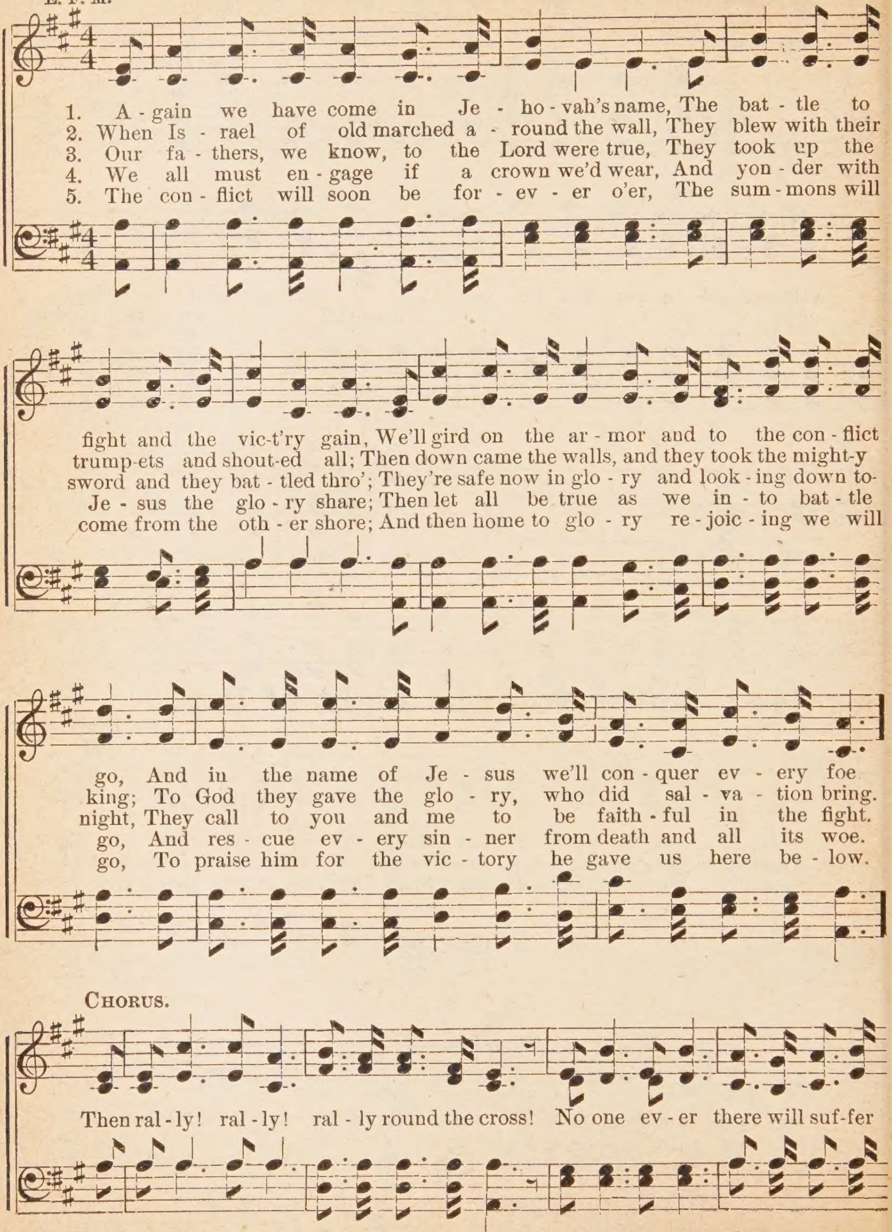

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.
Par - don each in - fir - mi - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

No. 145. Rally Round the Cross.

The Battle Song of Victory.

E. F. M.

E. F. Miller.


1. A - gain we have come in Je - ho - vah's name, The bat - tle to
2. When Is - rael of old marched a - round the wall, They blew with their
3. Our fa - thers, we know, to the Lord were true, They took up the
4. We all must en - gage if a crown we'd wear, And yon - der with
5. The con - flict will soon be for - ev - er o'er, The sum - mons will
fight and the vic-t'ry gain, We'll gird on the ar - mor and to the con - flict
trump-ets and shout-ed all; Then down came the walls, and they took the might-y
sword and they bat - tled thro'; They're safe now in glo - ry and look - ing down to-
Je - sus the glo - ry share; Then let all be true as we in - to bat - tle
come from the oth - er shore; And then home to glo - ry re - joic - ing we will
go, And in the name of Je - sus we'll con - quer ev - ery foe.
king; To God they gave the glo - ry, who did sal - va - tion bring.
night, They call to you and me to be faith - ful in the fight.
go, And res - cue ev - ery sin - ner from death and all its woe.
go, To praise him for the vic - tory he gave us here be - low.
Chorus.
Then ral - ly! ral - ly! ral - ly round the cross! No one ev - er there will suf - fer

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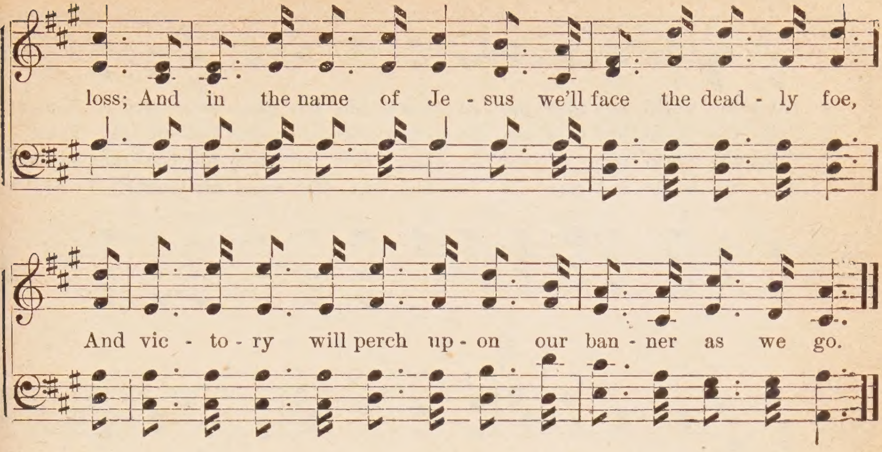
Rally Round the Cross.—Concluded.



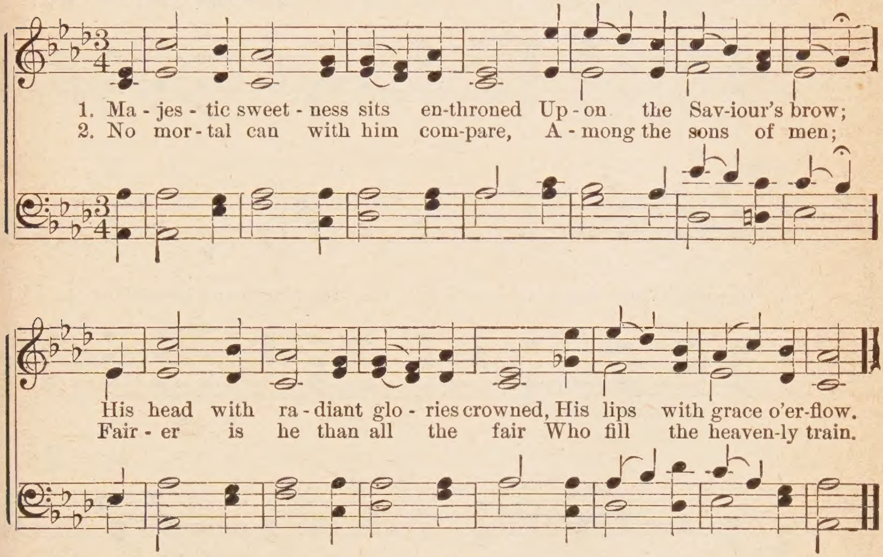
loss; And in the name of Je - sus we'll face the dead - ly foe,
And vic - to - ry will perch up - on our ban - ner as we go.

No. 146.

Belmont.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

From Mozart.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sav-iour's brow;
2. No mor - tal can with him com-pare, A - mong the sons of men;
His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
Fair - er is he than all the fair Who fill the heaven-ly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

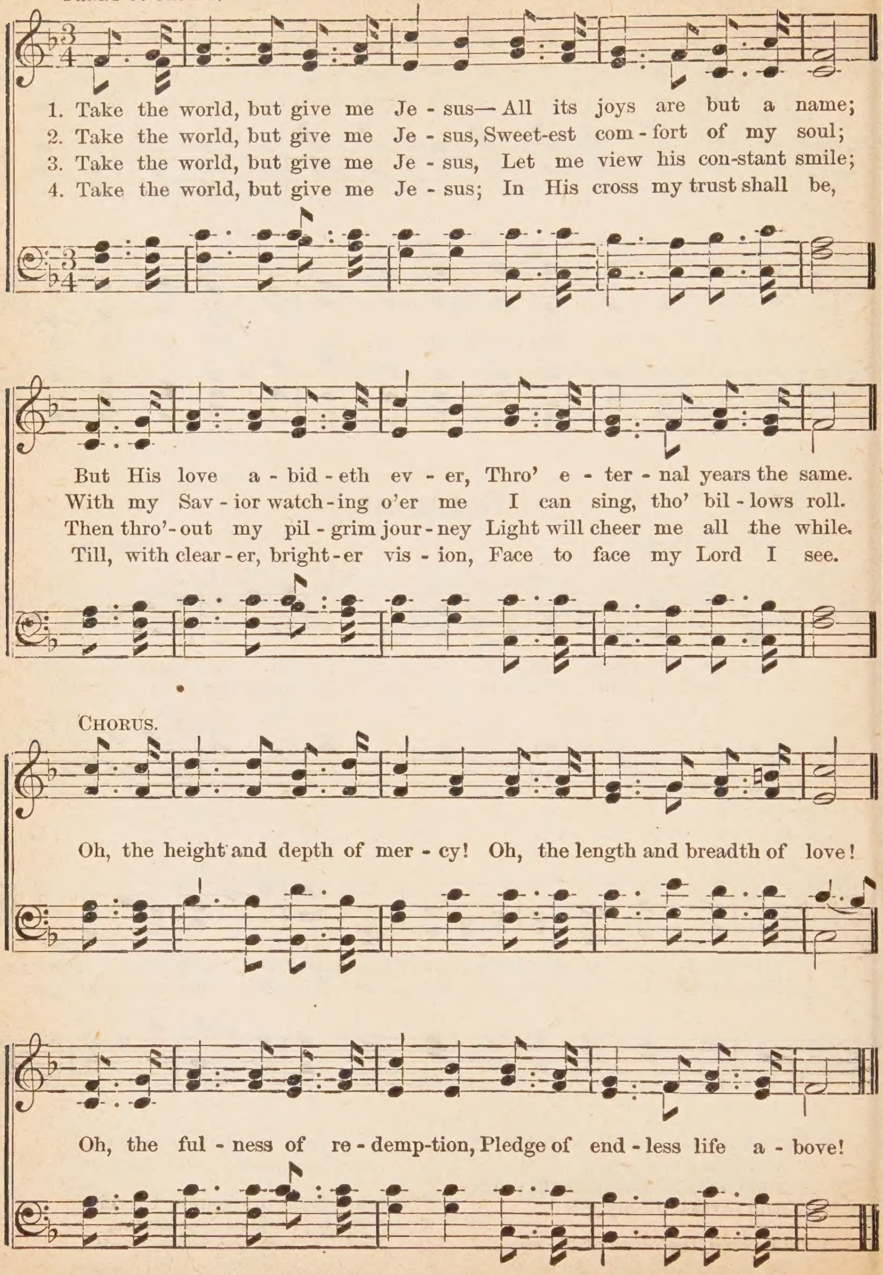
4 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

5 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

No. 147. Give Me Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus— All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In His cross my trust shall be,
But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - ior watch - ing o'er me I can sing, tho' bil - lows roll.
Then thro'- out my pil - grim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, bright - er vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.
Chorus.
Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!
Oh, the ful - ness of re - demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!

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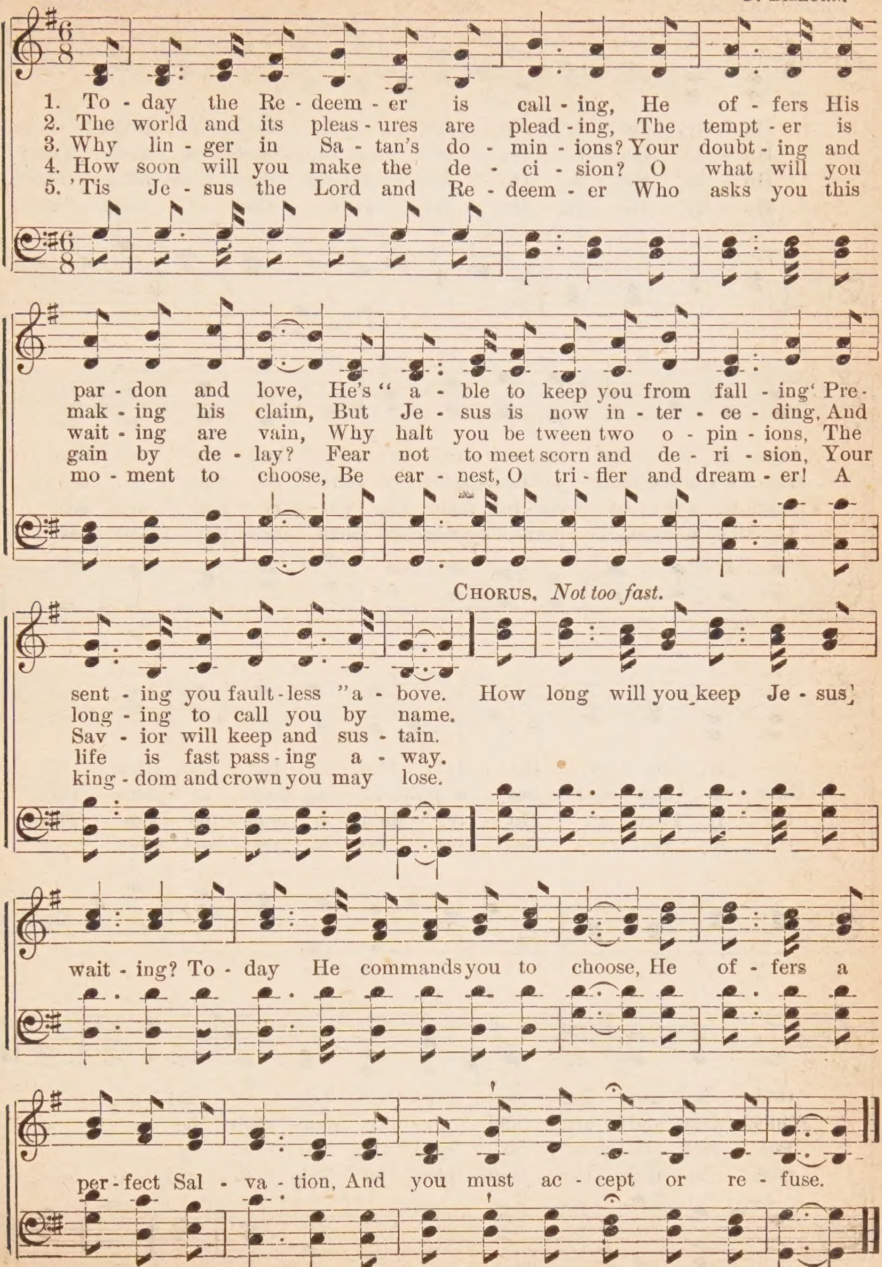
No. 148.

How Long?

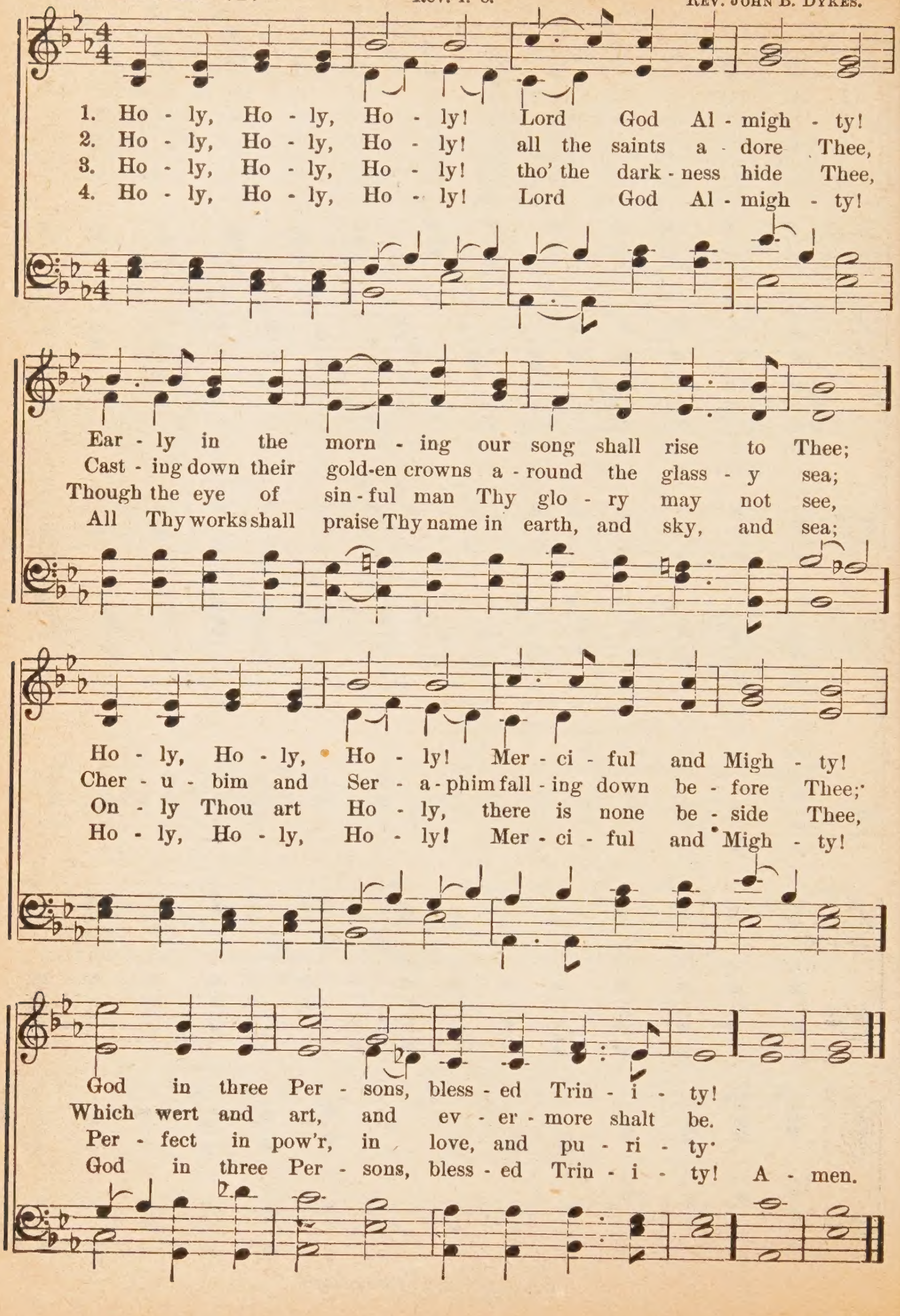
JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

P. BILHORN.


1. To-day the Re-deem-er is call-ing, He of-fers His
2. The world and its pleas-ures are plead-ing, The tempt-er is
3. Why lin-ger in Sa-tan's do-min-ions? Your doubt-ing and
4. How soon will you make the de-ci-sion? O what will you
5. 'Tis Je-sus the Lord and Re-deem-er Who asks you this
par-don and love, He's "a-ble to keep you from fall-ing' Pre-
mak-ing his claim, But Je-sus is now in-ter-ce-ding, And
wait-ing are vain, Why halt you be-tween two o-pin-ions, The
gain by de-lay? Fear not to meet scorn and de-ri-sion, Your
mo-ment to choose, Be ear-nest, O tri-fler and dream-er! A
sent-ing you fault-less "a-bove.
long-ing to call you by name.
Sav-ior will keep and sus-tain.
life is fast pass-ing a-way.
king-dom and crown you may lose.
CHORUS. *Not too fast.*
How long will you keep Je-sus
wait-ing? To-day He commands you to choose, He of-fers a
per-fect Sal-va-tion, And you must ac-cept or re-fuse.

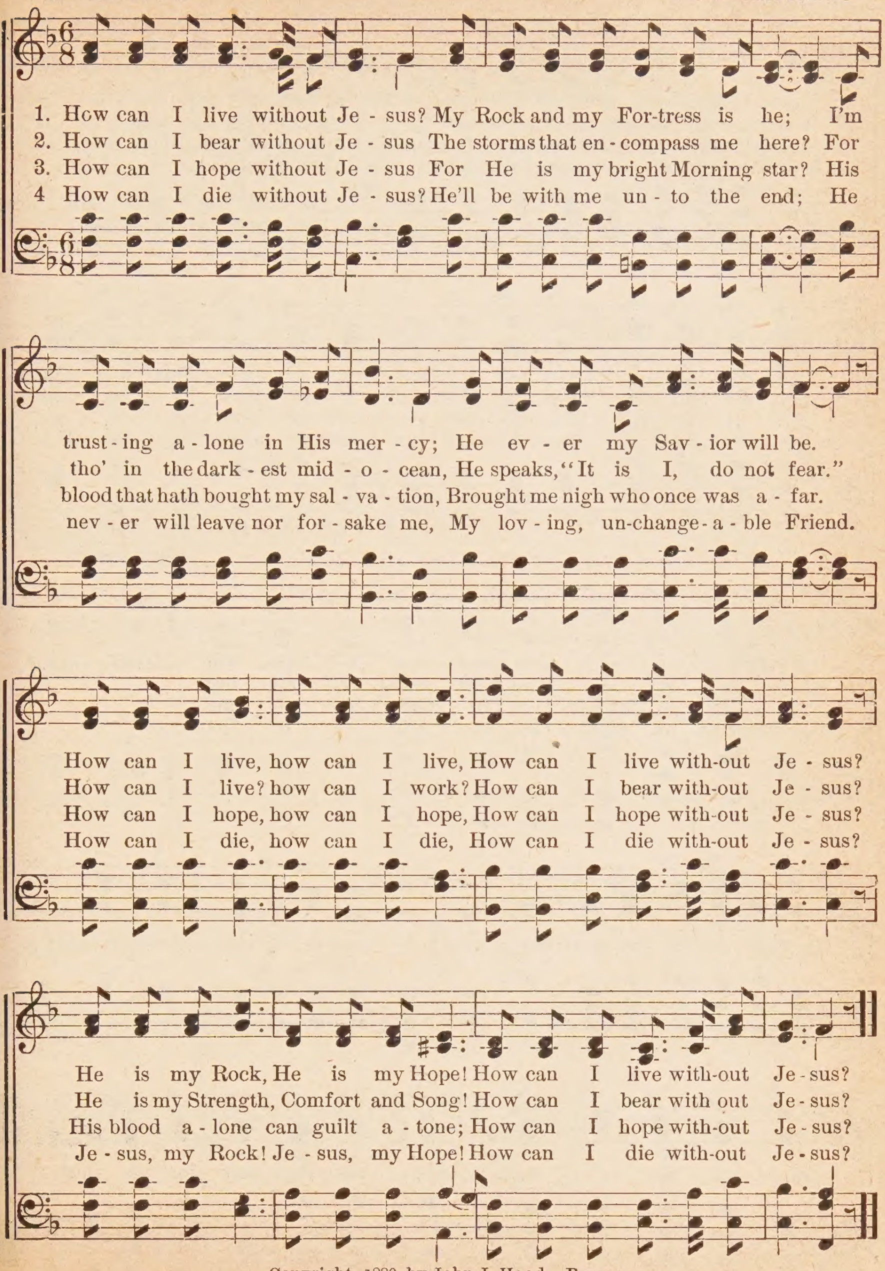
No. 149. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

Reginald Heber. D. D. Rev. 4: 8. Rev. John B. Dykes.


1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Migh - ty!
Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee;
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Migh - ty!
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

No. 150. How can I live without Jesus.

Mrs. Emma Pitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. How can I live without Je - sus? My Rock and my For-tress is he; I'm
2. How can I bear without Je - sus The storms that en - compass me here? For
3. How can I hope without Je - sus For He is my bright Morning star? His
4 How can I die without Je - sus? He'll be with me un - to the end; He
trust - ing a - lone in His mer - cy; He ev - er my Sav - ior will be.
tho' in the dark - est mid - o - cean, He speaks, "It is I, do not fear."
blood that hath bought my sal - va - tion, Brought me nigh who once was a - far.
nev - er will leave nor for - sake me, My lov - ing, un-change - a - ble Friend.
How can I live, how can I live, How can I live with-out Je - sus?
How can I live? how can I work? How can I bear with-out Je - sus?
How can I hope, how can I hope, How can I hope with-out Je - sus?
How can I die, how can I die, How can I die with-out Je - sus?
He is my Rock, He is my Hope! How can I live with-out Je - sus?
He is my Strength, Comfort and Song! How can I bear with out Je - sus?
His blood a - lone can guilt a - tone; How can I hope with-out Je - sus?
Je - sus, my Rock! Je - sus, my Hope! How can I die with-out Je - sus?

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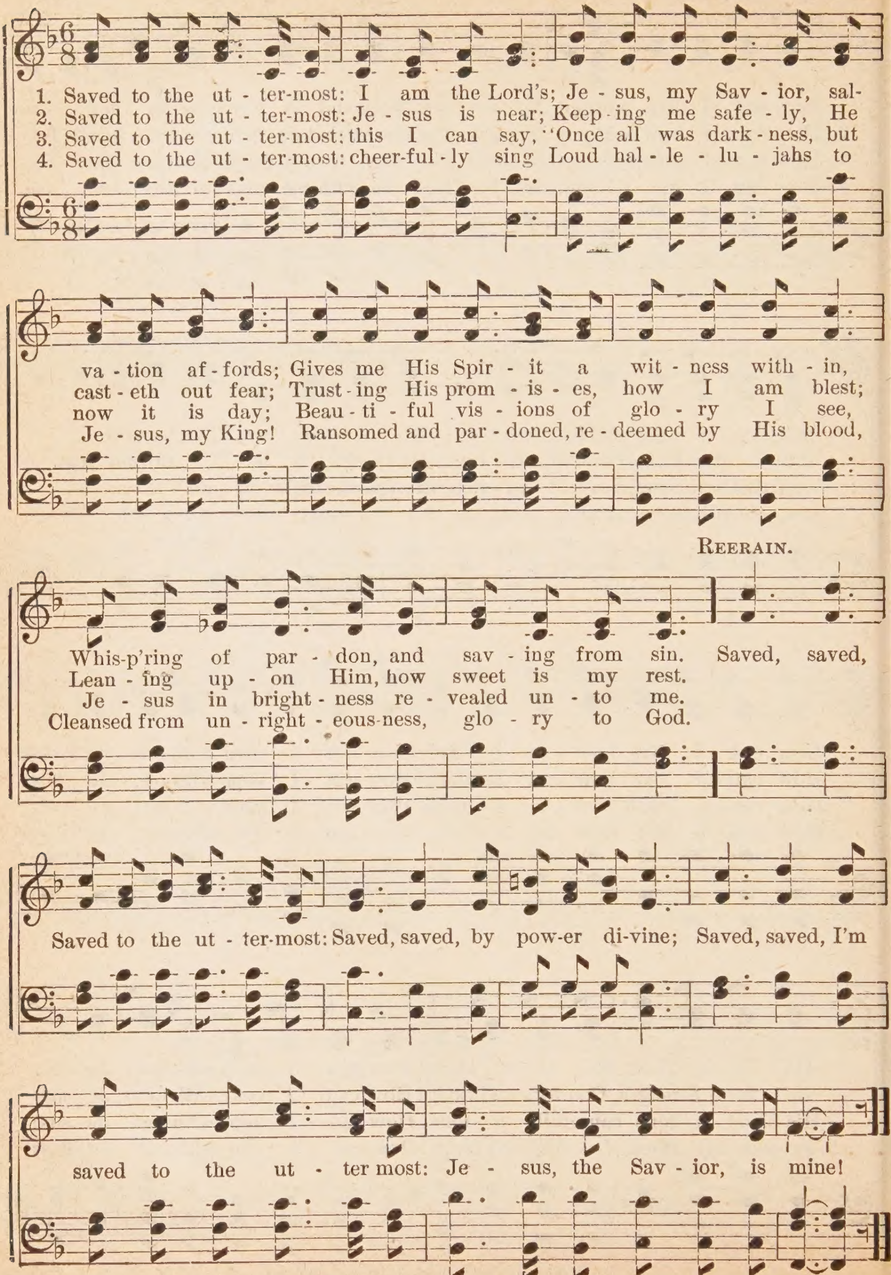
No. 151. Saved to the Uttermost

W. J. K. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

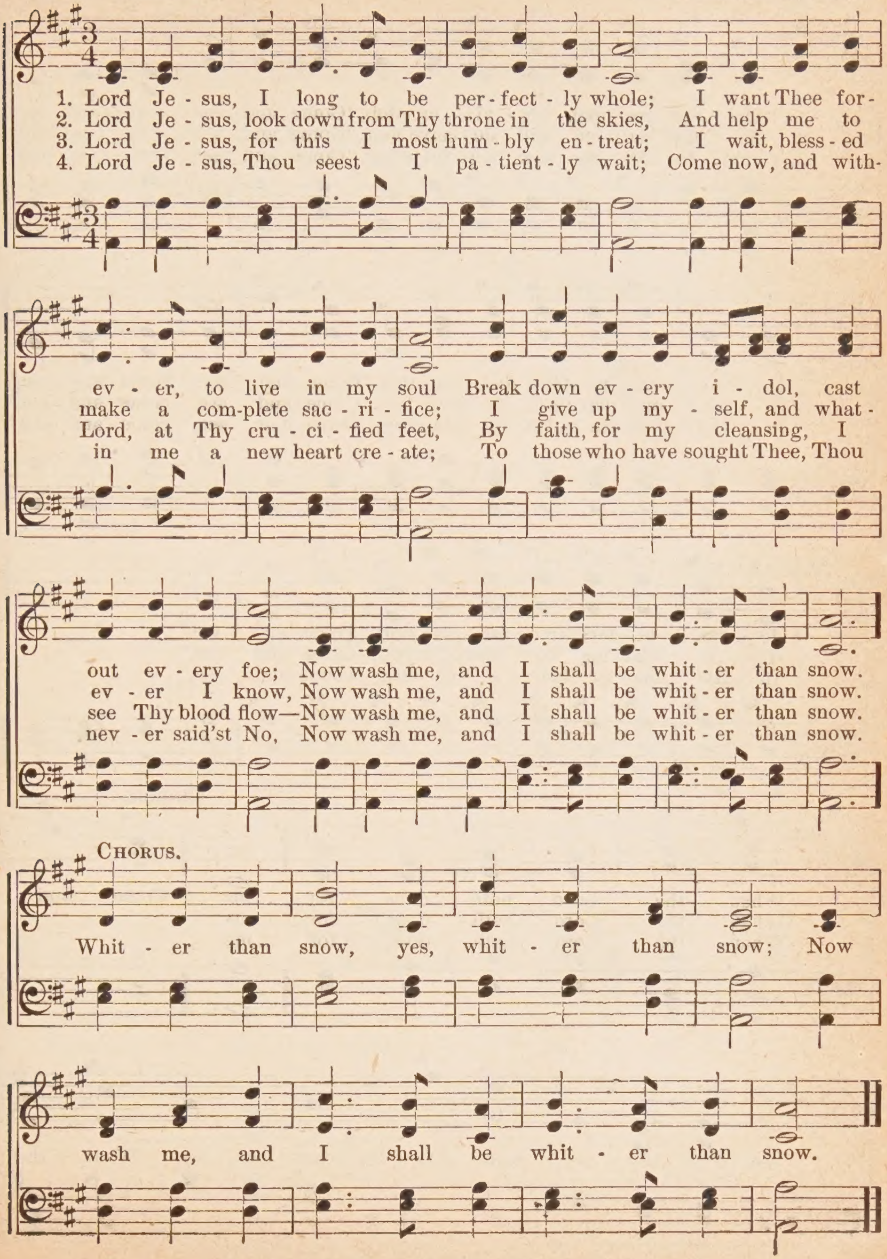

1. Saved to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my Sav - ior, sal-
2. Saved to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep - ing me safe - ly, He
3. Saved to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was dark - ness, but
4. Saved to the ut - ter-most: cheer-ful - ly sing Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to
va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a wit - ness with - in,
cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es, how I am blest;
now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see,
Je - sus, my King! Ransomed and par - doned, re - deemed by His blood,
REFRAIN.
Whis-p'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin. Saved, saved,
Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.
Je - sus in bright - ness re - vealed un - to me.
Cleansed from un - right - eous-ness, glo - ry to God.
Saved to the ut - ter-most: Saved, saved, by pow-er di-vine; Saved, saved, I'm
saved to the ut - ter most: Je - sus, the Sav - ior, is mine!

From "The Quartet," (Ark of praise), by per.

No. 152. Whiter than Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51 : 7.

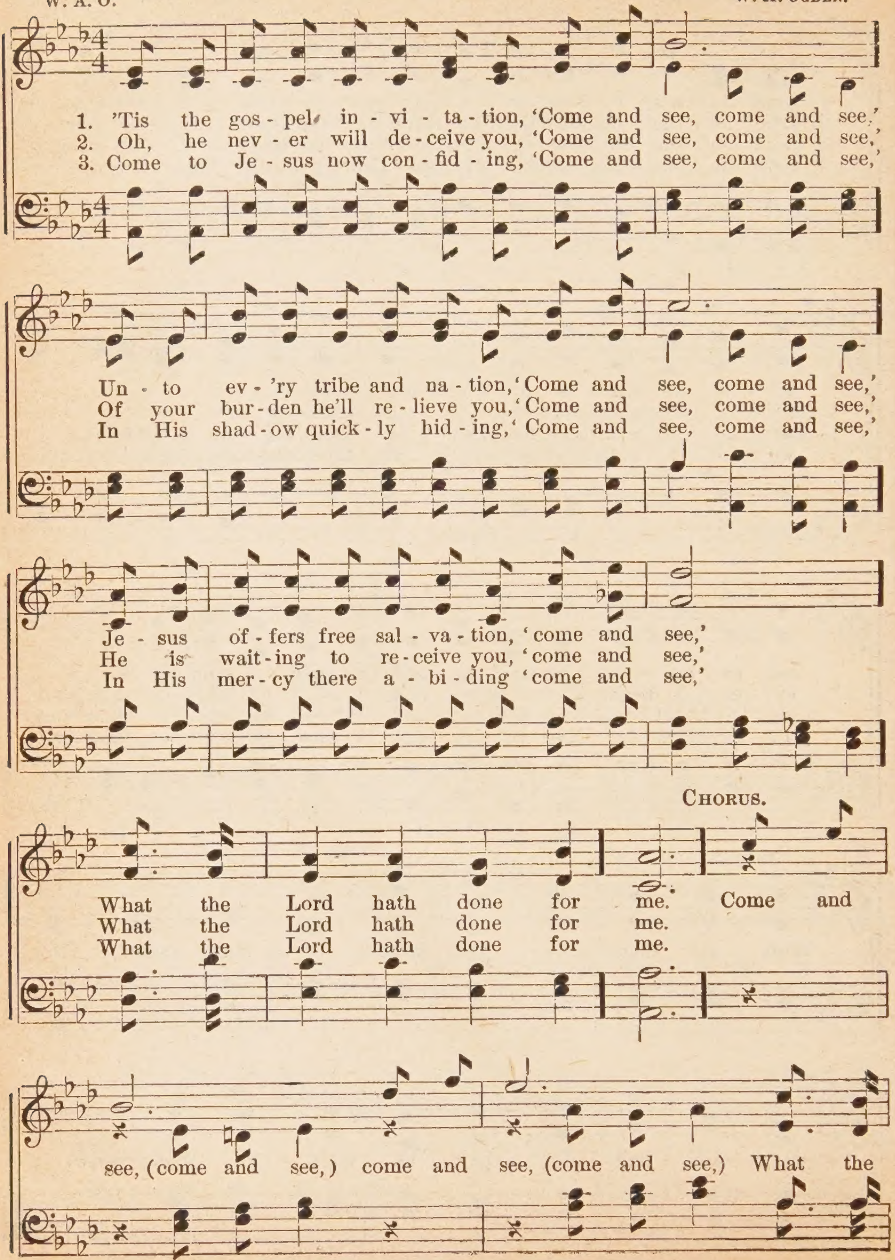
James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer. 1879, by per.


1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with-
ev - er, to live in my soul Break down ev - ery i - dol, cast
make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou
out ev - ery foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
ev - er I know, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
nev - er said'st No, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
Chorus.
Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now
wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

No. 153. "Come and See."

"Philip saith unto him, come and see."

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.


1. 'Tis the gos - pel in - vi - ta - tion, 'Come and see, come and see,'
2. Oh, he nev - er will de - ceive you, 'Come and see, come and see,'
3. Come to Je - sus now con - fid - ing, 'Come and see, come and see,'
Un - to ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion,' Come and see, come and see,'
Of your bur - den he'll re - lieve you,' Come and see, come and see,'
In His shad - ow quick - ly hid - ing,' Come and see, come and see,'
Je - sus of - fers free sal - va - tion, 'come and see,'
He is wait - ing to re - ceive you, 'come and see,'
In His mer - cy there a - bi - ding 'come and see,'
CHORUS.
What the Lord hath done for me.
What the Lord hath done for me.
What the Lord hath done for me.
Come and see, (come and see,) come and see, (come and see,) What the

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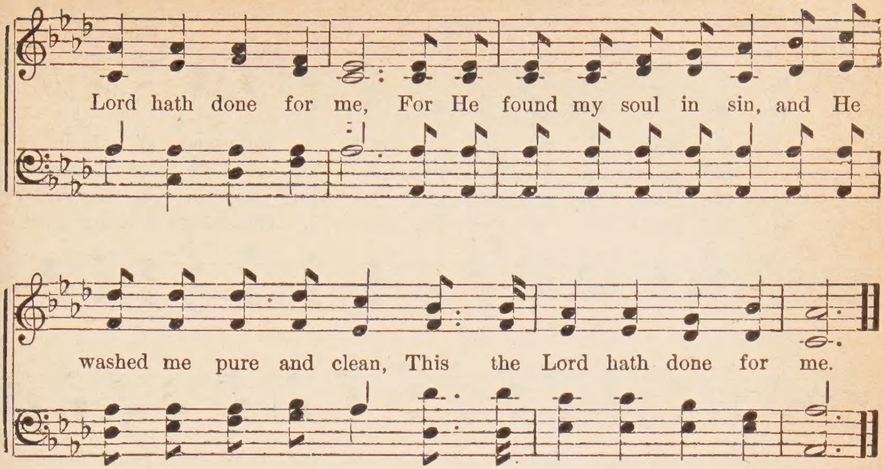
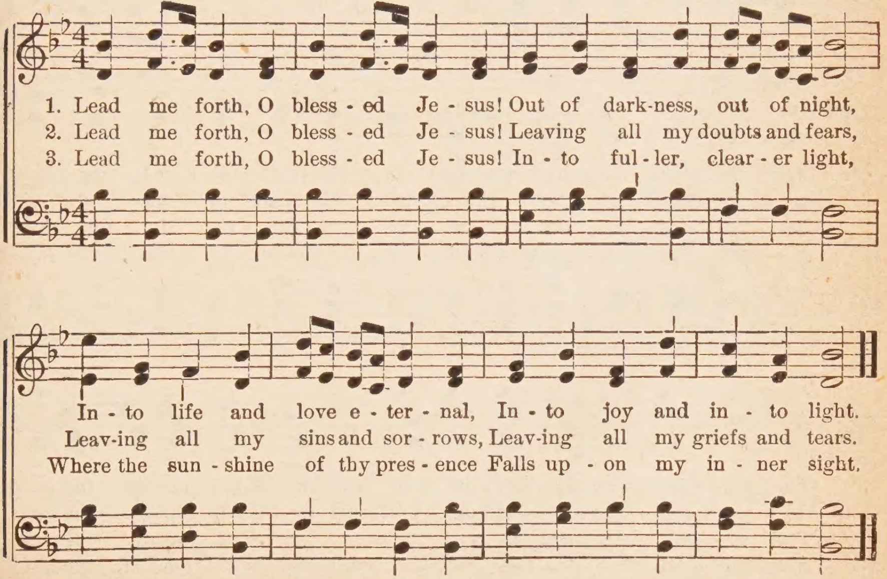
"Come and See."—Concluded.


Lord hath done for me, For He found my soul in sin, and He
washed me pure and clean, This the Lord hath done for me.

No. 154. Wilmot.

C. M. Von Weber.


1. Lead me forth, O bless - ed Je - sus! Out of dark-ness, out of night,
2. Lead me forth, O bless - ed Je - sus! Leaving all my doubts and fears,
3. Lead me forth, O bless - ed Je - sus! In - to ful - ler, clear - er light,
In - to life and love e - ter - nal, In - to joy and in - to light.
Leav-ing all my sins and sor - rows, Leav-ing all my griefs and tears.
Where the sun - shine of thy pres - ence Falls up - on my in - ner sight.

4. Lead me higher still and higher,
Draw me nearer, nearer thee;
Touch my heart with love, and fit me,
Lord, thy faithful child to be.

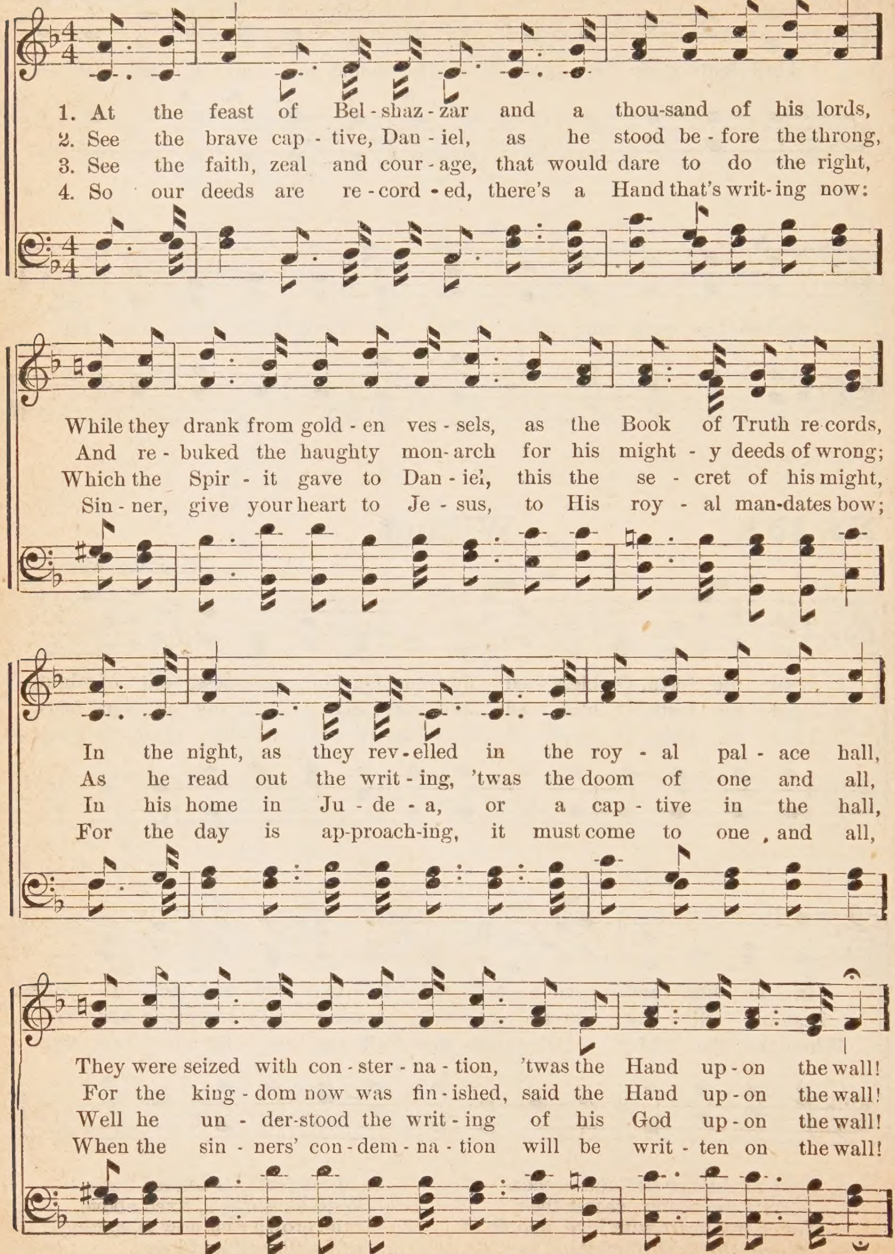
5. Lead me forth, O blessed Jesus!
With a clear eye, fixed above,
On the crown that now is waiting,
In the Paradise of love.

No. 155. At the Feast of Belshazzar.

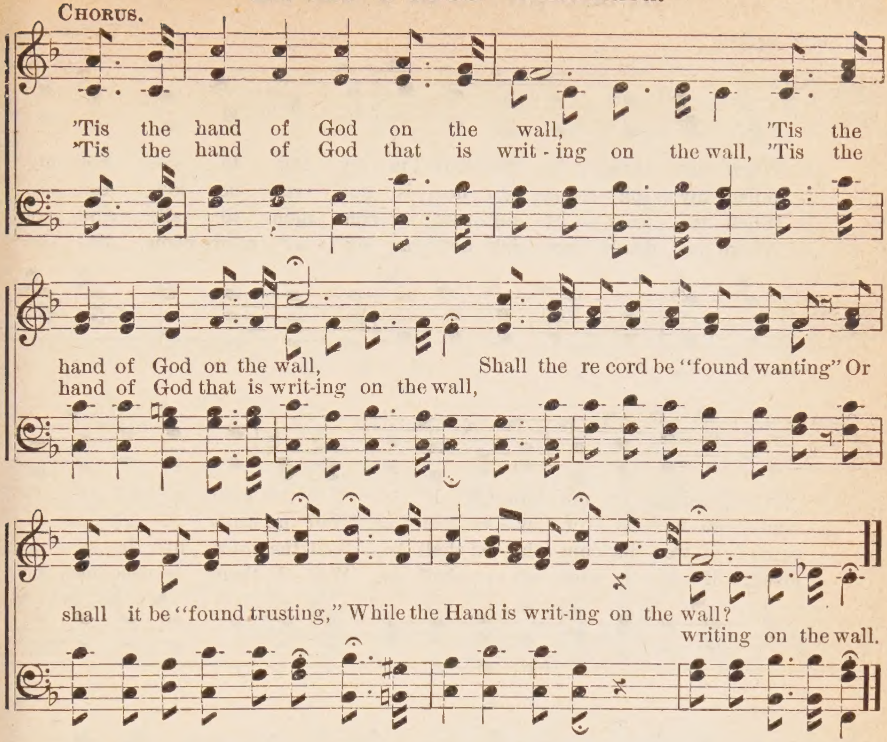
"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—Daniel 5: 5.

Knowles Shaw.

Knowles Shaw.
Arr. by A. Beirly.


1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords,
2. See the brave cap-tive, Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the throng,
3. See the faith, zeal and cour-age, that would dare to do the right,
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed, there's a Hand that's writ-ing now:
While they drank from gold-en ves-sels, as the Book of Truth re-cords,
And re-buked the haughty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
Which the Spir-it gave to Dan-iel, this the se-cret of his might,
Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to His roy-al man-dates bow;
In the night, as they rev-elled in the roy-al pal-ace hall,
As he read out the writ-ing, 'twas the doom of one and all,
In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall,
For the day is ap-proach-ing, it must come to one, and all,
They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the Hand up-on the wall!
For the king-dom now was fin-ished, said the Hand up-on the wall!
Well he un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall!
When the sin-ners' con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall!

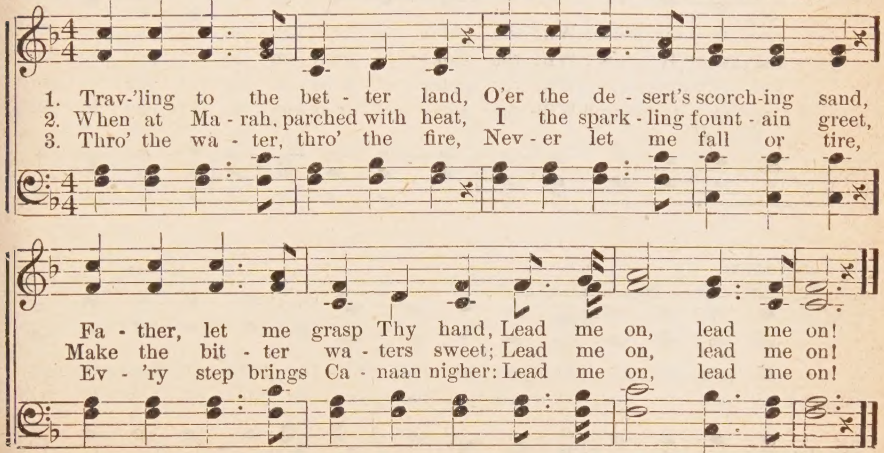
At the Feast.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the
'Tis the hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall, 'Tis the
hand of God on the wall, Shall the re cord be "found wanting" Or
hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall,
shall it be "found trusting," While the Hand is writ-ing on the wall?
writing on the wall.

No. 156.

Lead me On.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

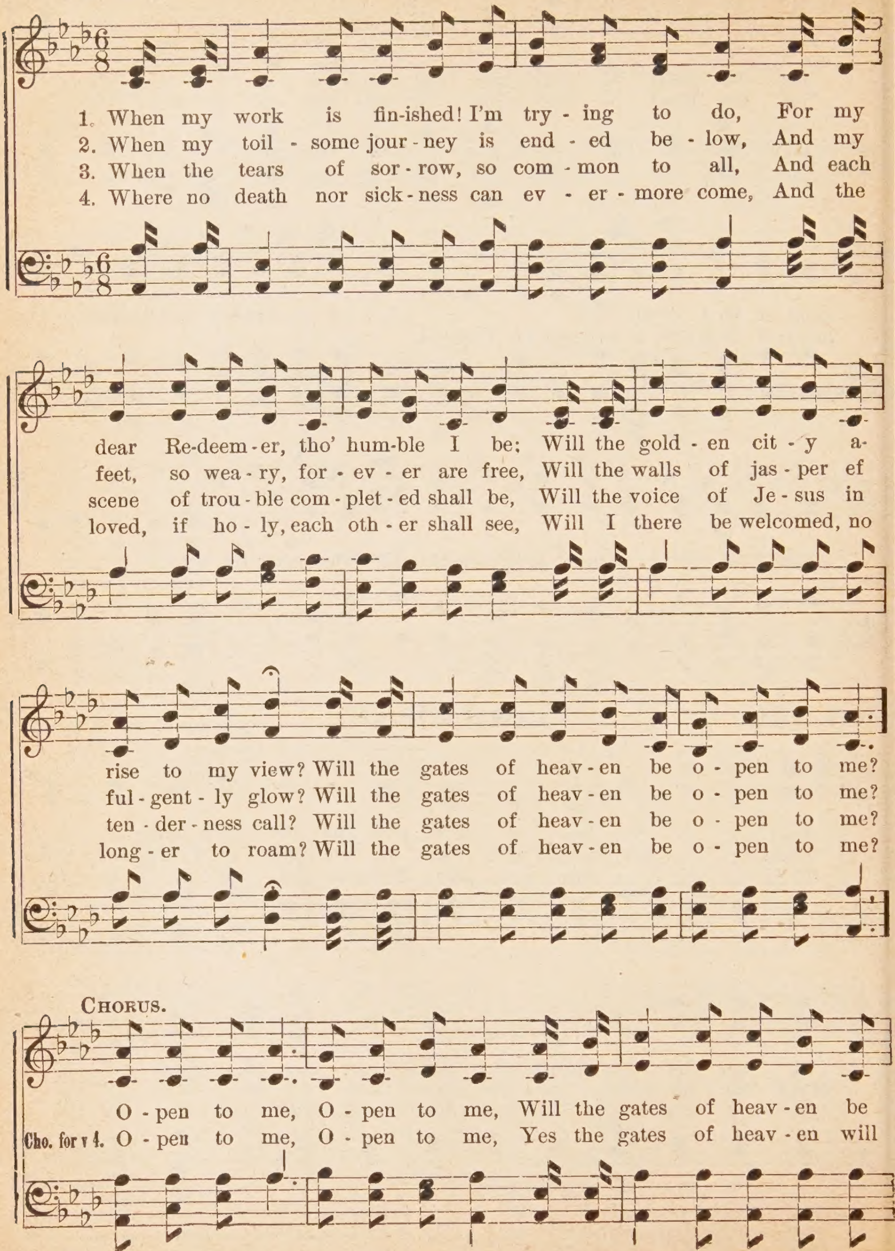

1. Trav-'ling to the bet - ter land, O'er the de - sert's scorch-ing sand,
2. When at Ma - rah, parched with heat, I the spark - ling fount - ain greet,
3. Thro' the wa - ter, thro' the fire, Nev - er let me fall or tire,
Fa - ther, let me grasp Thy hand, Lead me on, lead me on!
Make the bit - ter wa - ters sweet; Lead me on, lead me on!
Ev - 'ry step brings Ca - naan nigher: Lead me on, lead me on!

4 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink;
Lead me on!

5 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on!

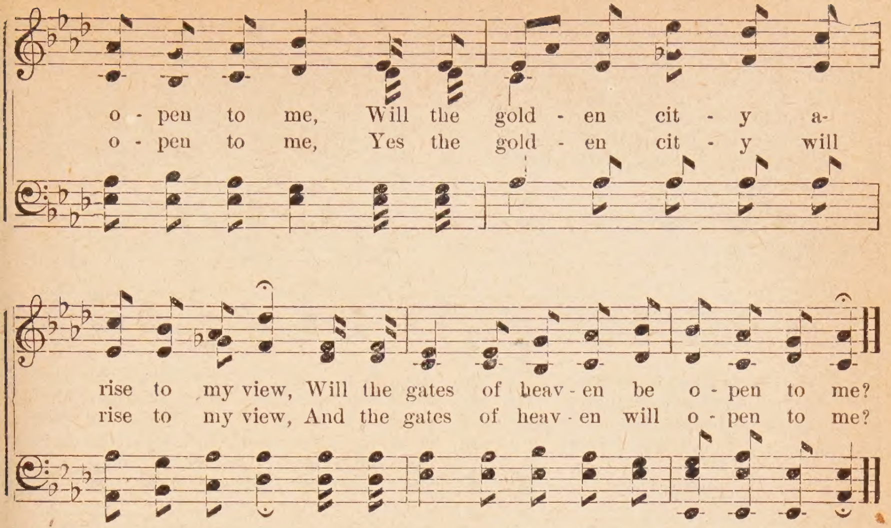
No. 157. Will the gates of Heaven be open?

E. R. Latta. C. E. Leslie.


1. When my work is fin-ished! I'm try - ing to do, For my
2. When my toil - some jour - ney is end - ed be - low, And my
3. When the tears of sor - row, so com - mon to all, And each
4. Where no death nor sick - ness can ev - er - more come, And the
dear Re-deem - er, tho' hum-ble I be; Will the gold - en cit - y a-
feet, so wea - ry, for - ev - er are free, Will the walls of jas - per ef
scene of trou - ble com - plet - ed shall be, Will the voice of Je - sus in
loved, if ho - ly, each oth - er shall see, Will I there be welcomed, no
rise to my view? Will the gates of heav - en be o - pen to me?
ful - gent - ly glow? Will the gates of heav - en be o - pen to me?
ten - der - ness call? Will the gates of heav - en be o - pen to me?
long - er to roam? Will the gates of heav - en be o - pen to me?
CHORUS.
O - pen to me, O - pen to me, Will the gates of heav - en be
Cho. for v 4. O - pen to me, O - pen to me, Yes the gates of heav - en will

By per.

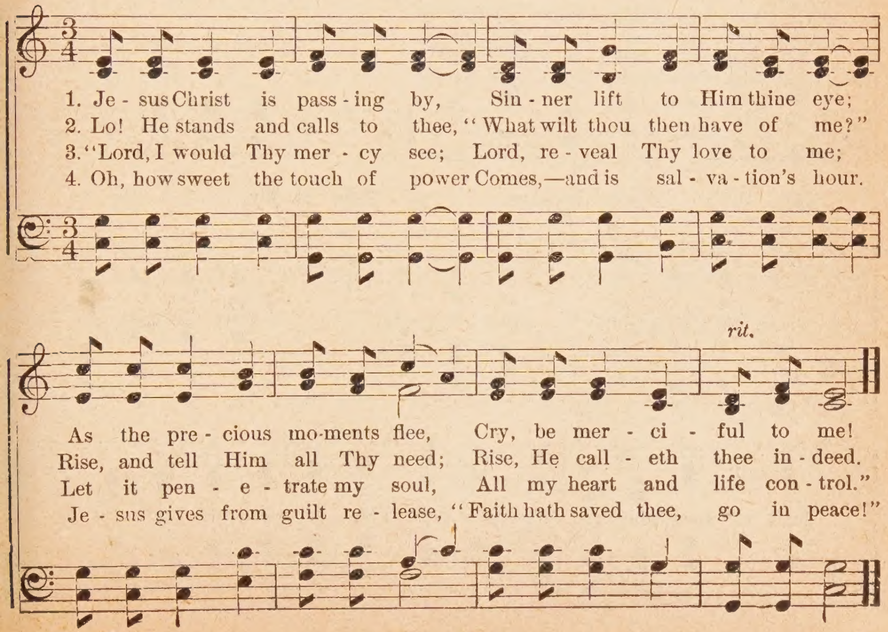
Will the gates of Heaven.—Concluded.


o - pen to me, Will the gold - en cit - y a-
o - pen to me, Yes the gold - en cit - y will
rise to my view, Will the gates of heav - en be o - pen to me?
rise to my view, And the gates of heav - en will o - pen to me?

No. 158. Jesus Christ is Passing by.

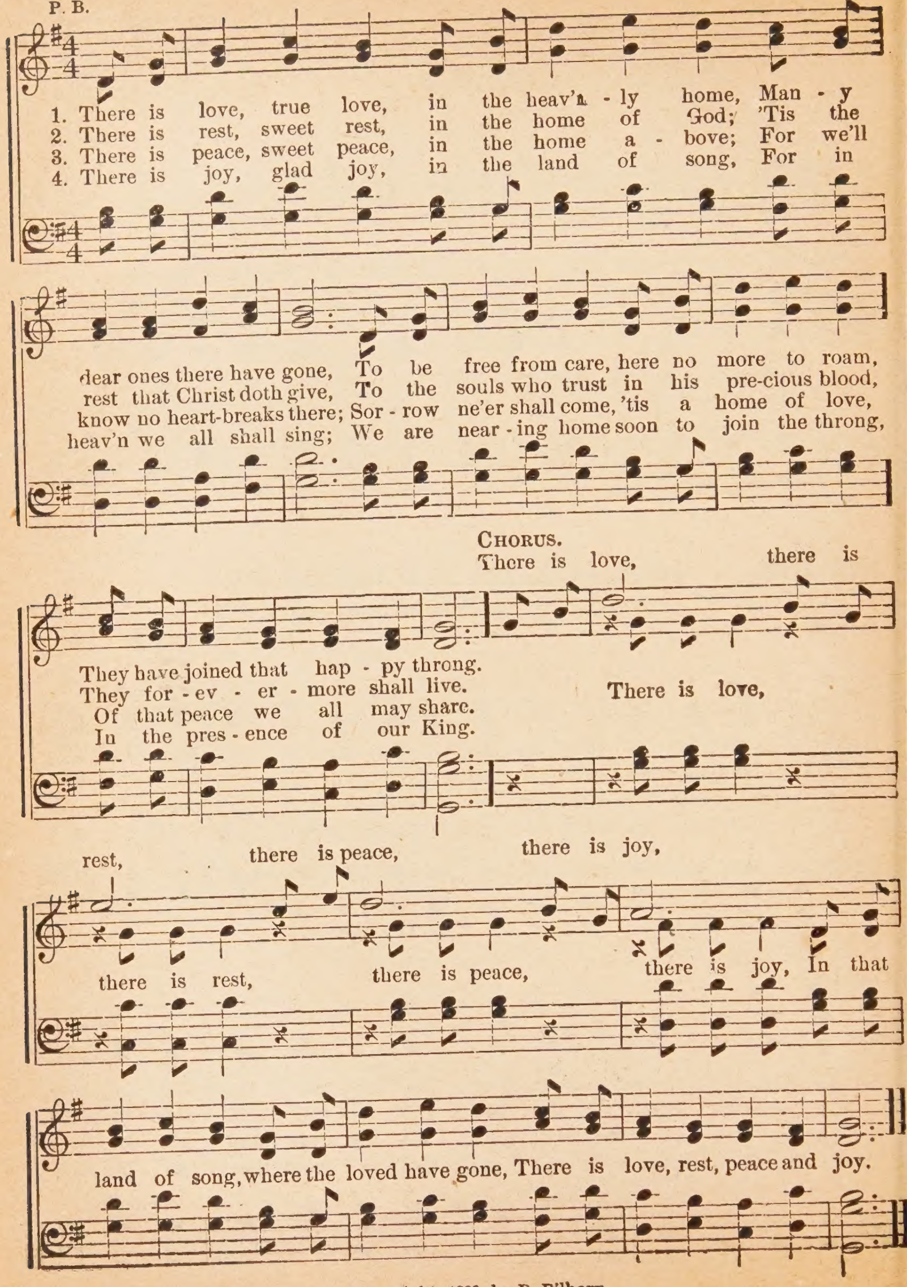
"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—Mark. 10 : 47.

J. Denham Smith. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp, by per.


1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner lift to Him thine eye;
2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of me?"
3. "Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see; Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;
4. Oh, how sweet the touch of power Comes,—and is sal - va - tion's hour.
As the pre - cious mo-ments flee, Cry, be mer - ci - ful to me!
Rise, and tell Him all Thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol."
Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"
rit.

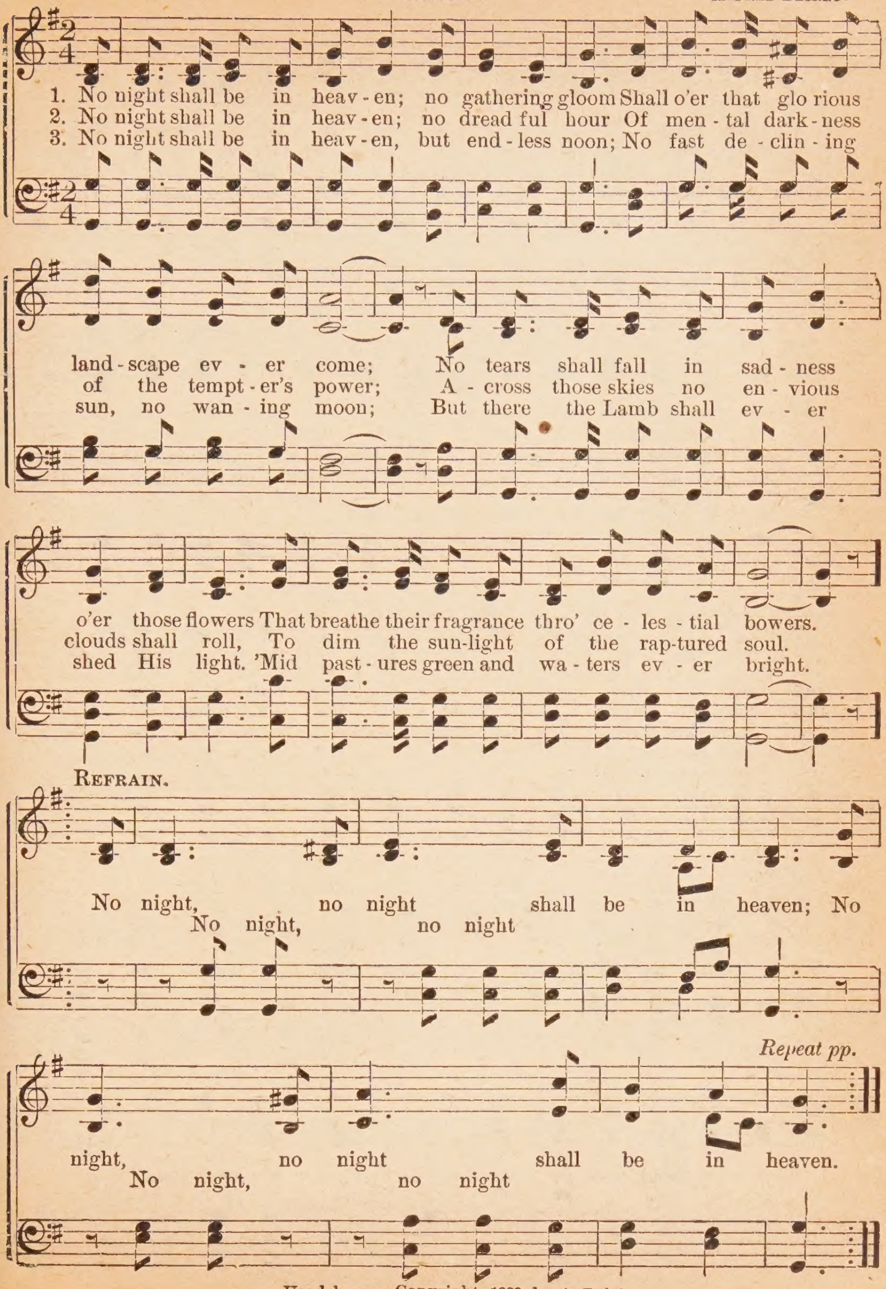
No. 159. Love, Rest, Peace and Joy.

P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. There is love, true love, in the heav'nly home, Many dear ones there have gone, To be free from care, here no more to roam, They have joined that happy throng.
2. There is rest, sweet rest, in the home of God; 'Tis the rest that Christ doth give, To the souls who trust in his precious blood, They for-ever-more shall live.
3. There is peace, sweet peace, in the home above; For we'll know no heart-breaks there; Sorrow ne'er shall come, 'tis a home of love, Of that peace we all may share.
4. There is joy, glad joy, in the land of song, For in heav'n we all shall sing; We are nearing home soon to join the throng, In the presence of our King.
Chorus.
There is love, there is rest, there is peace, there is joy,
There is love, there is rest, there is peace, there is joy, In that land of song, where the loved have gone, There is love, rest, peace and joy.

No. 160. No Night in Heaven.

Rev. 22: 5. ALFRED BEIRLY.


1. No night shall be in heav-en; no gathering gloom Shall o'er that glo rious
2. No night shall be in heav-en; no dread ful hour Of men-tal dark-ness
3. No night shall be in heav-en, but end-less noon; No fast de-clin-ing
land-scape ev-er come; No tears shall fall in sad-ness
of the tempt-er's power; A-cross those skies no en-vious
sun, no wan-ing moon; But there the Lamb shall ev-er
o'er those flowers That breathe their fragrance thro' ce-les-tial bowers.
clouds shall roll, To dim the sun-light of the rap-tured soul.
shed His light. 'Mid past-ures green and wa-ters ev-er bright.
REFRAIN.
No night, no night shall be in heaven; No
No night, no night
night, no night shall be in heaven.
No night, no night
Repeat pp.

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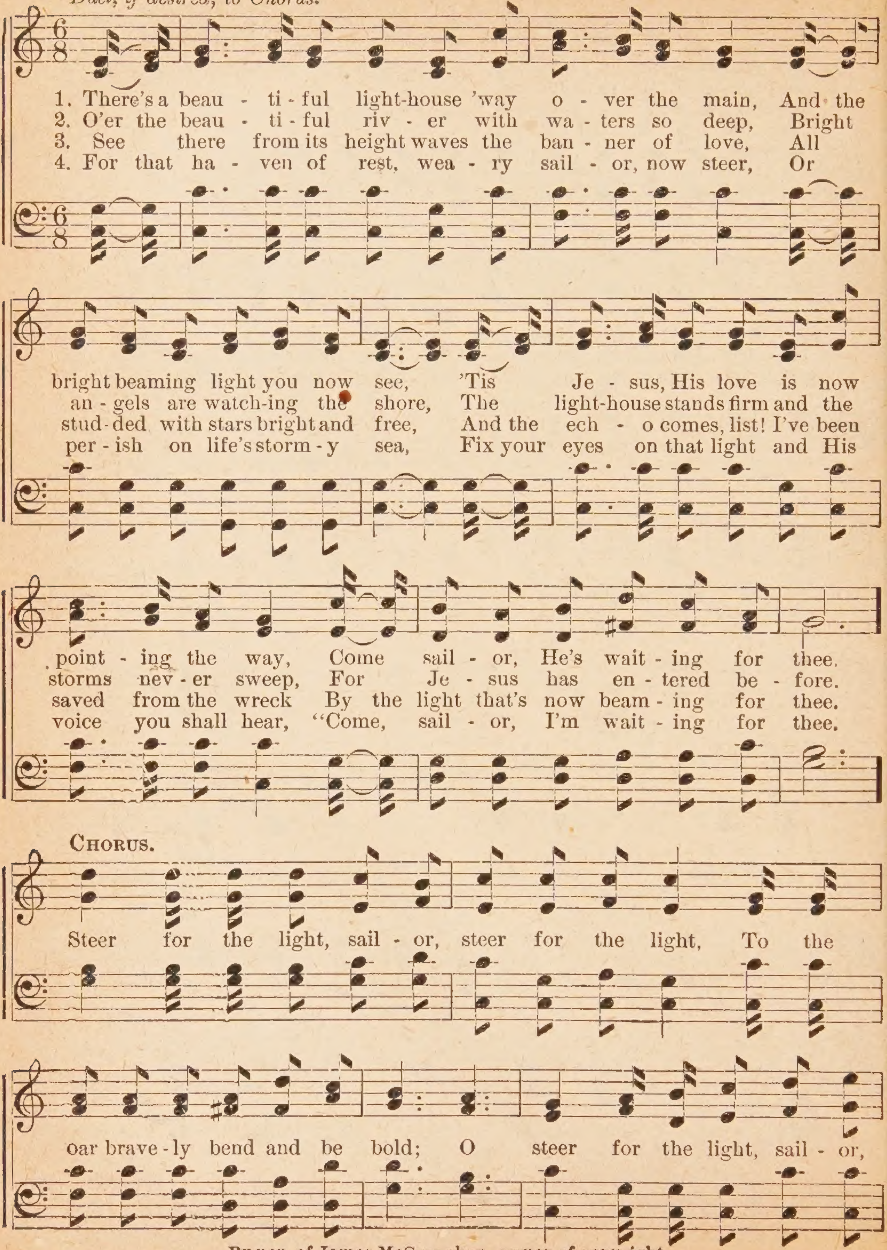
No. 161. Steer for the Light.

Mrs. Emma Pitt. *"I am the Light."*—Jno. 8: 12. James McGranahan.

Duet, if desired, to Chorus.


1. There's a beautiful light-house 'way over the main, And the bright beaming light you now see, 'Tis Jesus, His love is now pointing the way, Come sailor, He's waiting for thee.
2. O'er the beautiful river with waters so deep, Bright angels are watching the shore, The light-house stands firm and the storms never sweep, For Jesus has entered before.
3. See there from its height waves the banner of love, All studded with stars bright and free, And the echo comes, list! I've been saved from the wreck By the light that's now beaming for thee.
4. For that haven of rest, weary sailor, now steer, Or perish on life's stormy sea, Fix your eyes on that light and His voice you shall hear, "Come, sailor, I'm waiting for thee.
Chorus.
Steer for the light, sailor, steer for the light, To the oar bravely bend and be bold; O steer for the light, sailor,

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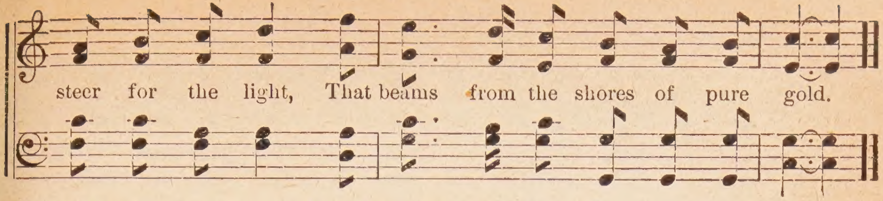
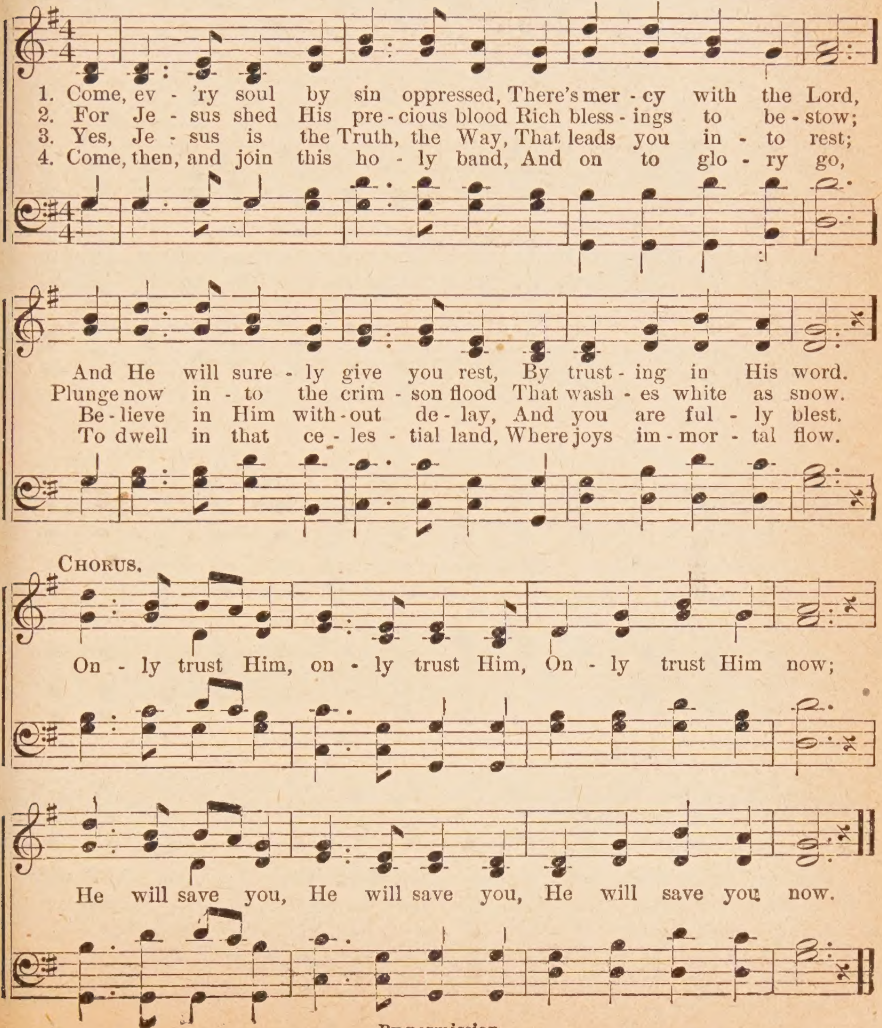

steer for the light, That beams from the shores of pure gold.

No. 162. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

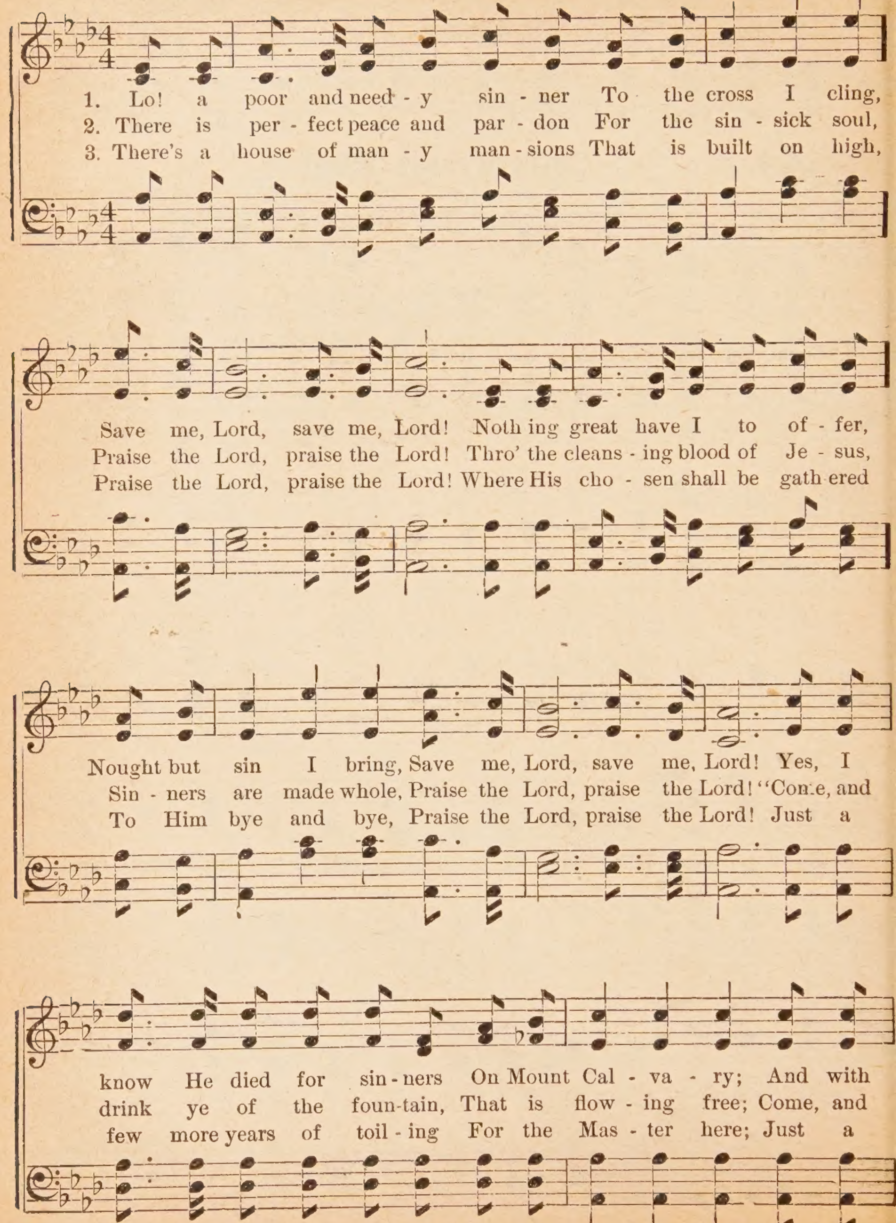

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.
Chorus.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

By permission.

No. 163.

Save Me, Lord.

ADDIE EVILSIZER. L. M. EVILSIZER.


1. Lo! a poor and need - y sin - ner To the cross I cling,
2. There is per - fect peace and par - don For the sin - sick soul,
3. There's a house of man - y man - sions That is built on high,
Save me, Lord, save me, Lord! Noth ing great have I to of - fer,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Thro' the cleans - ing blood of Je - sus,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Where His cho - sen shall be gath ered
Nought but sin I bring, Save me, Lord, save me, Lord! Yes, I
Sin - ners are made whole, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! "Come, and
To Him bye and bye, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Just a
know He died for sin - ners On Mount Cal - va - ry; And with
drink ye of the foun-tain, That is flow - ing free; Come, and
few more years of toil - ing For the Mas - ter here; Just a

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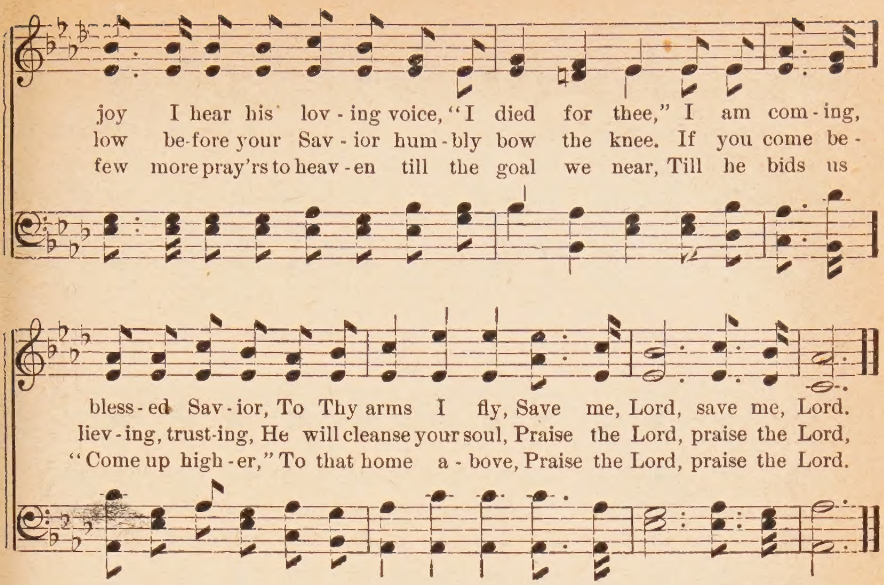
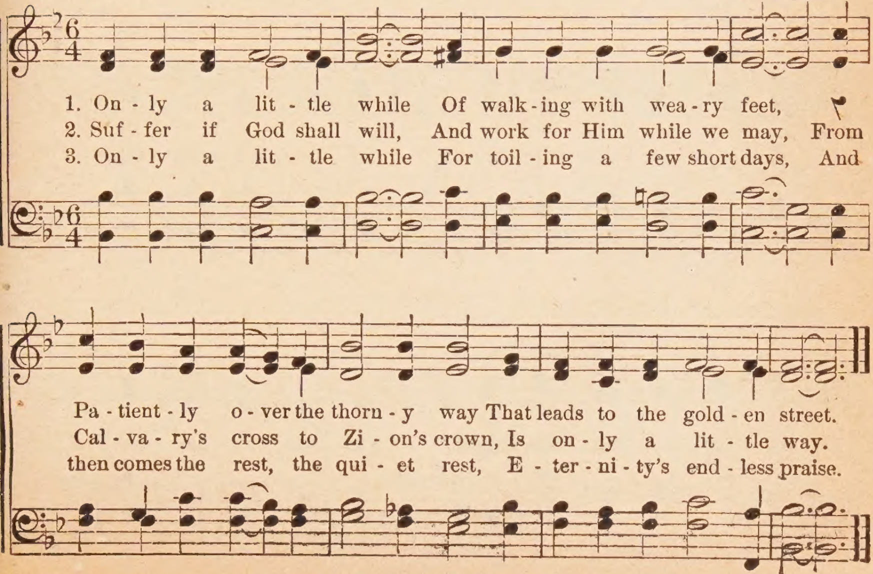
Save Me, Lord.—Concluded.


joy I hear his lov - ing voice, "I died for thee," I am com - ing,
low be-fore your Sav - ior hum - bly bow the knee. If you come be -
few more pray'rs to heav - en till the goal we near, Till he bids us
bless - ed Sav - ior, To Thy arms I fly, Save me, Lord, save me, Lord.
liev - ing, trust-ing, He will cleanse your soul, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
"Come up high - er," To that home a - bove, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord.

No. 164. Only a Little While.

P. A. Crozier.

Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. On - ly a lit - tle while Of walk - ing with wea - ry feet,
2. Suf - fer if God shall will, And work for Him while we may, From
3. On - ly a lit - tle while For toil - ing a few short days, And
Pa - tient - ly o - ver the thorn - y way That leads to the gold - en street.
Cal - va - ry's cross to Zi - on's crown, Is on - ly a lit - tle way.
then comes the rest, the qui - et rest, E - ter - ni - ty's end - less praise.

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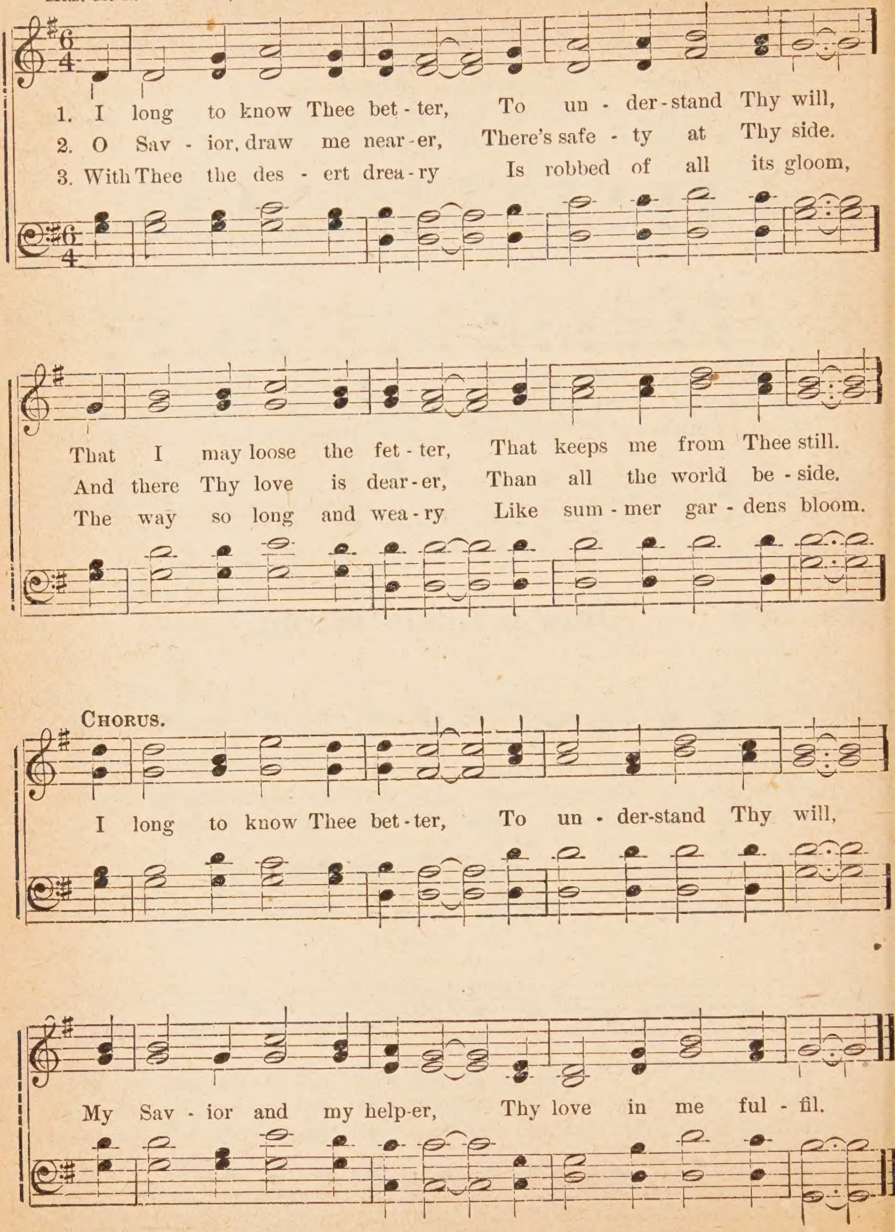
No. 165. I long to know Thee better.

"Whom to know aright is life eternal."

Mrs. M. L. Davidson, J. H. Fillmore.

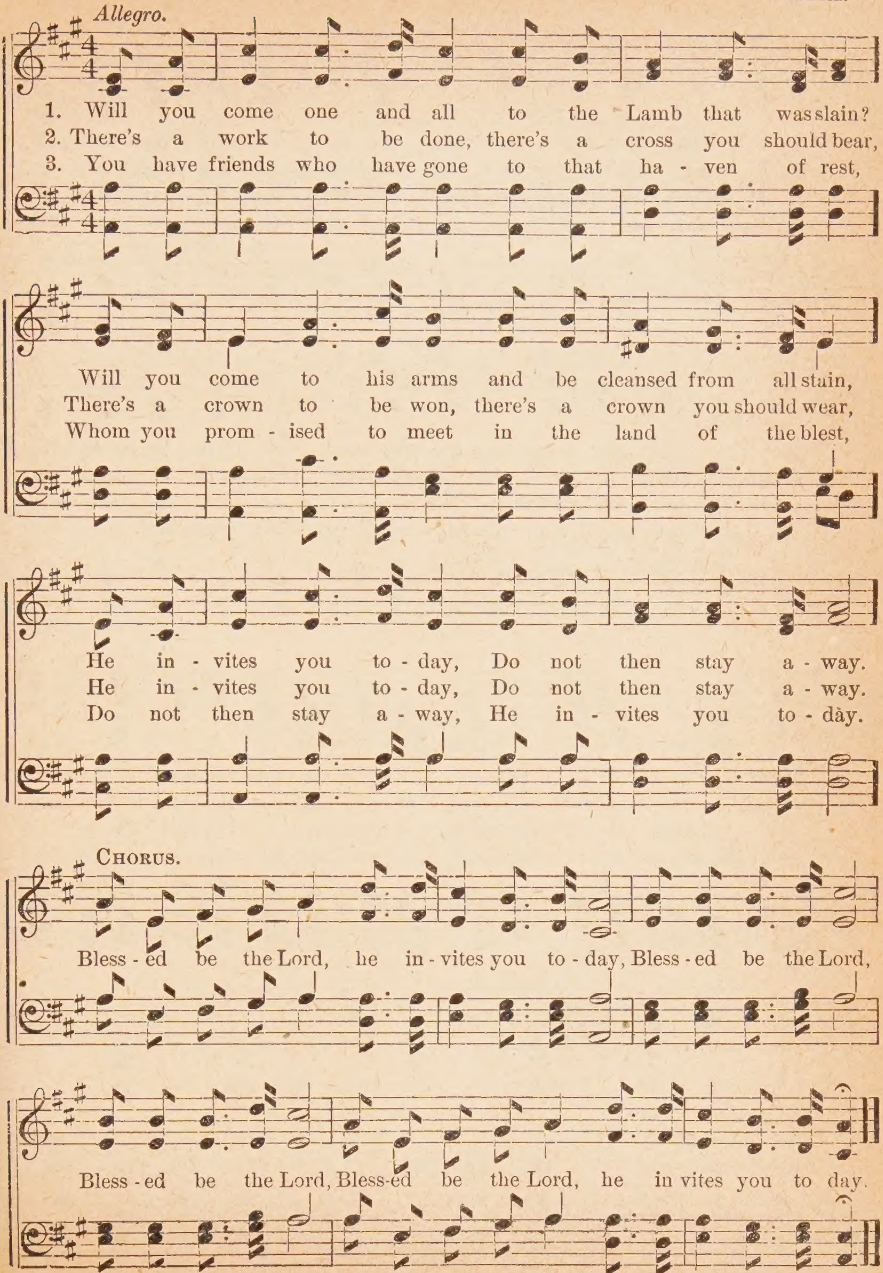

1. I long to know Thee bet-ter, To un-der-stand Thy will,
2. O Sav-ior, draw me near-er, There's safe-ty at Thy side.
3. With Thee the des-ert drea-ry Is robbed of all its gloom,
That I may loose the fet-ter, That keeps me from Thee still.
And there Thy love is dear-er, Than all the world be-side.
The way so long and wea-ry Like sum-mer gar-dens bloom.
Chorus.
I long to know Thee bet-ter, To un-der-stand Thy will,
My Sav-ior and my help-er, Thy love in me ful-fil.

By permission.

No. 166. Will You Come?

C. E. L.

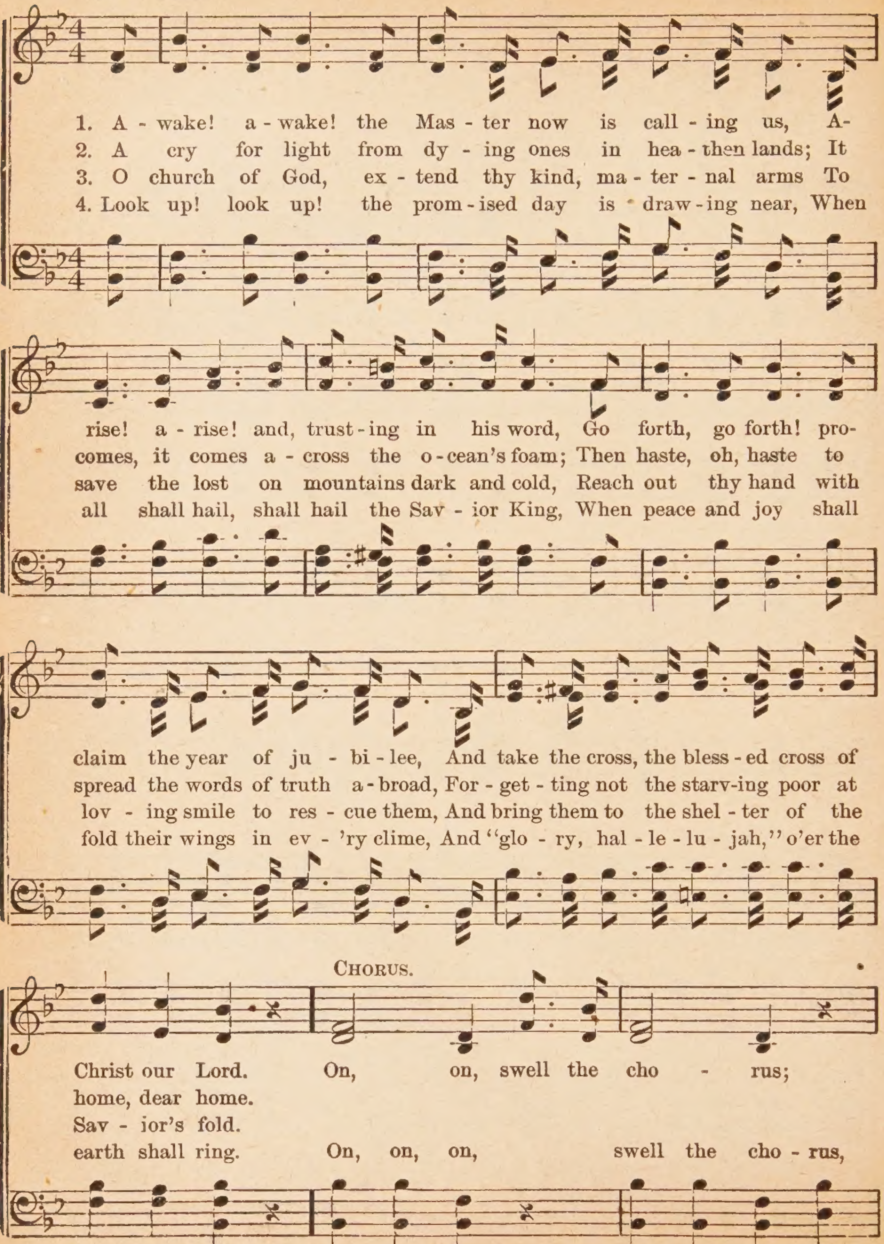
C. E. Leslie.


Allegro.
1. Will you come one and all to the Lamb that was slain?
2. There's a work to be done, there's a cross you should bear,
3. You have friends who have gone to that ha - ven of rest,
Will you come to his arms and be cleansed from all stain,
There's a crown to be won, there's a crown you should wear,
Whom you prom - ised to meet in the land of the blest,
He in - vites you to - day, Do not then stay a - way.
He in - vites you to - day, Do not then stay a - way.
Do not then stay a - way, He in - vites you to - day.
Chorus.
Bless - ed be the Lord, he in - vites you to - day, Bless - ed be the Lord,
Bless - ed be the Lord, Bless-ed be the Lord, he in vites you to day.

By permission.

No. 167. Church Rallying Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JOHN R. SWENEY.


1. A - wake! a - wake! the Mas - ter now is call - ing us, A-
2. A cry for light from dy - ing ones in hea - then lands; It
3. O church of God, ex - tend thy kind, ma - ter - nal arms To
4. Look up! look up! the prom - ised day is draw - ing near, When
rise! a - rise! and, trust - ing in his word, Go forth, go forth! pro-
comes, it comes a - cross the o - cean's foam; Then haste, oh, haste to
save the lost on mountains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with
all shall hail, shall hail the Sav - ior King, When peace and joy shall
claim the year of ju - bi - lee, And take the cross, the bless - ed cross of
spread the words of truth a - broad, For - get - ting not the starv-ing poor at
lov - ing smile to res - cue them, And bring them to the shel - ter of the
fold their wings in ev - 'ry clime, And "glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah," o'er the
Christ our Lord.
home, dear home.
Sav - ior's fold.
earth shall ring.
CHORUS.
On, on, swell the cho - rus;
On, on, on, swell the cho - rus,

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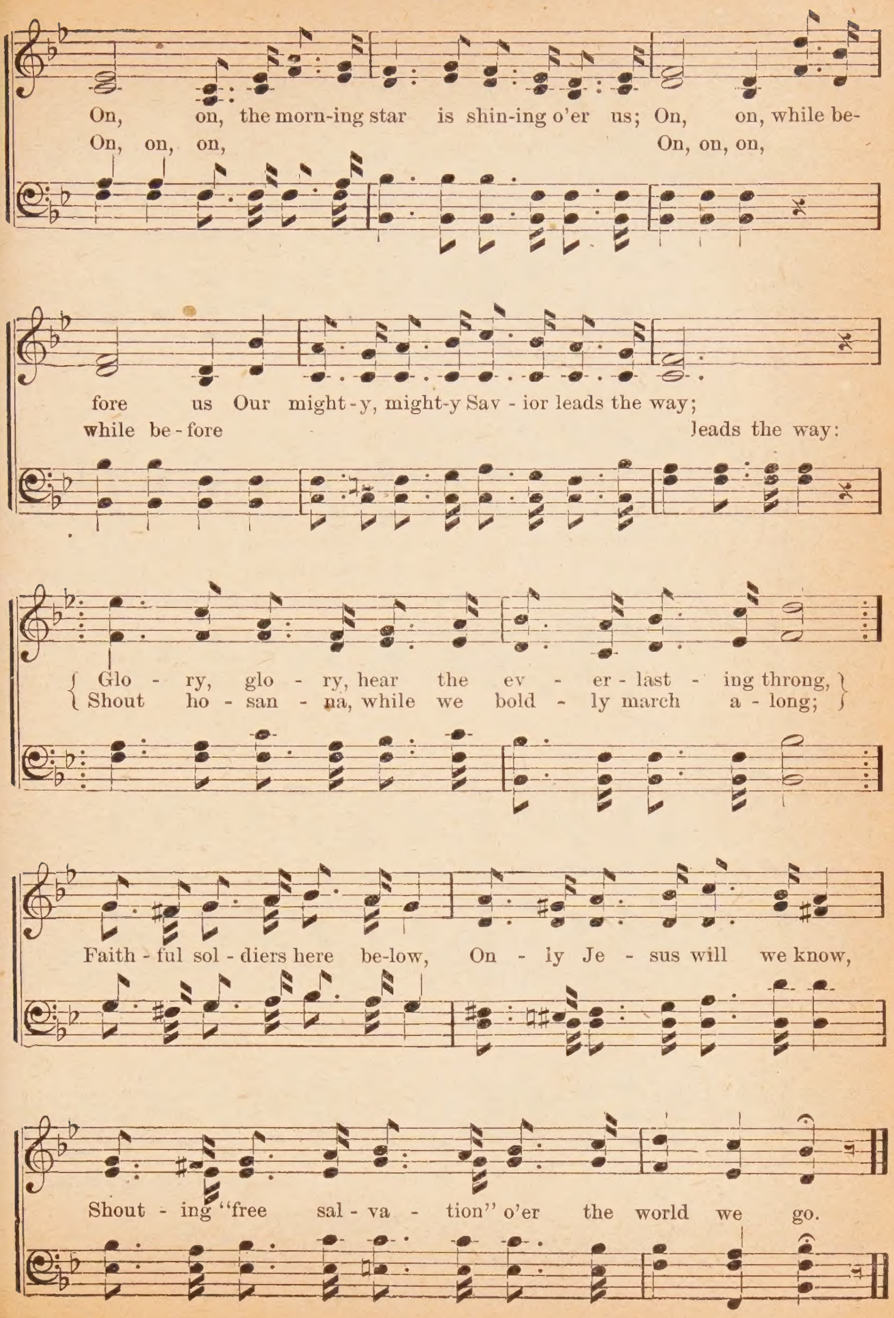
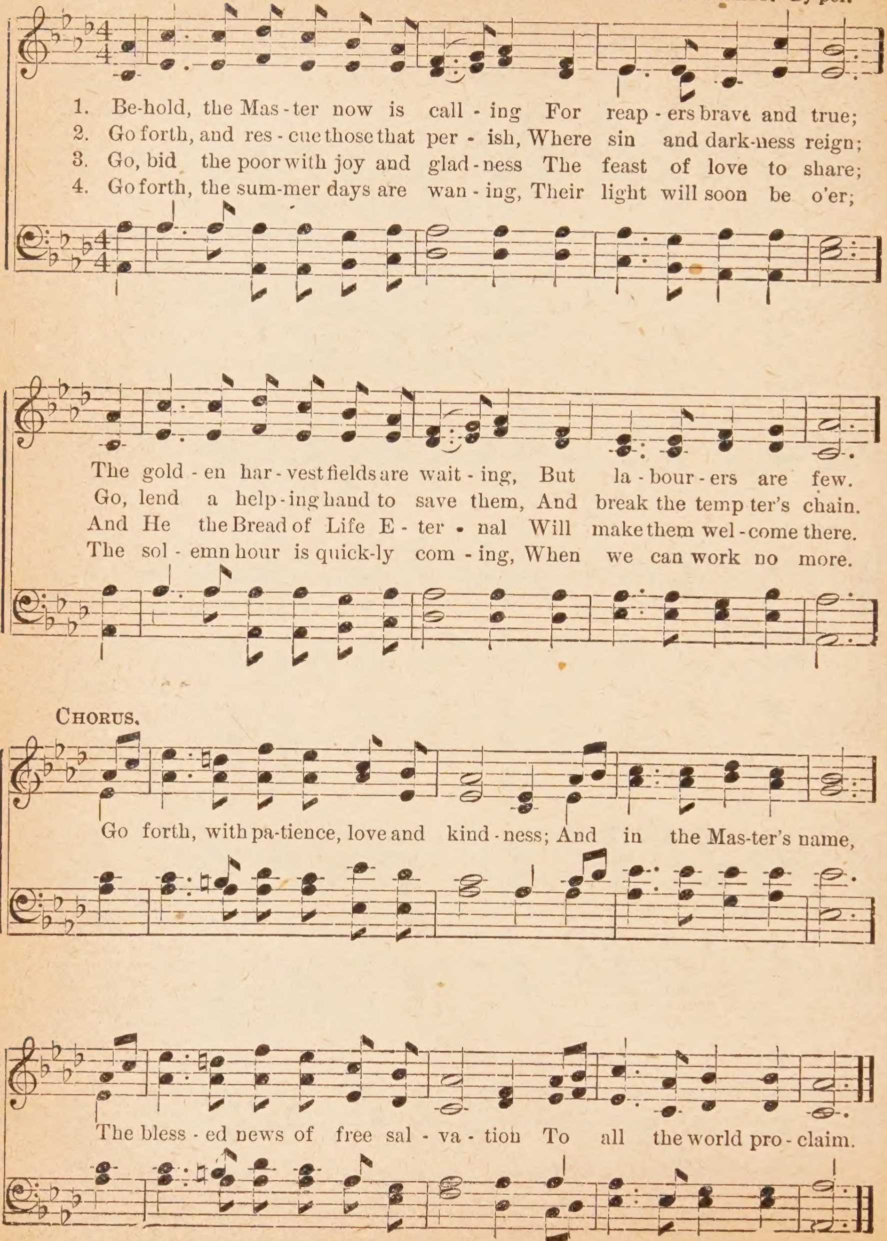
Church Rallying Song.—Concluded.


On, on, the morn-ing star is shin-ing o'er us; On, on, while be-
On, on, on, On, on, on,
fore us Our might-y, might-y Sav - ior leads the way;
while be-fore leads the way:
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev - er - last - ing throng,
Shout ho - san - na, while we bold - ly march a - long;
Faith - ful sol - diers here be-low, On - ly Je - sus will we know,
Shout - ing "free sal - va - tion" o'er the world we go.

No. 168. The Master's Call.

"Go, work to-day in my vine-yard."—Matt. xxxi. 28.

Julia Sterling. Ira D. Sankey. By per.


1. Be-hold, the Mas-ter now is call - ing For reap - ers brave and true;
2. Go forth, and res - cue those that per - ish, Where sin and dark-ness reign;
3. Go, bid the poor with joy and glad-ness The feast of love to share;
4. Go forth, the sum-mer days are wan - ing, Their light will soon be o'er;
The gold - en har - vest fields are wait - ing, But la - bour - ers are few.
Go, lend a help-ing hand to save them, And break the temp-ter's chain.
And He the Bread of Life E - ter - nal Will make them wel-come there.
The sol - emn hour is quick-ly com - ing, When we can work no more.
Chorus.
Go forth, with pa-tience, love and kind - ness; And in the Mas-ter's name,
The bless - ed news of free sal - va - tion To all the world pro - claim.

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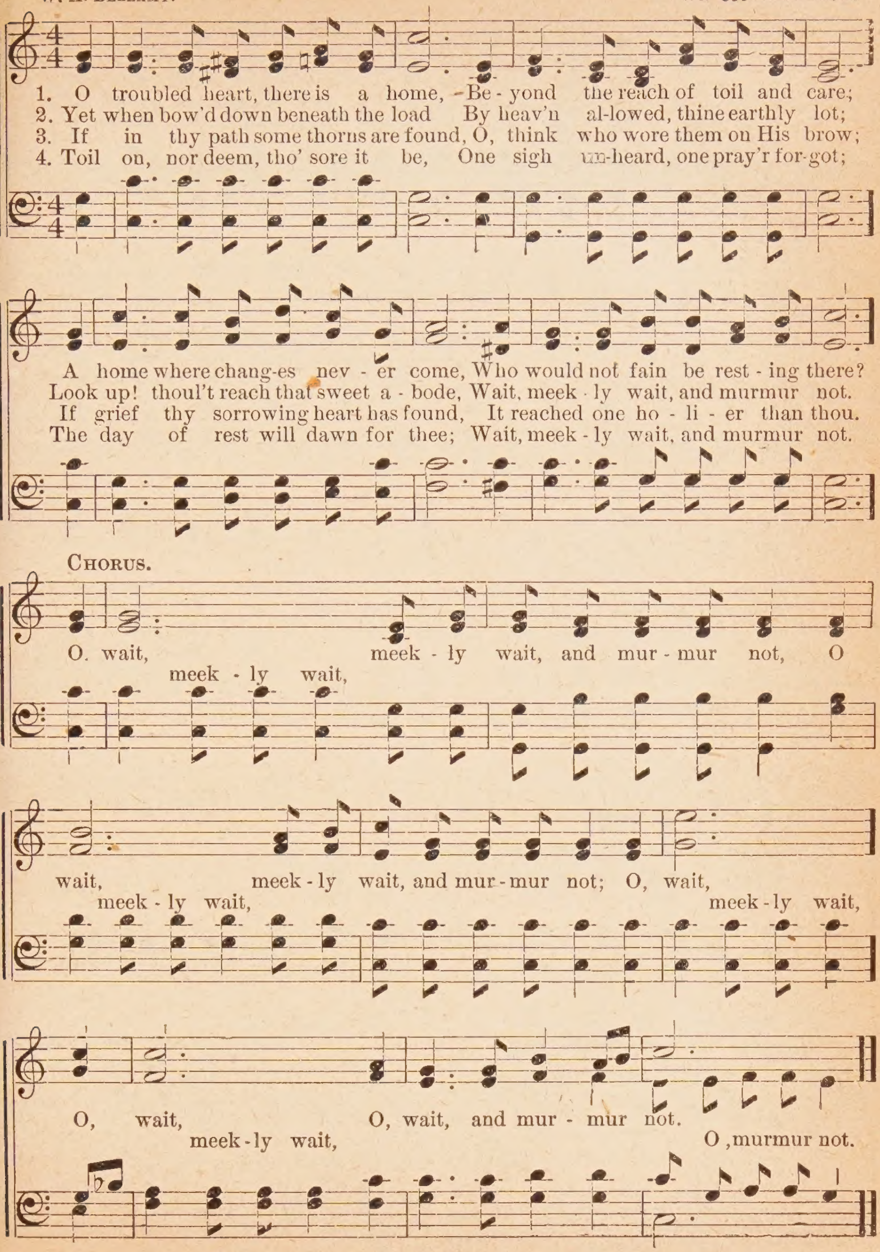
No. 169. Wait, and Murmur Not.

"It is good that a man hope and quietly wait."—Sam. 3: 26.

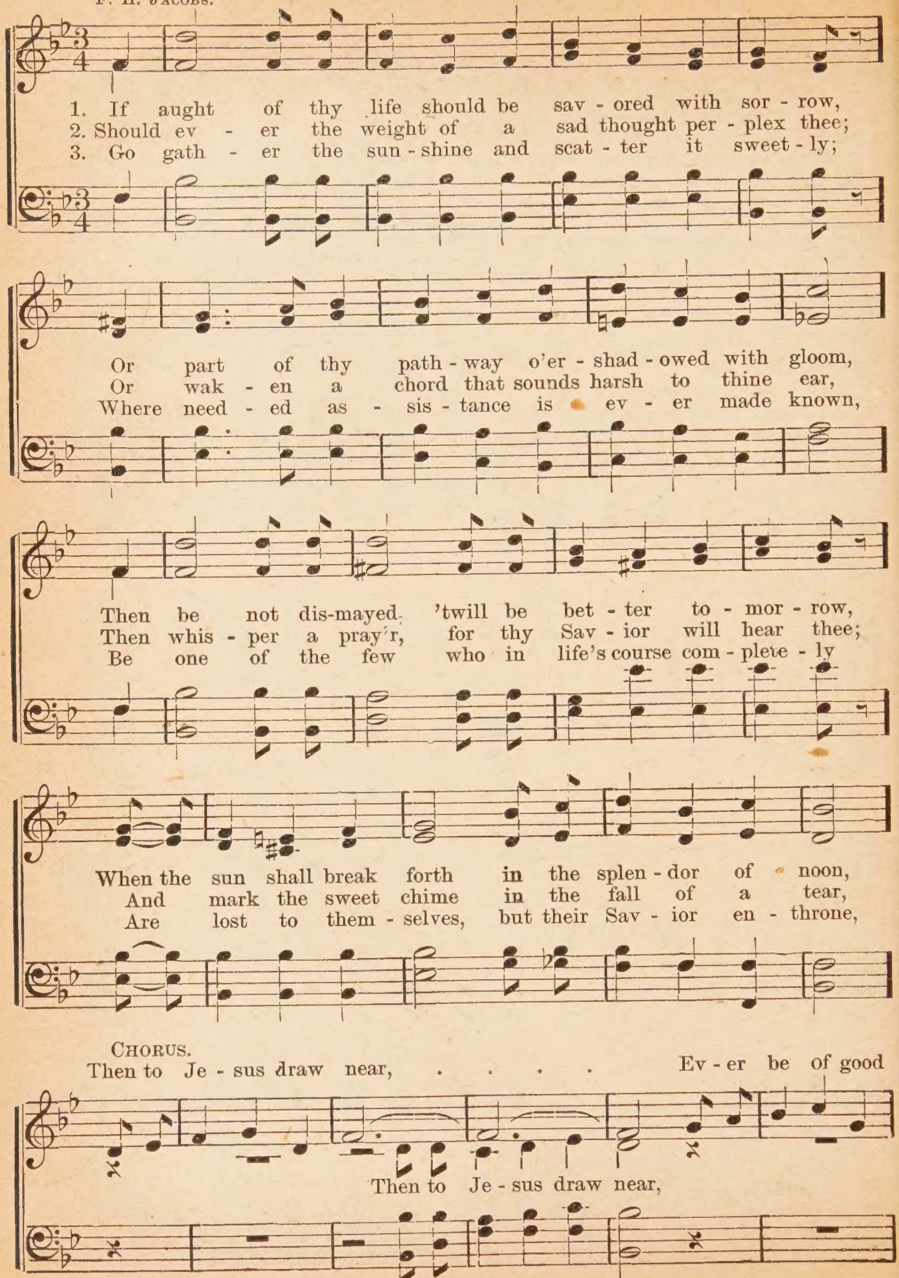
W. H. Bellamy. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. O troubled heart, there is a home, Be - yond the reach of toil and care;
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n al-lowed, thine earthly lot;
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who wore them on His brow;
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh un-heard, one pray'r for-got;
A home where chang-es nev - er come, Who would not fain be rest - ing there?
Look up! thou'lt reach that sweet a - bode, Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached one ho - li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.
Chorus.
O, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O
meek - ly wait,
wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not; O, wait,
meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait,
O, wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not.
meek - ly wait, O, murmur not.

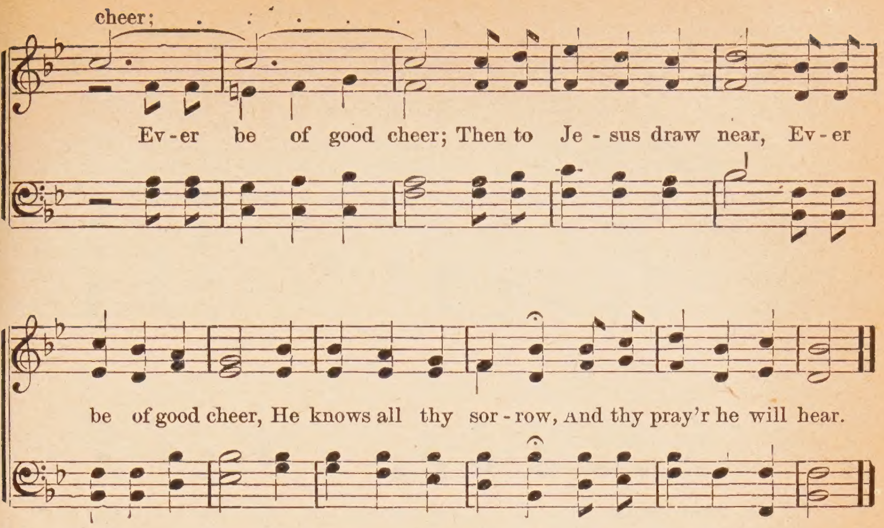
By permission.

No. 170. A Bright To-Morrow.

F. H. Jacobs. Alfred Beirly.

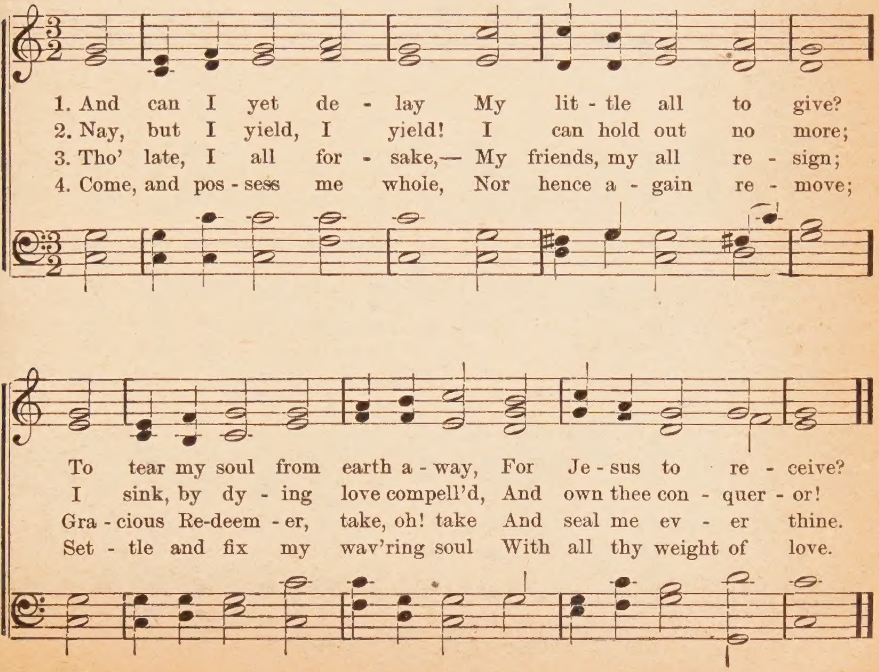

1. If aught of thy life should be sav - ored with sor - row,
2. Should ev - er the weight of a sad thought per - plex thee;
3. Go gath - er the sun - shine and scat - ter it sweet - ly;
Or part of thy path - way o'er - shad - owed with gloom,
Or wak - en a chord that sounds harsh to thine ear,
Where need - ed as - sis - tance is ev - er made known,
Then be not dis-mayed, 'twill be bet - ter to - mor - row,
Then whis - per a pray'r, for thy Sav - ior will hear thee;
Be one of the few who in life's course com - plete - ly
When the sun shall break forth in the splen - dor of noon,
And mark the sweet chime in the fall of a tear,
Are lost to them - selves, but their Sav - ior en - throne,
Chorus.
Then to Je - sus draw near, ... Ev - er be of good
Then to Je - sus draw near,

A Bright To-Morrow—Concluded.


cheer;
Ev-er be of good cheer; Then to Je-sus draw near, Ev-er
be of good cheer, He knows all thy sor-row, And thy pray'r he will hear.

No. 171. And Can I Yet Delay?

Dr. L. Mason.


1. And can I yet de-lay My lit-tle all to give?
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more;
3. Tho' late, I all for-sake,— My friends, my all re-sign;
4. Come, and pos-sess me whole, Nor hence a-gain re-move;
To tear my soul from earth a-way, For Je-sus to re-ceive?
I sink, by dy-ing love compell'd, And own thee con-quer-or!
Gra-cious Re-deem-er, take, oh! take And seal me ev-er thine.
Set-tle and fix my wav'ring soul With all thy weight of love.

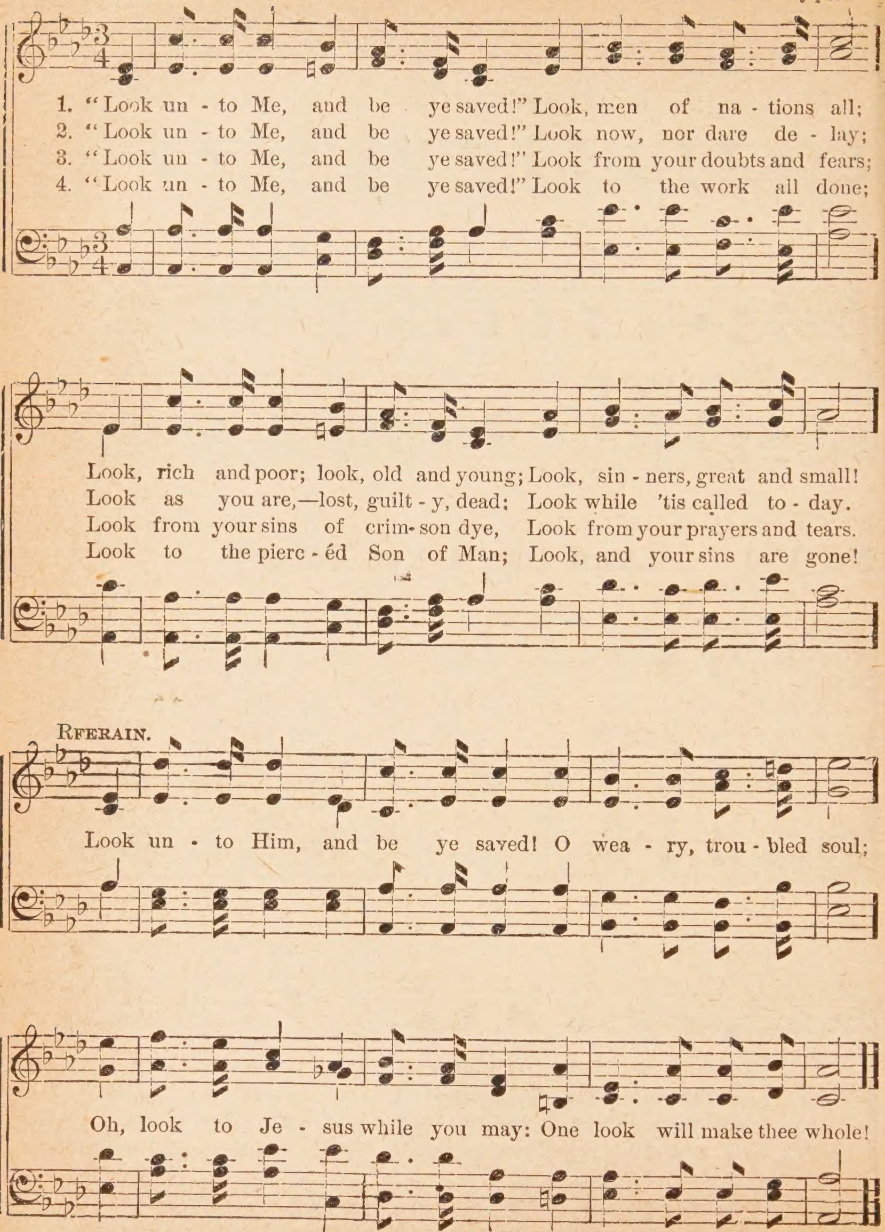
No. 172.

Look unto Me.

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved."—Isiah 14: 22.

W. P. Mackay.

Ira D. Sankey. By per.



1. "Look un - to Me, and be ye saved!" Look, men of na - tions all;
2. "Look un - to Me, and be ye saved!" Look now, nor dare de - lay;
3. "Look un - to Me, and be ye saved!" Look from your doubts and fears;
4. "Look un - to Me, and be ye saved!" Look to the work all done;
Look, rich and poor; look, old and young; Look, sin - ners, great and small!
Look as you are,—lost, guilt - y, dead; Look while 'tis called to - day.
Look from your sins of crim- son dye, Look from your prayers and tears.
Look to the pierc - éd Son of Man; Look, and your sins are gone!
Refrain.
Look un - to Him, and be ye saved! O wea - ry, trou - bled soul;
Oh, look to Je - sus while you may: One look will make thee whole!

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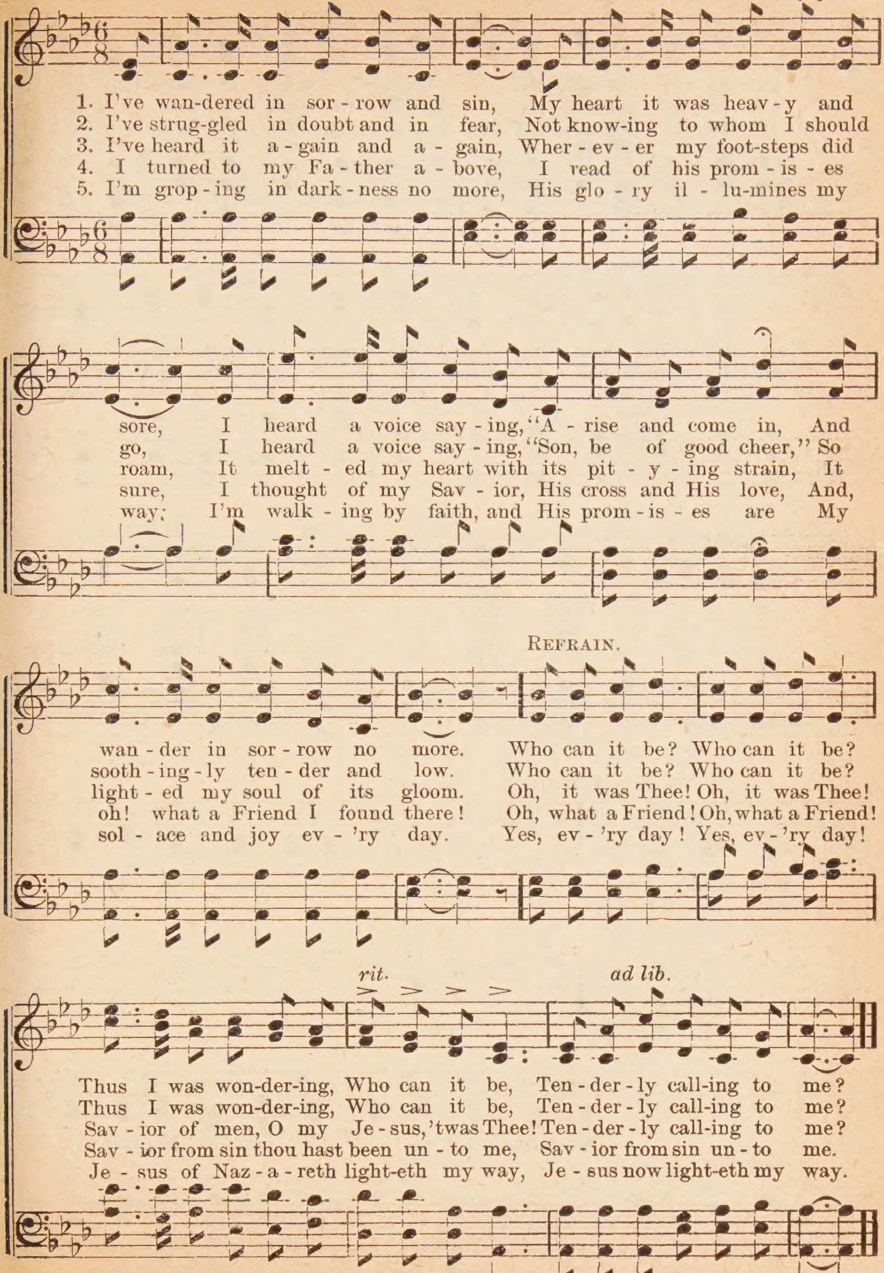
No. 173. Who Can it Be?

W. A. O.

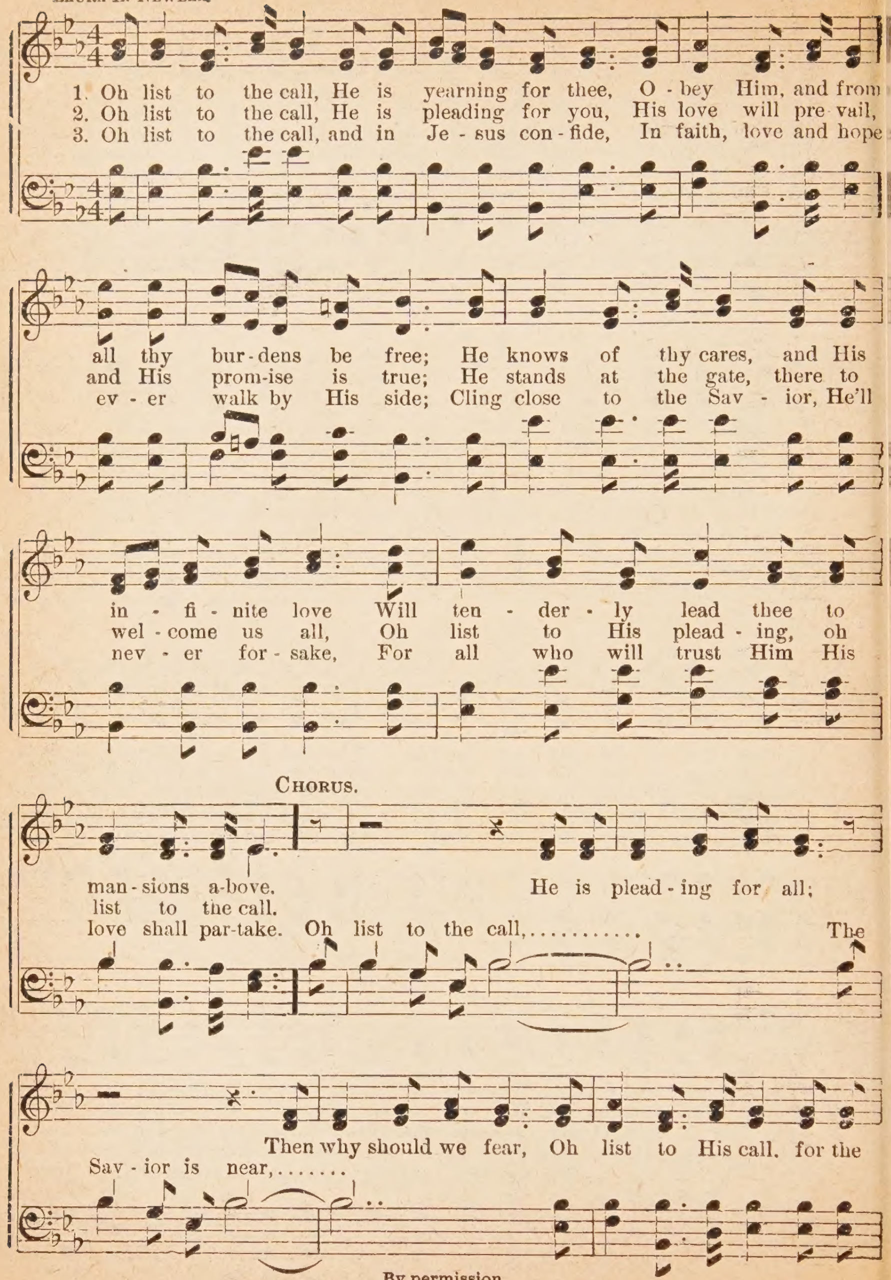
W. A. Ogden, by per.


1. I've wan-dered in sor - row and sin, My heart it was heav - y and
2. I've strug-gled in doubt and in fear, Not know-ing to whom I should
3. I've heard it a - gain and a - gain, Wher - ev - er my foot-steps did
4. I turned to my Fa - ther a - bove, I read of his prom - is - es
5. I'm grop - ing in dark - ness no more, His glo - ry il - lu-mines my
sore, I heard a voice say - ing, "A - rise and come in, And
go, I heard a voice say - ing, "Son, be of good cheer," So
roam, It melt - ed my heart with its pit - y - ing strain, It
sure, I thought of my Sav - ior, His cross and His love, And,
way; I'm walk - ing by faith, and His prom - is - es are My
Refrain.
wan - der in sor - row no more. Who can it be? Who can it be?
sooth - ing - ly ten - der and low. Who can it be? Who can it be?
light - ed my soul of its gloom. Oh, it was Thee! Oh, it was Thee!
oh! what a Friend I found there! Oh, what a Friend! Oh, what a Friend!
sol - ace and joy ev - 'ry day. Yes, ev - 'ry day! Yes, ev - 'ry day!
rit.
ad lib.
Thus I was won-der-ing, Who can it be, Ten - der - ly call-ing to me?
Thus I was won-der-ing, Who can it be, Ten - der - ly call-ing to me?
Sav - ior of men, O my Je - sus, 'twas Thee! Ten - der - ly call-ing to me?
Sav - ior from sin thou hast been un - to me, Sav - ior from sin un - to me.
Je - sus of Naz - a - reth light-eth my way, Je - sus now light-eth my way.

By permission.

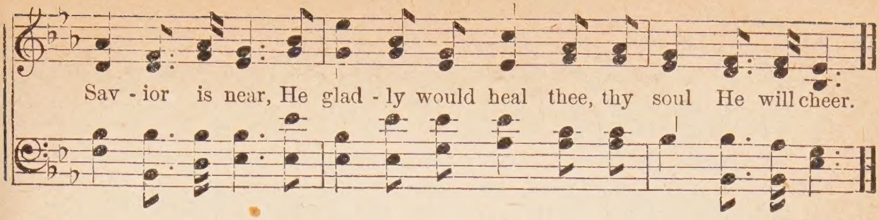
No. 174. Oh List to the Call!

Laura E. Newell. C. E. Leslie.

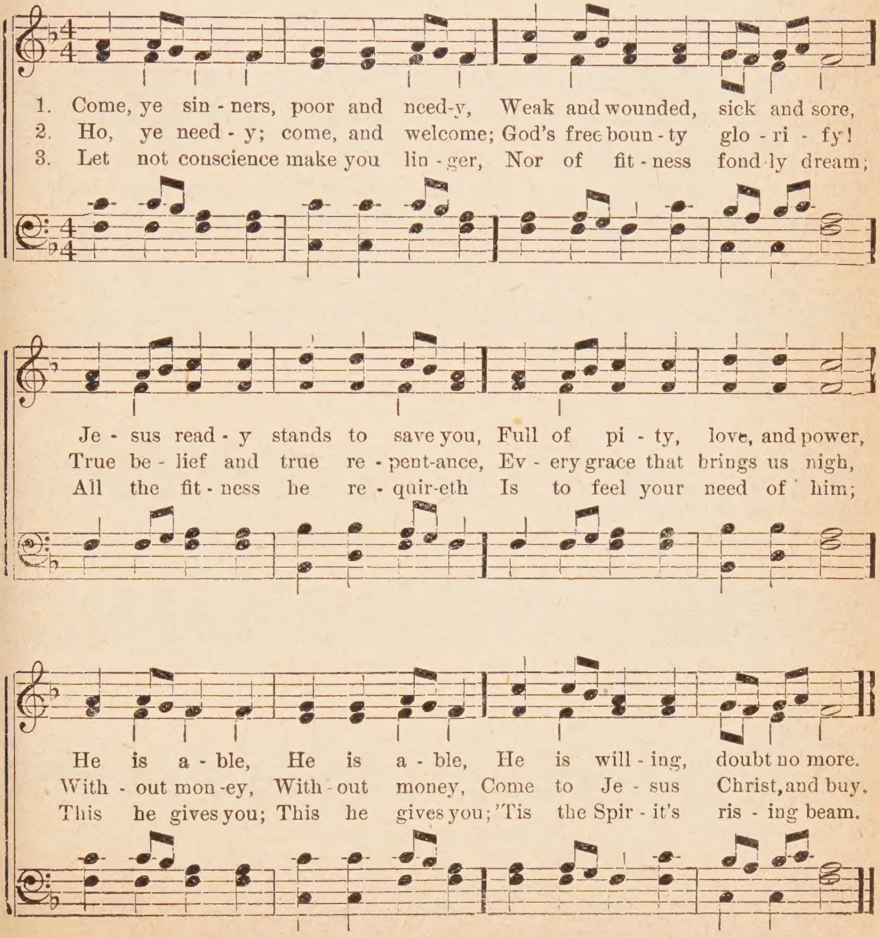

1. Oh list to the call, He is yearning for thee, O-bey Him, and from
2. Oh list to the call, He is pleading for you, His love will pre-vail,
3. Oh list to the call, and in Je-sus con-fide, In faith, love and hope
all thy bur-dens be free; He knows of thy cares, and His
and His prom-ise is true; He stands at the gate, there to
ev-er walk by His side; Cling close to the Sav-ior, He'll
in-fi-nite love Will ten-der-ly lead thee to
wel-come us all, Oh list to His plead-ing, oh
nev-er for-sake, For all who will trust Him His
Chorus.
man-sions a-bove. He is plead-ing for all;
list to the call.
love shall par-take. Oh list to the call,........... The
Then why should we fear, Oh list to His call, for the
Sav-ior is near,.......

By permission.

Oh List, etc.—Concluded.


Savior is near, He gladly would heal thee, thy soul He will cheer.

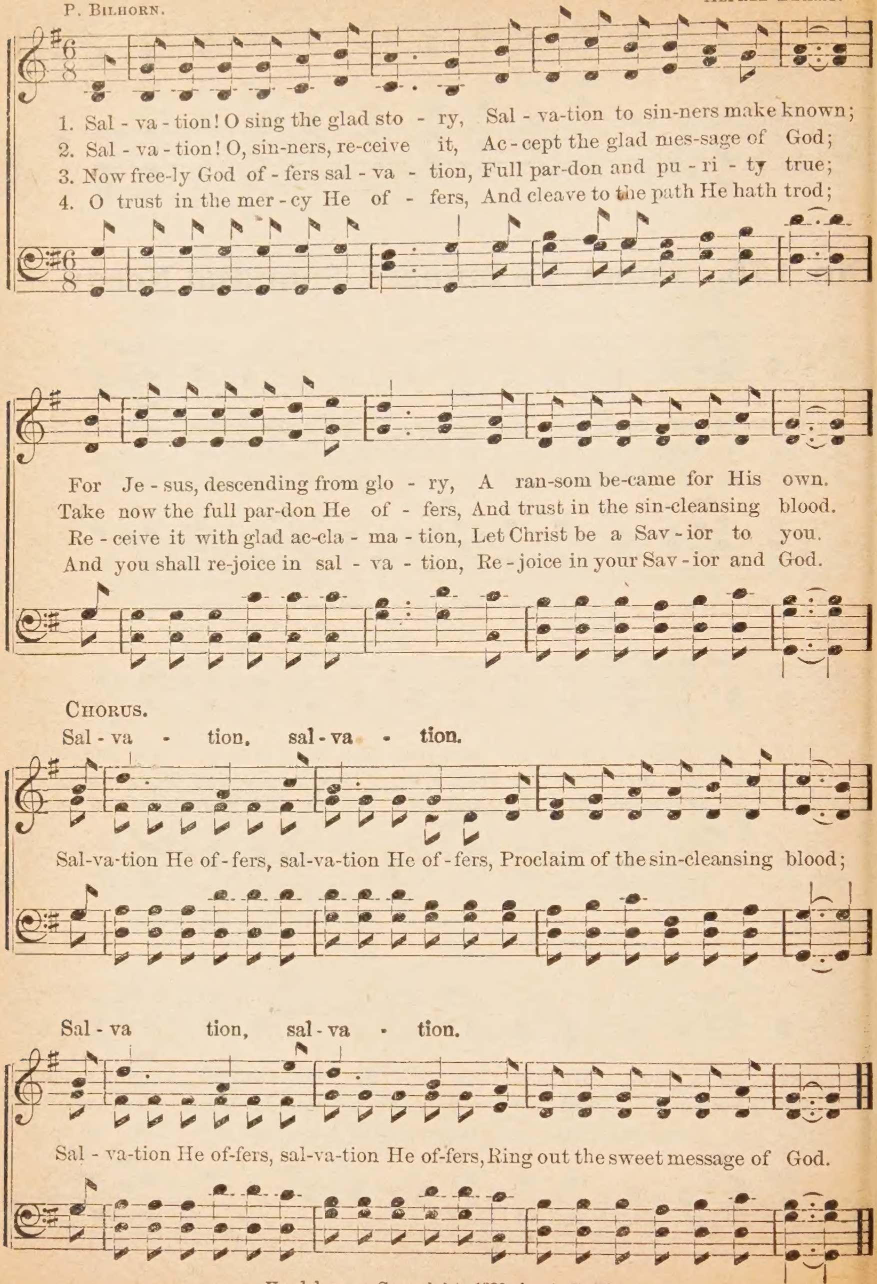
No. 175. Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.


1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
2. Ho, ye needy; come, and welcome; God's free bounty glorify!
3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream;
Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and power,
True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings us nigh,
All the fitness he requireth Is to feel your need of him;
He is able, He is able, He is willing, doubt no more.
Without money, Without money, Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
This he gives you; This he gives you; 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

No. 176. Salvation! O Sing the Story.

ALFRED BEIRLY.

P. BILHORN.


1. Sal-va-tion! O sing the glad sto-ry, Sal-va-tion to sin-ners make known;
2. Sal-va-tion! O, sin-ners, re-ceive it, Ac-cept the glad mes-sage of God;
3. Now free-ly God of-fers sal-va-tion, Full par-don and pu-ri-ty true;
4. O trust in the mer-cy He of-fers, And cleave to the path He hath trod;
For Je-sus, descending from glo-ry, A ran-som be-came for His own.
Take now the full par-don He of-fers, And trust in the sin-cleansing blood.
Re-ceive it with glad ac-cla-ma-tion, Let Christ be a Sav-ior to you.
And you shall re-joice in sal-va-tion, Re-joice in your Sav-ior and God.
CHORUS.
Sal-va-tion, sal-va-tion.
Sal-va-tion He of-fers, sal-va-tion He of-fers, Proclaim of the sin-cleansing blood;
Sal-va-tion, sal-va-tion.
Sal-va-tion He of-fers, sal-va-tion He of-fers, Ring out the sweet message of God.

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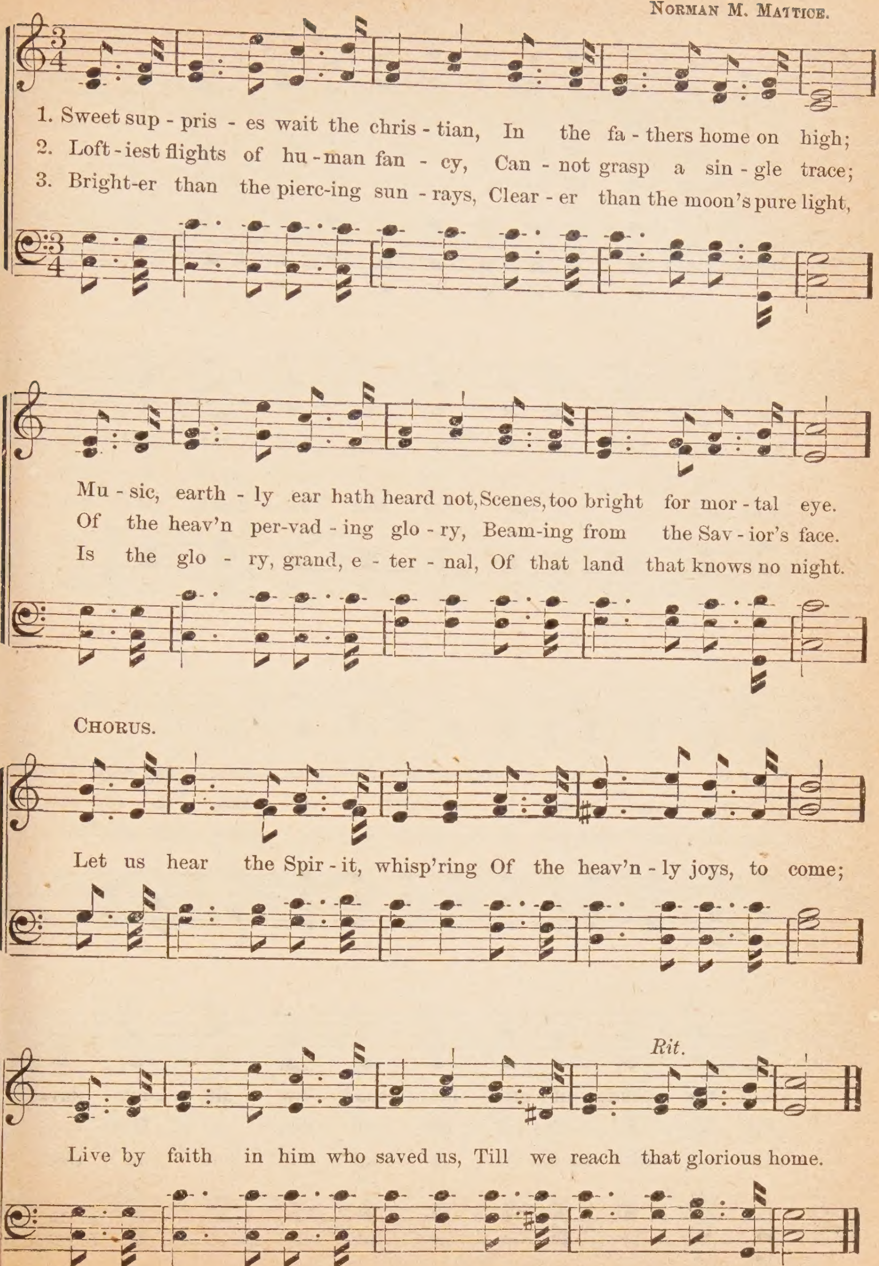
No. 177.

Sweet Surprises.

T. T. BACHELLER.

NORMAN M. MATTICE.

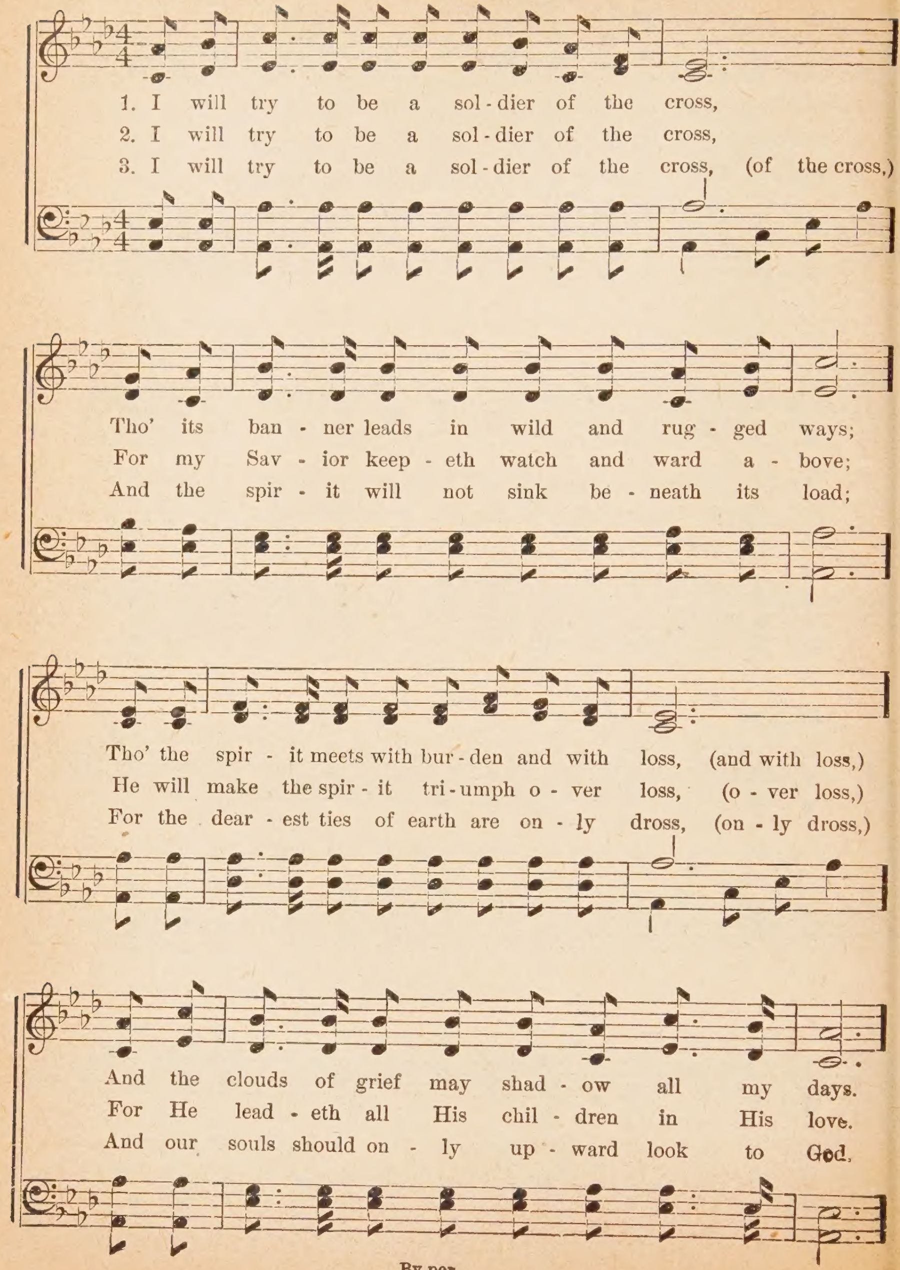

1. Sweet sup - pris - es wait the chris - tian, In the fa - thers home on high;
2. Loft - iest flights of hu - man fan - cy, Can - not grasp a sin - gle trace;
3. Bright-er than the pierc-ing sun - rays, Clear - er than the moon's pure light,
Mu - sic, earth - ly ear hath heard not, Scenes, too bright for mor - tal eye.
Of the heav'n per-vad - ing glo - ry, Beam-ing from the Sav - ior's face.
Is the glo - ry, grand, e - ter - nal, Of that land that knows no night.
CHORUS.
Let us hear the Spir - it, whisp'ring Of the heav'n - ly joys, to come;
Rit.
Live by faith in him who saved us, Till we reach that glorious home.

Property of P. BILHORN.

No. 178. There awaits a Crown.

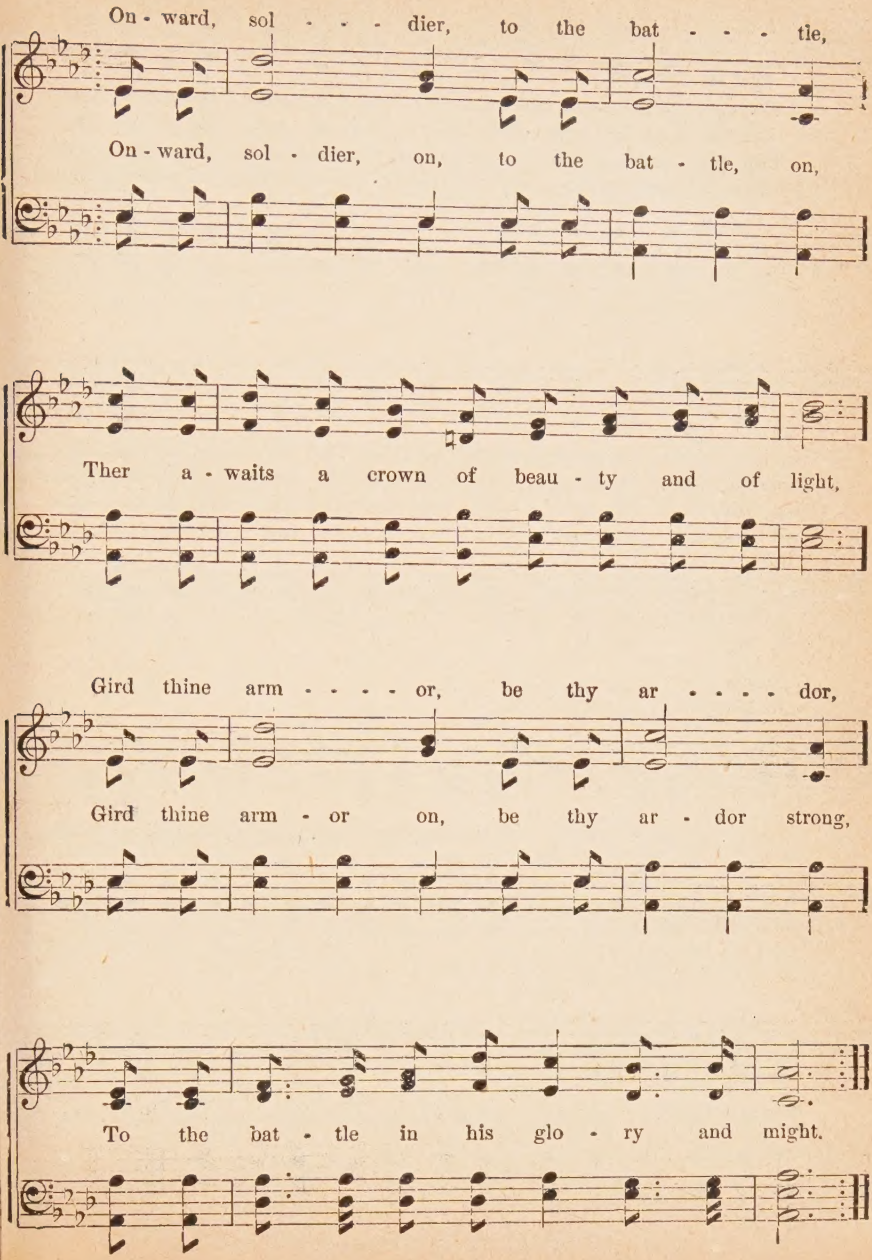
NEVA E. PARKHILL.

C. E. LESLIE.


1. I will try to be a sol-dier of the cross,
2. I will try to be a sol-dier of the cross,
3. I will try to be a sol-dier of the cross, (of the cross,)
Tho' its ban-ner leads in wild and rug-ged ways;
For my Sav-ior keep-eth watch and ward a-bove;
And the spir-it will not sink be-neath its load;
Tho' the spir-it meets with bur-den and with loss, (and with loss,)
He will make the spir-it tri-umph o-ver loss, (o-ver loss,)
For the dear-est ties of earth are on-ly dross, (on-ly dross,)
And the clouds of grief may shad-ow all my days.
For He lead-eth all His chil-dren in His love.
And our souls should on-ly up-ward look to God.

By per.

There awaits a Crown.—Concluded.

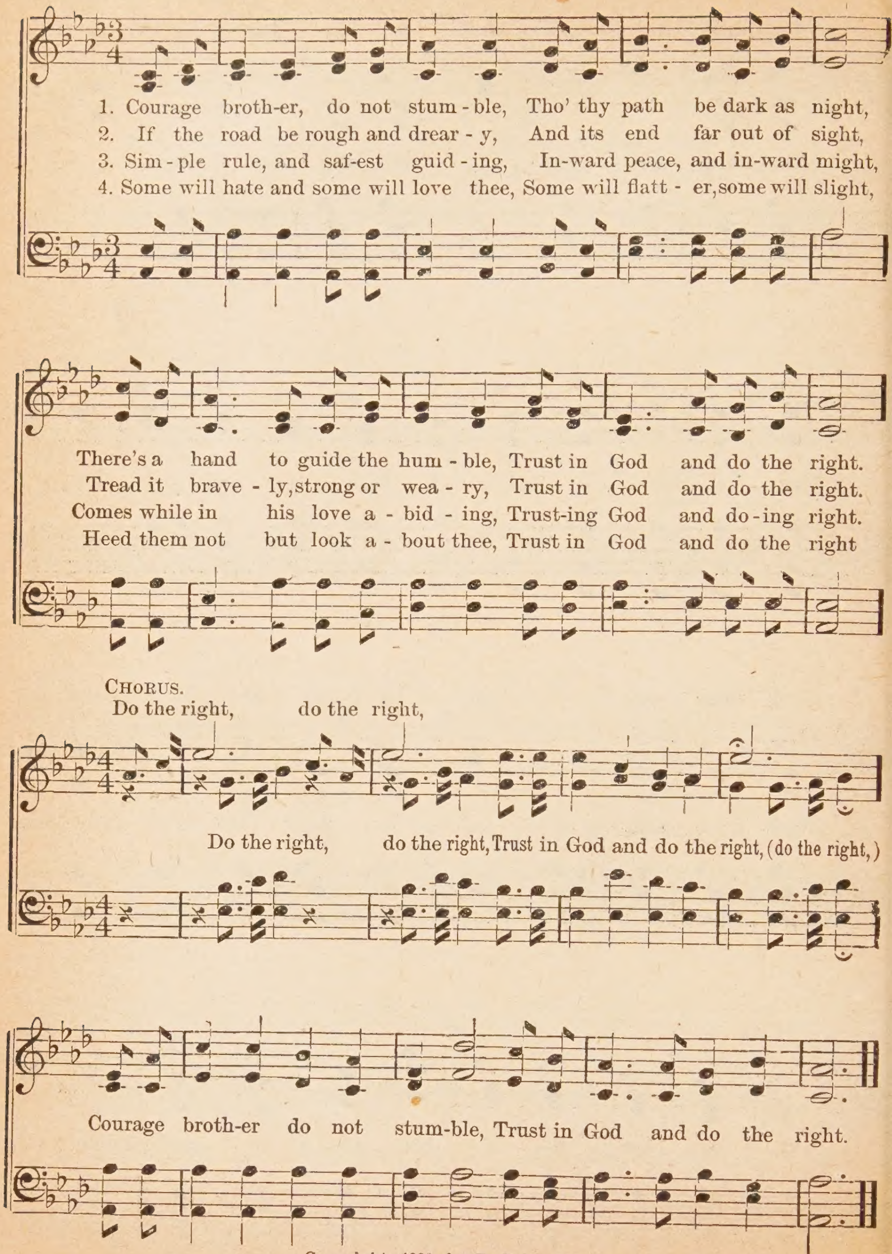

On - ward, sol - - - dier, to the bat - - - tle,
On - ward, sol - dier, on, to the bat - tle, on,
Ther a - waits a crown of beau - ty and of light,
Gird thine arm - - - - or, be thy ar - - - - dor,
Gird thine arm - or on, be thy ar - dor strong,
To the bat - tle in his glo - ry and might.

No. 179.

Do the Right.

Rev. N. McLead.

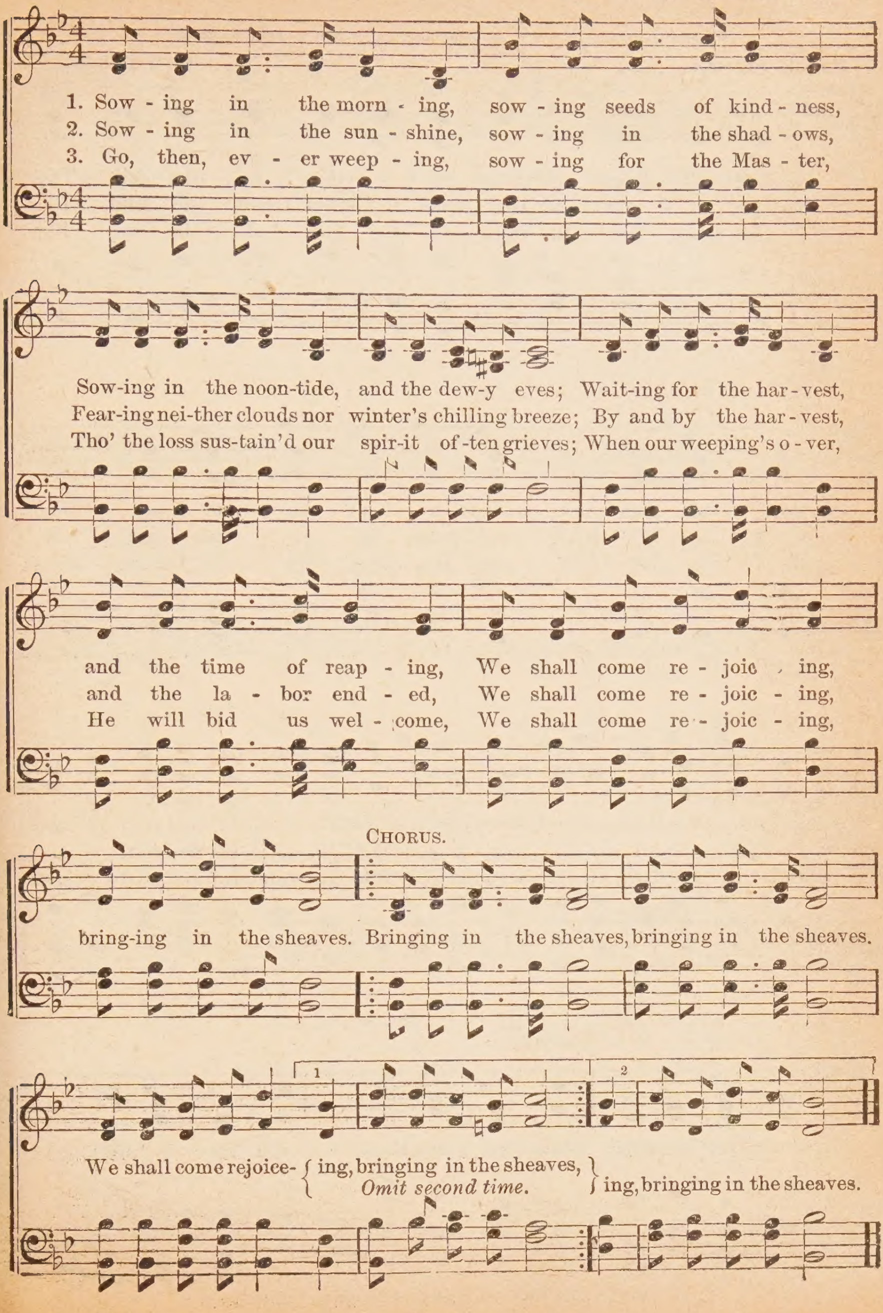
P. Bilhorn.


1. Courage broth-er, do not stum-ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night,
2. If the road be rough and drear-y, And its end far out of sight,
3. Sim-ple rule, and saf-est guid-ing, In-ward peace, and in-ward might,
4. Some will hate and some will love thee, Some will flatt-er,some will slight,
There's a hand to guide the hum-ble, Trust in God and do the right.
Tread it brave-ly,strong or wea-ry, Trust in God and do the right.
Comes while in his love a-bid-ing, Trust-ing God and do-ing right.
Heed them not but look a-bout thee, Trust in God and do the right
Chorus.
Do the right, do the right,
Do the right, do the right, Trust in God and do the right, (do the right,)
Courage broth-er do not stum-ble, Trust in God and do the right.

No. 180. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Words from "Songs of Glory."

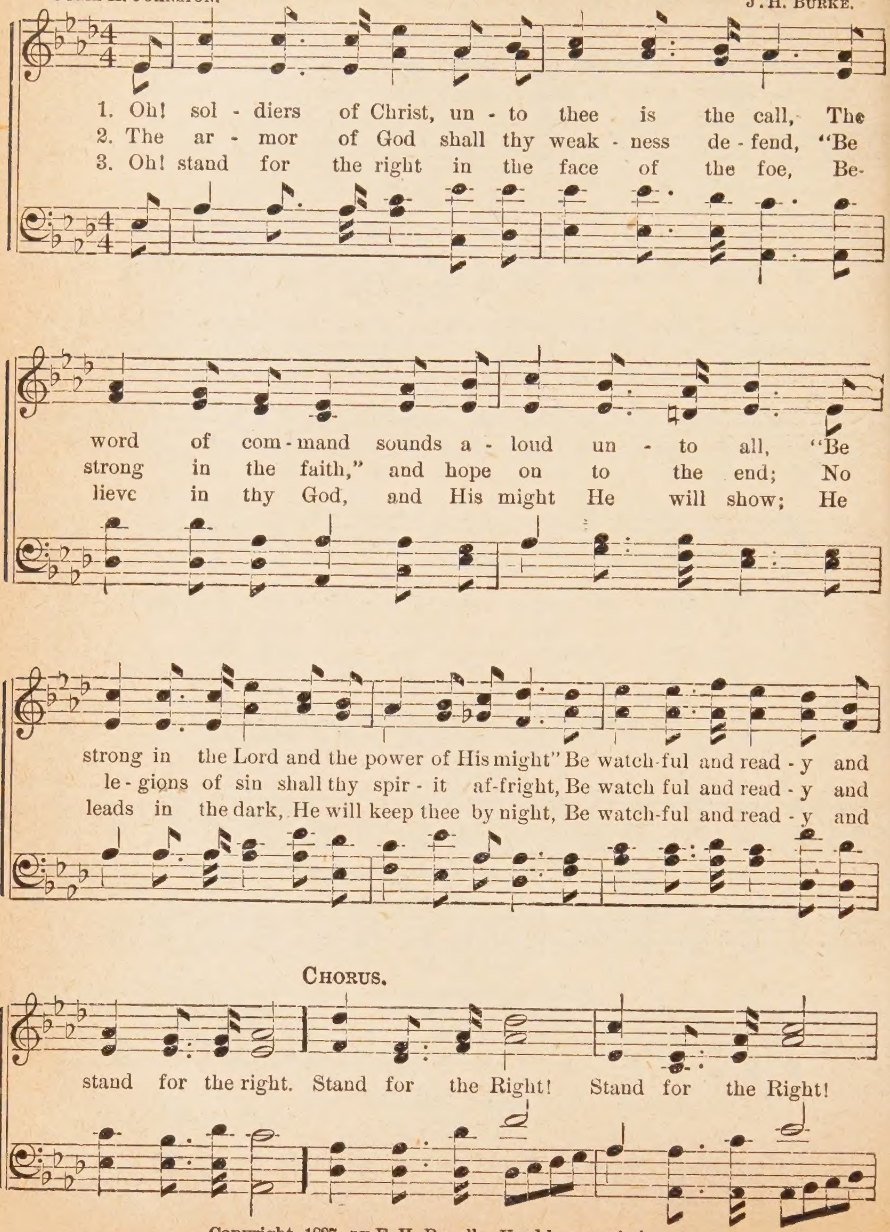
Geo. A. Minor, by per.


1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go, then, ev - er weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,
Sow-ing in the noon-tide, and the dew-y eves; Wait-ing for the har - vest,
Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest,
Tho' the loss sus-tain'd our spir-it of-ten grieves; When our weeping's o - ver,
and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,
Chorus.
bring-ing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come rejoice- ing, bringing in the sheaves,
Omit second time.
ing, bringing in the sheaves.
1
2

No. 181. Stand for the Right.

*"Stand, therefore, * * * and having done all, stand."*—Eph. 6: 13, 14.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. J. H. BURKE.


1. Oh! soldiers of Christ, unto thee is the call, The word of command sounds aloud unto all, "Be strong in the Lord and the power of His might" Be watchful and ready and
2. The armor of God shall thy weakness defend, "Be strong in the faith," and hope on to the end; No legions of sin shall thy spirit affright, Be watchful and ready and
3. Oh! stand for the right in the face of the foe, Believe in thy God, and His might He will show; He leads in the dark, He will keep thee by night, Be watchful and ready and
CHORUS.
stand for the right. Stand for the Right! Stand for the Right!

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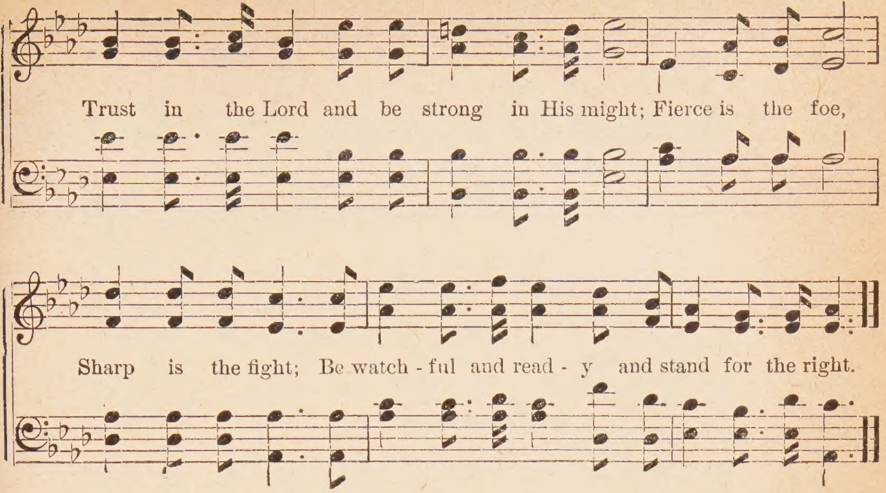
Stand for the Right. —Concluded.

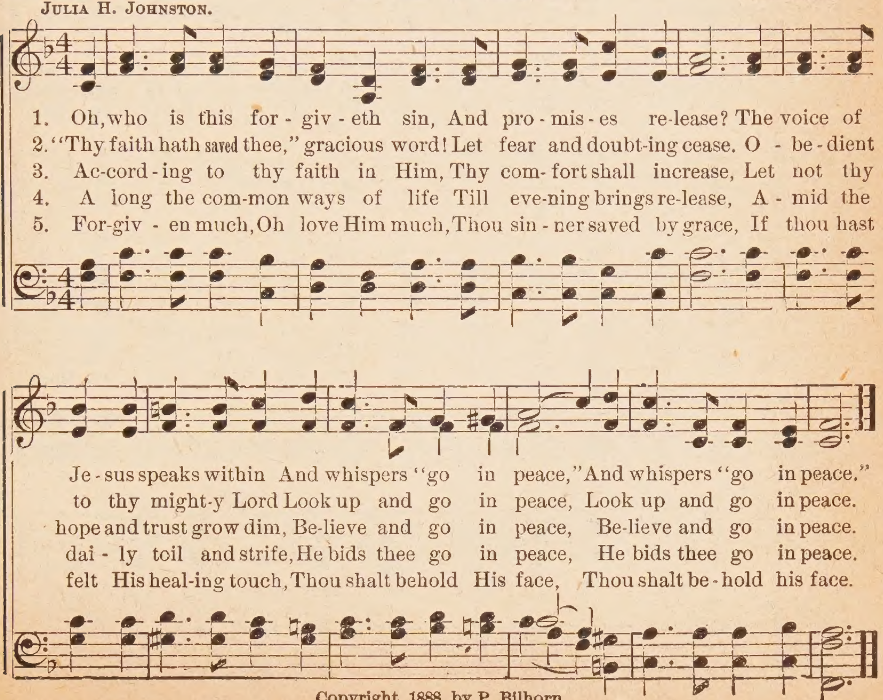

Trust in the Lord and be strong in His might; Fierce is the foe,
Sharp is the fight; Be watch - ful and read - y and stand for the right.

No. 182.

"Go in Peace."

Julia H. Johnston.

P. Bilhorn.


1. Oh, who is this for - giv - eth sin, And pro - mis - es re-lease? The voice of Je - sus speaks within And whispers "go in peace," And whispers "go in peace."
2. "Thy faith hath saved thee," gracious word! Let fear and doubt-ing cease. O - be - dient to thy might-y Lord Look up and go in peace, Look up and go in peace.
3. Ac-cord - ing to thy faith in Him, Thy com- fort shall increase, Let not thy hope and trust grow dim, Be-lieve and go in peace, Be-lieve and go in peace.
4. A long the com-mon ways of life Till eve-ning brings re-lease, A - mid the dai - ly toil and strife, He bids thee go in peace, He bids thee go in peace.
5. For-giv - en much, Oh love Him much, Thou sin - ner saved by grace, If thou hast felt His heal-ing touch, Thou shalt behold His face, Thou shalt be - hold his face.

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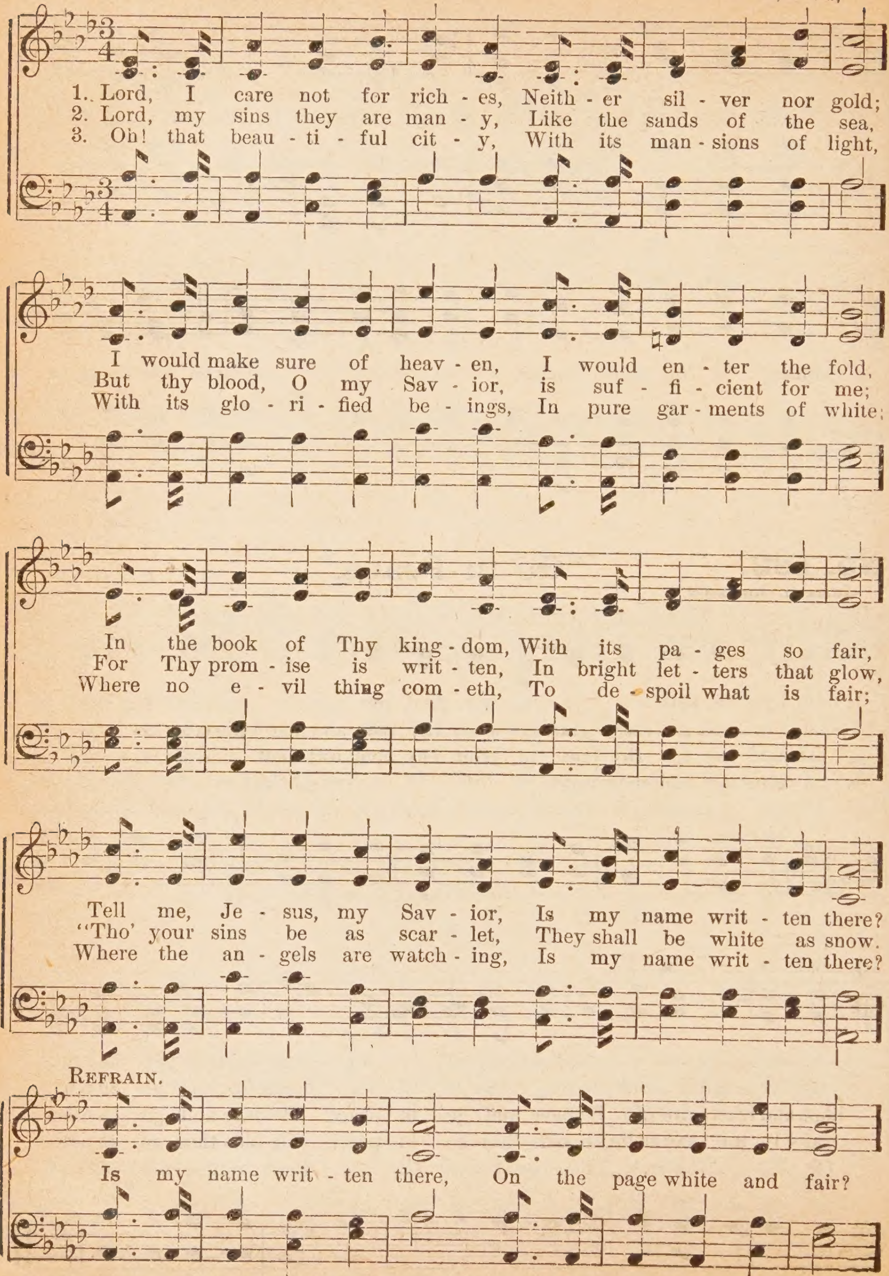
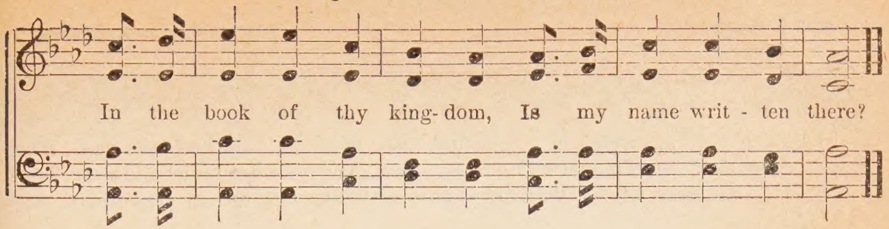
No. 183. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K.

Frank M, Davis,

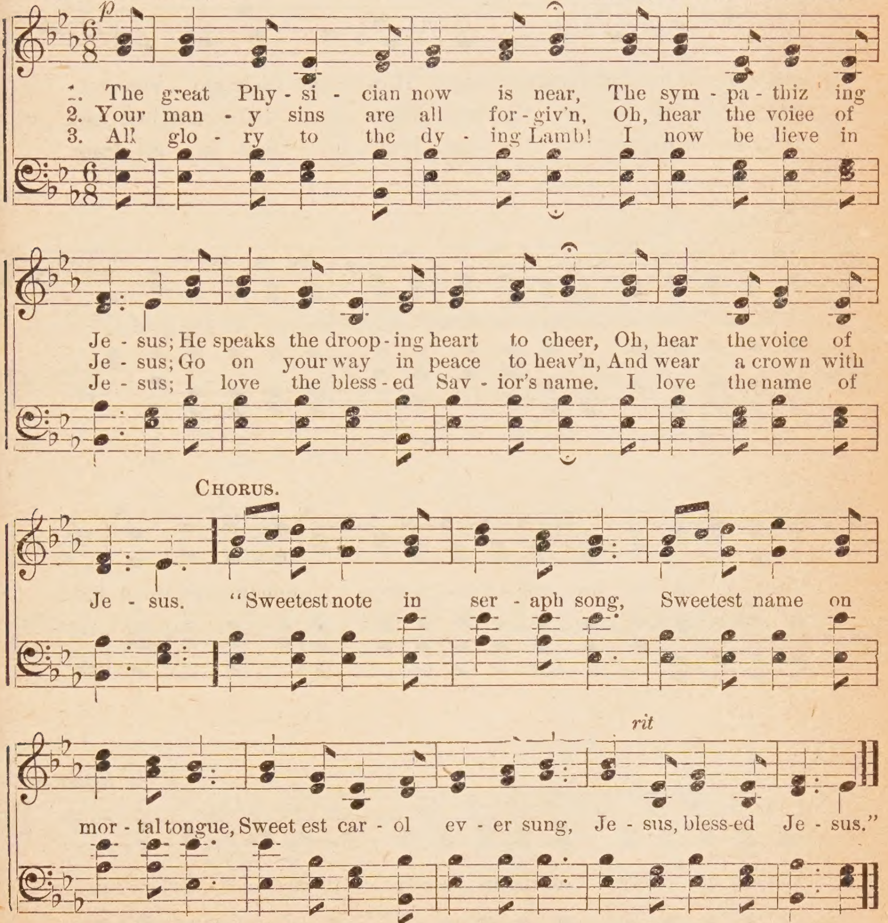

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith - er sil - ver nor gold;
2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea,
3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man - sions of light,
I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold,
But thy blood, O my Sav - ior, is suf - fi - cient for me;
With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar - ments of white;
In the book of Thy king - dom, With its pa - ges so fair,
For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair;
Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my name writ - ten there?
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be white as snow.
Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Is my name writ - ten there?
Refrain.
Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

By permission.



No. 184. The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter, 1842. Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton


p
1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz ing Je - sus; He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. Your man - y sins are all for - giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus; Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be lieve in Je - sus; I love the bless - ed Sav - ior's name. I love the name of Je - sus.
Chorus.
"Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue, Sweet est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus."
rit

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

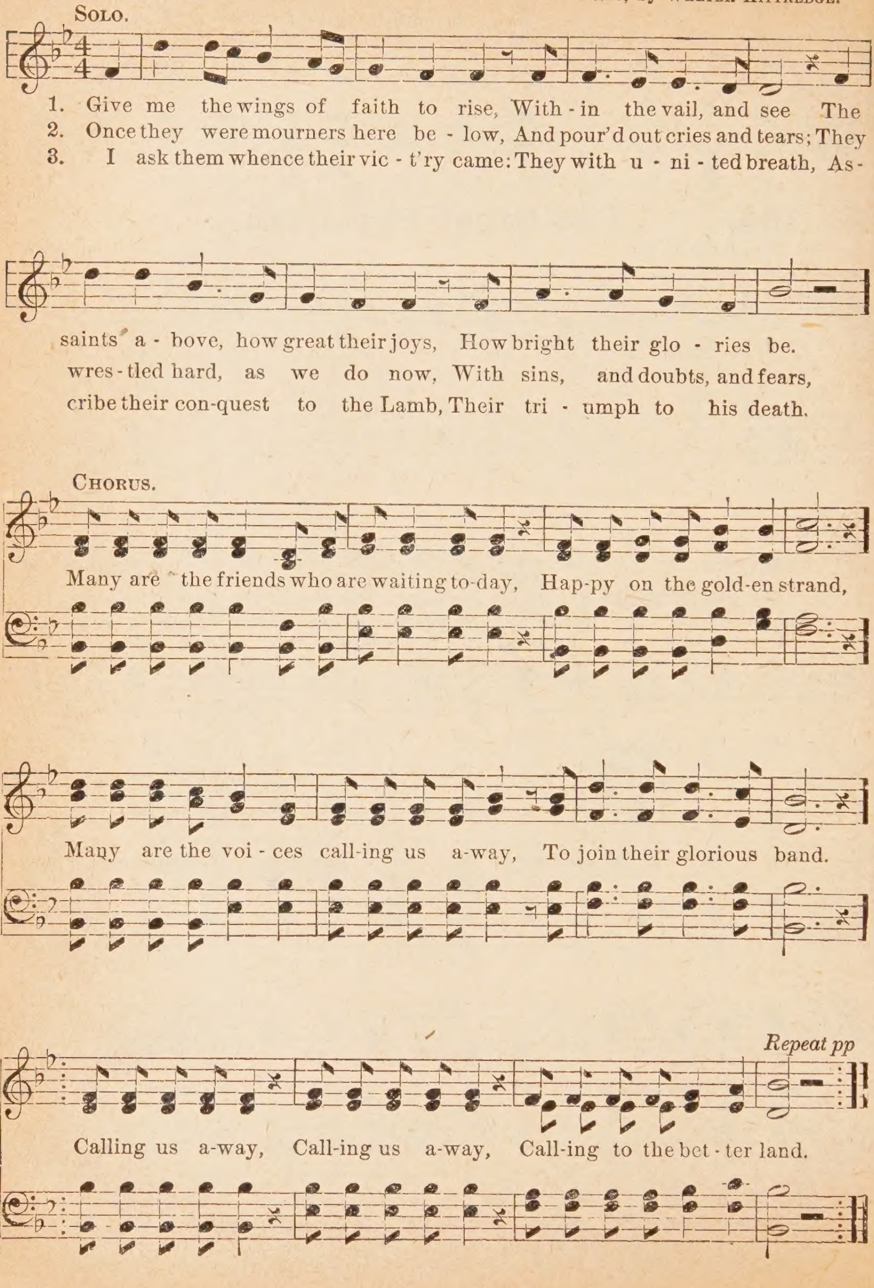
5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

By per.

No. 185. Give me the Wings of Faith.

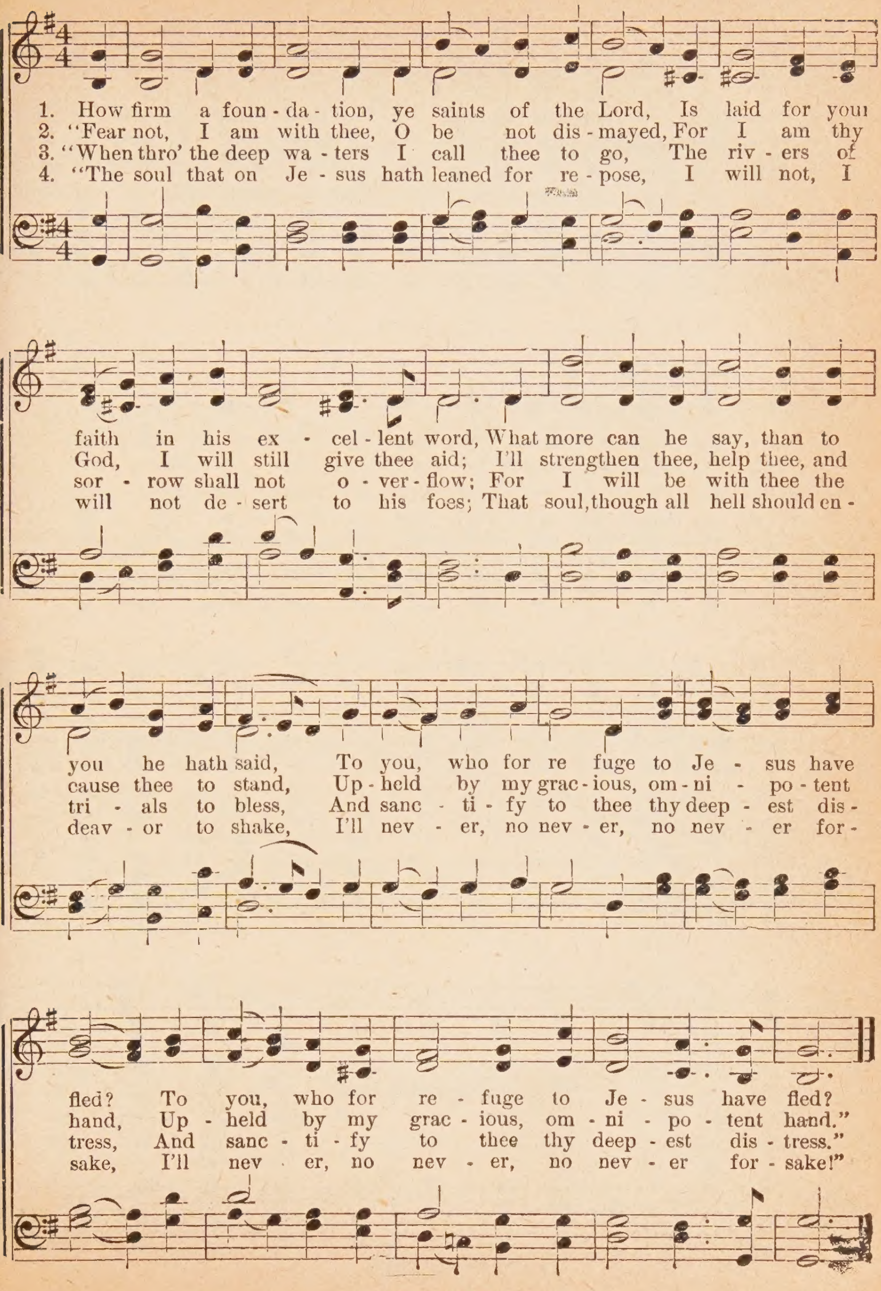
"Here we have no continuing city."—HEB. 13 : 14.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1700. Arr, by WALTER KITTREDGE.


SOLO.
1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, With - in the vail, and see The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
2. Once they were mourners here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears; They wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears,
3. I ask them whence their vic - t'ry came: They with u - ni - ted breath, As - cribe their con-quest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to his death.
CHORUS.
Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Hap-py on the gold-en strand,
Many are the voi - ces call-ing us a-way, To join their glorious band.
Calling us a-way, Call-ing us a-way, Call-ing to the bet - ter land.
Repeat pp

No. 186. How firm a Foundation.

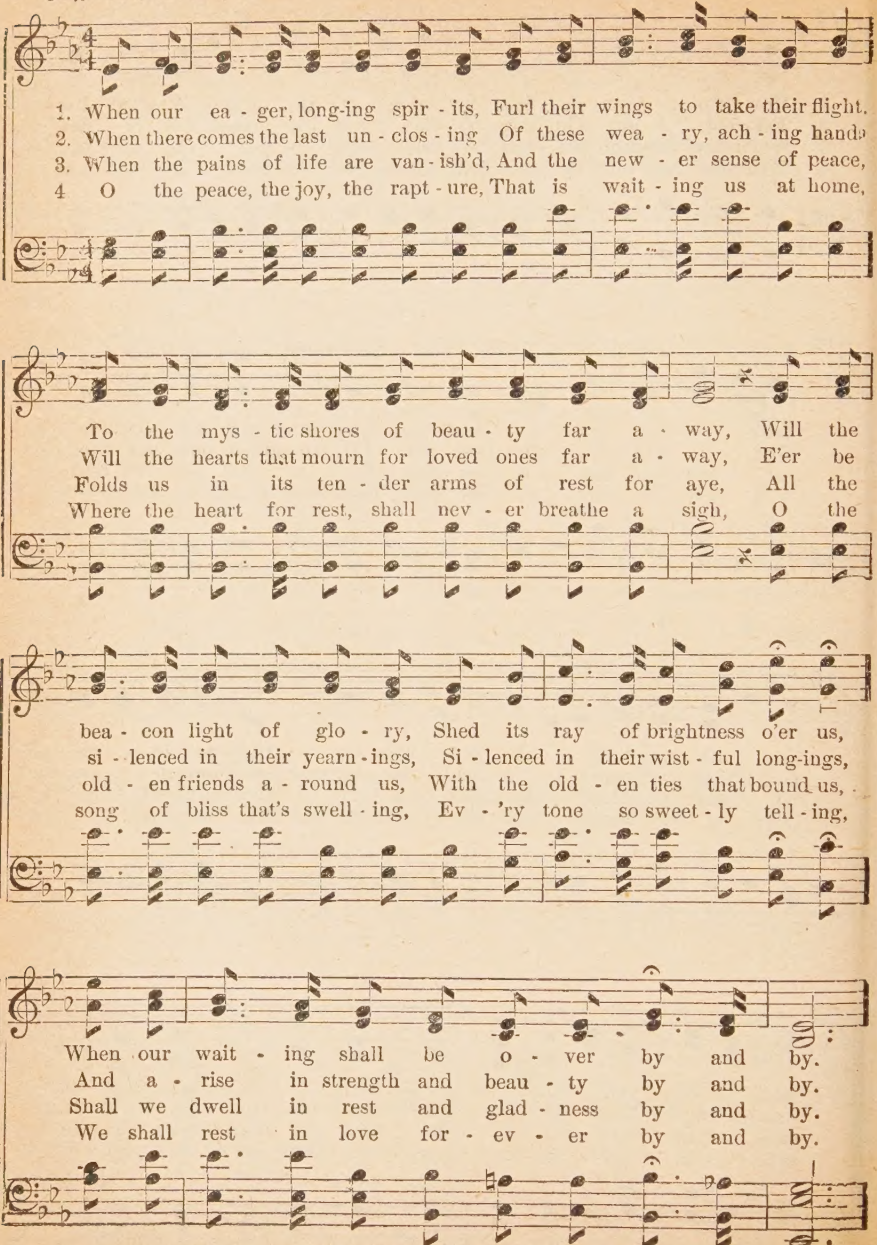
George Keith. PORTUGUESE HYMN.


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I
faith in his ex - cel - lent word, What more can he say, than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee the
will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en -
you he hath said, To you, who for re fuge to Je - sus have
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my grac - ious, om - ni - po - tent
tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis -
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for -
fled? To you, who for re - fuge to Je - sus have fled?
hand, Up - held by my grac - ious, om - ni - po - tent hand."
tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress."
sake, I'll nev er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

No. 187. When our Waiting shall be Over.

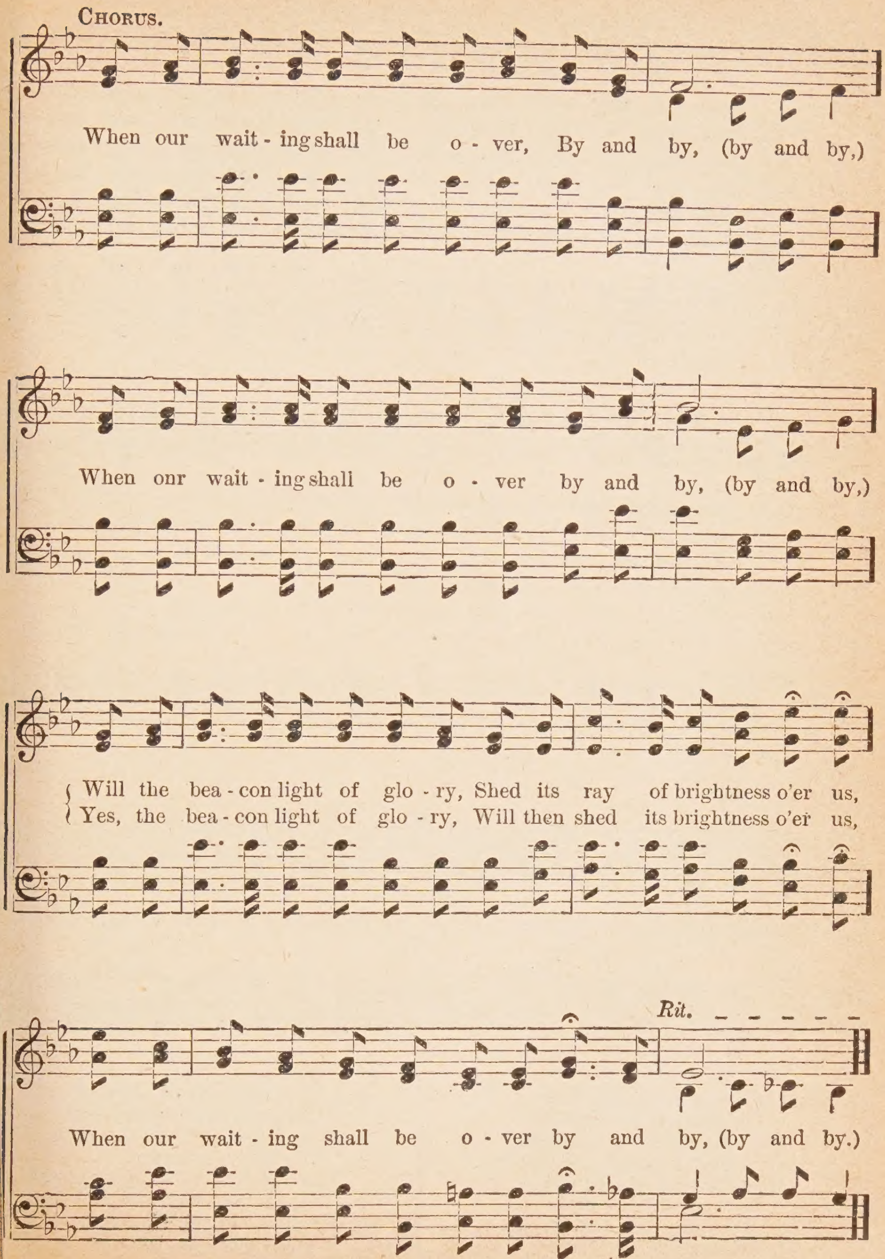
Neva E. Parkhill.

G. R. Sturgis.


1. When our ea - ger, long-ing spir - its, Furl their wings to take their flight.
2. When there comes the last un - clos - ing Of these wea - ry, ach - ing hands
3. When the pains of life are van - ish'd, And the new - er sense of peace,
4 O the peace, the joy, the rapt - ure, That is wait - ing us at home,
To the mys - tic shores of beau - ty far a - way, Will the
Will the hearts that mourn for loved ones far a - way, E'er be
Folds us in its ten - der arms of rest for aye, All the
Where the heart for rest, shall nev - er breathe a sigh, O the
bea - con light of glo - ry, Shed its ray of brightness o'er us,
si - lenced in their yearn - ings, Si - lenced in their wist - ful long-ings,
old - en friends a - round us, With the old - en ties that bound us,
song of bliss that's swell - ing, Ev - 'ry tone so sweet - ly tell - ing,
When our wait - ing shall be o - ver by and by.
And a - rise in strength and beau - ty by and by.
Shall we dwell in rest and glad - ness by and by.
We shall rest in love for - ev - er by and by.

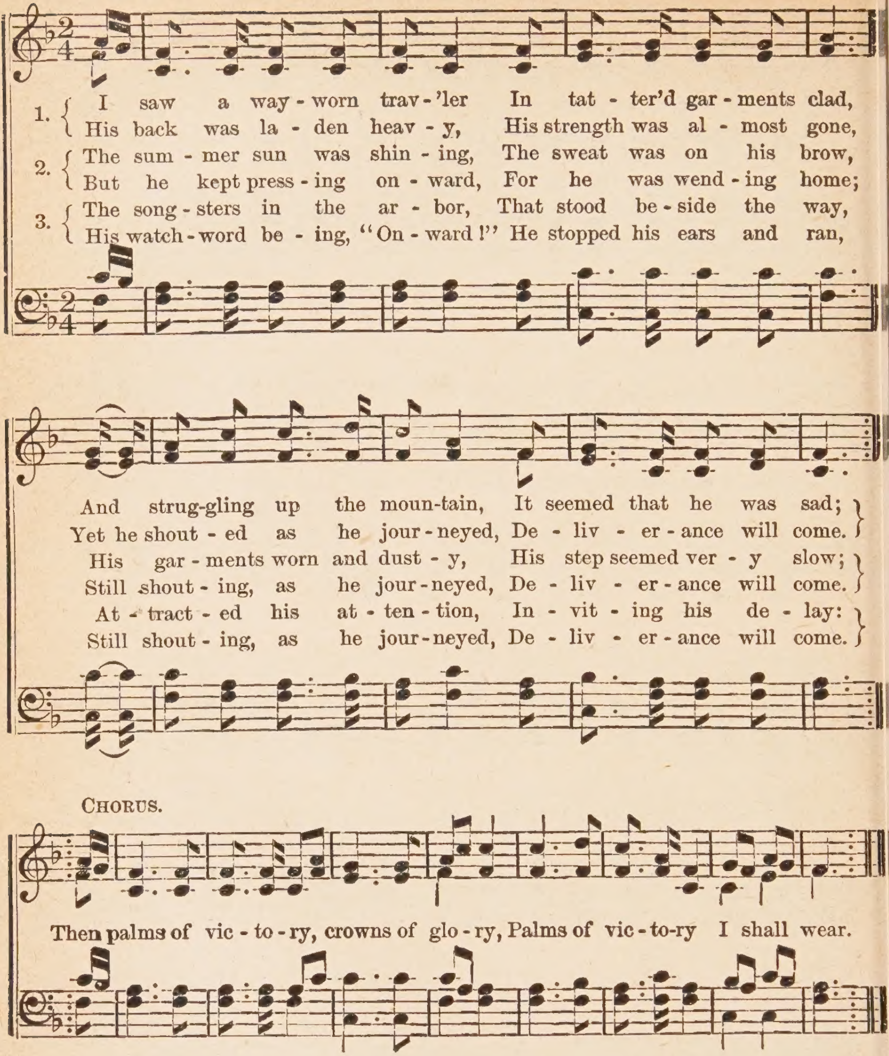
By permission.

When our Waiting, etc. Concluded.


Chorus.
When our wait - ing shall be o - ver, By and by, (by and by,)
When our wait - ing shall be o - ver by and by, (by and by,)
Will the bea - con light of glo - ry, Shed its ray of brightness o'er us,
Yes, the bea - con light of glo - ry, Will then shed its brightness o'er us,
Rit.
When our wait - ing shall be o - ver by and by, (by and by.)

No. 188. Deliverance Will Come.

J. B. M. Rev. J. B. Matthias, 1836.


1. I saw a way-worn trav-'ler In tatter'd gar-ments clad,
His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was al-most gone,
2. The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wend-ing home;
3. The song-sters in the ar-bor, That stood be-side the way,
His watch-word be-ing, "On-ward!" He stopped his ears and ran,
And strug-gling up the moun-tain, It seemed that he was sad;
Yet he shout-ed as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
His gar-ments worn and dust-y, His step seemed ver-y slow;
Still shout-ing, as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
At-tract-ed his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay:
Still shout-ing, as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
CHORUS.
Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

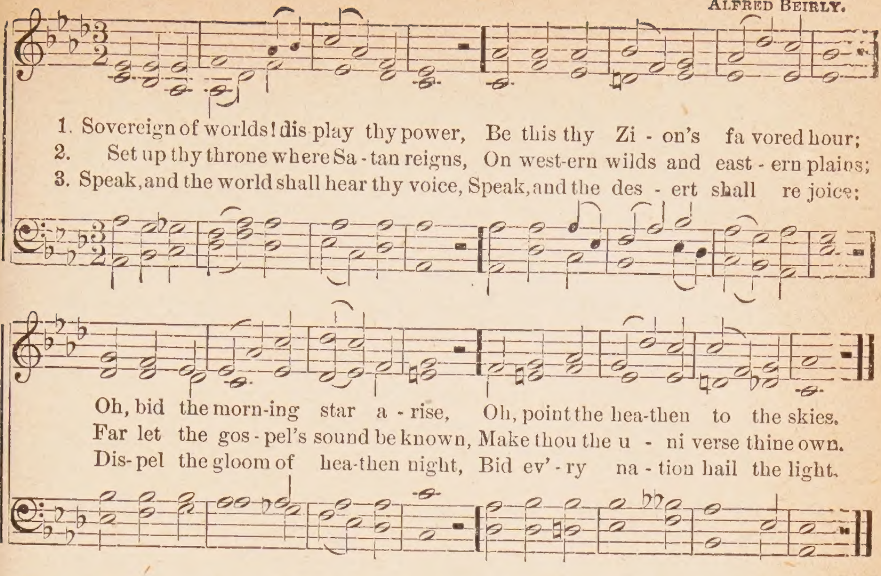
4. I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low;
He overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He gained the golden city—
His everlasting home—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

5. I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
The victory has come!

No. 189.

Gordon.

Alfred Beirly.



1. Sovereign of worlds! display thy power,
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Oh, bid the morning star arise,
Oh, point the heathen to the skies.

2. Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
Make thou the universe thine own.

3. Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
Dispel the gloom of heathen night,
Bid ev'ry nation hail the light.

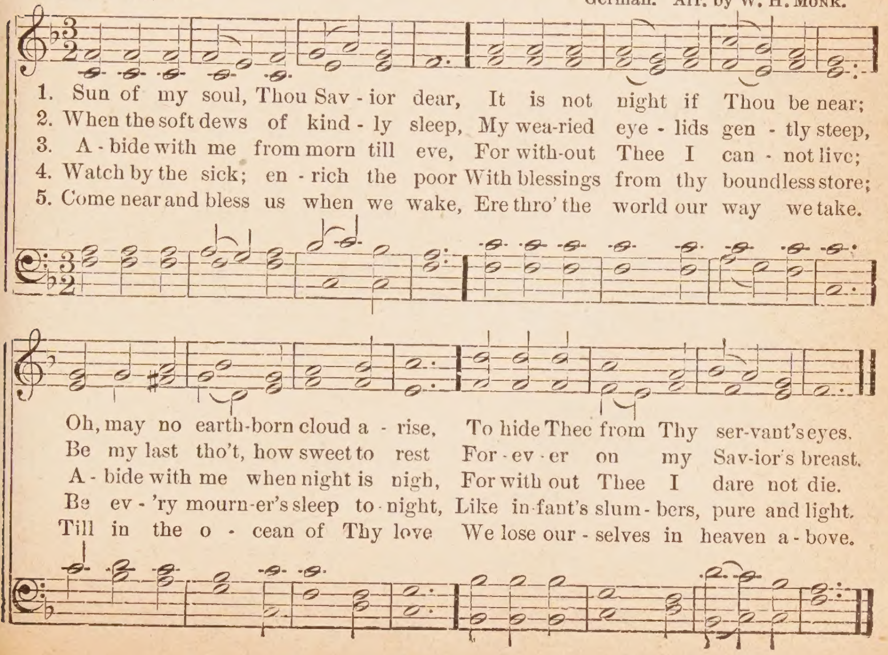
No. 190.

Sun of my Soul.

The Lord God is a sun.—Ps. 74: 11.

John Keble, 1827.

German. Arr. by W. H. Monk.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

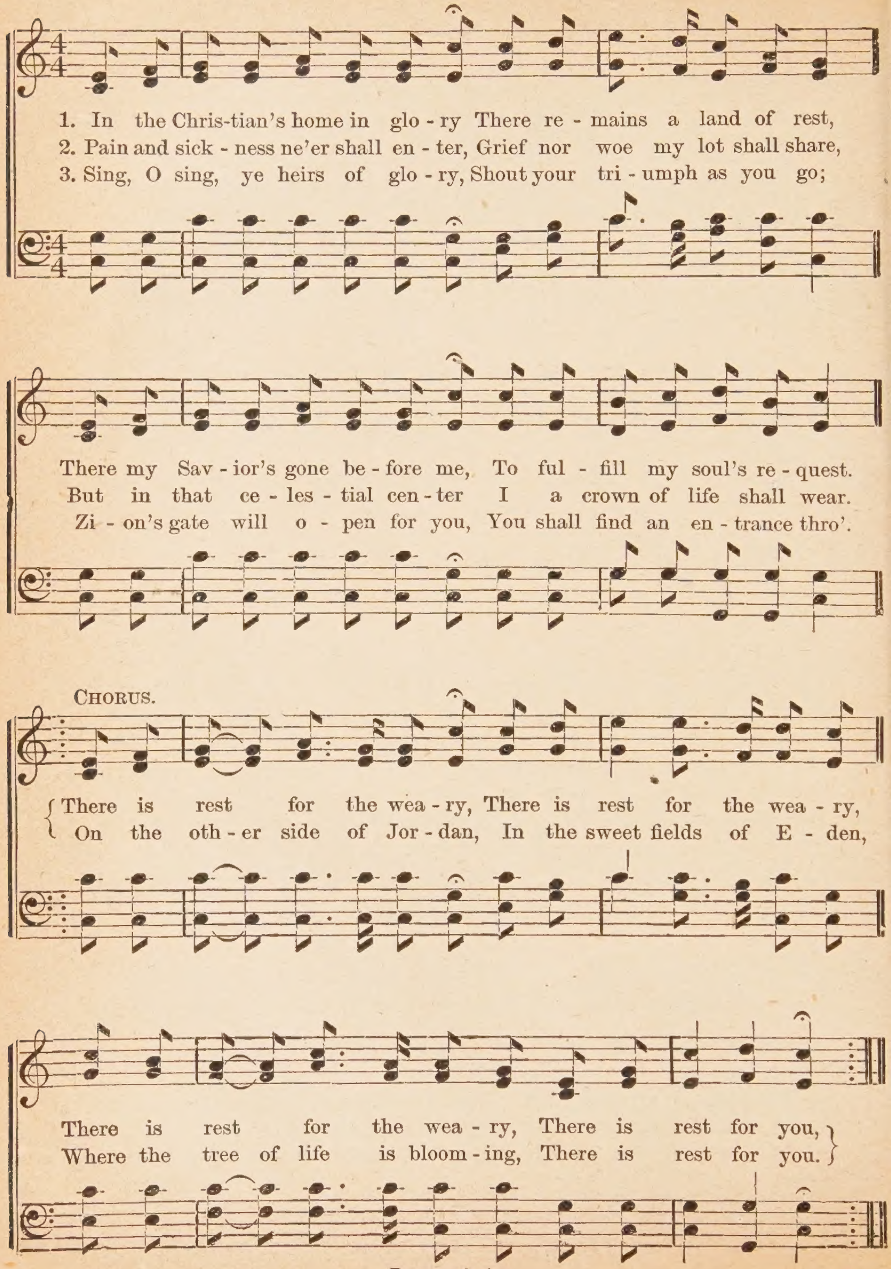
3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4. Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

5. Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 191. In the Christian's Home in Glory.

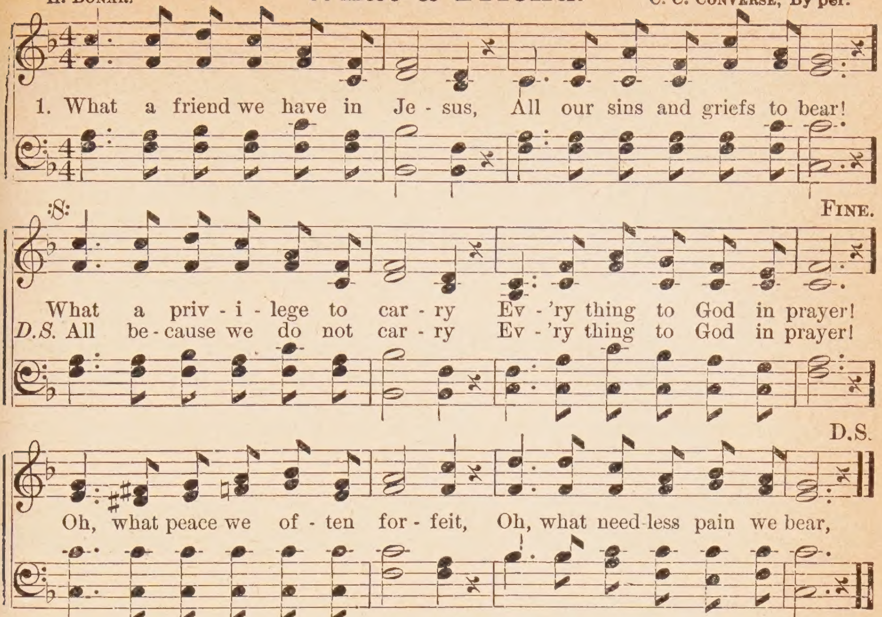
Samuel Young Harmer, 1856. (John xiv. 2.) Wm. McDonald, 1856.


1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry There re - mains a land of rest,
2. Pain and sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
3. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri - umph as you go;
There my Sav - ior's gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
But in that ce - les - tial cen - ter I a crown of life shall wear.
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an en - trance thro'.
Chorus.
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you,
Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you.

By permission.

No. 192. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse, By per.

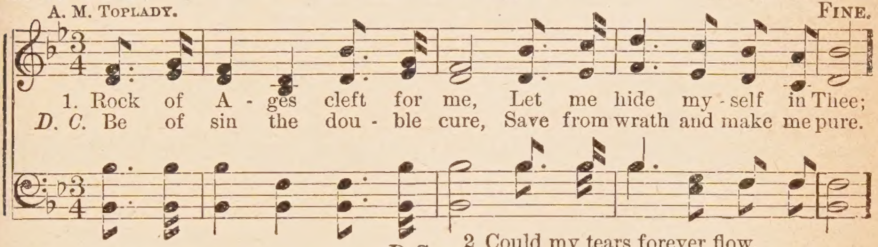

1. What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
Fine.
What a privilege to carry Ev'ry thing to God in prayer!
D.S. All because we do not carry Ev'ry thing to God in prayer!
D.S.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

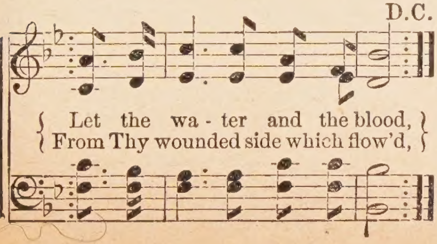
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee.
Thou wilt find a solace there

No. 193. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thos. Hastings.


Fine.
1. Rock of Ages cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
D. C. Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

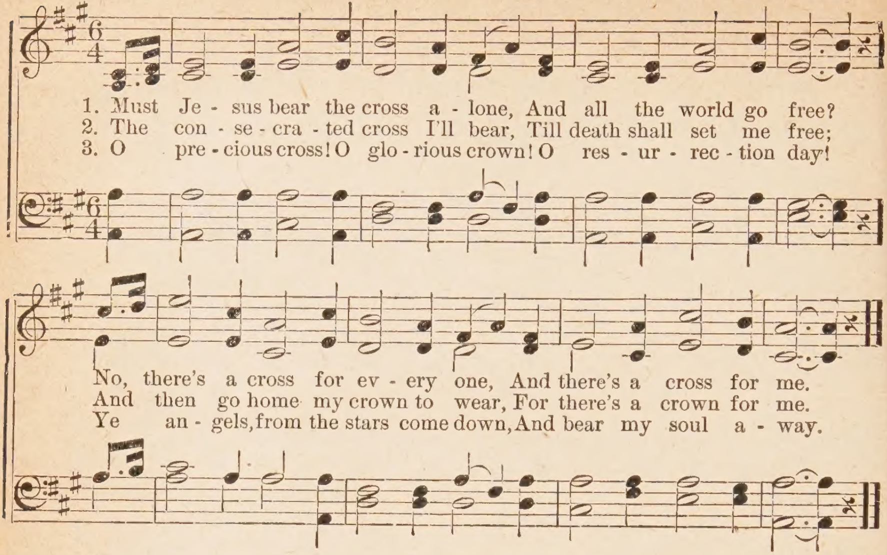

D.C.
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy Throne,
Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide my self in Thee.

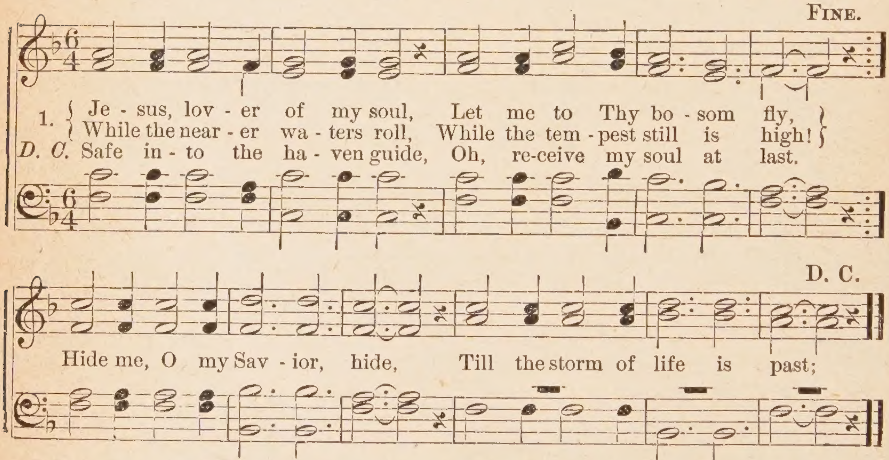
No. 194. Cross and Crown.

Thomas Shehperd. Geo. N. Allen.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

No. 195. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. MARTYN 7s, D. S. B. Marsh.


Fine.
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
D. C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

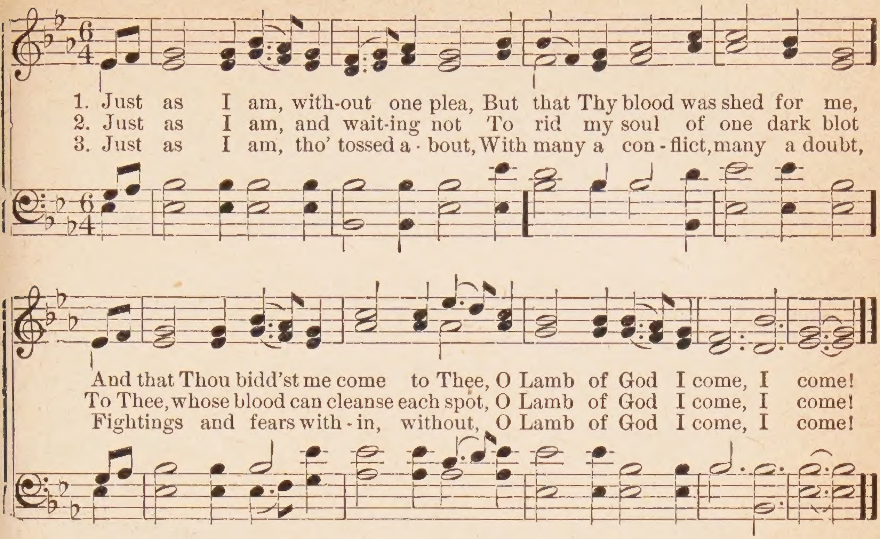
2 Other refuge I have none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen! cheer the faint!
Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 196.

Just as I Am.

Chalotte Elliott. WOODWORTH. L. M. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God I come, I come!
Fightings and fears with-in, without, O Lamb of God I come, I come!

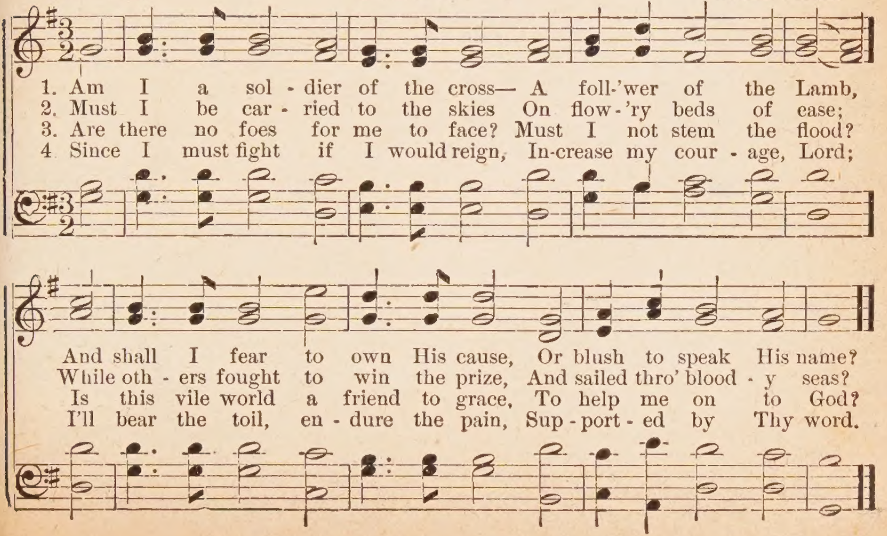
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 197.

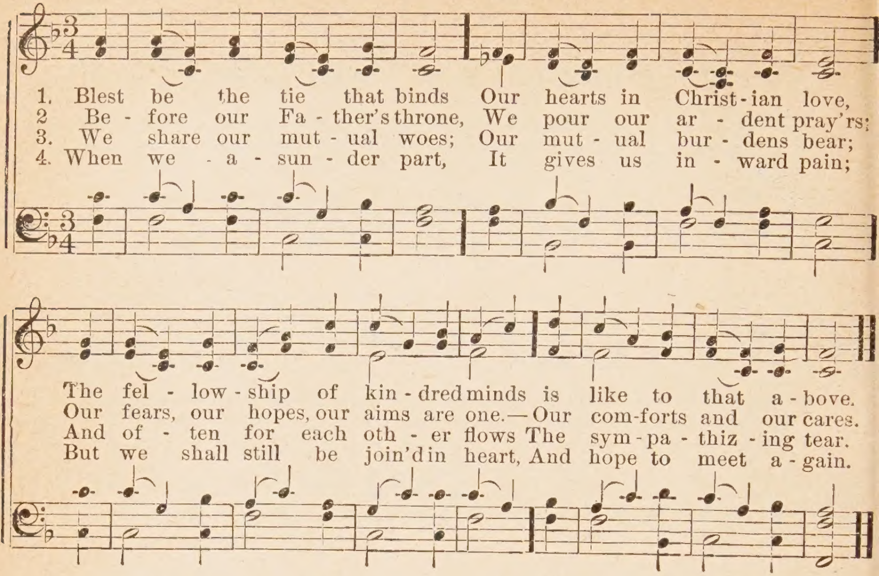
Am I a Soldier.

Isaac Watts. ARLINGTON. C .M. Thos. A. Arne.


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross— A foll-'wer of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease;
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

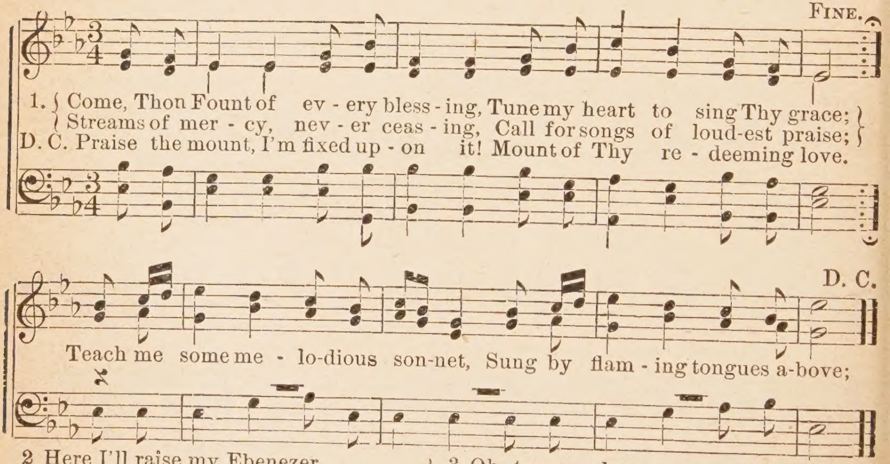
No. 198. Blest be the Tie.

Rev. John Fawcett. DENNIS. From H. G. Nageli.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ-ian love,
2 Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mut - ual woes; Our mut - ual bur - dens bear;
4. When we - a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one.—Our com-forts and our cares.
And of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 199. Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. Robinson, 1758. NETTLETON. Old Melody, 1812.


Fine.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
D. C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deeming love.
Teach me some me - lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a-bove;
D. C.

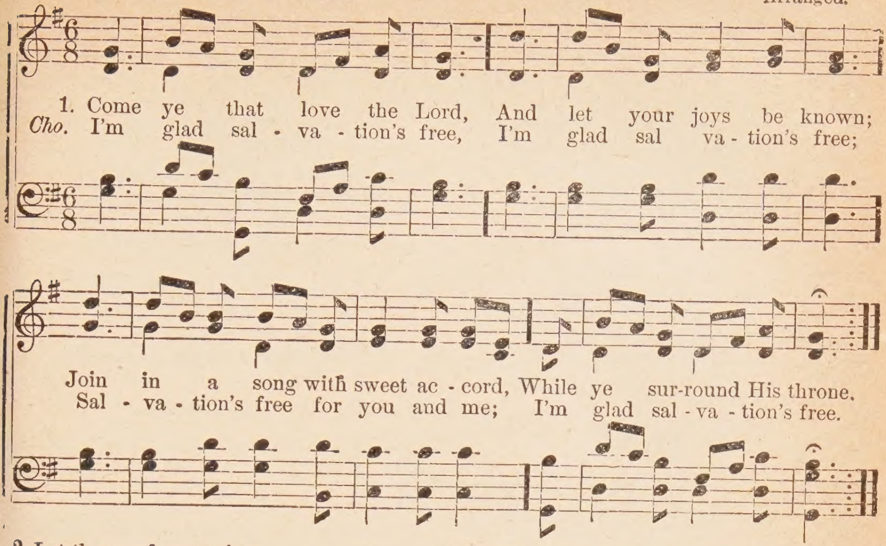
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 200. Come ye that Love the Lord.

Words by Isaac Watts.—Arranged.

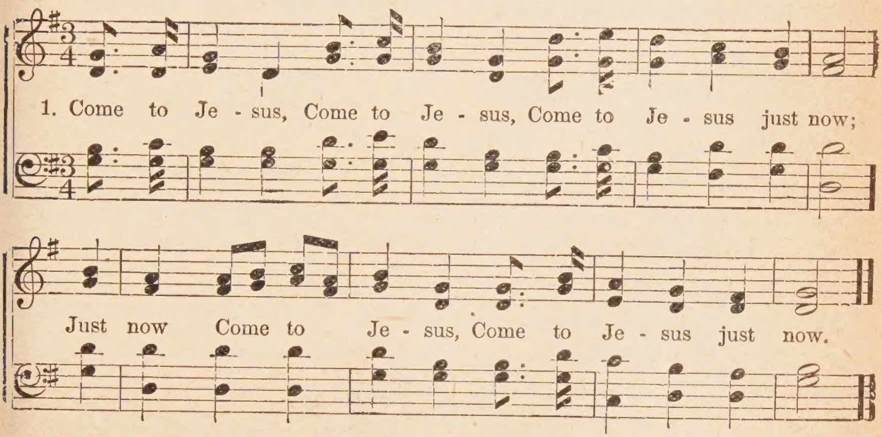
Arranged.


1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
Cho. I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal va - tion's free;
Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye sur-round His throne.
Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak His praise abroad.—*Cho.*

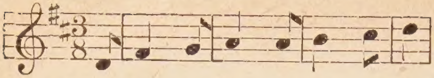
3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.—*Cho*

No. 201. Come to Jesus.


1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;
Just now Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

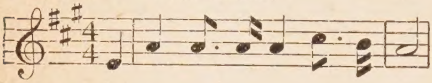
2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe Him,
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon Him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto Him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Flee to Jesus.
12. Only trust Him.
13. Jesus loves you.
14. Don't reject Him.
15. I believe Him.
16. Hallelujah. Amen.

No. 202. Sweet Hour of Prayer.



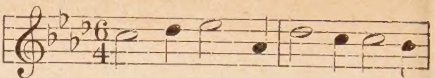
1
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
2
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer,

No. 203. Over There.



1
O think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in the garments of white.
2
Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air
In their homes in the palace of God.
3
I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

No. 204. Even Me.

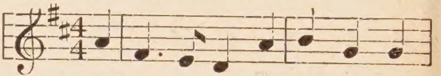


1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Savior,
Let me live and cling to thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.

No. 205. He Leadeth Me.

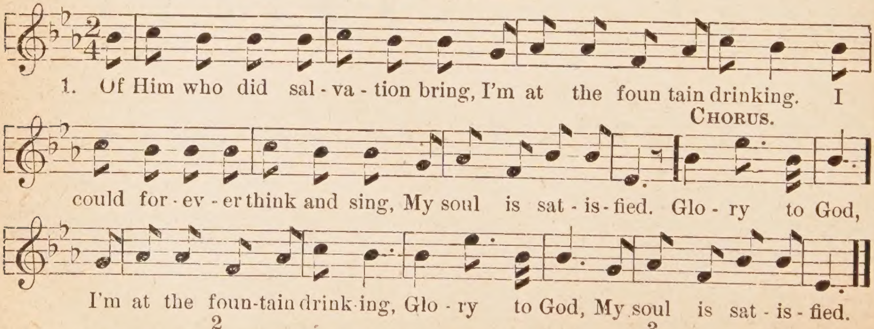


1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught,
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
Cho.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

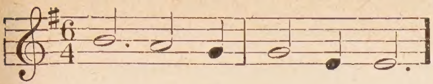
No 206. At The Fountain.


1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I'm at the foun tain drinking. I
CHORUS.
could for - ev - er think and sing, My soul is sat - is - fied. Glo - ry to God,
I'm at the foun-tain drink-ing, Glo - ry to God, My soul is sat - is - fied.

2
Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis given,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Ask and He turns your hell to heaven,
I'm on my journey home.

3
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Jesus, Thy balm will make me whole,
I'm on my journey home.

No. 207.
Nearer, My God, to Thee.

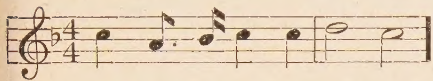


1 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
‖:Nearer, my God, to thee,:‖
Nearer to Thee,

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
‖:Nearer, my God, to thee,:‖
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
‖:Nearer, my God, to Thee,:‖
Nearer to thee.

No. 208.
Work, for the Night is Coming.

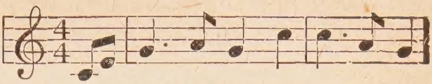


1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 209.
There is a Fountain

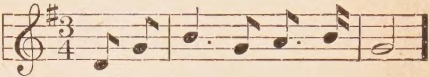


1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Then in a nobler, sweet song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 210.
I am Coming to the Cross.



1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

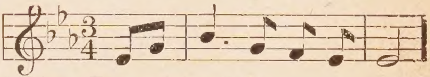
Cho.—I am trusting Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus saves, He saves me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."—Cho.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.—Cho.

4 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.—Cho.

No. 211.
I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.



1 I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

Cho.—I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

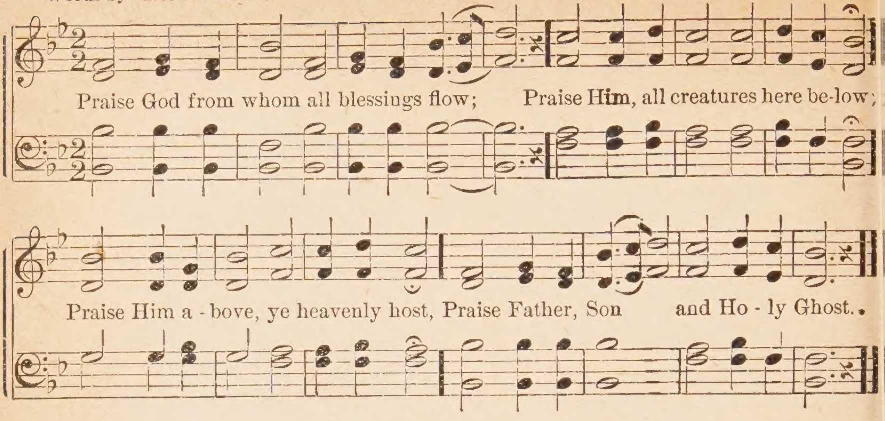
No. 212.

Doxology.

Words by Samuel Davies.

SESSIONS.

Music by L. O. Emerson.

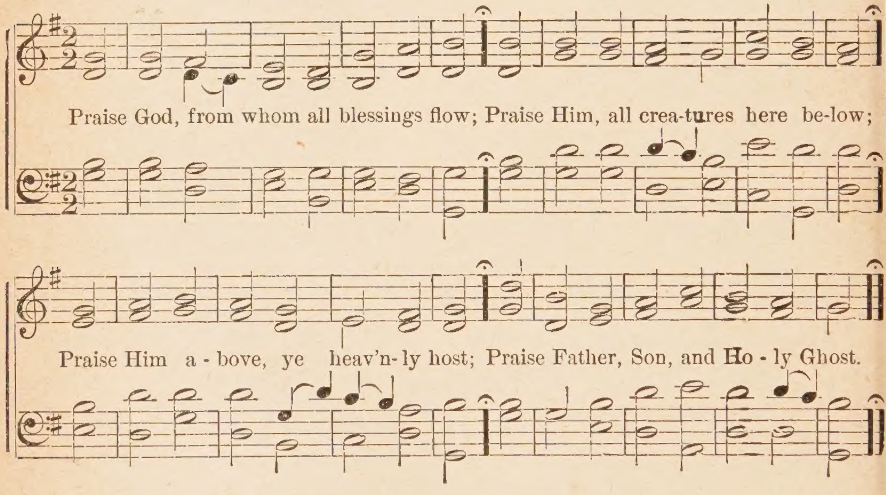

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 213.

Old Hundred. L. M.

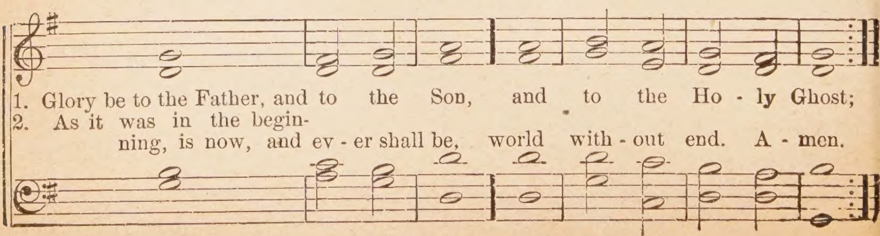
Bp. Thos. Ken. 1697.

G. Franc.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 214.

Gloria Patri.

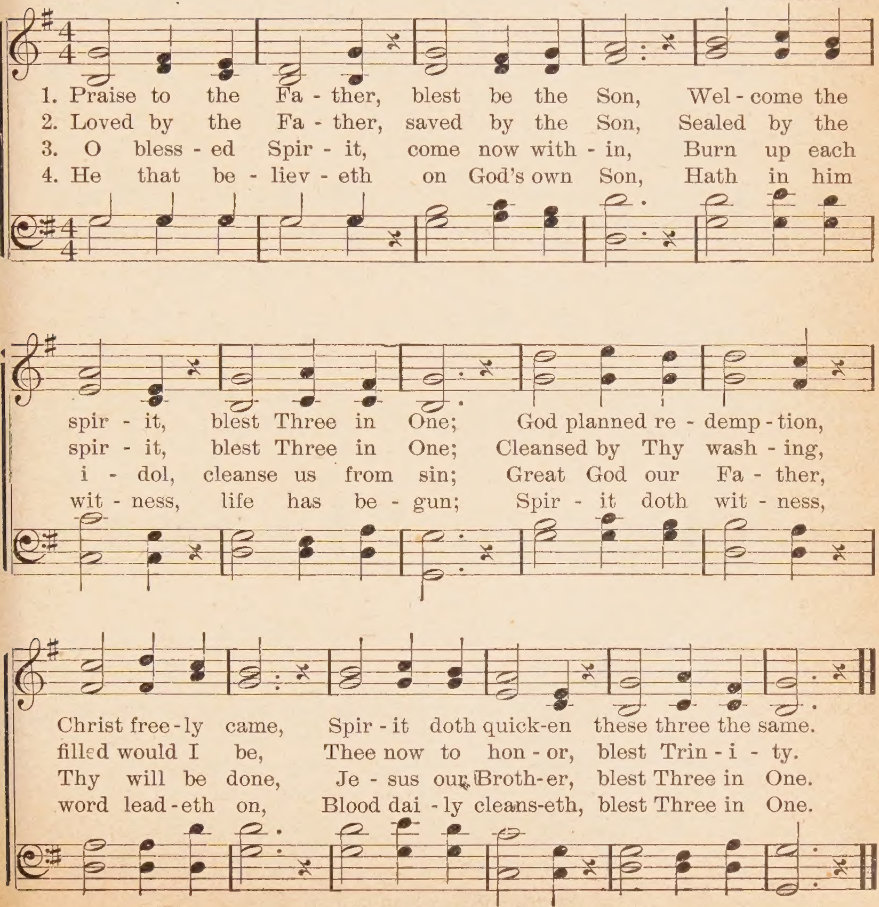

1. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
2. As it was in the begin-ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

CROWNING GLORY.

NO. 2.

No. 215. Blest Three in One.

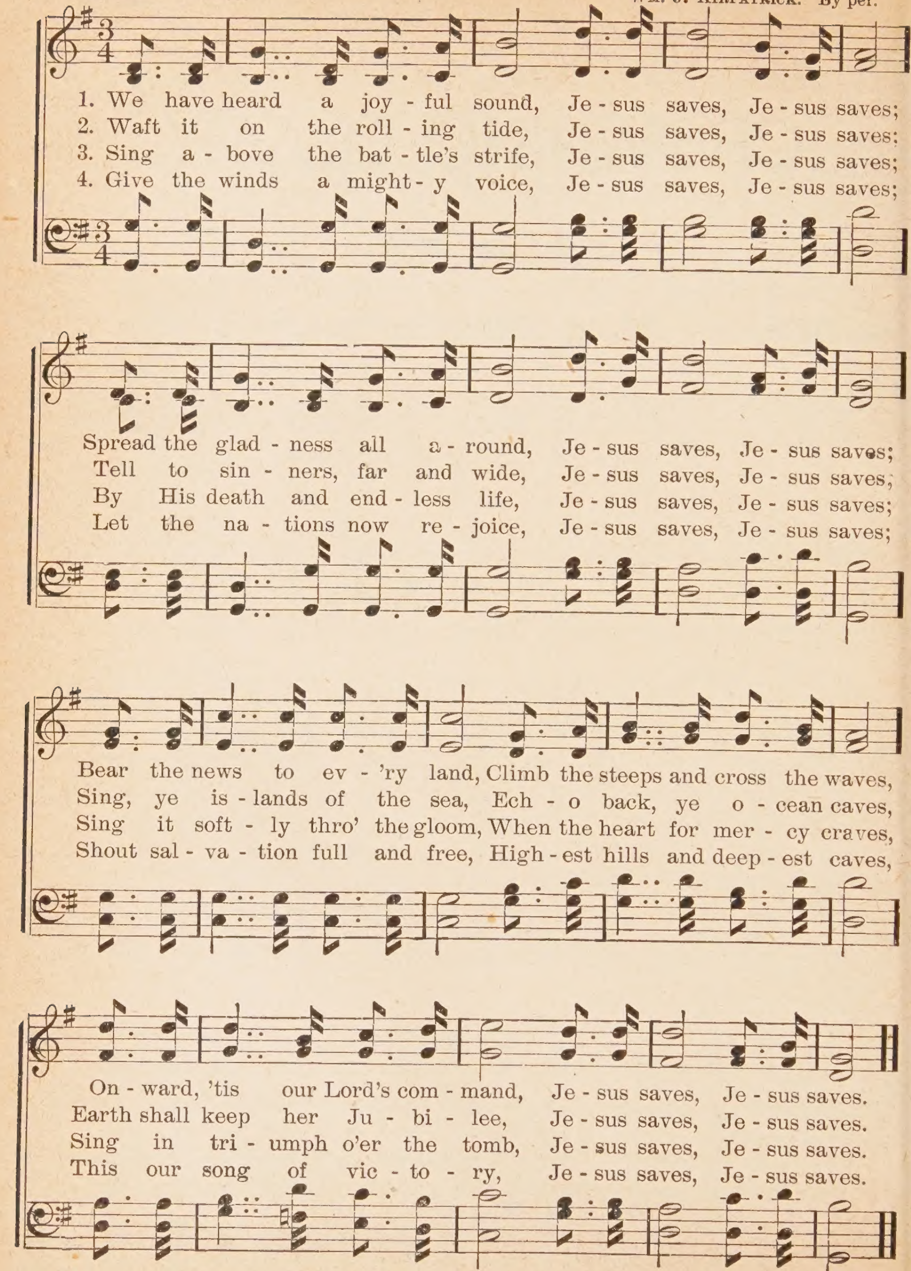
P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. Praise to the Fa - ther, blest be the Son, Wel - come the
2. Loved by the Fa - ther, saved by the Son, Sealed by the
3. O bless - ed Spir - it, come now with - in, Burn up each
4. He that be - liev - eth on God's own Son, Hath in him
spir - it, blest Three in One; God planned re - demp - tion,
spir - it, blest Three in One; Cleansed by Thy wash - ing,
i - dol, cleanse us from sin; Great God our Fa - ther,
wit - ness, life has be - gun; Spir - it doth wit - ness,
Christ free - ly came, Spir - it doth quick-en these three the same.
filled would I be, Thee now to hon - or, blest Trin - i - ty.
Thy will be done, Je - sus our Broth-er, blest Three in One.
word lead - eth on, Blood dai - ly cleans-eth, blest Three in One.

No. 216. Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

Wm. J. Kirpatrick. By per.


1. We have heard a joy-ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
3. Sing a-bove the bat-tle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might-y voice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
Spread the glad-ness all a-round, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
Tell to sin-ners, far and wide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
By His death and end-less life, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
Let the na-tions now re-joice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
Bear the news to ev-'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is-lands of the sea, Ech-o back, ye o-cean caves,
Sing it soft-ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer-cy craves,
Shout sal-va-tion full and free, High-est hills and deep-est caves,
On-ward, 'tis our Lord's com-mand, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
Earth shall keep her Ju-bi-lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
This our song of vic-to-ry, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

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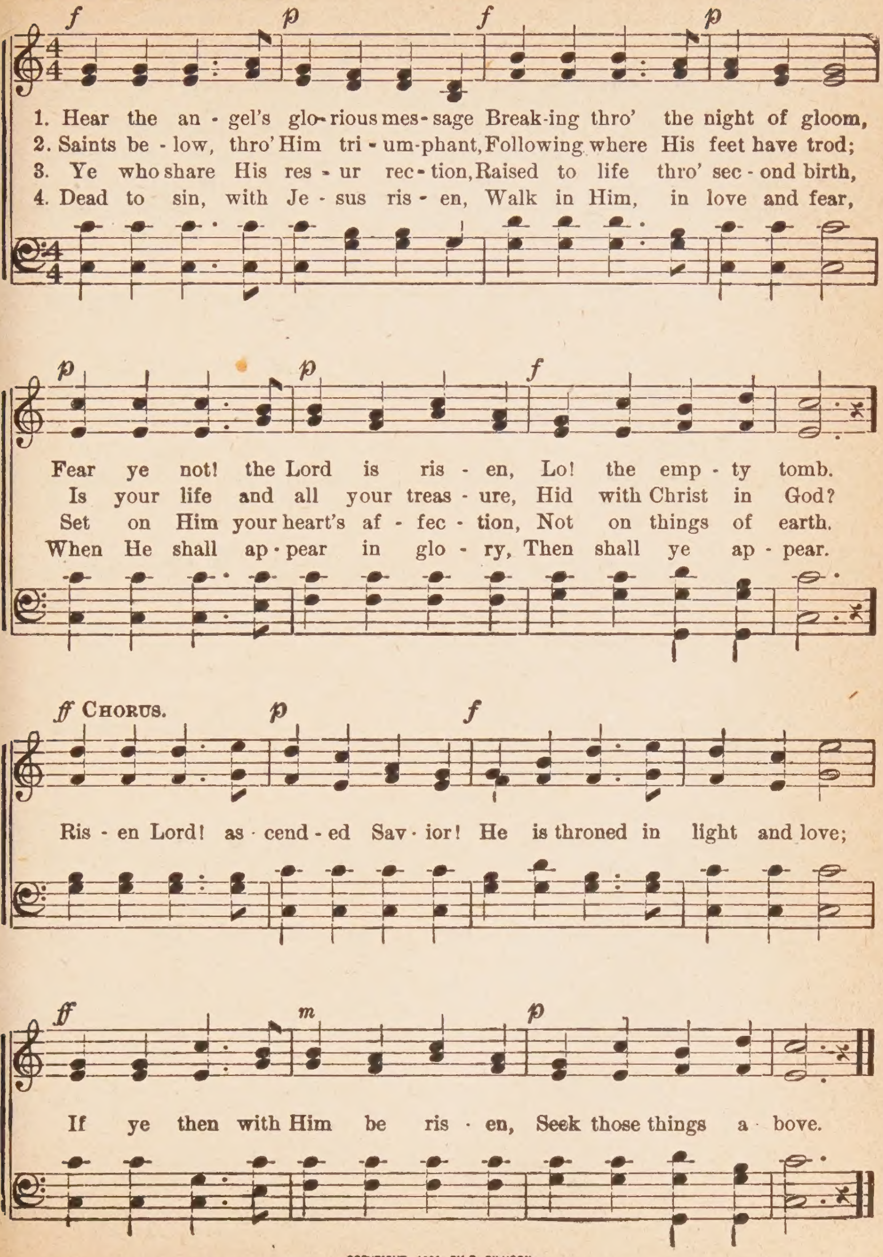
No. 217. Risen with Him.

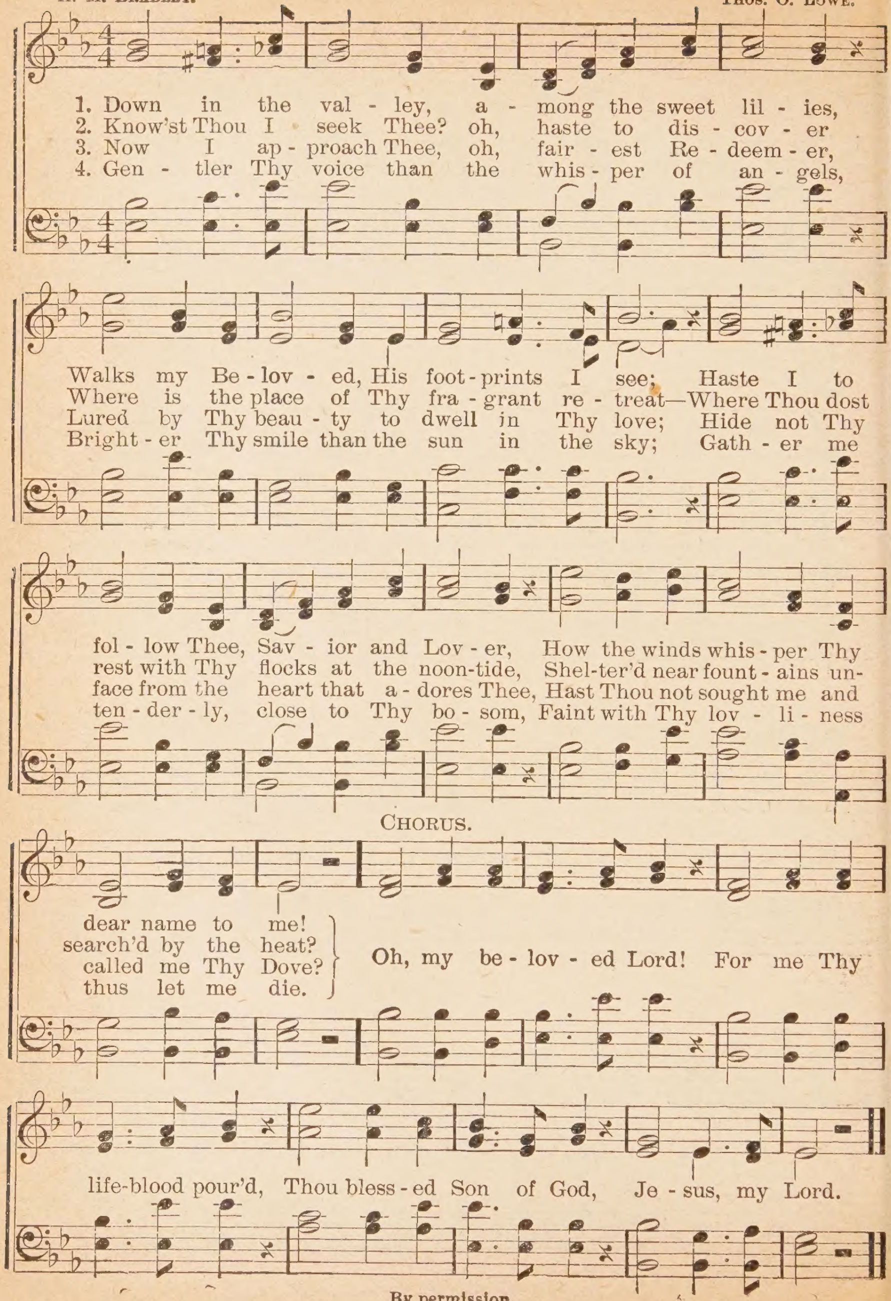
Col. 3: 1.

Miss **Julia** H. **Johnston.** P. **Bilhorn.**


f
p
f
p
1. Hear the an-gel's glo-rious mes-sage Break-ing thro' the night of gloom,
2. Saints be-low, thro' Him tri-um-phant, Following where His feet have trod;
3. Ye who share His res-ur-rec-tion, Raised to life thro' sec-ond birth,
4. Dead to sin, with Je-sus ris-en, Walk in Him, in love and fear,
p
p
f
Fear ye not! the Lord is ris-en, Lo! the emp-ty tomb.
Is your life and all your treas-ure, Hid with Christ in God?
Set on Him your heart's af-fec-tion, Not on things of earth.
When He shall ap-pear in glo-ry, Then shall ye ap-pear.
ff Chorus.
p
f
Ris-en Lord! as-cend-ed Sav-ior! He is throned in light and love;
ff
m
p
If ye then with Him be ris-en, Seek those things a-bove.

No. 218. The Beloved.

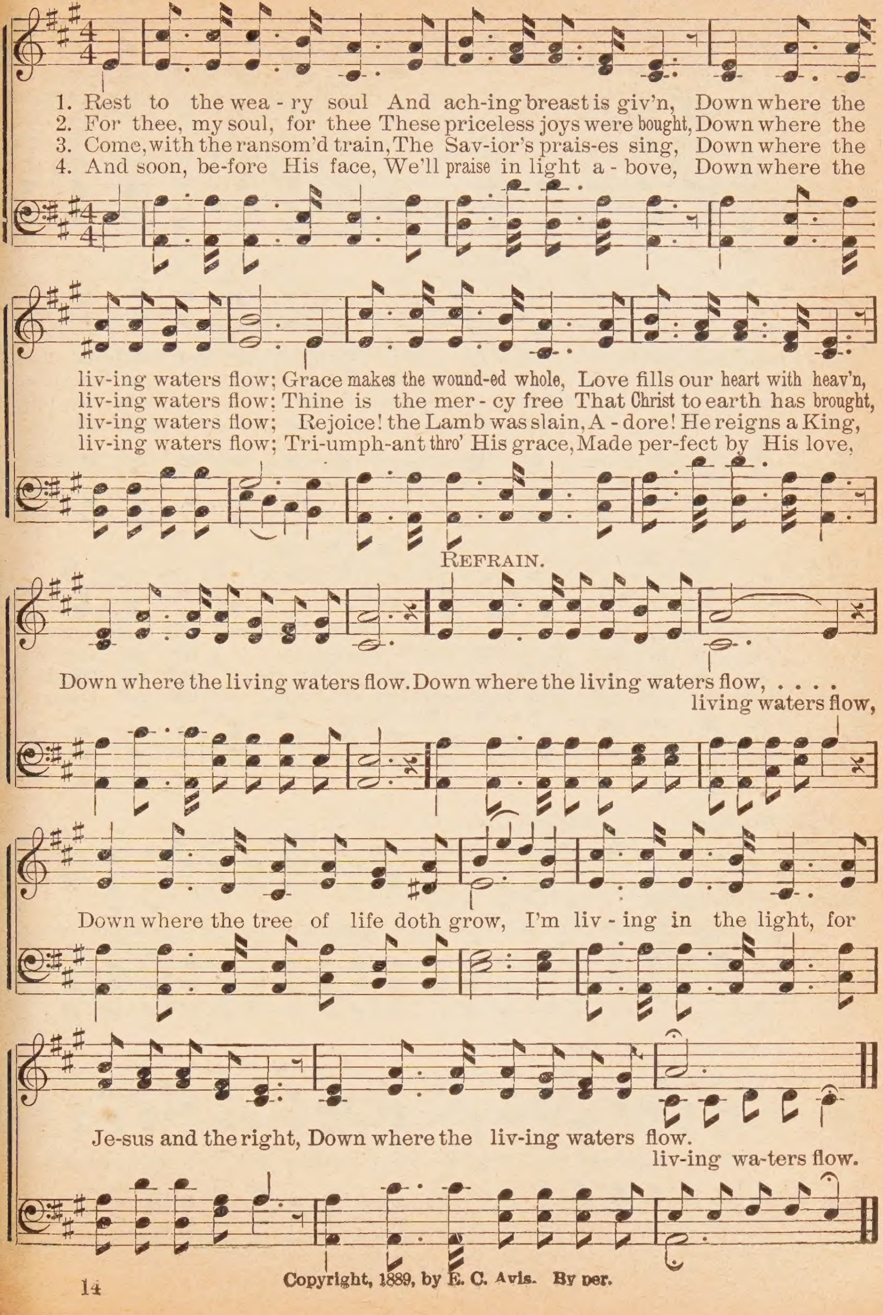
H. M. BRADLEY. THOS. O. LOWE.


1. Down in the val - ley, a - mong the sweet lil - ies,
2. Know'st Thou I seek Thee? oh, haste to dis - cov - er
3. Now I ap - proach Thee, oh, fair - est Re - deem - er,
4. Gen - tler Thy voice than the whis - per of an - gels,
Walks my Be - lov - ed, His foot - prints I see; Haste I to
Where is the place of Thy fra - grant re - treat—Where Thou dost
Lured by Thy beau - ty to dwell in Thy love; Hide not Thy
Bright - er Thy smile than the sun in the sky; Gath - er me
fol - low Thee, Sav - ior and Lov - er, How the winds whis - per Thy
rest with Thy flocks at the noon-tide, Shel-ter'd near fount - ains un-
face from the heart that a - dores Thee, Hast Thou not sought me and
ten - der - ly, close to Thy bo - som, Faint with Thy lov - li - ness
CHORUS.
dear name to me!
search'd by the heat?
called me Thy Dove?
thus let me die.
Oh, my be - lov - ed Lord! For me Thy
life-blood pour'd, Thou bless - ed Son of God, Je - sus, my Lord.

By permission.

No. 219. Where the Living Waters Flow.

Words arr. EDWARD E. NICKERSON.


1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach-ing breast is giv'n, Down where the
2. For thee, my soul, for thee These priceless joys were bought, Down where the
3. Come, with the ransom'd train, The Sav-ior's prais-es sing, Down where the
4. And soon, be-fore His face, We'll praise in light a - bove, Down where the
liv-ing waters flow; Grace makes the wound-ed whole, Love fills our heart with heav'n,
liv-ing waters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free That Christ to earth has brought,
liv-ing waters flow; Rejoice! the Lamb was slain, A - dore! He reigns a King,
liv-ing waters flow; Tri-umph-ant thro' His grace, Made per-fect by His love,
REFRAIN.
Down where the living waters flow. Down where the living waters flow, ...
living waters flow,
Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm liv - ing in the light, for
Je-sus and the right, Down where the liv-ing waters flow.
liv-ing wa-ters flow.

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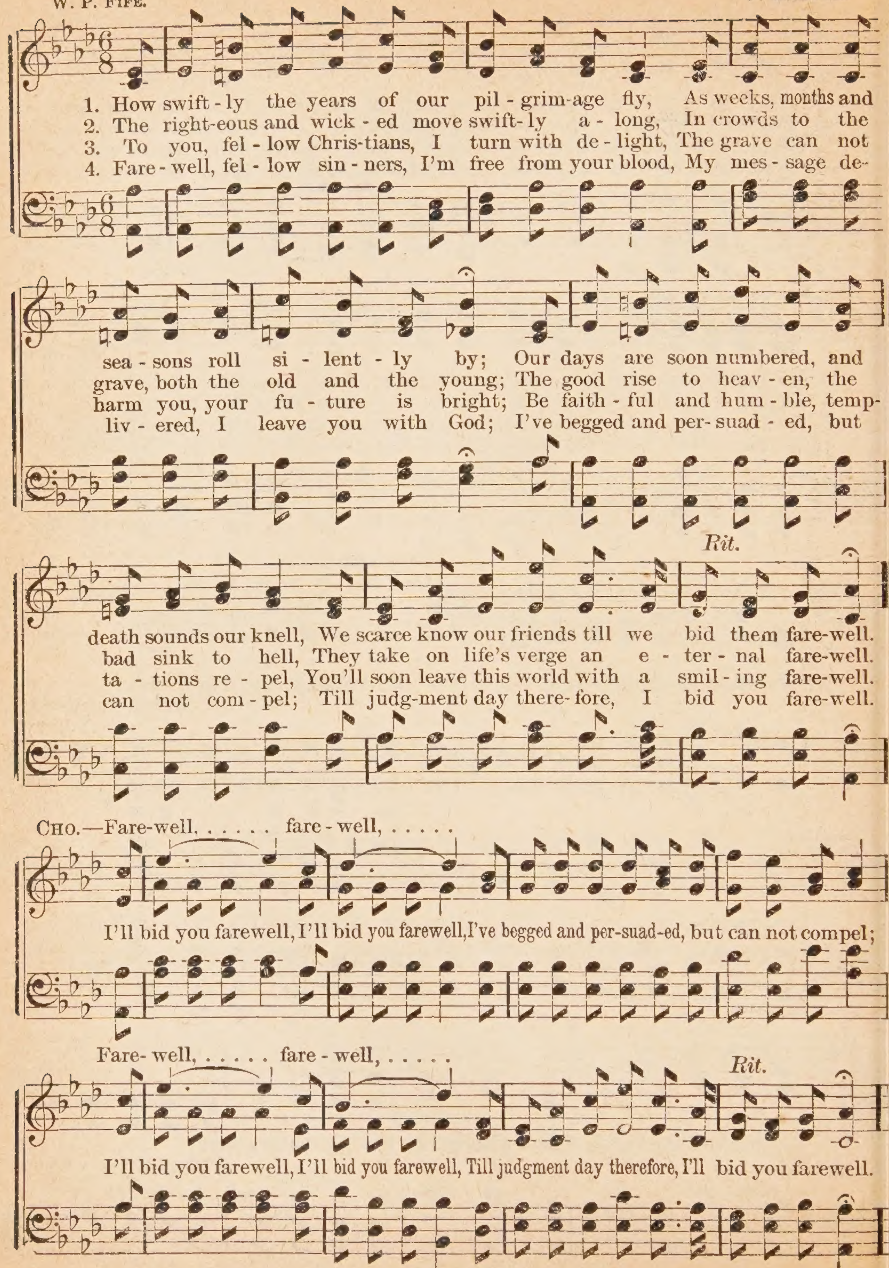
No. 220.

Farewell.

W. P. Fife.

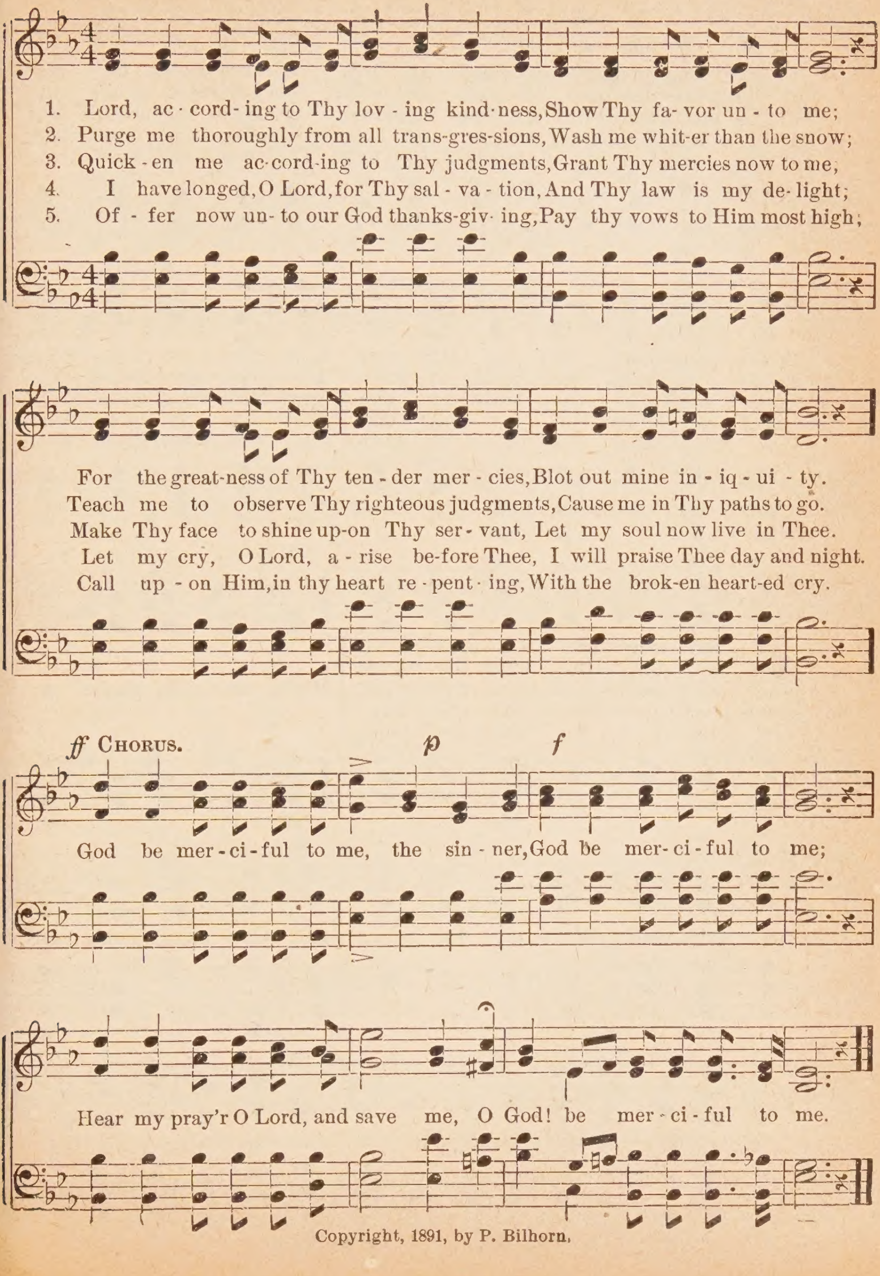
P. Bilhorn.


1. How swift-ly the years of our pil-grim-age fly, As weeks, months and sea-sons roll si-lent-ly by; Our days are soon numbered, and death sounds our knell, We scarce know our friends till we bid them fare-well.
2. The right-eous and wick-ed move swift-ly a-long, In crowds to the grave, both the old and the young; The good rise to heav-en, the bad sink to hell, They take on life's verge an e-ter-nal fare-well.
3. To you, fel-low Chris-tians, I turn with de-light, The grave can not harm you, your fu-ture is bright; Be faith-ful and hum-ble, temp-ta-tions re-pel, You'll soon leave this world with a smil-ing fare-well.
4. Fare-well, fel-low sin-ners, I'm free from your blood, My mes-sage de-liv-ered, I leave you with God; I've begged and per-suad-ed, but can not com-pel; Till judg-ment day there-fore, I bid you fare-well.
Rit.
Cho.—Fare-well, ... fare-well, ...
I'll bid you farewell, I'll bid you farewell, I've begged and per-suad-ed, but can not compel;
Fare-well, ... fare-well, ...
Rit.
I'll bid you farewell, I'll bid you farewell, Till judgment day therefore, I'll bid you farewell.

No. 221. God be Merciful to Me.

Ps. 51.

P. B. P. Bilhorn.



1. Lord, ac-cord-ing to Thy lov-ing kind-ness, Show Thy fa-vor un-to me;
For the great-ness of Thy ten-der mer-cies, Blot out mine in-iq-ui-ty.

2. Purge me thoroughly from all trans-gres-sions, Wash me whit-er than the snow;
Teach me to observe Thy righteous judgments, Cause me in Thy paths to go.

3. Quick-en me ac-cord-ing to Thy judgments, Grant Thy mercies now to me;
Make Thy face to shine up-on Thy ser-vant, Let my soul now live in Thee.

4. I have longed, O Lord, for Thy sal-va-tion, And Thy law is my de-light;
Let my cry, O Lord, a-rise be-fore Thee, I will praise Thee day and night.

5. Of-fer now un-to our God thanks-giv-ing, Pay thy vows to Him most high;
Call up-on Him, in thy heart re-pent-ing, With the brok-en heart-ed cry.

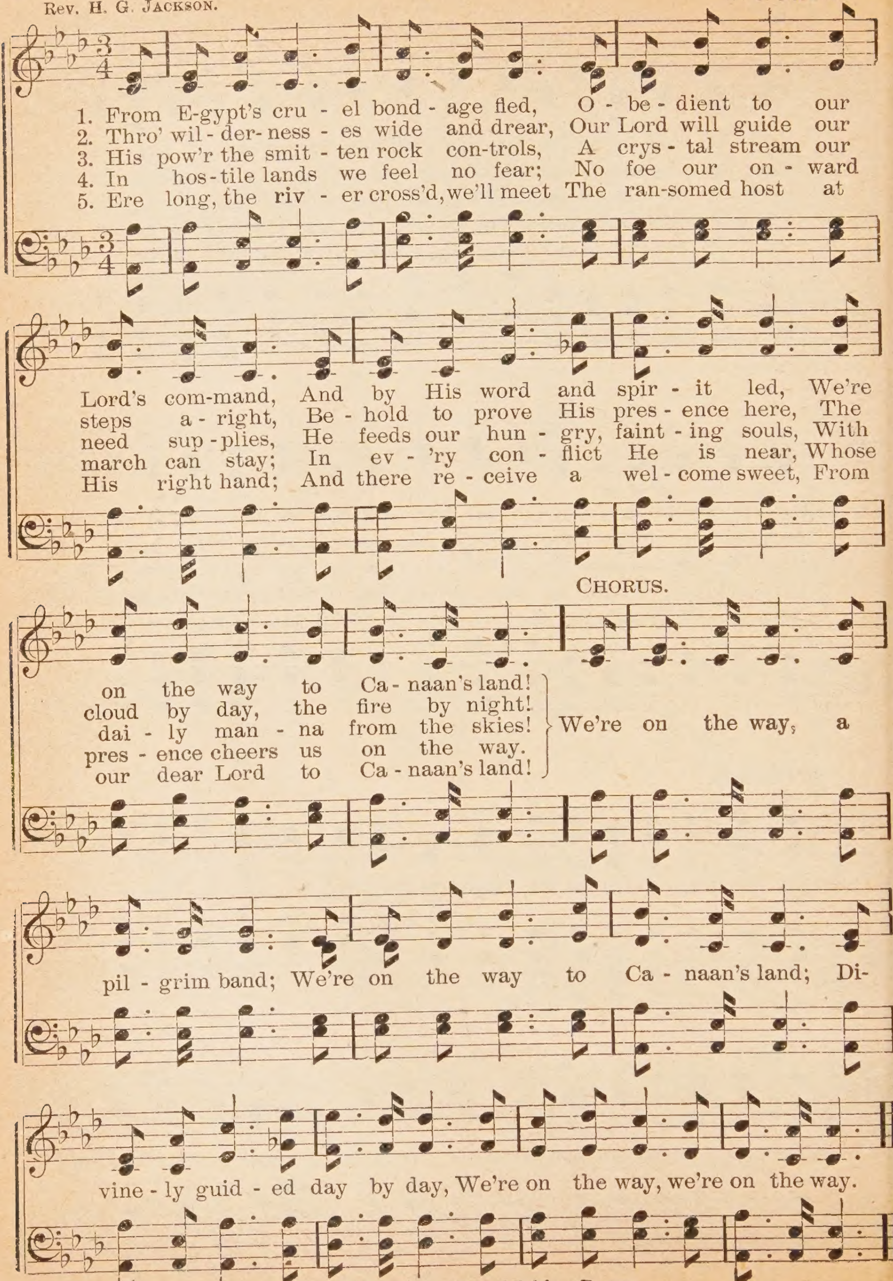
Chorus.

God be mer-ci-ful to me, the sin-ner, God be mer-ci-ful to me;
Hear my pray'r O Lord, and save me, O God! be mer-ci-ful to me.

No. 222. We're on the way to Canaan's Land.

Rev. H. G. Jackson.

W. S. Nickle.


1. From E-gypt's cru - el bond - age fled, O - be - dient to our
2. Thro' wil - der - ness - es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our
3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock con-trols, A crys - tal stream our
4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear; No foe our on - ward
5. Ere long, the riv - er cross'd, we'll meet The ran-somed host at
Lord's com-mand, And by His word and spir - it led, We're
steps a - right, Be - hold to prove His pres - ence here, The
need sup - plies, He feeds our hun - gry, faint - ing souls, With
march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict He is near, Whose
His right hand; And there re - ceive a wel - come sweet, From
on the way to Ca - naan's land!
cloud by day, the fire by night!
dai - ly man - na from the skies!
pres - ence cheers us on the way.
our dear Lord to Ca - naan's land!
CHORUS.
We're on the way, a
pil - grim band; We're on the way to Ca - naan's land; Di-
vine - ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

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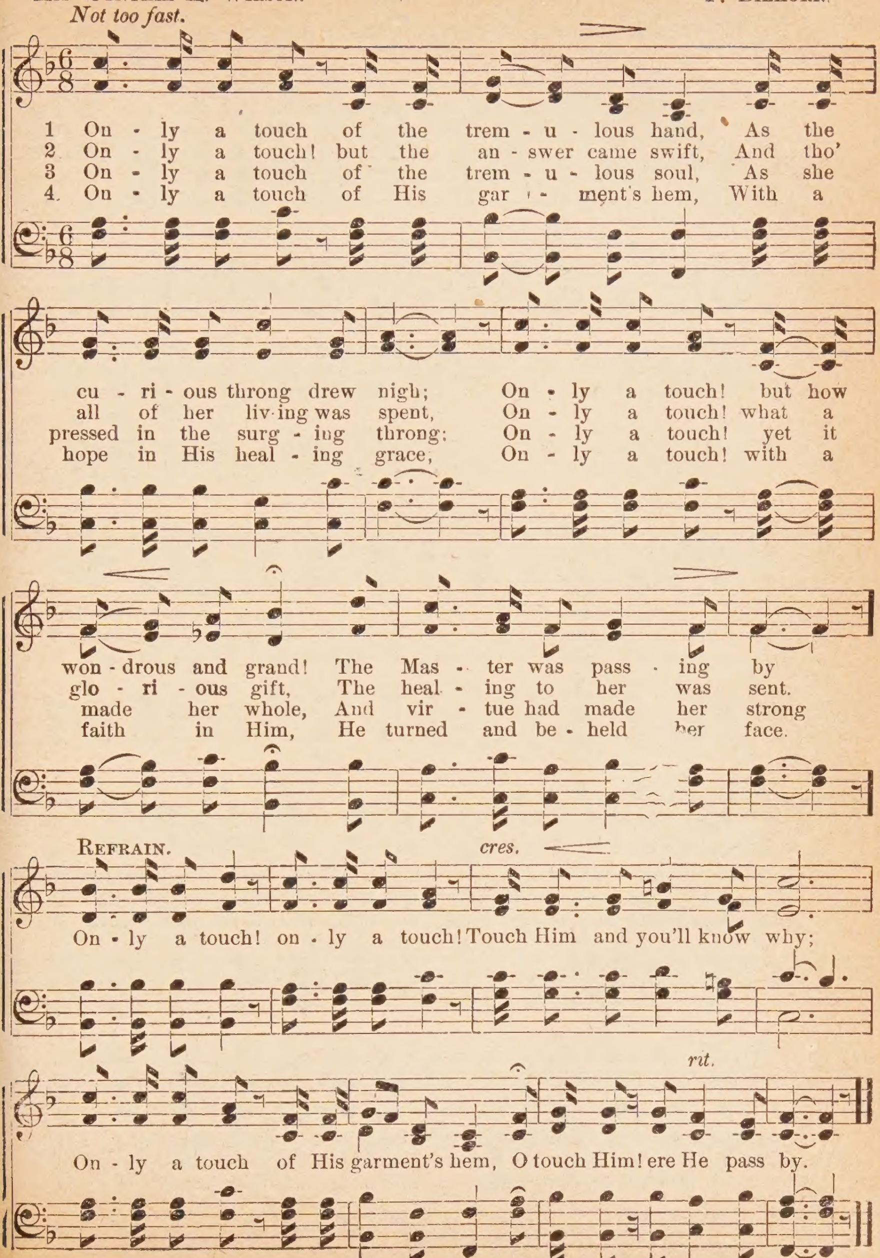
No. 223.

Only a Touch!

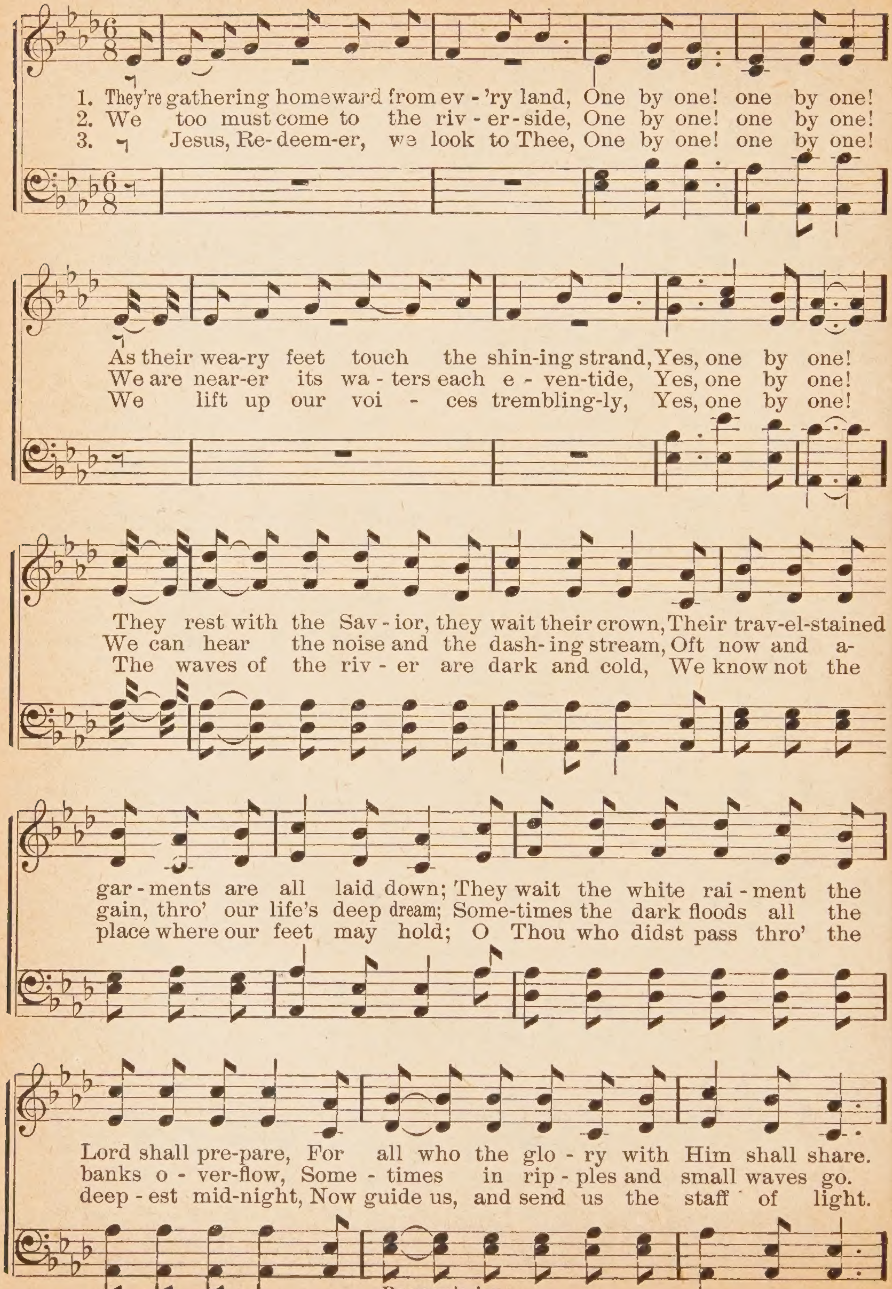
Mark 5. 25-34.

Mrs Cynthie H. Wilson. P. Bilhorn.


Not too fast.
1 On - ly a touch of the trem - u - lous hand, As the
2 On - ly a touch! but the an - swer came swift, And tho'
3 On - ly a touch of the trem - u - lous soul, As she
4. On - ly a touch of His gar - ment's hem, With a
cu - ri - ous throng drew nigh; On - ly a touch! but how
all of her liv-ing was spent, On - ly a touch! what a
pressed in the surg - ing throng: On - ly a touch! yet it
hope in His heal - ing grace, On - ly a touch! with a
won - drous and grand! The Mas - ter was pass - ing by
glo - ri - ous gift, The heal - ing to her was sent.
made her whole, And vir - tue had made her strong
faith in Him, He turned and be - held her face.
Refrain.
cres.
On - ly a touch! on - ly a touch! Touch Him and you'll know why;
rit.
On - ly a touch of His garment's hem, O touch Him! ere He pass by.

No. 224. Gathering Home.

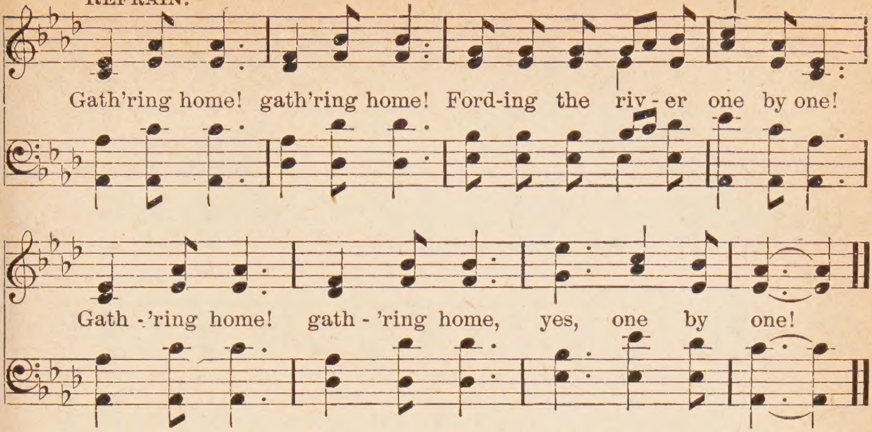
MARY LESLIE. W. A. OGDEN.


1. They're gathering homeward from ev - 'ry land, One by one! one by one!
2. We too must come to the riv - er - side, One by one! one by one!
3. Jesus, Re - deem-er, we look to Thee, One by one! one by one!
As their wea-ry feet touch the shin-ing strand, Yes, one by one!
We are near-er its wa - ters each e - ven-tide, Yes, one by one!
We lift up our voi - ces trembling-ly, Yes, one by one!
They rest with the Sav - ior, they wait their crown, Their trav-el-stained
We can hear the noise and the dash-ing stream, Oft now and a-
The waves of the riv - er are dark and cold, We know not the
gar - ments are all laid down; They wait the white rai - ment the
gain, thro' our life's deep dream; Some-times the dark floods all the
place where our feet may hold; O Thou who didst pass thro' the
Lord shall pre-pare, For all who the glo - ry with Him shall share.
banks o - ver-flow, Some - times in rip - ples and small waves go.
deep - est mid-night, Now guide us, and send us the staff of light.

By permission.

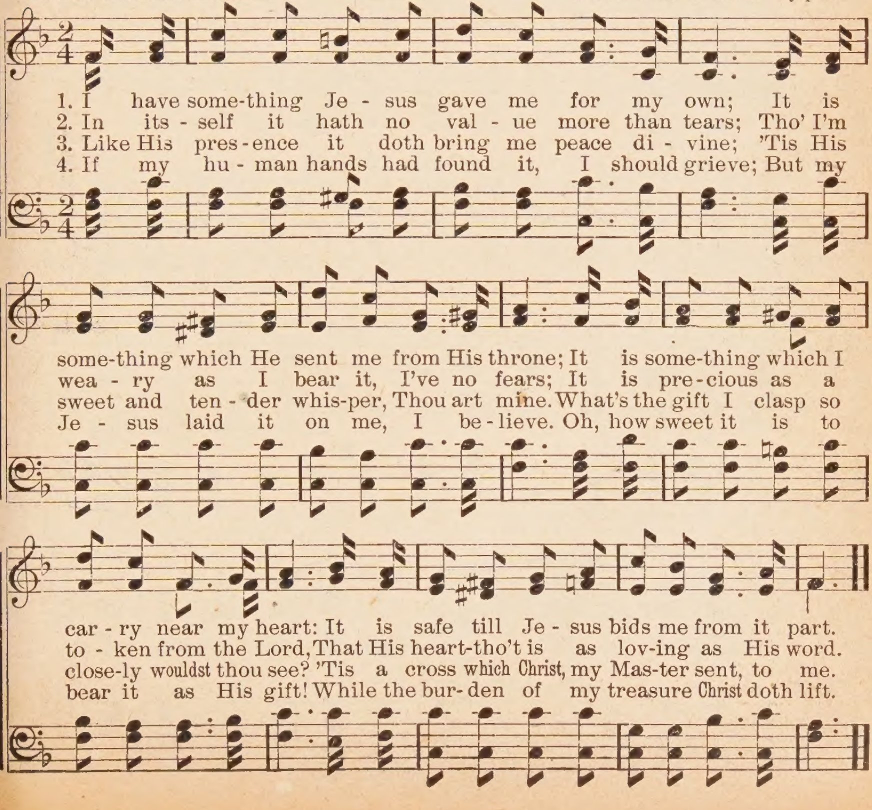
Gathering Home. Concluded.

REFRAIN.


Gath'ring home! gath'ring home! Ford-ing the riv-er one by one!
Gath-'ring home! gath-'ring home, yes, one by one!

No. 225. Something Jesus Gave Me.

GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE. REV. ALFRED TAYLOR. By per.

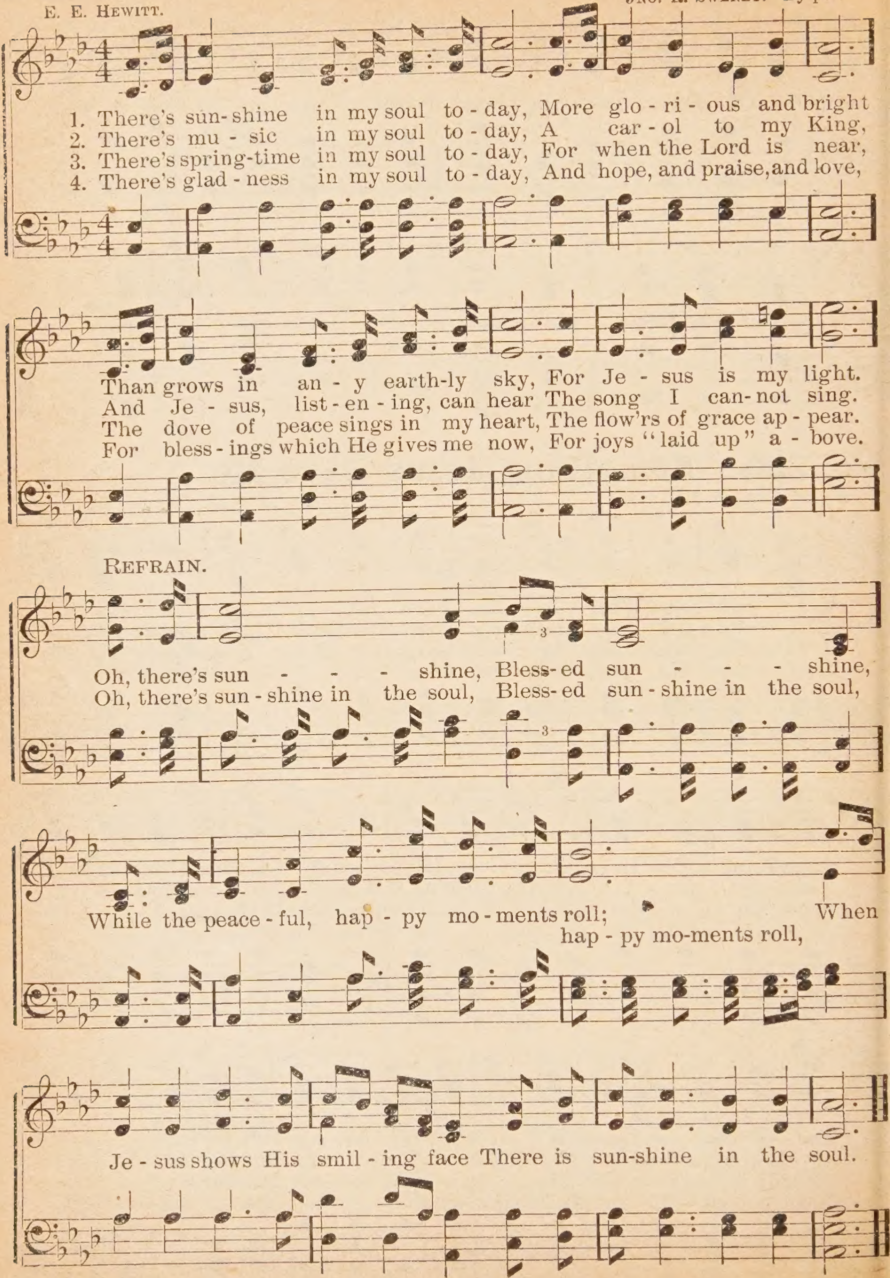

1. I have some-thing Je-sus gave me for my own; It is
2. In its-self it hath no val-ue more than tears; Tho' I'm
3. Like His pres-ence it doth bring me peace di-vine; 'Tis His
4. If my hu-man hands had found it, I should grieve; But my
some-thing which He sent me from His throne; It is some-thing which I
wea-ry as I bear it, I've no fears; It is pre-cious as a
sweet and ten-der whis-per, Thou art mine. What's the gift I clasp so
Je-sus laid it on me, I be-lieve. Oh, how sweet it is to
car-ry near my heart: It is safe till Je-sus bids me from it part.
to-ken from the Lord, That His heart-tho't is as lov-ing as His word.
close-ly wouldst thou see? 'Tis a cross which Christ, my Mas-ter sent, to me.
bear it as His gift! While the bur-den of my treasure Christ doth lift.

No. 226.

Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

Jno. R. Sweney. By per.


1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than grows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, list-en-ing, can hear The song I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.
Refrain.
Oh, there's sun - - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - - shine,
Oh, there's sun-shine in the soul, Bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,
While the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll;
hap-py mo-ments roll,
When
Je-sus shows His smil-ing face There is sun-shine in the soul.
3
3

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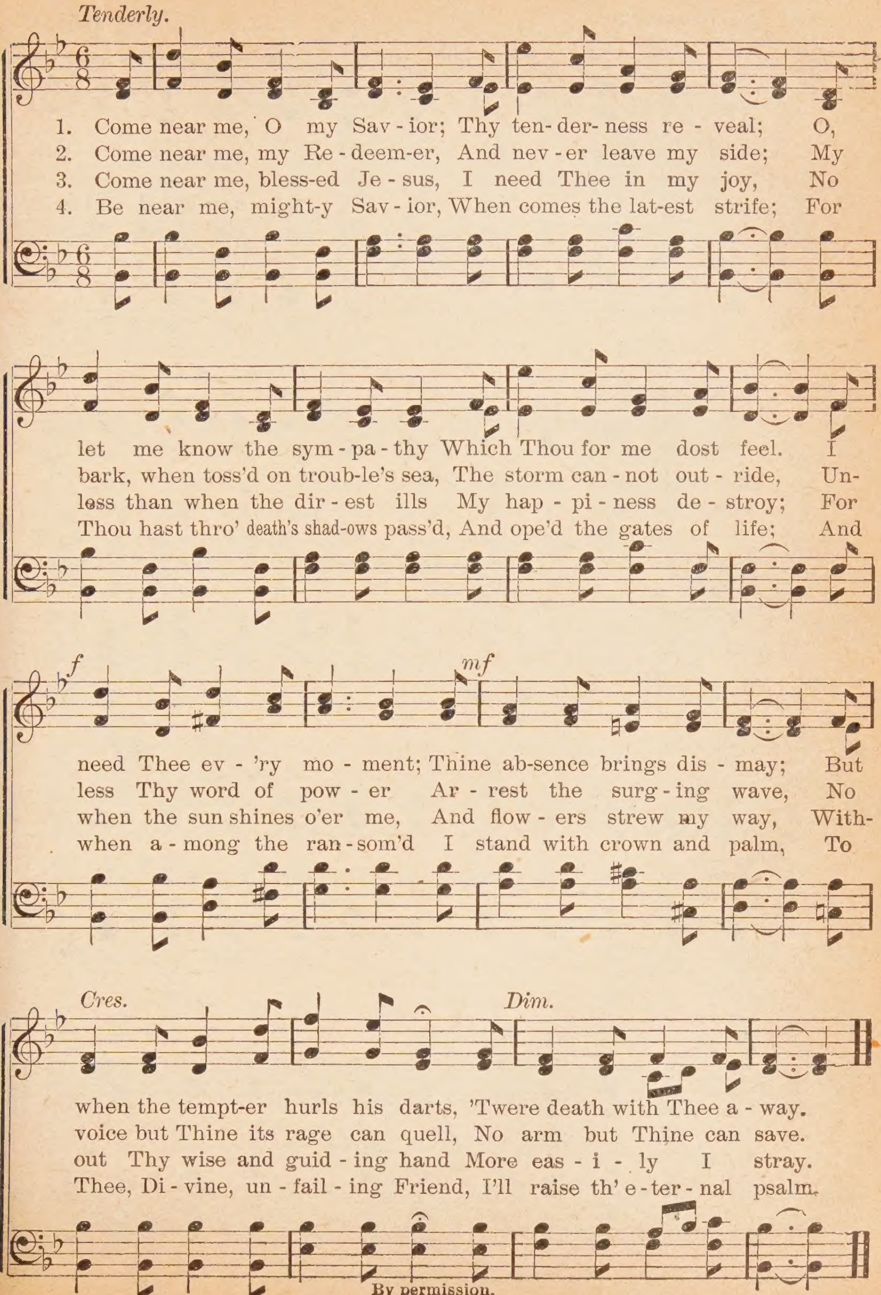
No. 227. Come Near Me.

G. W. L.
J. W. B.

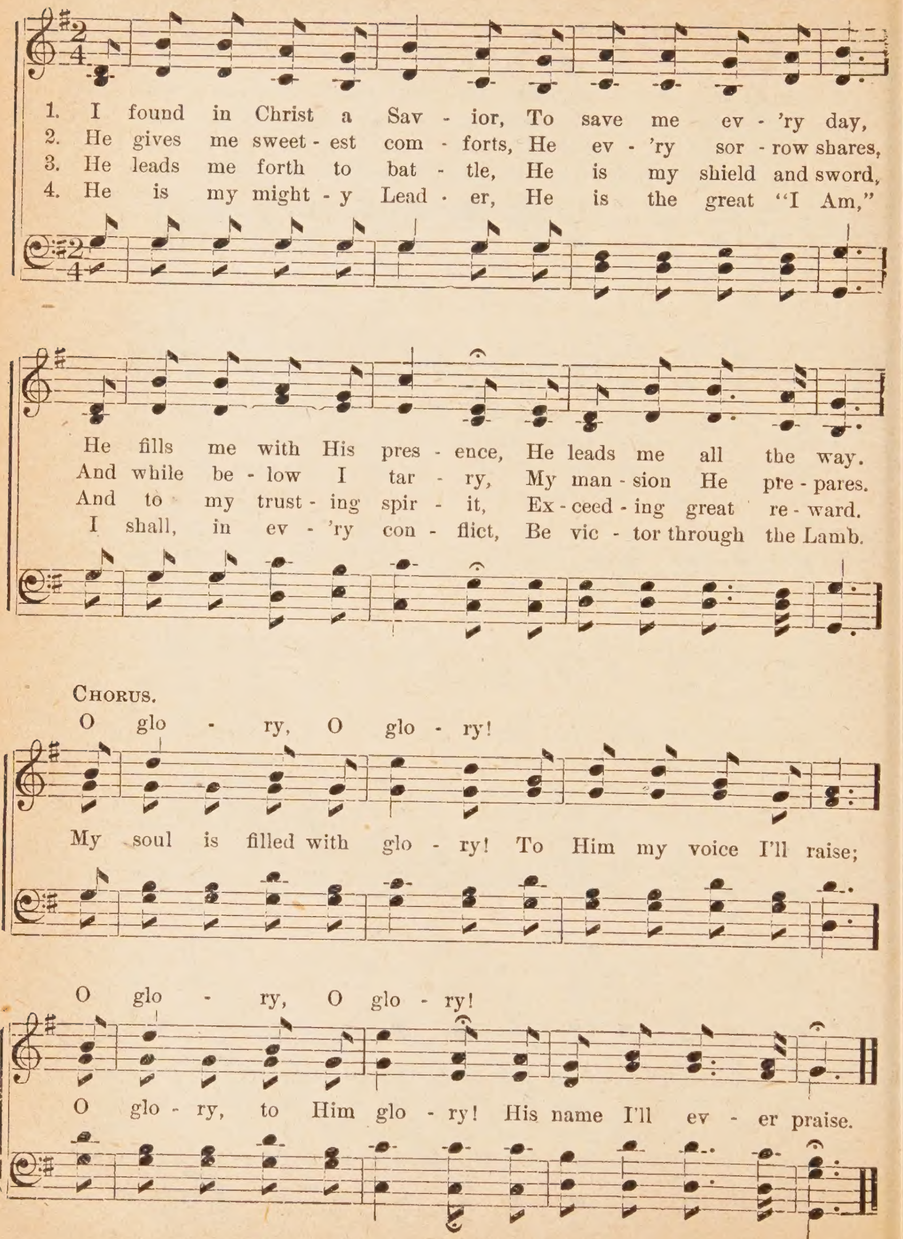

Tenderly.
1. Come near me, O my Sav-ior; Thy ten-der-ness re-veal; O,
2. Come near me, my Re-deem-er, And nev-er leave my side; My
3. Come near me, bless-ed Je-sus, I need Thee in my joy, No
4. Be near me, might-y Sav-ior, When comes the lat-est strife; For
let me know the sym-pa-thy Which Thou for me dost feel. I
bark, when toss'd on troub-le's sea, The storm can-not out-ride, Un-
less than when the dir-est ills My hap-pi-ness de-stroy; For
Thou hast thro' death's shad-ows pass'd, And ope'd the gates of life; And
f
mf
need Thee ev-'ry mo-ment; Thine ab-sence brings dis-may; But
less Thy word of pow-er Ar-rest the surg-ing wave, No
when the sun shines o'er me, And flow-ers strew my way, With-
when a-mong the ran-som'd I stand with crown and palm, To
Cres.
Dim.
when the tempt-er hurls his darts, 'Twere death with Thee a-way.
voice but Thine its rage can quell, No arm but Thine can save.
out Thy wise and guid-ing hand More eas-i-ly I stray.
Thee, Di-vine, un-fail-ing Friend, I'll raise th' e-ter-nal psalm.

By permission.

No. 228.

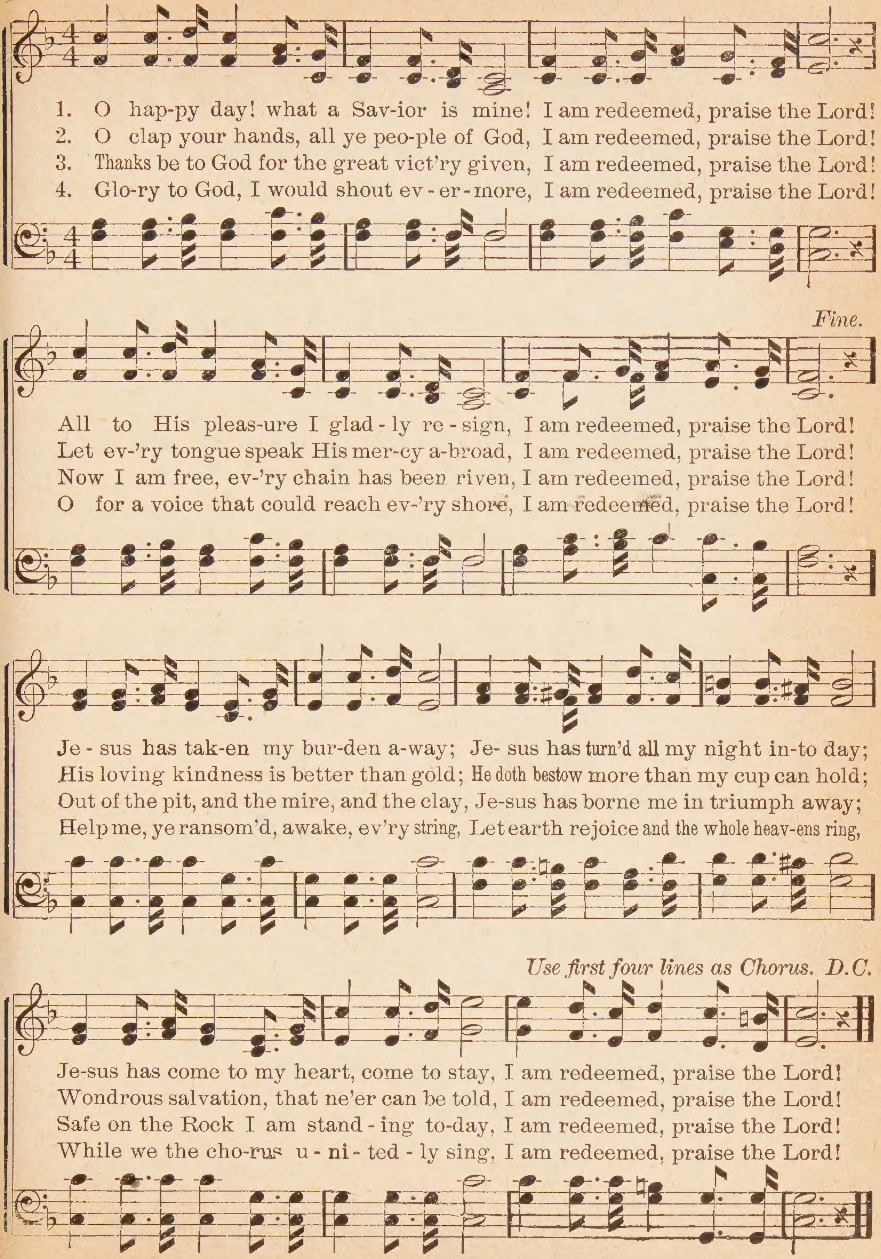
Glory, O Glory!

Miss Ada Blenkhorn. P. Bilhorn.


1. I found in Christ a Savior, To save me ev-'ry day,
2. He gives me sweet-est com-forts, He ev-'ry sor-row shares,
3. He leads me forth to bat-tle, He is my shield and sword,
4. He is my might-y Lead-er, He is the great "I Am,"
He fills me with His pres-ence, He leads me all the way.
And while be-low I tar-ry, My man-sion He pre-pares.
And to my trust-ing spir-it, Ex-ceed-ing great re-ward.
I shall, in ev-'ry con-flict, Be vic-tor through the Lamb.
Chorus.
O glo-ry, O glo-ry!
My soul is filled with glo-ry! To Him my voice I'll raise;
O glo-ry, O glo-ry!
O glo-ry, to Him glo-ry! His name I'll ev-er praise.

No. 229. Redeemed, Praise the Lord

ABBIE MILLS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. O hap-py day! what a Sav-ior is mine! I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
2. O clap your hands, all ye peo-ple of God, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
3. Thanks be to God for the great vict'ry given, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
4. Glo-ry to God, I would shout ev-er-more, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Fine.
All to His pleas-ure I glad-ly re-sign, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Let ev-'ry tongue speak His mer-cy a-broad, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Now I am free, ev-'ry chain has been riven, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
O for a voice that could reach ev-'ry shore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Je-sus has tak-en my bur-den a-way; Je-sus has turn'd all my night in-to day;
His loving kindness is better than gold; He doth bestow more than my cup can hold;
Out of the pit, and the mire, and the clay, Je-sus has borne me in triumph away;
Help me, ye ransom'd, awake, ev'ry string, Let earth rejoice and the whole heav-ens ring,
Use first four lines as Chorus. D.C.
Je-sus has come to my heart, come to stay, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Wondrous salvation, that ne'er can be told, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Safe on the Rock I am stand-ing to-day, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
While we the cho-rus u-ni-ted-ly sing, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!

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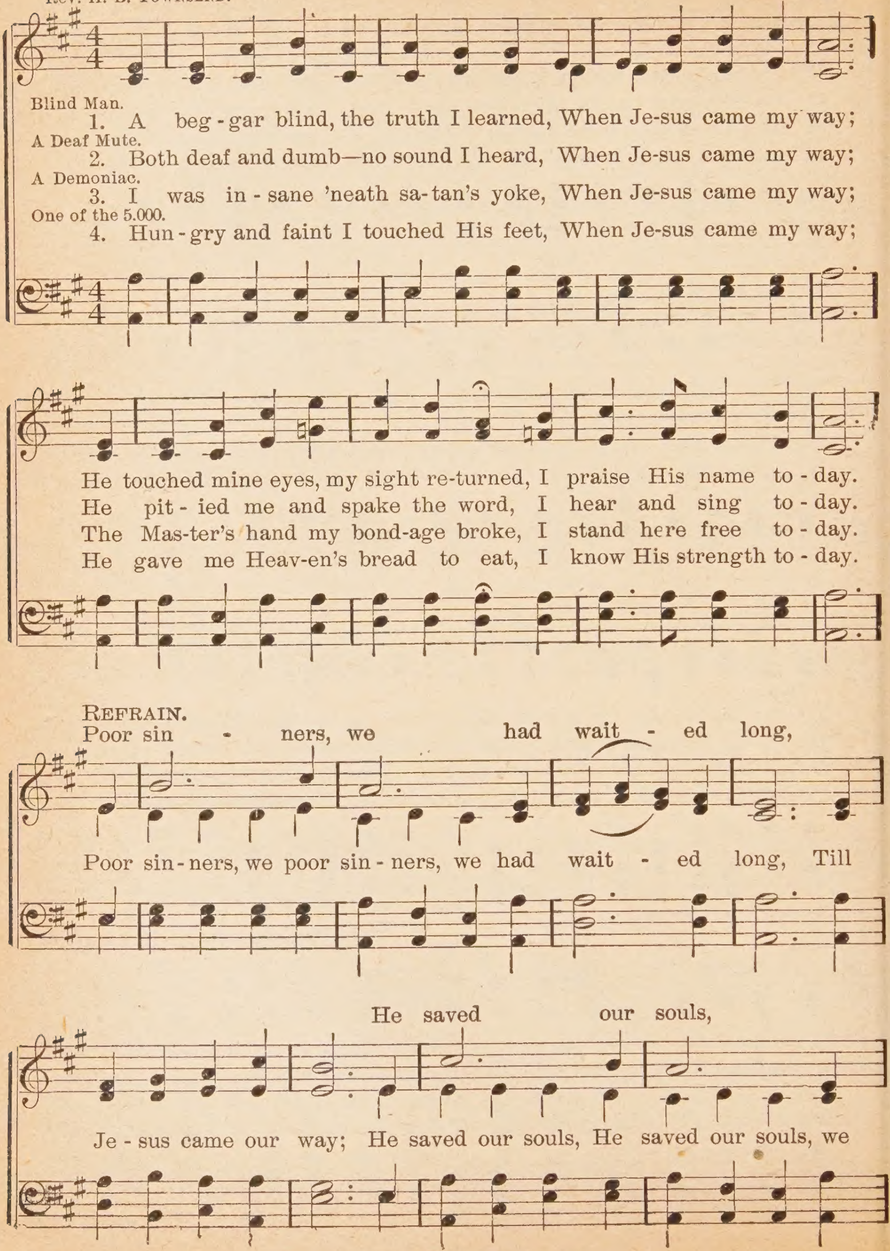
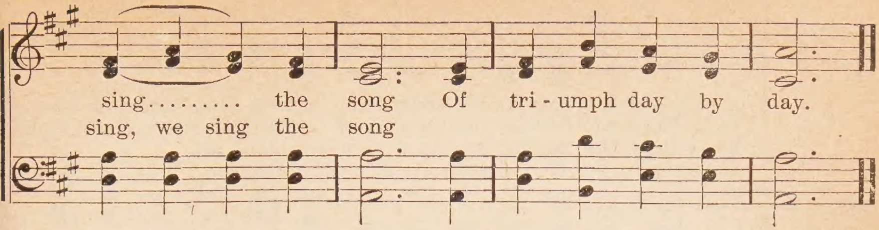
No. 230. When Jesus Came Our Way.

An Experience Meeting at Capernaum.

Rev. H. B. Townsend. P. Bilhorn.


Blind Man.
1. A beg-gar blind, the truth I learned, When Je-sus came my way;
A Deaf Mute.
2. Both deaf and dumb—no sound I heard, When Je-sus came my way;
A Demoniac.
3. I was in-sane 'neath sa-tan's yoke, When Je-sus came my way;
One of the 5.000.
4. Hun-gry and faint I touched His feet, When Je-sus came my way;
He touched mine eyes, my sight re-turned, I praise His name to-day.
He pit-ied me and spake the word, I hear and sing to-day.
The Mas-ter's hand my bond-age broke, I stand here free to-day.
He gave me Heav-en's bread to eat, I know His strength to-day.
Refrain.
Poor sin - ners, we had wait - ed long,
Poor sin-ners, we poor sin-ners, we had wait - ed long, Till
He saved our souls,
Je-sus came our way; He saved our souls, He saved our souls, we

When Jesus Came Our Way. Concluded.



The Paralytic.

5 With palsy I was trembling long,
When Jesus came my way,
He found me weak, He made me strong,
I, too, rejoice to-day.

A Leper.

6 A leprous man—outcast and sad,
When Jesus came my way;
He gave me health and made me glad,
I'm cleansed from sin to-day.

Widow's Son from Nain.

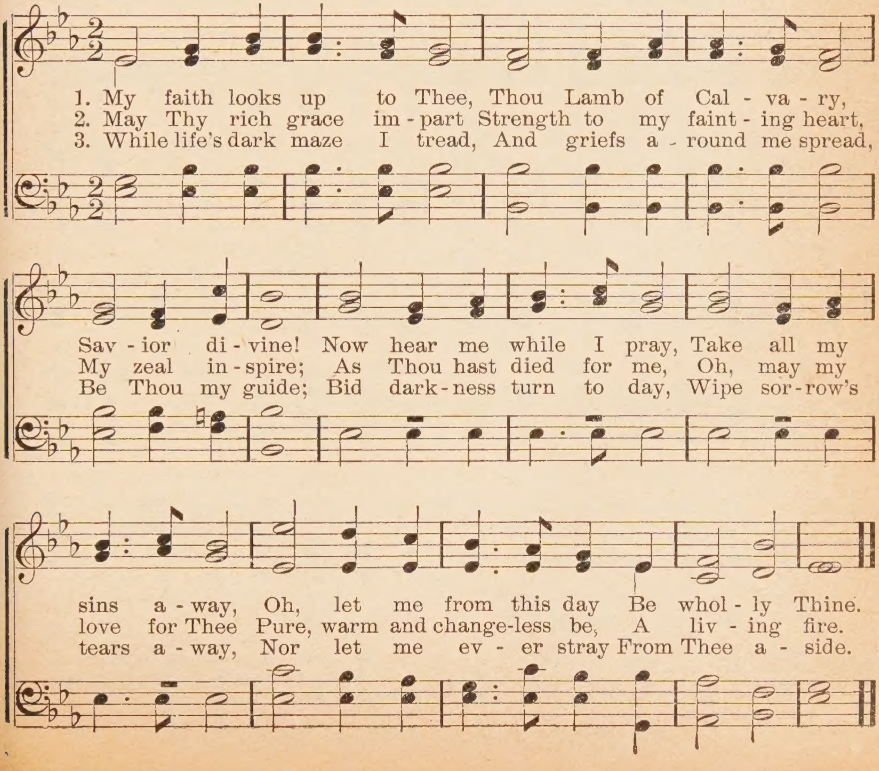
7 A dead son I was borne by men,
When Jesus came my way;
He stopped the bier, I live again,
I now His will obey.

All.

8 We all were lost in sin and shame,
When Jesus came our way;
He saved us! Bless His holy name,
His word we now obey.

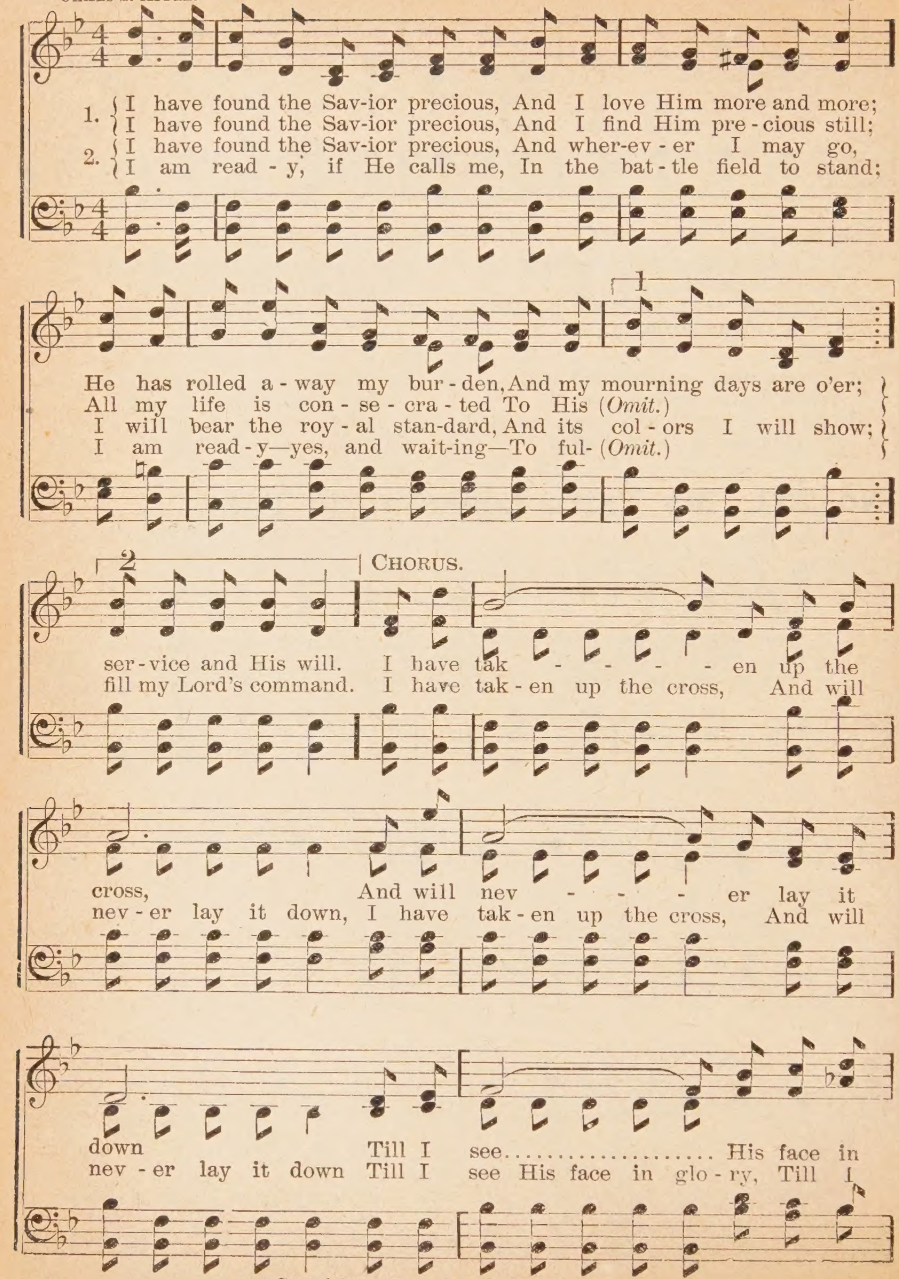
No. 231. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
sins a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love for Thee Pure, warm and change-less be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

No. 232. The Savior Precious.

James S. Apple. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I have found the Sav-ior precious, And I love Him more and more;
I have found the Sav-ior precious, And I find Him pre-cious still;
2. I have found the Sav-ior precious, And wher-ev-er I may go,
I am read-y, if He calls me, In the bat-tle field to stand;
He has rolled a-way my bur-den, And my mourning days are o'er;
All my life is con-se-cra-ted To His (Omit.)
I will bear the roy-al stan-dard, And its col-ors I will show;
I am read-y—yes, and wait-ing—To ful- (Omit.)
1
2
ser-vice and His will.
fill my Lord's command.
Chorus.
I have tak - - - - en up the cross,
I have tak-en up the cross, And will nev-er lay it down,
And will nev - - - - er lay it down
I have tak-en up the cross, And will nev-er lay it down
Till I see.................... His face in
Till I see His face in glo-ry, Till I

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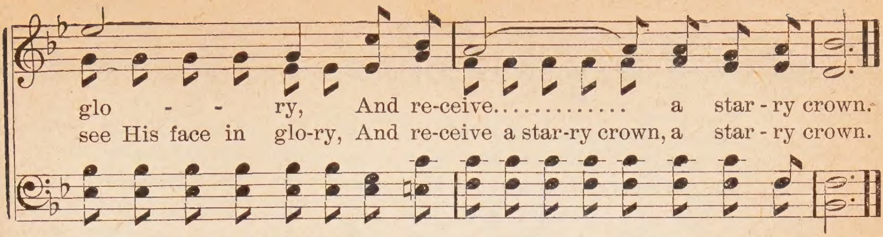
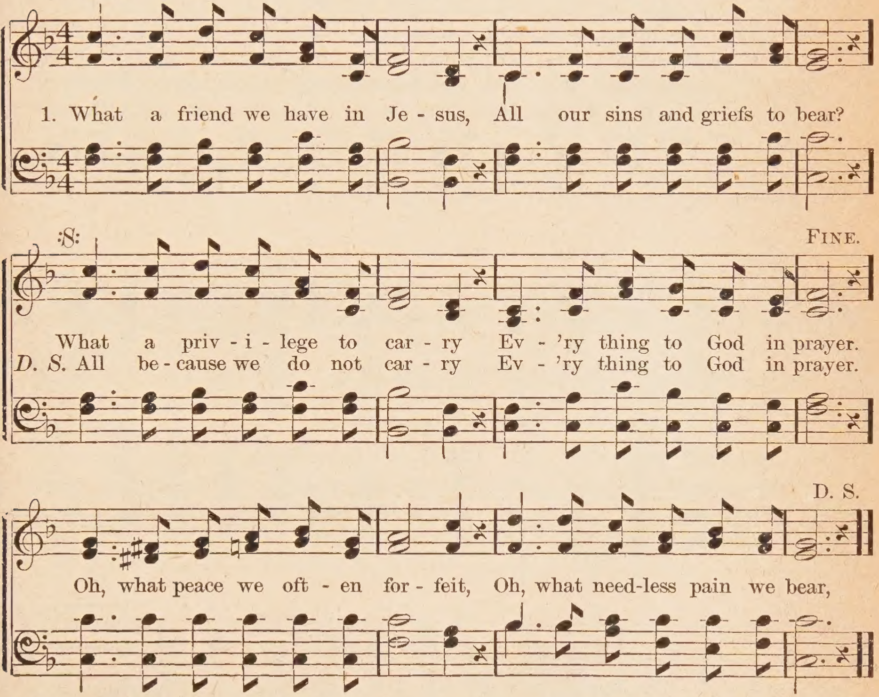
The Savior Precious. Concluded.


glo - - ry, And re-ceive............ a star - ry crown.
see His face in glo-ry, And re-ceive a star-ry crown, a star - ry crown.

3 I have found the Savior precious;
Hallelujah! praise His name!
To a mansion in His kingdom
Thro' His grace the right I claim.
I have found the Savior precious;
He has proved my dearest Friend;
And my faith can trust His promise
Of protection to the end.

No. 233. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse. By per.

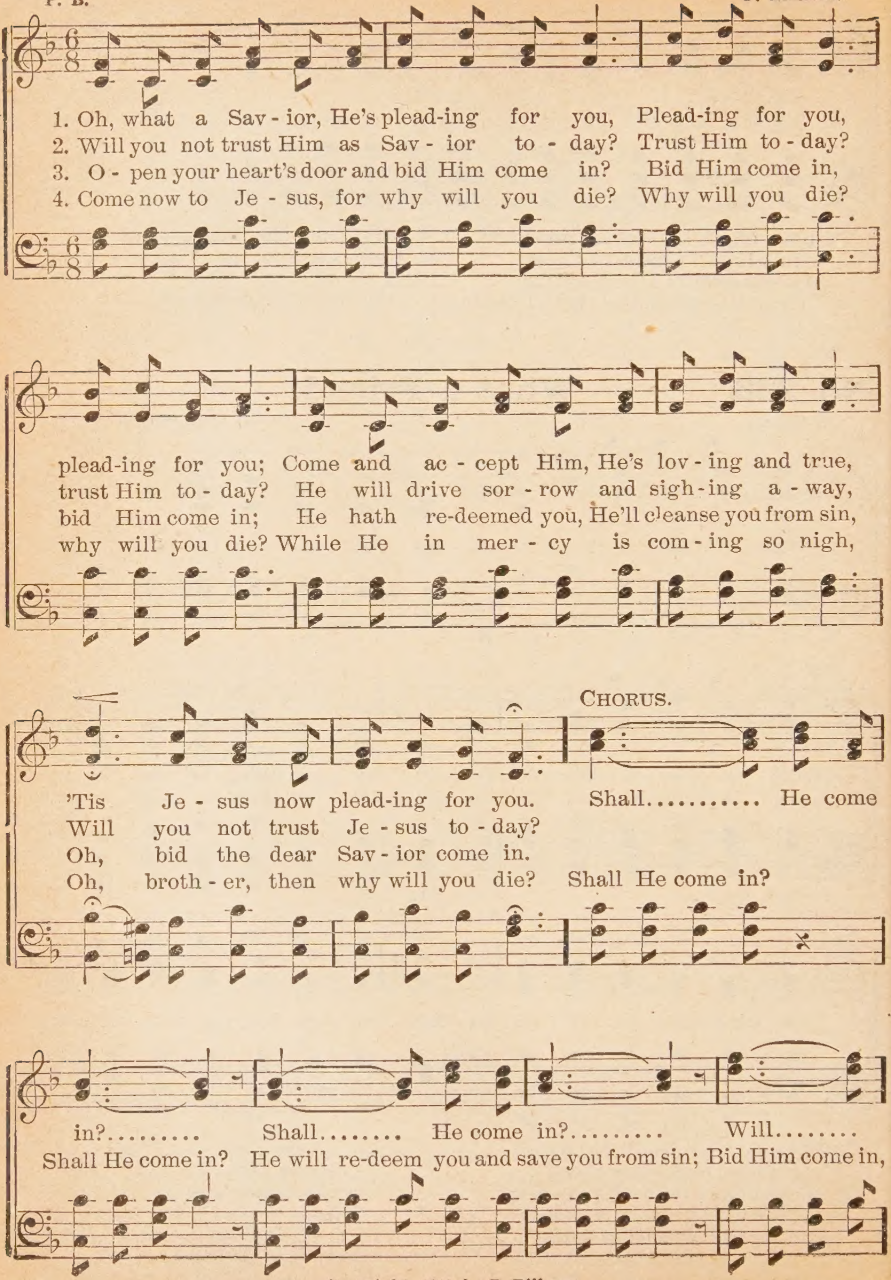

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear?
:S:
Fine.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
D. S. All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
D. S.
Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need-less pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

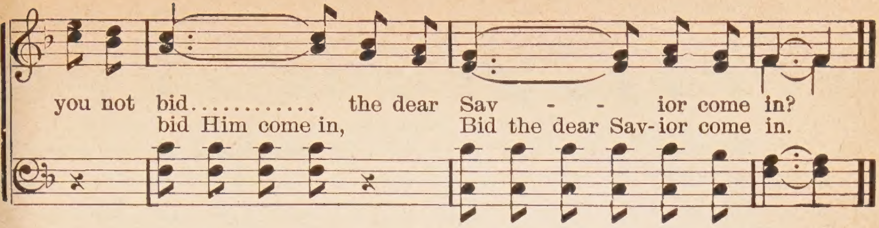
3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 234. Bid Him Come In.

P. B. P. BILHORN.

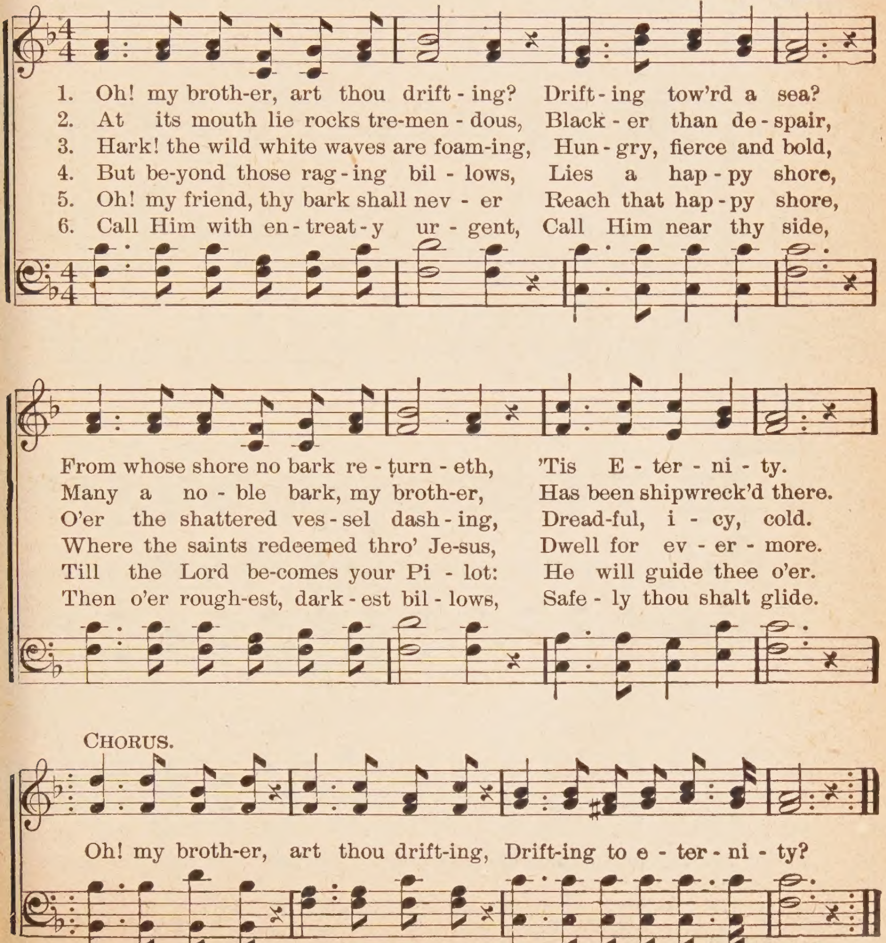

1. Oh, what a Sav - ior, He's plead-ing for you, Plead-ing for you,
2. Will you not trust Him as Sav - ior to - day? Trust Him to - day?
3. O - pen your heart's door and bid Him come in? Bid Him come in,
4. Come now to Je - sus, for why will you die? Why will you die?
plead-ing for you; Come and ac - cept Him, He's lov - ing and true,
trust Him to - day? He will drive sor - row and sigh - ing a - way,
bid Him come in; He hath re-deemed you, He'll cleanse you from sin,
why will you die? While He in mer - cy is com - ing so nigh,
'Tis Je - sus now plead-ing for you.
Will you not trust Je - sus to - day?
Oh, bid the dear Sav - ior come in.
Oh, broth - er, then why will you die?
CHORUS.
Shall........... He come
Shall He come in?
in?......... Shall........ He come in?......... Will........
Shall He come in? He will re-deem you and save you from sin; Bid Him come in,

Bid Him Come In. Concluded.


you not bid............ the dear Sav - - ior come in?
bid Him come in, Bid the dear Sav-ior come in.

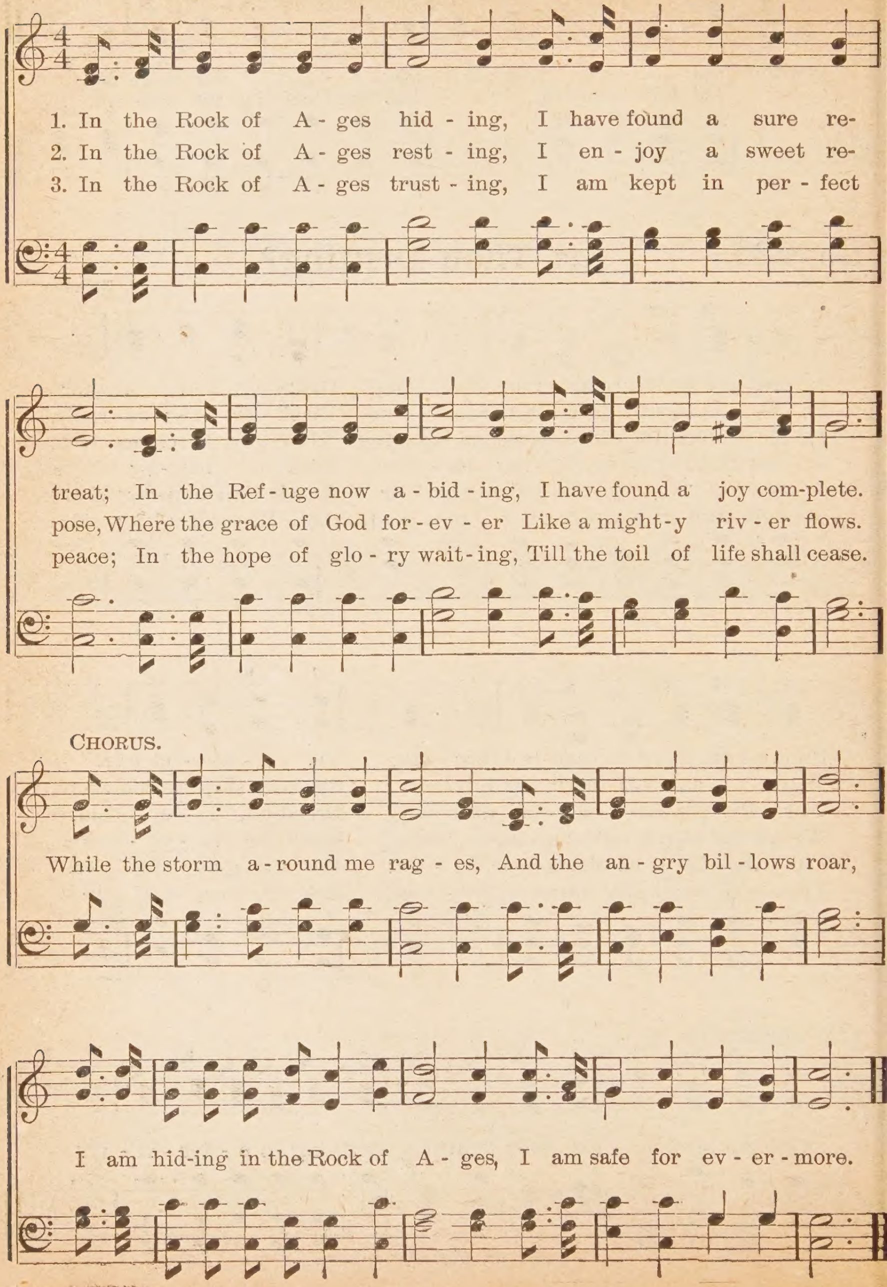
No. 235. Art Thou Drifting?

P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. Oh! my broth-er, art thou drift - ing? Drift - ing tow'rd a sea?
2. At its mouth lie rocks tre-men - dous, Black - er than de - spair,
3. Hark! the wild white waves are foam-ing, Hun - gry, fierce and bold,
4. But be-yond those rag - ing bil - lows, Lies a hap - py shore,
5. Oh! my friend, thy bark shall nev - er Reach that hap - py shore,
6. Call Him with en - treat - y ur - gent, Call Him near thy side,
From whose shore no bark re - turn - eth, 'Tis E - ter - ni - ty.
Many a no - ble bark, my broth-er, Has been shipwreck'd there.
O'er the shattered ves - sel dash - ing, Dread-ful, i - cy, cold.
Where the saints redeemed thro' Je-sus, Dwell for ev - er - more.
Till the Lord be-comes your Pi - lot: He will guide thee o'er.
Then o'er rough-est, dark - est bil - lows, Safe - ly thou shalt glide.
Chorus.
Oh! my broth-er, art thou drift-ing, Drift-ing to e - ter - ni - ty?

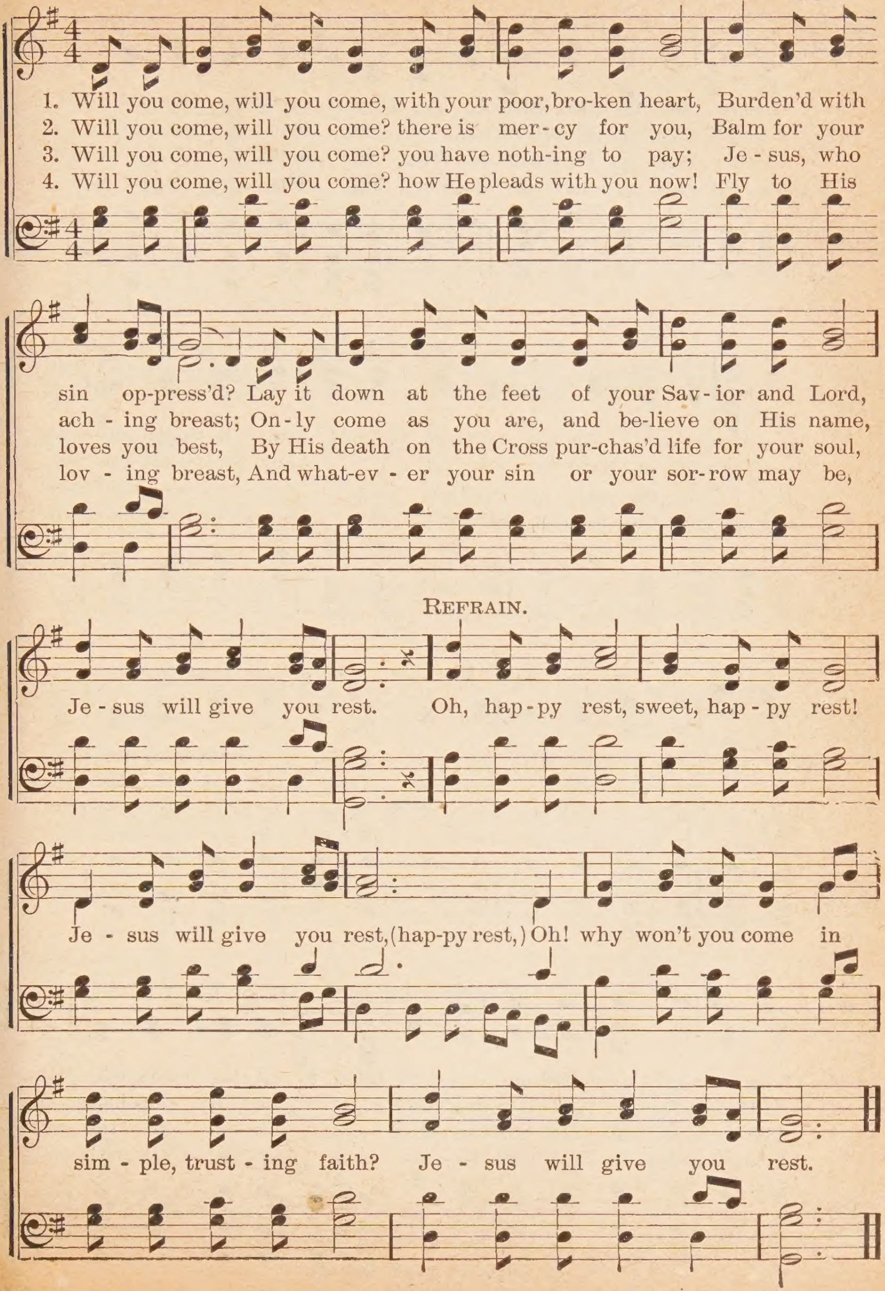
No. 236. Hiding in the Rock.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. Chas. H. Gabriel. By per.


1. In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, I have found a sure re-
2. In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I en - joy a sweet re-
3. In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect
treat; In the Ref - uge now a - bid - ing, I have found a joy com-plete.
pose, Where the grace of God for - ev - er Like a might - y riv - er flows.
peace; In the hope of glo - ry wait - ing, Till the toil of life shall cease.
Chorus.
While the storm a - round me rag - es, And the an - gry bil - lows roar,
I am hid-ing in the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for ev - er - more.

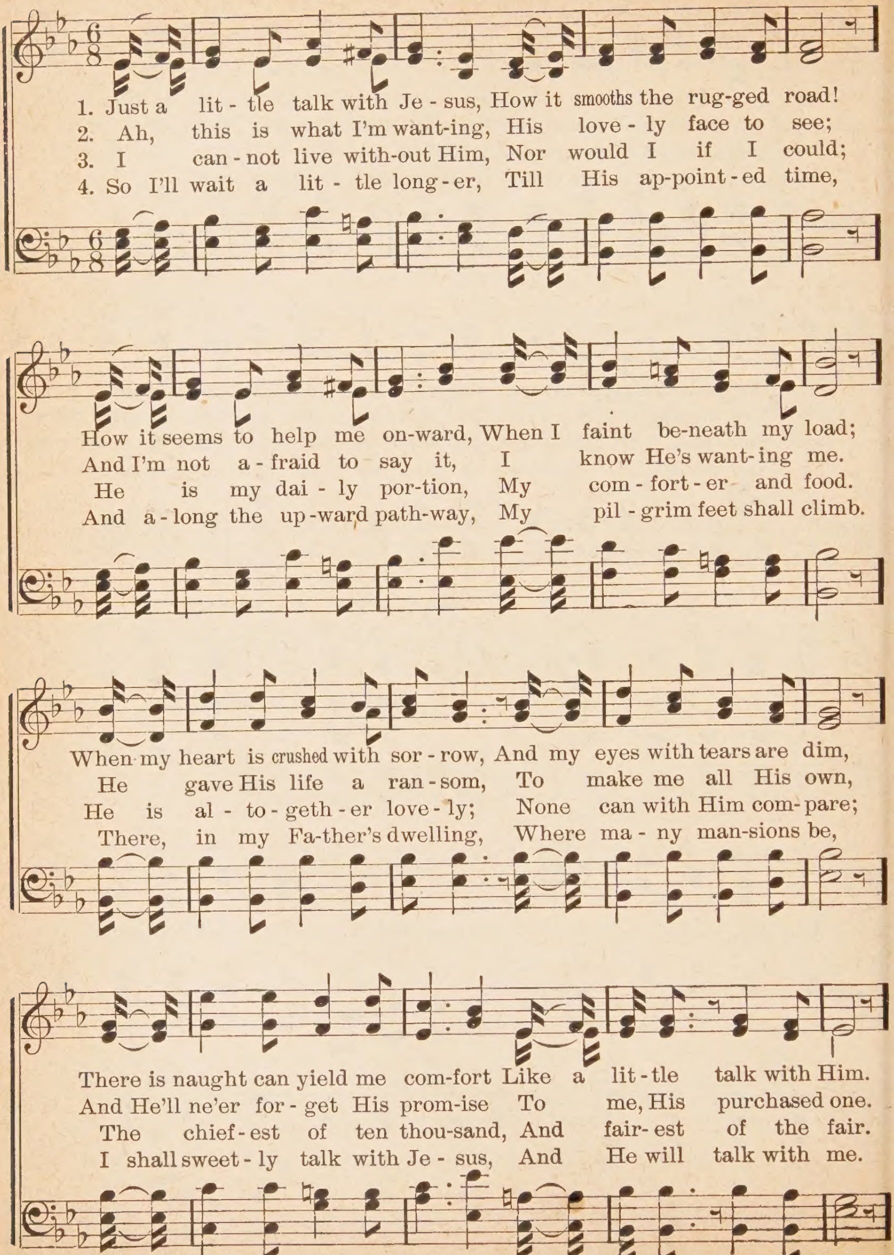
No. 237. Jesus Will Give You Rest.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

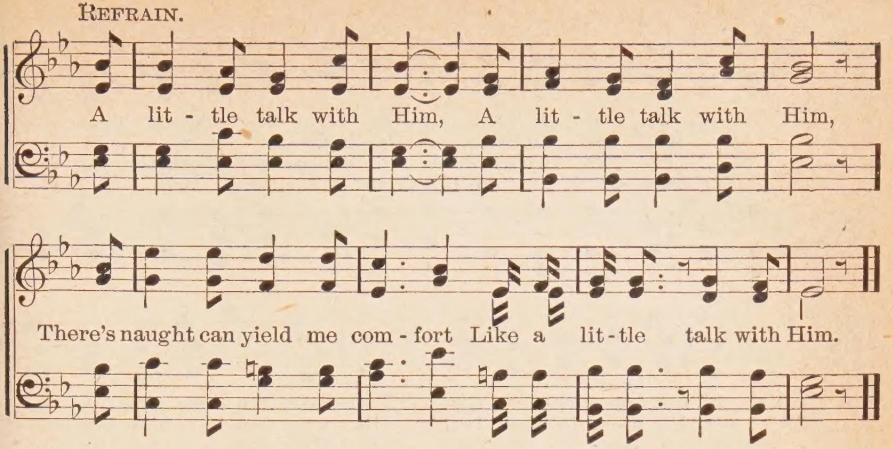

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor, bro-ken heart, Burden'd with
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer-cy for you, Balm for your
3. Will you come, will you come? you have noth-ing to pay; Je-sus, who
4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His
sin op-press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-ior and Lord,
ach-ing breast; On-ly come as you are, and be-lieve on His name,
loves you best, By His death on the Cross pur-chas'd life for your soul,
lov-ing breast, And what-ev-er your sin or your sor-row may be,
Refrain.
Je-sus will give you rest. Oh, hap-py rest, sweet, hap-py rest!
Je-sus will give you rest, (hap-py rest,) Oh! why won't you come in
sim-ple, trust-ing faith? Je-sus will give you rest.

No. 238. A Little Talk with Jesus.

P. Bilhorn.


1. Just a lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rug-ged road!
2. Ah, this is what I'm want-ing, His love - ly face to see;
3. I can - not live with-out Him, Nor would I if I could;
4. So I'll wait a lit - tle long - er, Till His ap-point - ed time,
How it seems to help me on-ward, When I faint be-neath my load;
And I'm not a - fraid to say it, I know He's want-ing me.
He is my dai - ly por-tion, My com - fort - er and food.
And a - long the up-ward path-way, My pil - grim feet shall climb.
When my heart is crushed with sor - row, And my eyes with tears are dim,
He gave His life a ran - som, To make me all His own,
He is al - to - geth - er love - ly; None can with Him com-pare;
There, in my Fa-ther's dwelling, Where ma - ny man-sions be,
There is naught can yield me com-fort Like a lit - tle talk with Him.
And He'll ne'er for - get His prom-ise To me, His purchased one.
The chief - est of ten thou-sand, And fair - est of the fair.
I shall sweet - ly talk with Je - sus, And He will talk with me.

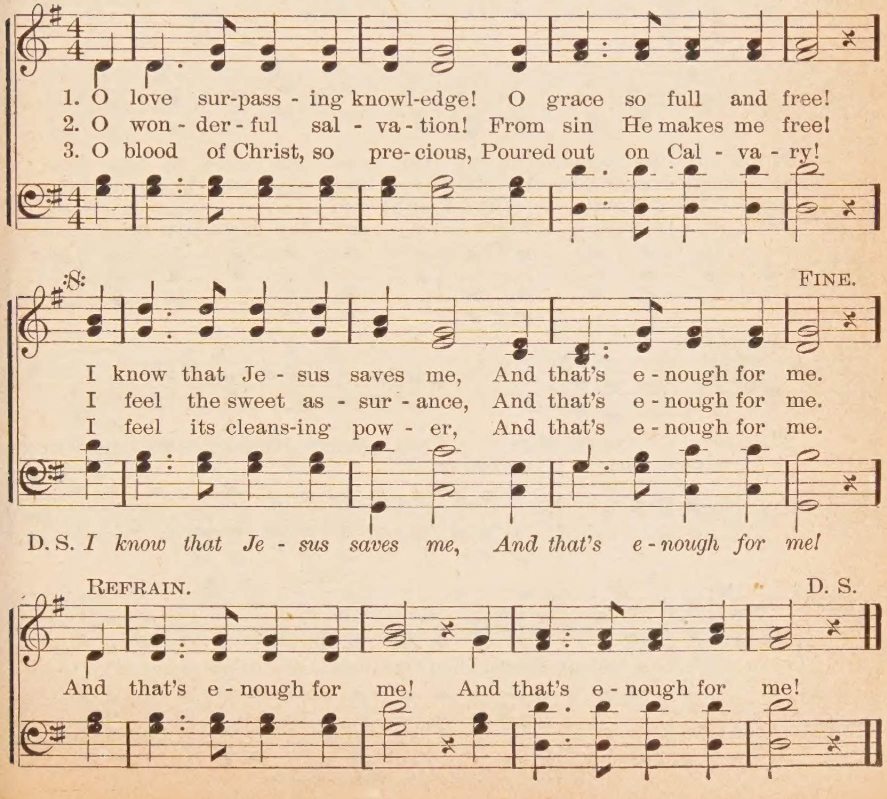
A Little Talk with Jesus. Concluded.


REFRAIN.
A little talk with Him, A little talk with Him,
There's naught can yield me comfort Like a little talk with Him.

No. 239. Enough for Me.

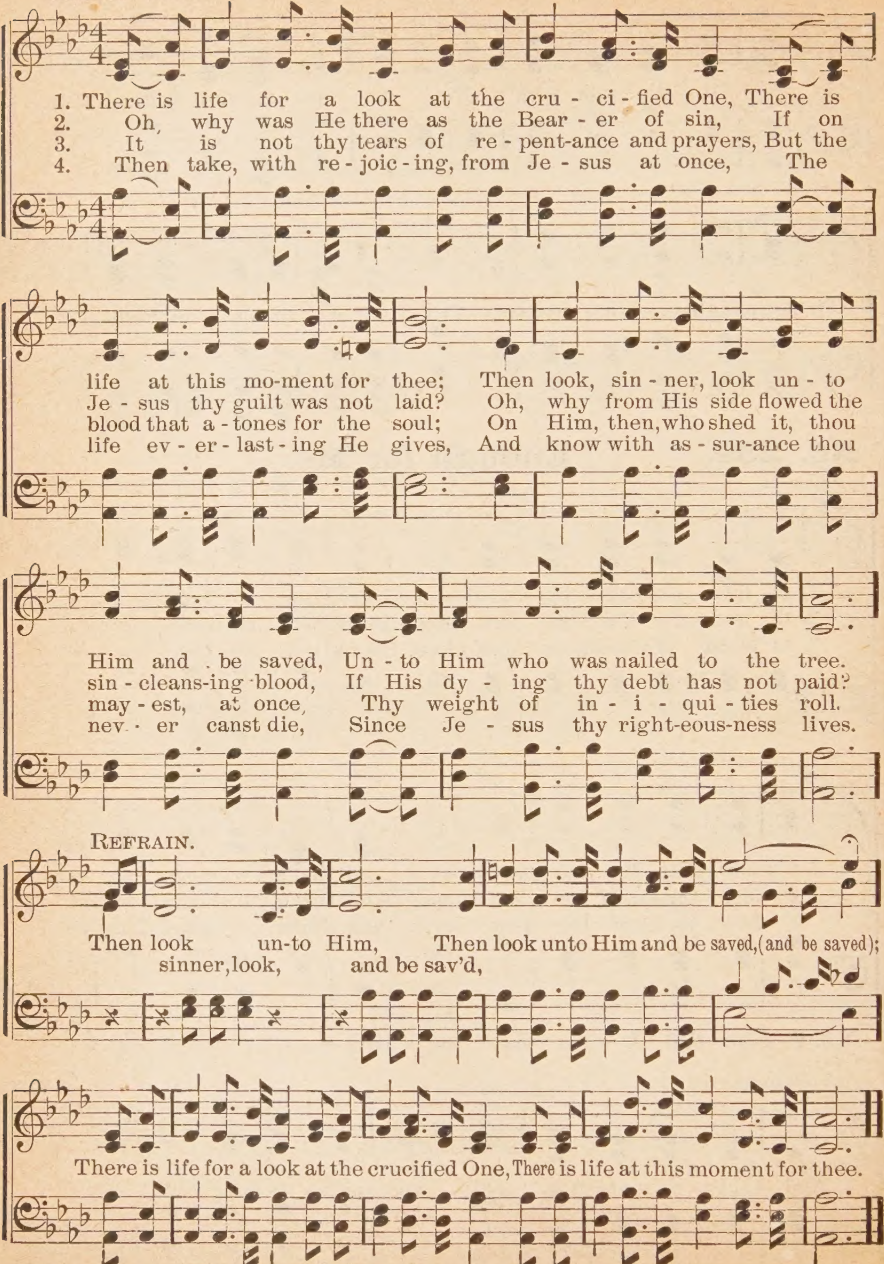
E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. By per.


1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free!
2. O wonderful salvation! From sin He makes me free!
3. O blood of Christ, so precious, Poured out on Calvary!
I know that Jesus saves me, And that's enough for me.
I feel the sweet assurance, And that's enough for me.
I feel its cleansing power, And that's enough for me.
FINE.
D. S. I know that Jesus saves me, And that's enough for me!
REFRAIN.
D. S.
And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me!

No. 240. There is Life for a Look.

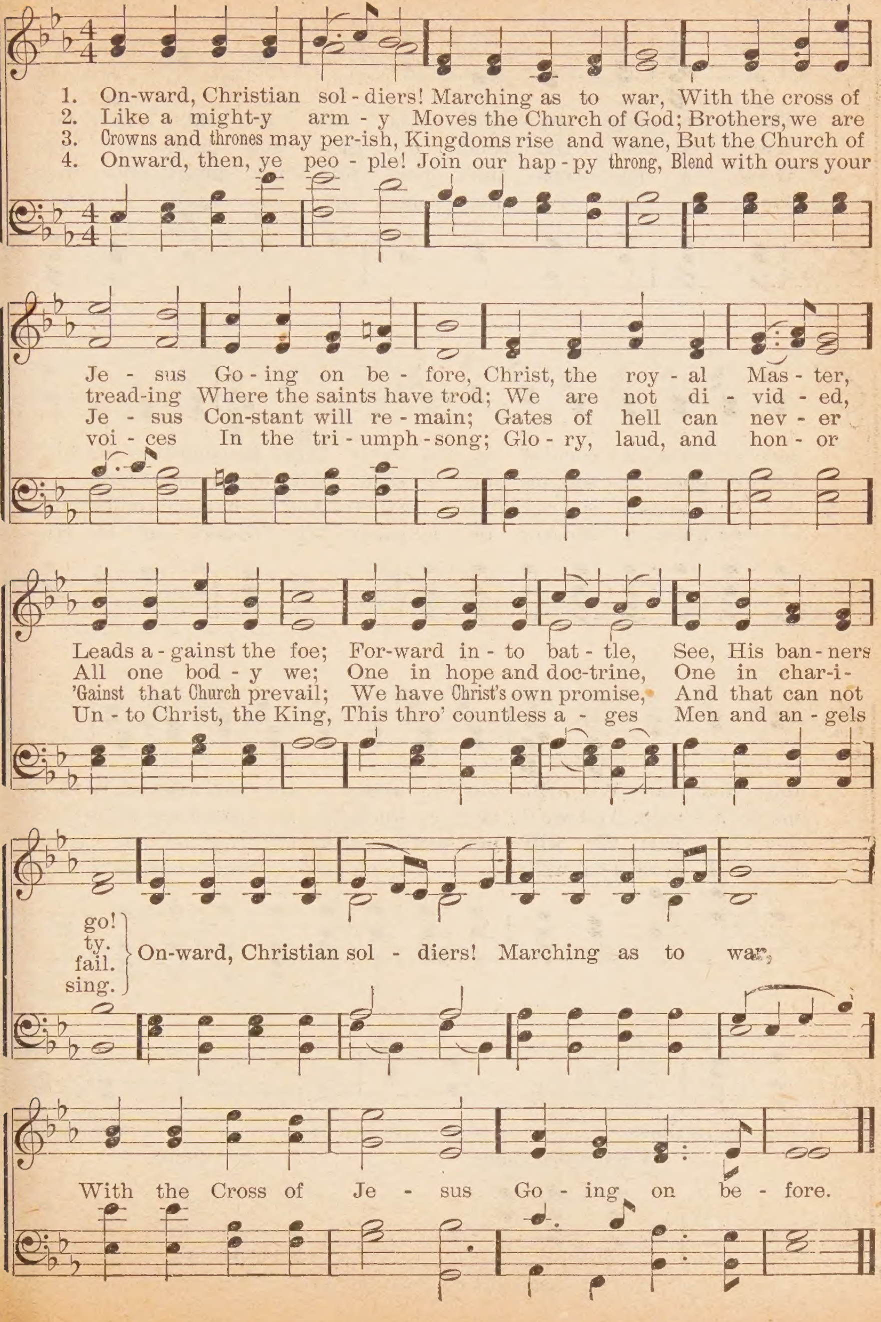
Amelia M. Hull. Isa. 45: 22. E. C. Avis.


1. There is life for a look at the cru - ci - fied One, There is
2. Oh, why was He there as the Bear - er of sin, If on
3. It is not thy tears of re - pent-ance and prayers, But the
4. Then take, with re - joic - ing, from Je - sus at once, The
life at this mo-ment for thee; Then look, sin - ner, look un - to
Je - sus thy guilt was not laid? Oh, why from His side flowed the
blood that a - tones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, thou
life ev - er - last - ing He gives, And know with as - sur-ance thou
Him and be saved, Un - to Him who was nailed to the tree.
sin - cleans-ing blood, If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid?
may - est, at once, Thy weight of in - i - qui - ties roll.
nev - er canst die, Since Je - sus thy right-eous-ness lives.
Refrain.
Then look un-to Him, Then look unto Him and be saved, (and be saved);
sinner, look, and be sav'd,
There is life for a look at the crucified One, There is life at this moment for thee.

Copyright, 1887, by E. C. Avis. By per.

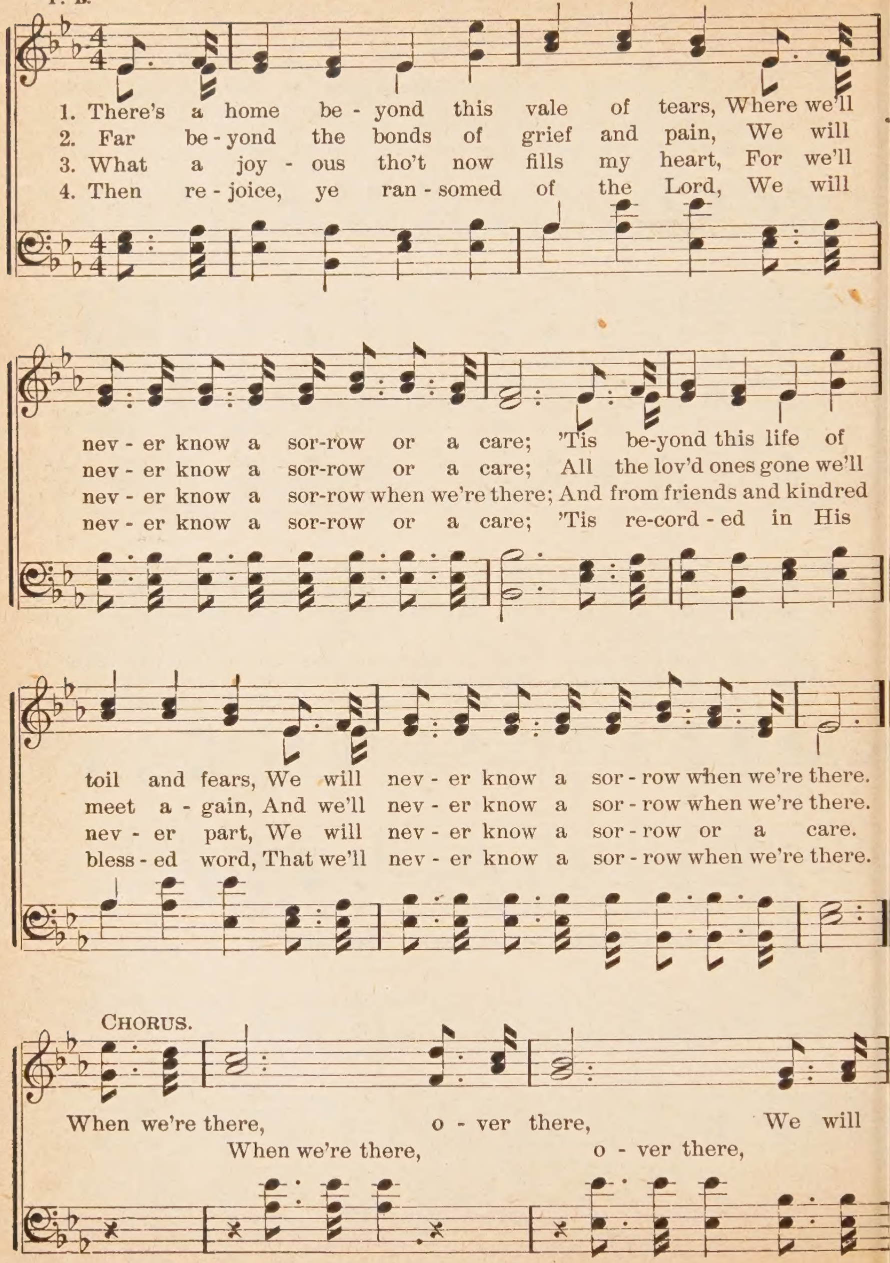
No. 241. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

Gould. Sullivan.

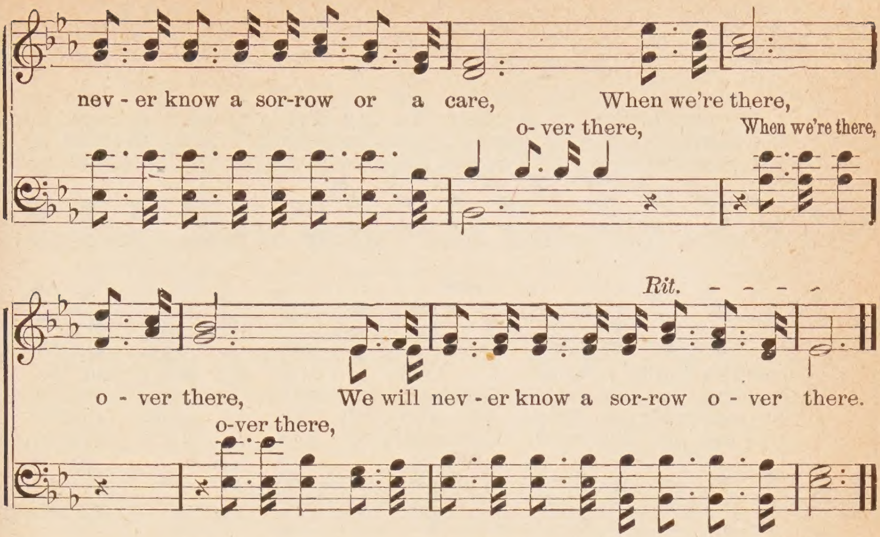

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or
Leads a - gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i -
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can not
Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels
go!
ty.
fail.
sing.
On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 242. The Home without a Sorrow.

P. B. P. BILHORN.

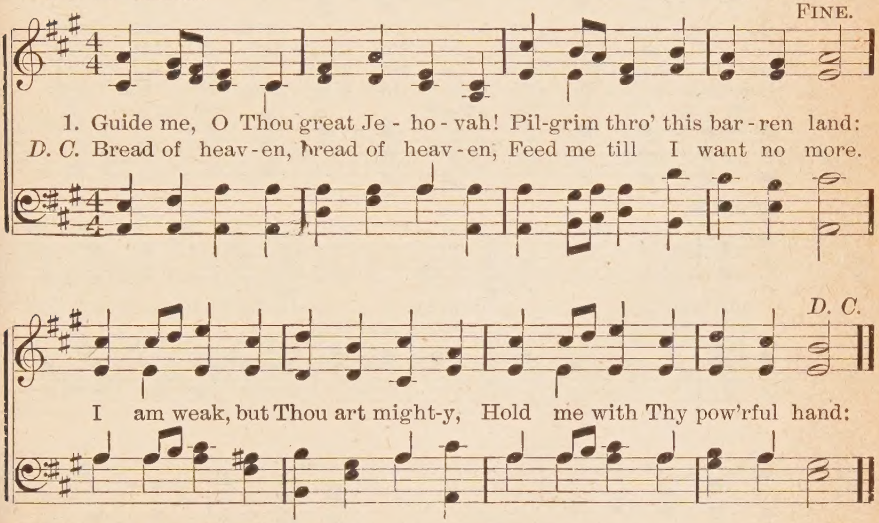

1. There's a home be - yond this vale of tears, Where we'll
2. Far be - yond the bonds of grief and pain, We will
3. What a joy - ous tho't now fills my heart, For we'll
4. Then re - joice, ye ran - somed of the Lord, We will
nev - er know a sor-row or a care; 'Tis be-yond this life of
nev - er know a sor-row or a care; All the lov'd ones gone we'll
nev - er know a sor-row when we're there; And from friends and kindred
nev - er know a sor-row or a care; 'Tis re-cord - ed in His
toil and fears, We will nev - er know a sor - row when we're there.
meet a - gain, And we'll nev - er know a sor - row when we're there.
nev - er part, We will nev - er know a sor - row or a care.
bless - ed word, That we'll nev - er know a sor - row when we're there.
CHORUS.
When we're there, o - ver there, We will
When we're there, o - ver there,

The Home without a Sorrow. Concluded.


nev - er know a sor-row or a care, When we're there,
o- ver there, When we're there,
o - ver there, We will nev - er know a sor-row o - ver there.
o-ver there,
Rit.

No. 243. Guide Me.

Rev. W. Williams. Wm. L. Viner.

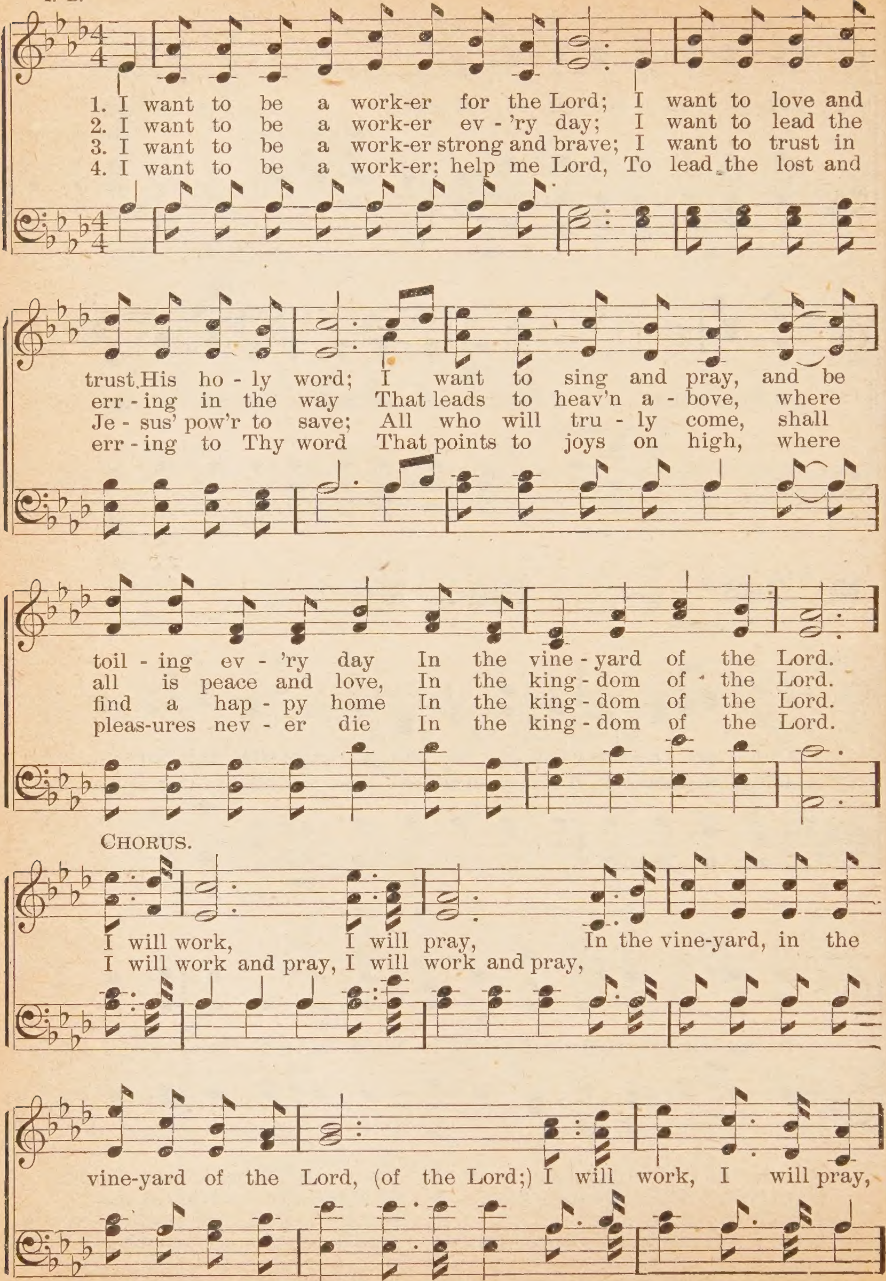

FINE.
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren land:
D. C. Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
D. C.
I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand:

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

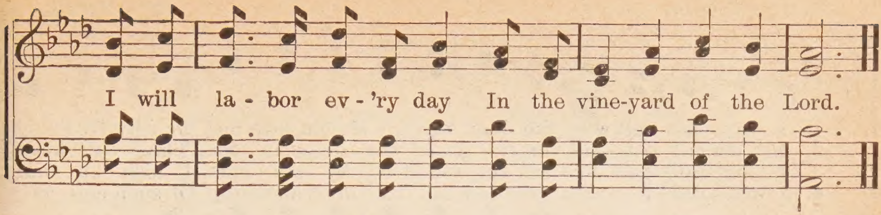
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 244. I Want to be a Worker.

I. B. I. BALTZELL. By per.


1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord; I want to love and
2. I want to be a work-er ev - 'ry day; I want to lead the
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave; I want to trust in
4. I want to be a work-er; help me Lord, To lead the lost and
trust His ho - ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be
err - ing in the way That leads to heav'n a - bove, where
Je - sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru - ly come, shall
err - ing to Thy word That points to joys on high, where
toil - ing ev - 'ry day In the vine - yard of the Lord.
all is peace and love, In the king - dom of the Lord.
find a hap - py home In the king - dom of the Lord.
pleas-ures nev - er die In the king - dom of the Lord.
CHORUS.
I will work, I will pray, In the vine-yard, in the
I will work and pray, I will work and pray,
vine-yard of the Lord, (of the Lord;) I will work, I will pray,

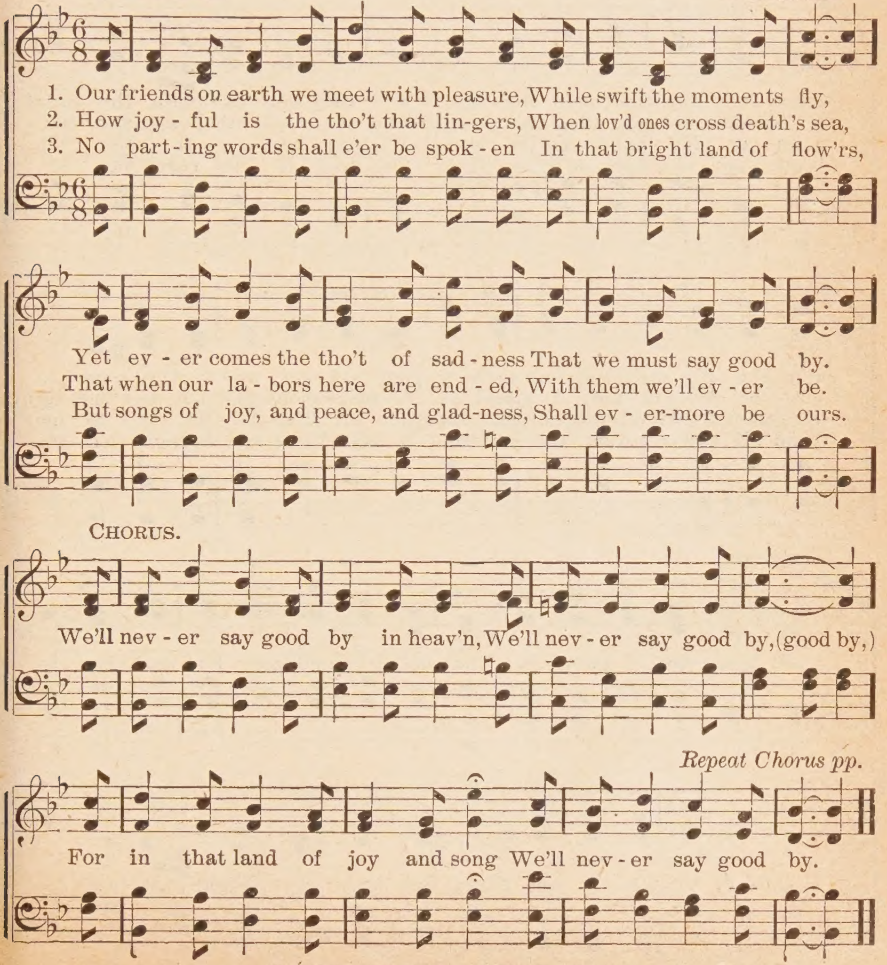
I Want to be a Worker. Concluded.



No. 245. We'll Never Say Good By.

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian Woman.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.


Chorus.

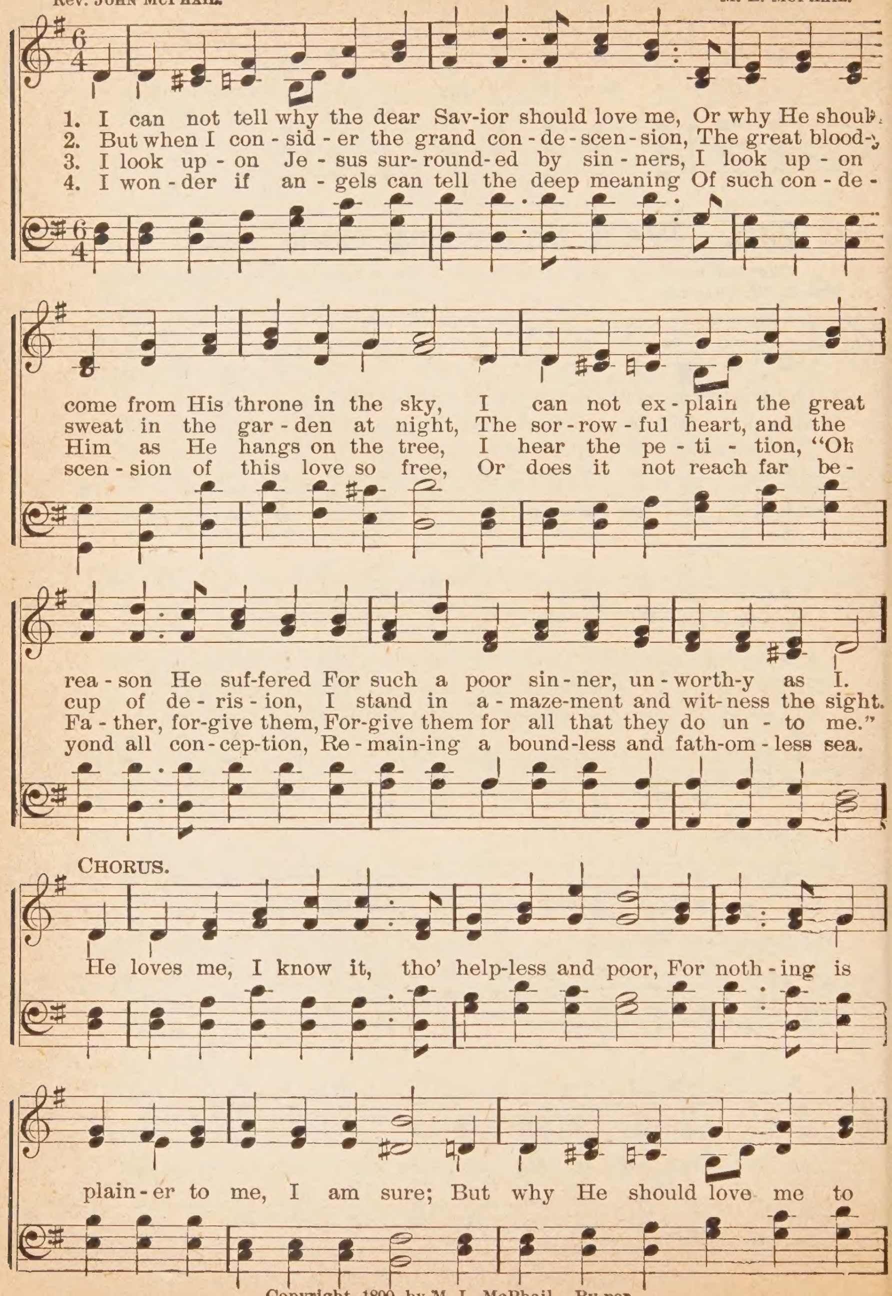
Repeat Chorus pp.

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the tho't that lin-gers, When lov'd ones cross death's sea,
3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spok - en In that bright land of flow'rs,
Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad - ness That we must say good by.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and glad-ness, Shall ev - er-more be ours.
We'll nev - er say good by in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good by, (good by,)
For in that land of joy and song We'll nev - er say good by.

Copyright, 1889, by John J. Hood. By per.

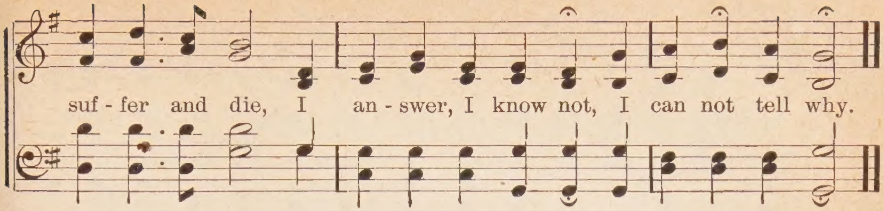
No. 246. I Can Not Tell Why.

Rev. John McPhail. M. L. McPhail.


1. I can not tell why the dear Sav-ior should love me, Or why He shoul
2. But when I con - sid - er the grand con - de - scen - sion, The great blood-
3. I look up - on Je - sus sur - round - ed by sin - ners, I look up - on
4. I won - der if an - gels can tell the deep meaning Of such con - de -
come from His throne in the sky, I can not ex - plain the great
sweat in the gar - den at night, The sor - row - ful heart, and the
Him as He hangs on the tree, I hear the pe - ti - tion, "Oh
scen - sion of this love so free, Or does it not reach far be -
rea - son He suf-fered For such a poor sin - ner, un - worth-y as I.
cup of de - ris - ion, I stand in a - maze-ment and wit-ness the sight.
Fa - ther, for-give them, For-give them for all that they do un - to me."
yond all con-cep-tion, Re - main-ing a bound-less and fath-om - less sea.
CHORUS.
He loves me, I know it, tho' help-less and poor, For noth - ing is
plain - er to me, I am sure; But why He should love me to

Copyright, 1890, by M. L. McPhail. By per.

I Can Not Tell Why. Concluded.

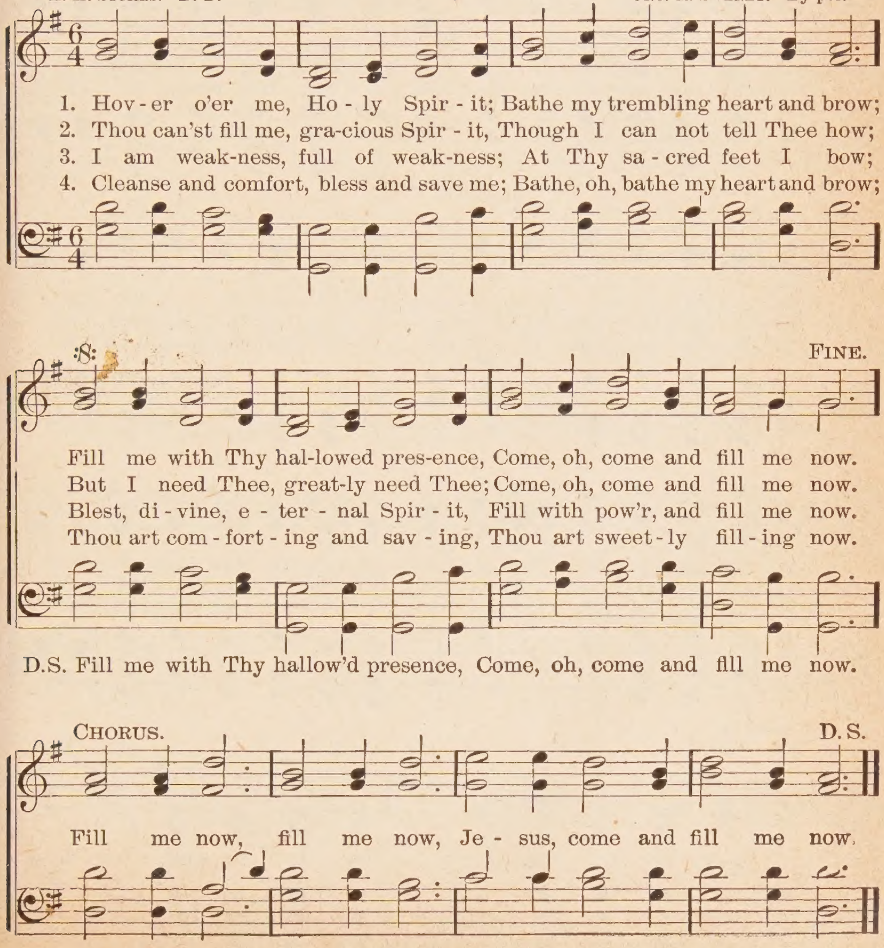

suf - fer and die, I an - swer, I know not, I can not tell why.

No. 247.

Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes. D. D.

Jno. R. Sweney. By per.


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Though I can not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.
Fine.
D.S. Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Chorus.
Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now.
D. S.

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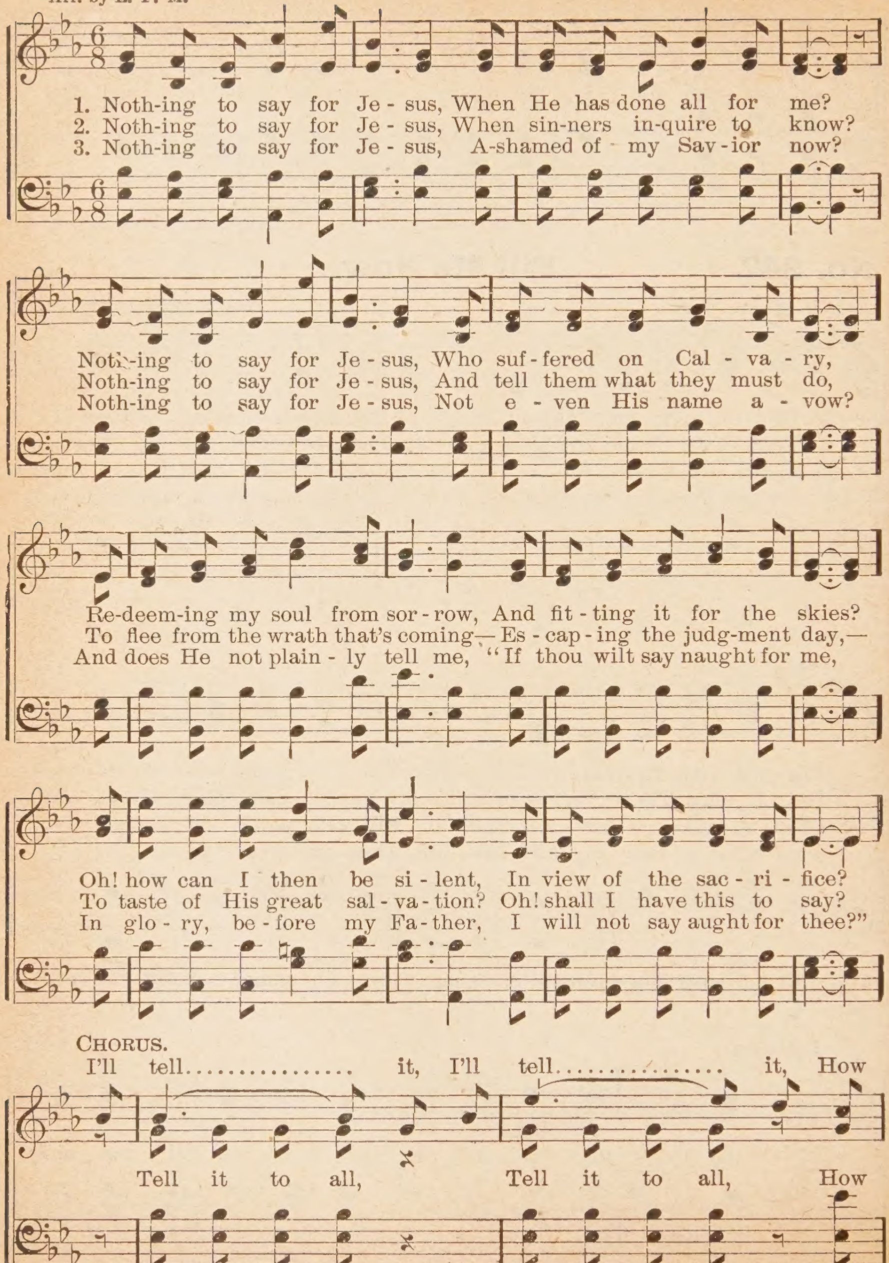
No. 248. I'll Tell It.

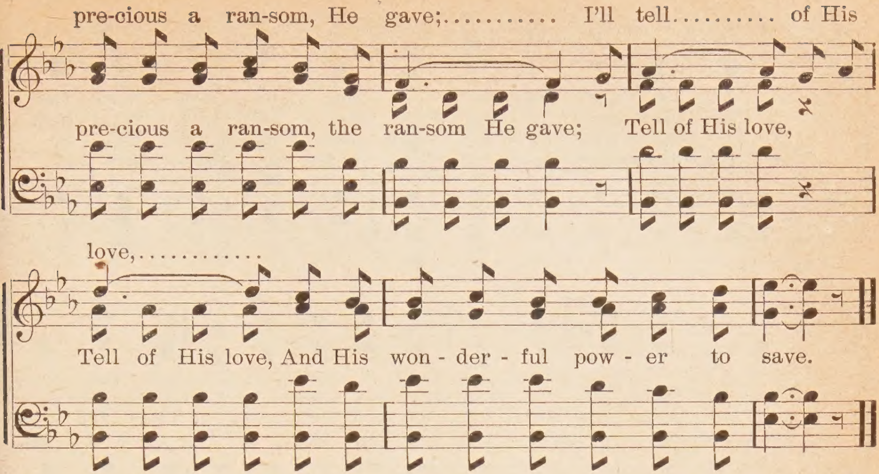
Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. Miller.


1. Noth-ing to say for Je-sus, When He has done all for me?
2. Noth-ing to say for Je-sus, When sin-ners in-quire to know?
3. Noth-ing to say for Je-sus, A-shamed of my Sav-ior now?
Noth-ing to say for Je-sus, Who suf-fered on Cal-va-ry,
Noth-ing to say for Je-sus, And tell them what they must do,
Noth-ing to say for Je-sus, Not e-ven His name a-vow?
Re-deem-ing my soul from sor-row, And fit-ting it for the skies?
To flee from the wrath that's coming— Es-cap-ing the judg-ment day,—
And does He not plain-ly tell me, "If thou wilt say naught for me,
Oh! how can I then be si-lent, In view of the sac-ri-fice?
To taste of His great sal-va-tion? Oh! shall I have this to say?
In glo-ry, be-fore my Fa-ther, I will not say aught for thee?"
CHORUS.
I'll tell............... it, I'll tell............... it, How
Tell it to all, Tell it to all, How

From "The Shout of Victory," by per.

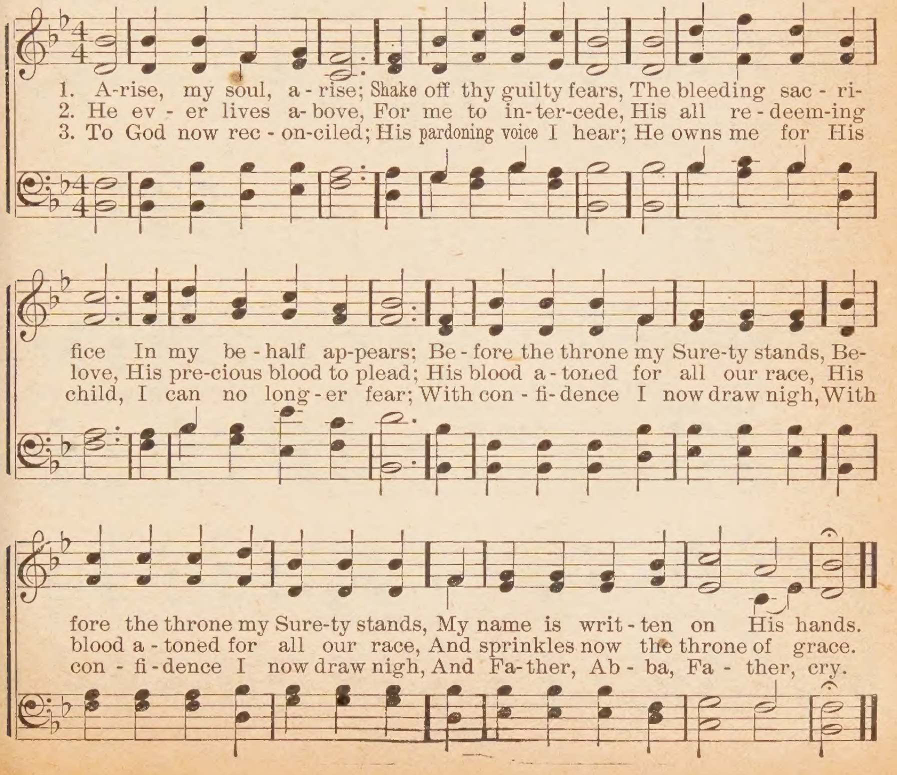
I'll Tell It. Concluded.


pre-cious a ran-som, He gave;.......... I'll tell.......... of His
pre-cious a ran-som, the ran-som He gave; Tell of His love,
love,............
Tell of His love, And His won-der-ful pow-er to save.

No. 249.

Arise, My Soul.

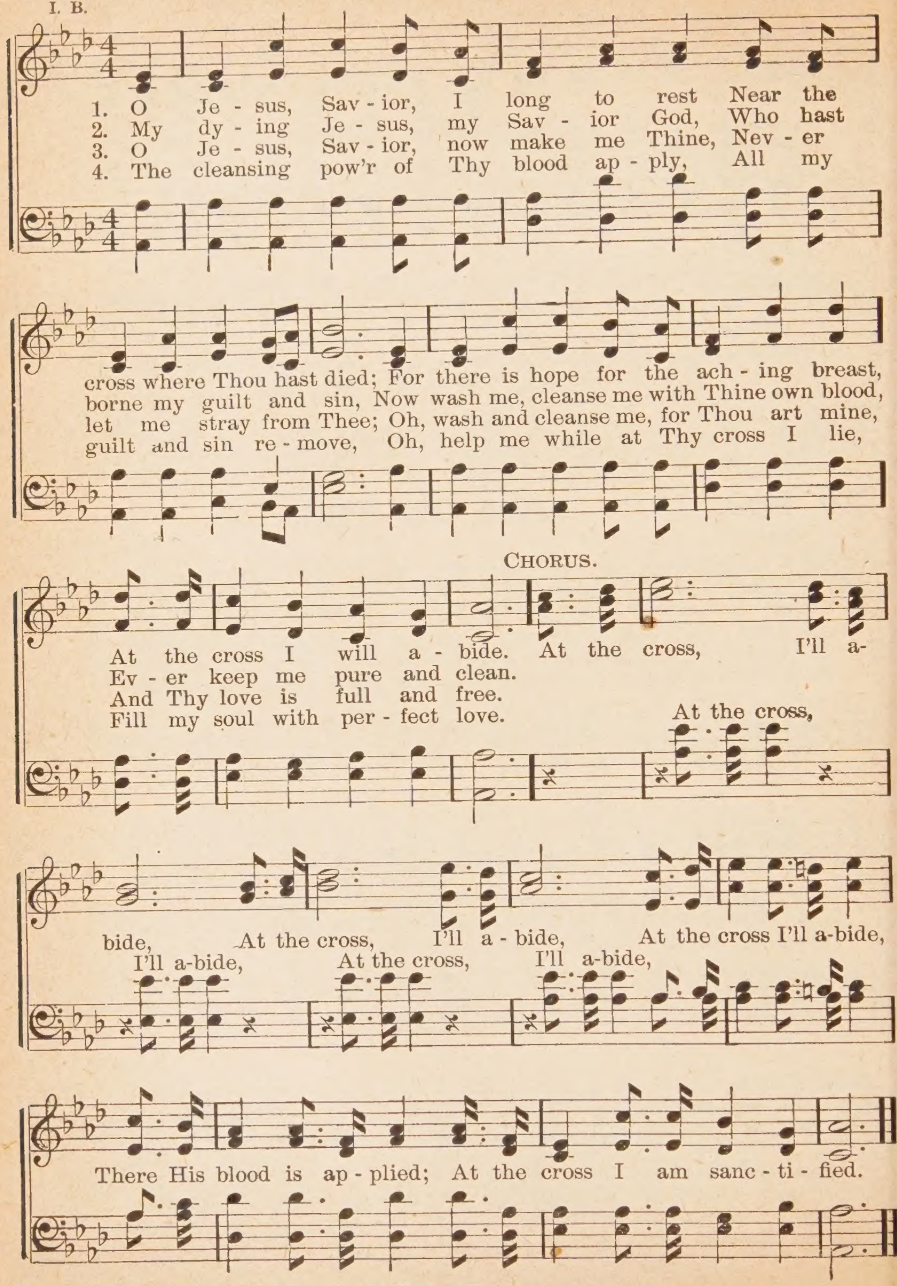
C. Wesley. J Edson. 1782.


1. A-rise, my soul, a-rise; Shake off thy guilty fears, The bleeding sac-ri-
2. He ev-er lives a-bove, For me to in-ter-cede, His all re-deem-ing
3. To God now rec-on-ciled; His pardoning voice I hear; He owns me for His
fice In my be-half ap-pears; Be-fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, Be-
love, His pre-cious blood to plead; His blood a-toned for all our race, His
child, I can no long-er fear; With con-fi-dence I now draw nigh, With
fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, My name is writ-ten on His hands.
blood a-toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
con-fi-dence I now draw nigh, And Fa-ther, Ab-ba, Fa-ther, cry.

No. 250. At the Cross I'll Abide.

I. B.

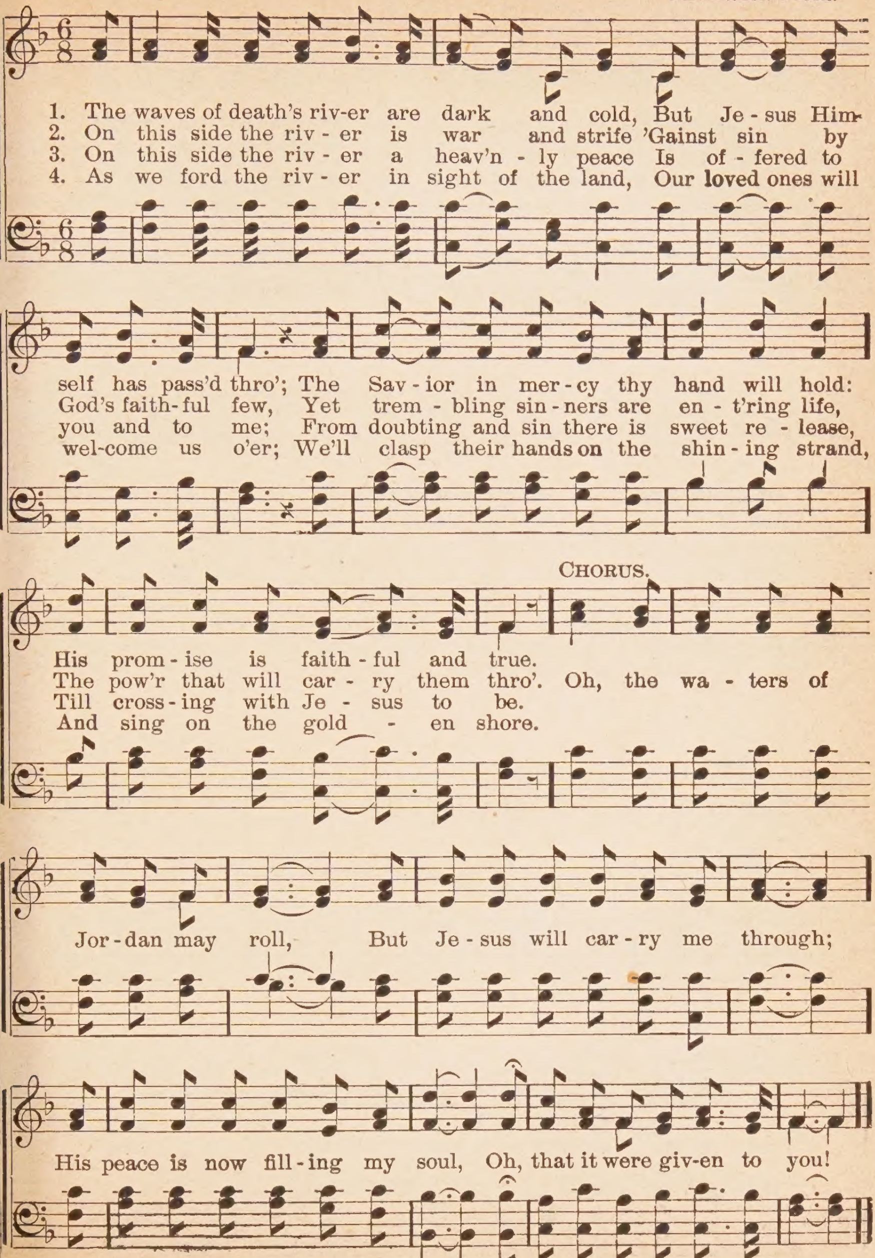
I. BALTZELL.


1. O Je - sus, Sav - ior, I long to rest Near the
2. My dy - ing Je - sus, my Sav - ior God, Who hast
3. O Je - sus, Sav - ior, now make me Thine, Nev - er
4. The cleansing pow'r of Thy blood ap - ply, All my
cross where Thou hast died; For there is hope for the ach - ing breast,
borne my guilt and sin, Now wash me, cleanse me with Thine own blood,
let me stray from Thee; Oh, wash and cleanse me, for Thou art mine,
guilt and sin re - move, Oh, help me while at Thy cross I lie,
CHORUS.
At the cross I will a - bide. At the cross, I'll a-
Ev - er keep me pure and clean.
And Thy love is full and free.
Fill my soul with per - fect love.
At the cross,
bide, At the cross, I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a-bide,
I'll a-bide, At the cross, I'll a-bide,
There His blood is ap - plied; At the cross I am sanc - ti - fied.

By permission.

No. 251. The Waters of Jordan may Roll.

B. B. — BALLINGTON BOOTH.

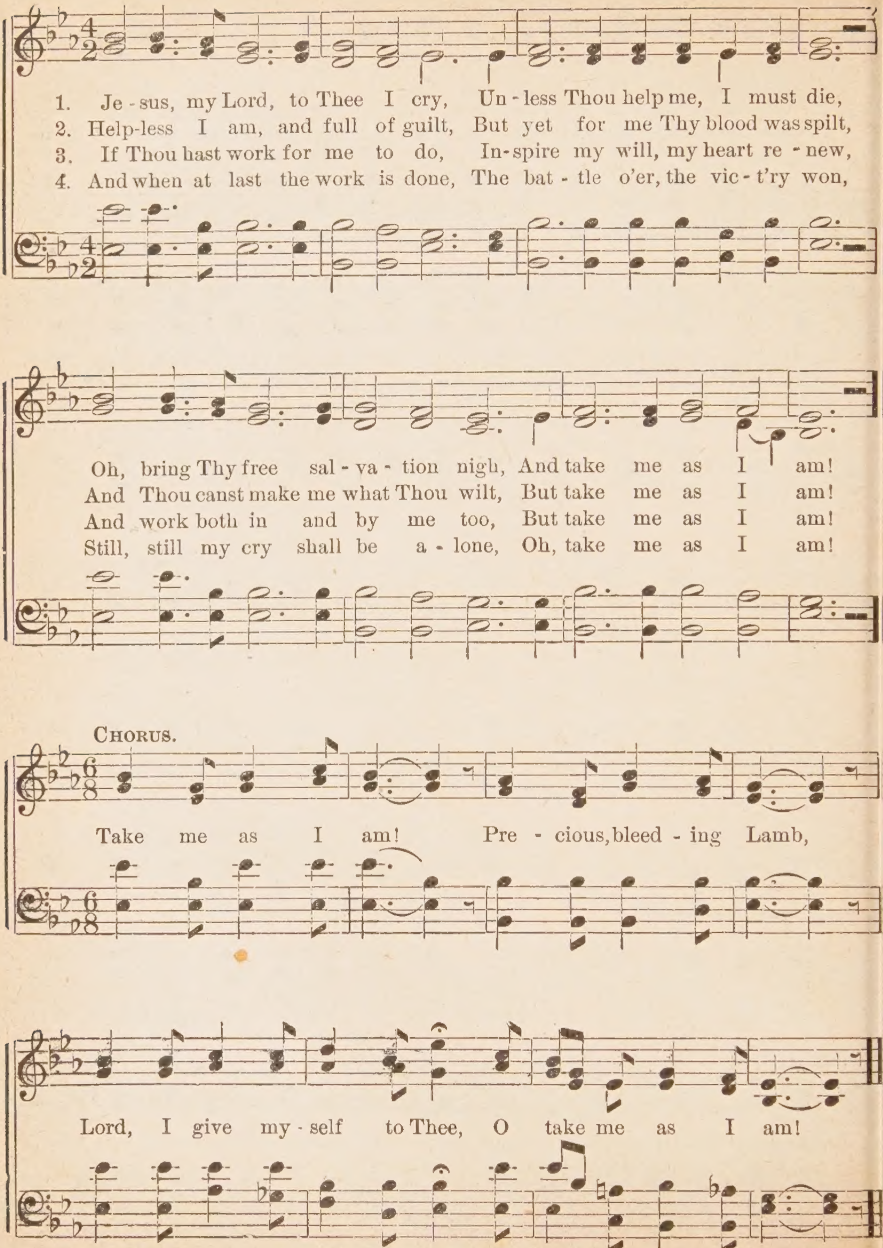

1. The waves of death's riv-er are dark and cold, But Je-sus Him-
2. On this side the riv-er is war and strife 'Gainst sin by
3. On this side the riv-er a heav'n-ly peace Is of-fered to
4. As we ford the riv-er in sight of the land, Our loved ones will
self has pass'd thro'; The Sav-ior in mer-cy thy hand will hold:
God's faith-ful few, Yet trem-bling sin-ners are en-t'ring life,
you and to me; From doubting and sin there is sweet re-lease,
wel-come us o'er; We'll clasp their hands on the shin-ing strand,
His prom-ise is faith-ful and true.
The pow'r that will car-ry them thro'.
Till cross-ing with Je-sus to be.
And sing on the gold-en shore.
CHORUS.
Oh, the wa-ters of
Jor-dan may roll, But Je-sus will car-ry me through;
His peace is now fill-ing my soul, Oh, that it were giv-en to you!

By permission.

No. 252.

Take me As I Am.

P. Bilhorn.


1. Je-sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un-less Thou help me, I must die,
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. If Thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re-new,
4. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-t'ry won,
Oh, bring Thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!
Still, still my cry shall be a-lone, Oh, take me as I am!
Chorus.
Take me as I am! Pre-cious, bleed-ing Lamb,
Lord, I give my-self to Thee, O take me as I am!

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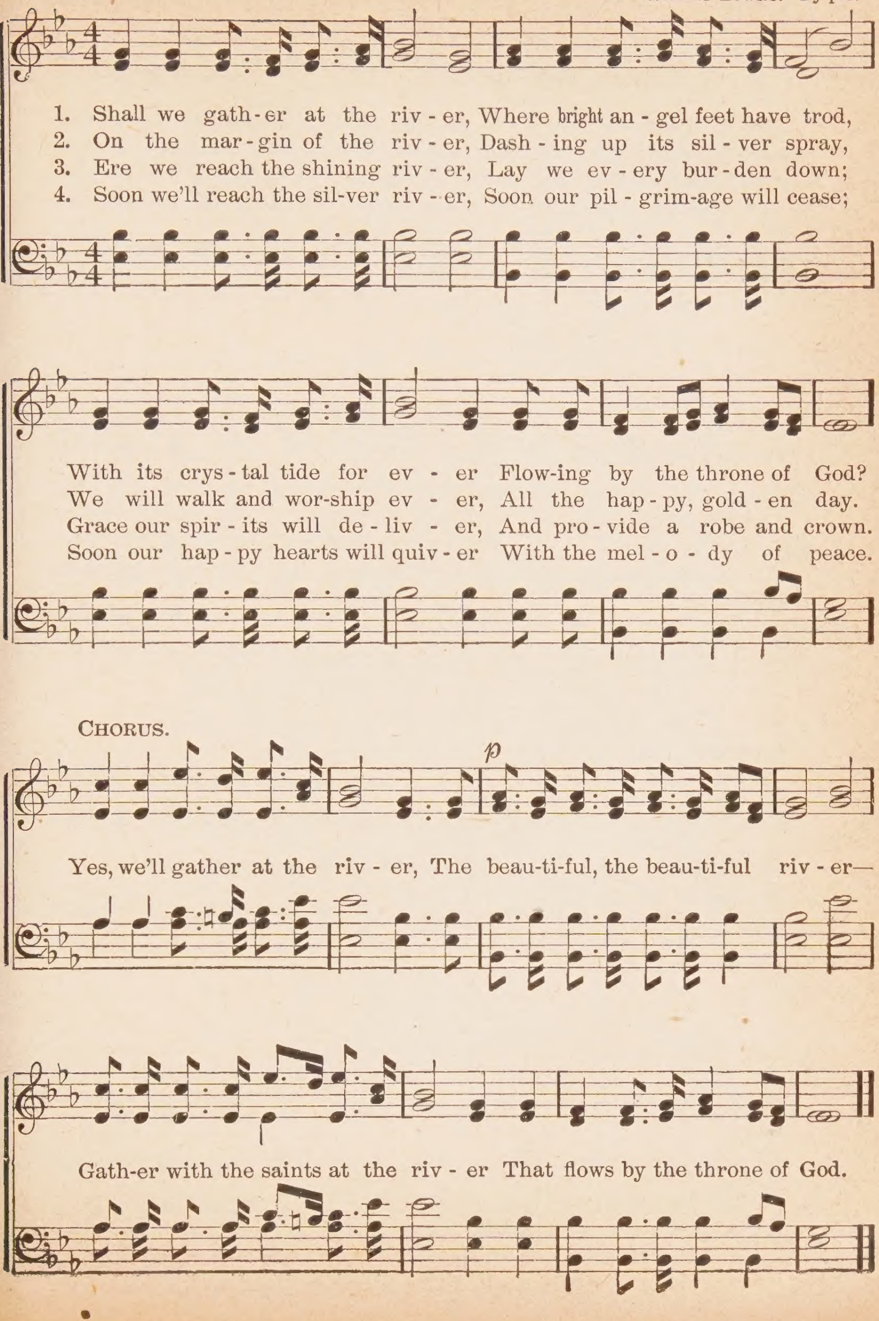
No. 253.

Gather at the River.

Robert Lowry. By per.



1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Dash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining riv-er, Lay we ev-ery bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the sil-ver riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

With its crys-tal tide for ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.

Chorus.

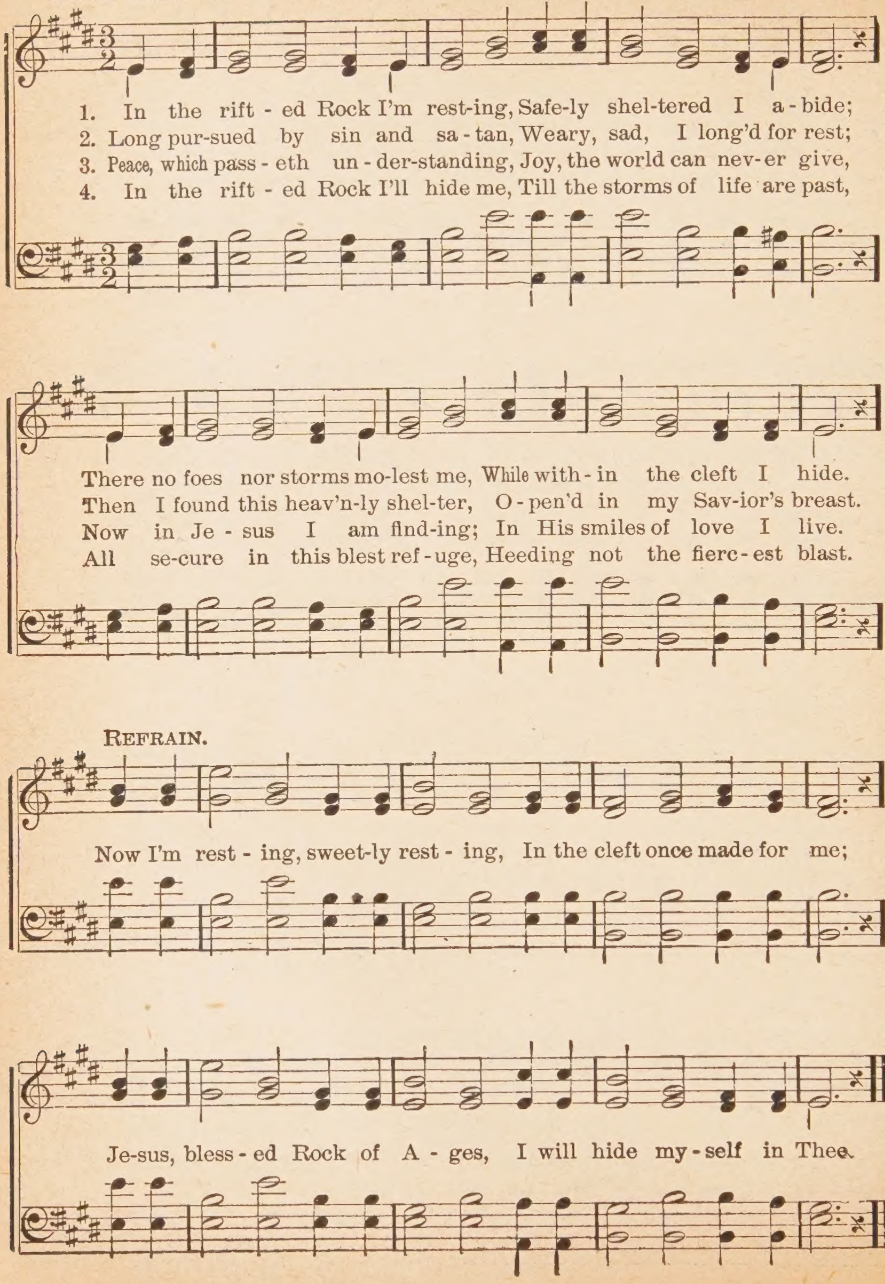
Yes, we'll gather at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er—
Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

No. 254.

Sweetly Resting.

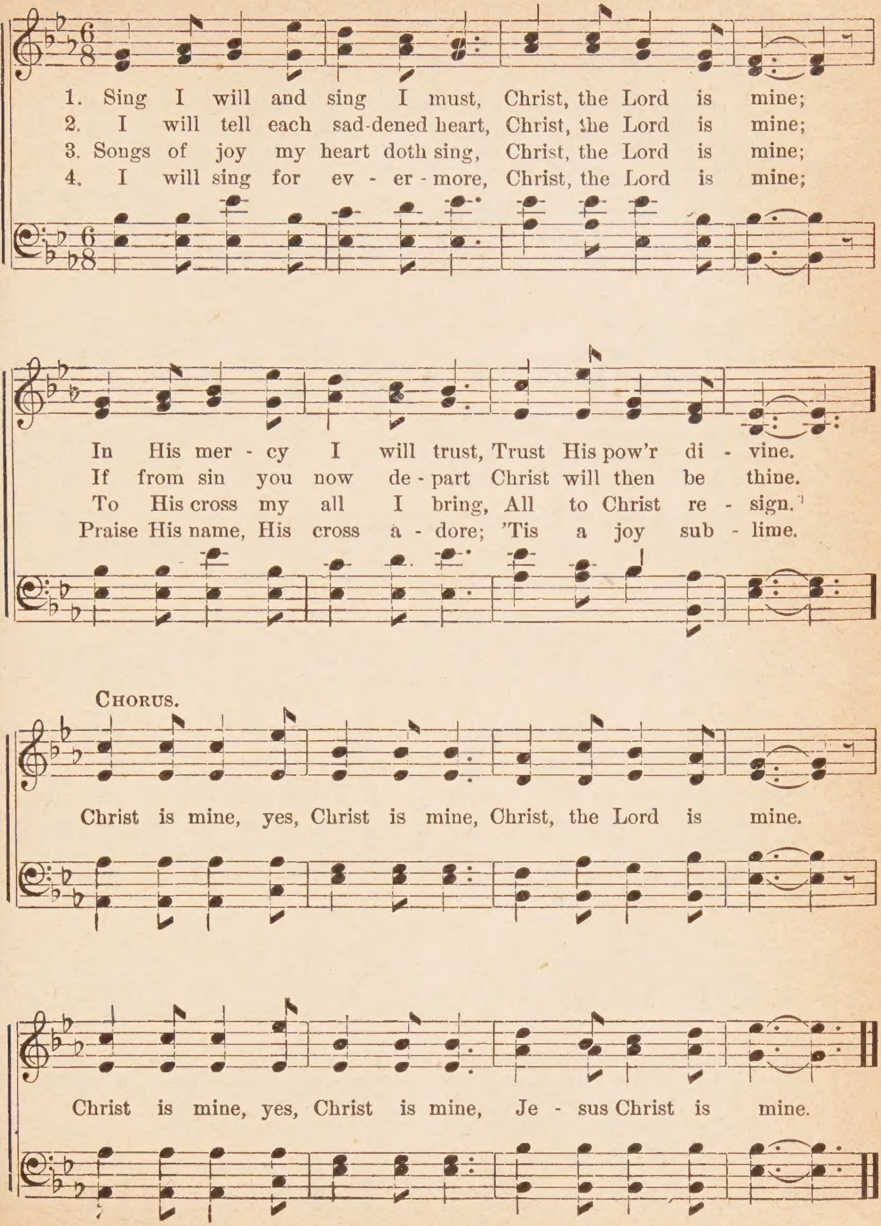
Mary D. James.

W. Warren Bentley. By per.


1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Safe-ly shel-tered I a - bide;
2. Long pur-sued by sin and sa - tan, Weary, sad, I long'd for rest;
3. Peace, which pass - eth un - der-standing, Joy, the world can nev-er give,
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past,
There no foes nor storms mo-lest me, While with - in the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'n-ly shel-ter, O - pen'd in my Sav-ior's breast.
Now in Je - sus I am find-ing; In His smiles of love I live.
All se-cure in this blest ref - uge, Heeding not the fierc - est blast.
Refrain.
Now I'm rest - ing, sweet-ly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me;
Je-sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.

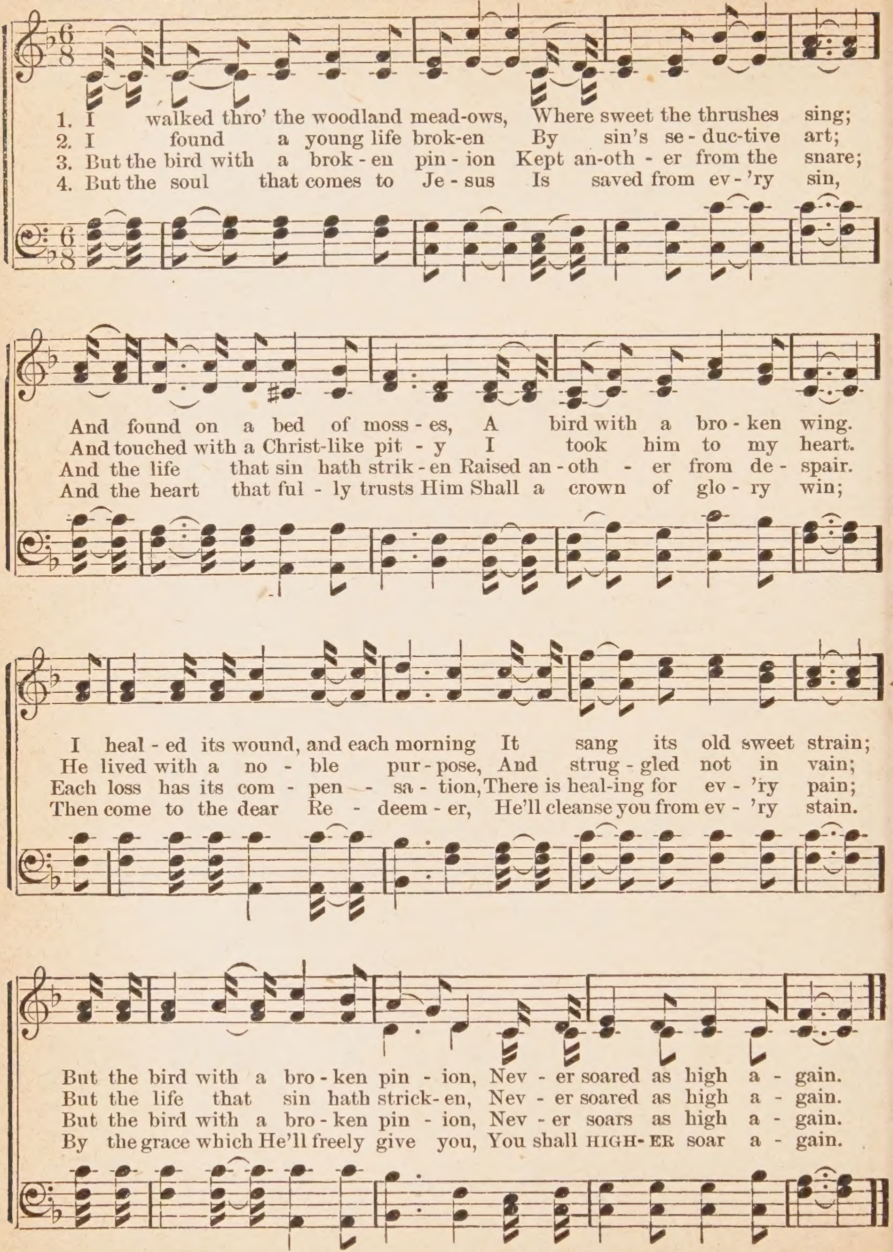
No. 255. Christ is Mine.

Miss Ada Blenkhorn. P. Bilhorn.


1. Sing I will and sing I must, Christ, the Lord is mine;
2. I will tell each sad-dened heart, Christ, the Lord is mine;
3. Songs of joy my heart doth sing, Christ, the Lord is mine;
4. I will sing for ev - er - more, Christ, the Lord is mine;
In His mer - cy I will trust, Trust His pow'r di - vine.
If from sin you now de - part Christ will then be thine.
To His cross my all I bring, All to Christ re - sign.
Praise His name, His cross a - dore; 'Tis a joy sub - lime.
Chorus.
Christ is mine, yes, Christ is mine, Christ, the Lord is mine.
Christ is mine, yes, Christ is mine, Je - sus Christ is mine.

No. 256. The Bird with a Broken Wing.

Hezekiah Butterworth. Arr. by F. M. Lamb.


1. I walked thro' the woodland mead-ows, Where sweet the thrushes sing;
2. I found a young life brok-en By sin's se-duc-tive art;
3. But the bird with a brok-en pin-ion Kept an-oth-er from the snare;
4. But the soul that comes to Je-sus Is saved from ev-'ry sin,
And found on a bed of moss-es, A bird with a bro-ken wing.
And touched with a Christ-like pit-y I took him to my heart.
And the life that sin hath strik-en Raised an-oth-er from de-spair.
And the heart that ful-ly trusts Him Shall a crown of glo-ry win;
I heal-ed its wound, and each morning It sang its old sweet strain;
He lived with a no-ble pur-pose, And strug-gled not in vain;
Each loss has its com-pen-sa-tion, There is heal-ing for ev-'ry pain;
Then come to the dear Re-deem-er, He'll cleanse you from ev-'ry stain.
But the bird with a bro-ken pin-ion, Nev-er soared as high a-gain.
But the life that sin hath strick-en, Nev-er soared as high a-gain.
But the bird with a bro-ken pin-ion, Nev-er soars as high a-gain.
By the grace which He'll freely give you, You shall HIGH-ER soar a-gain.

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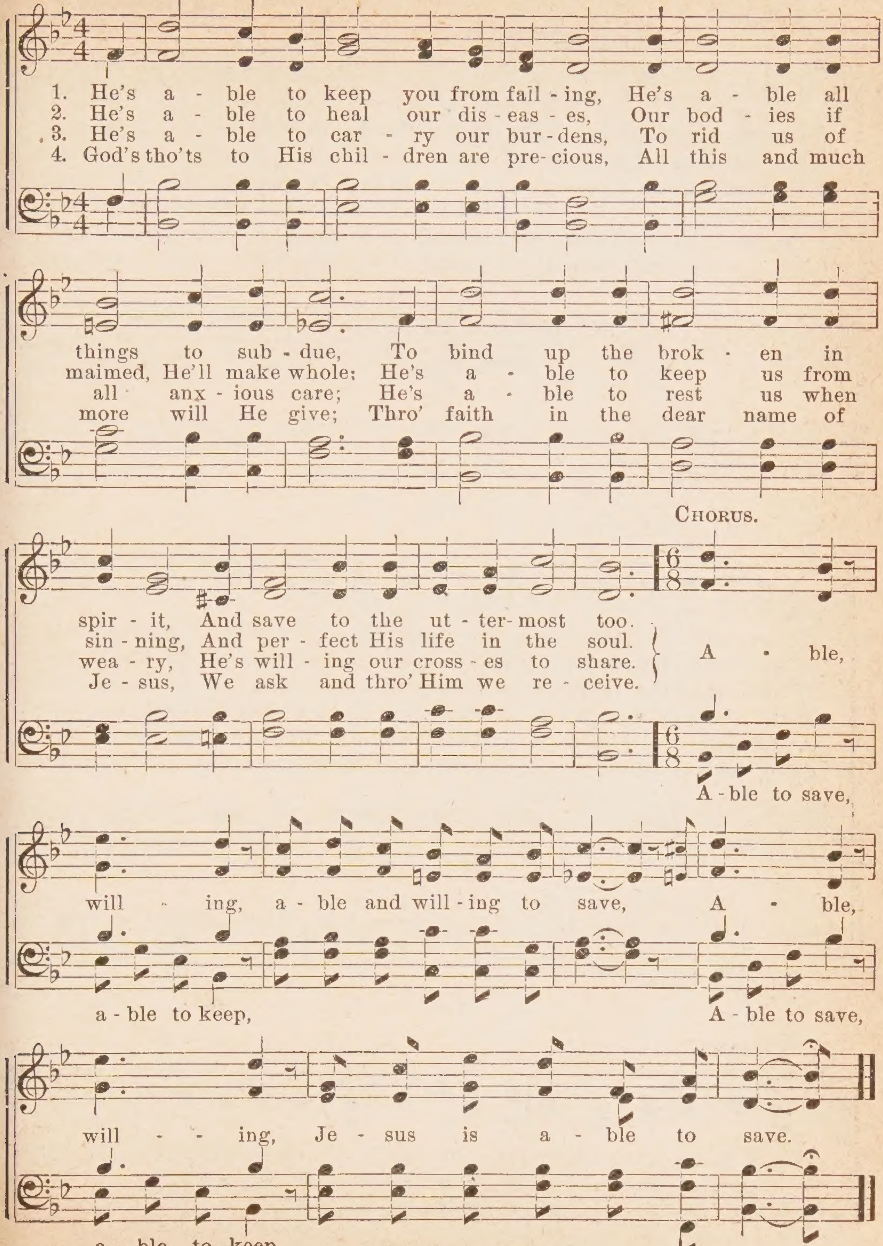
4th verse by P. P. Bilhorn.

No. 257. Able to Save and Keep.

C. E. G. P. BILHORN.


1. He's a - ble to keep you from fail - ing, He's a - ble all
2. He's a - ble to heal our dis - eas - es, Our bod - ies if
3. He's a - ble to car - ry our bur - dens, To rid us of
4. God's tho'ts to His chil - dren are pre - cious, All this and much
things to sub - due, To bind up the brok - en in
maimed, He'll make whole; He's a - ble to keep us from
all anx - ious care; He's a - ble to rest us when
more will He give; Thro' faith in the dear name of
spir - it, And save to the ut - ter - most too.
sin - ning, And per - fect His life in the soul.
wea - ry, He's will - ing our cross - es to share.
Je - sus, We ask and thro' Him we re - ceive.
CHORUS.
A - ble,
A - ble to save,
will - ing, a - ble and will - ing to save,
a - ble to keep,
A - ble,
A - ble to save,
will - - ing, Je - sus is a - ble to save.
a - ble to keep,

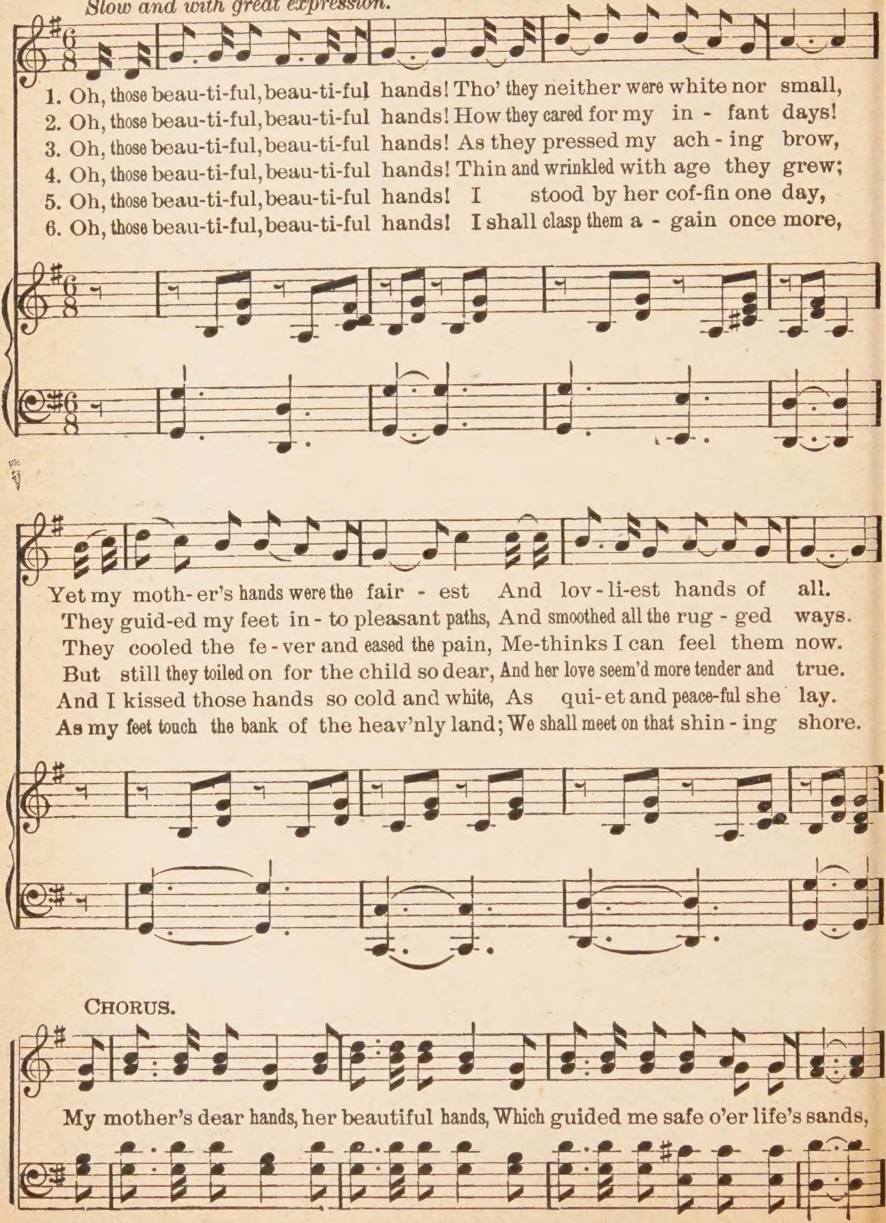
No. 258.

My Mother's Hands.

Mrs M. E. W.

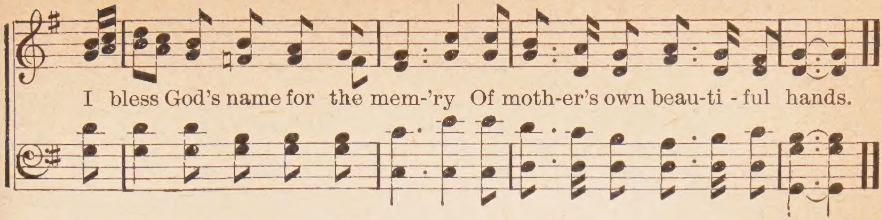
Mrs. M. E. Willson.
Sister of the late P. P. Bliss.

Slow and with great expression.


1. Oh, those beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands! How they cared for my in - fant days!
3. Oh, those beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands! As they pressed my ach - ing brow,
4. Oh, those beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands! I stood by her cof-fin one day,
6. Oh, those beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands! I shall clasp them a - gain once more,
Yet my moth- er's hands were the fair - est And lov - li-est hands of all.
They guid-ed my feet in - to pleasant paths, And smoothed all the rug - ged ways.
They cooled the fe - ver and eased the pain, Me-thinks I can feel them now.
But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seem'd more tender and true.
And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As qui-et and peace-ful she lay.
As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land; We shall meet on that shin - ing shore.
CHORUS.
My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands,

By permission.

My Mother's Hands. Concluded.

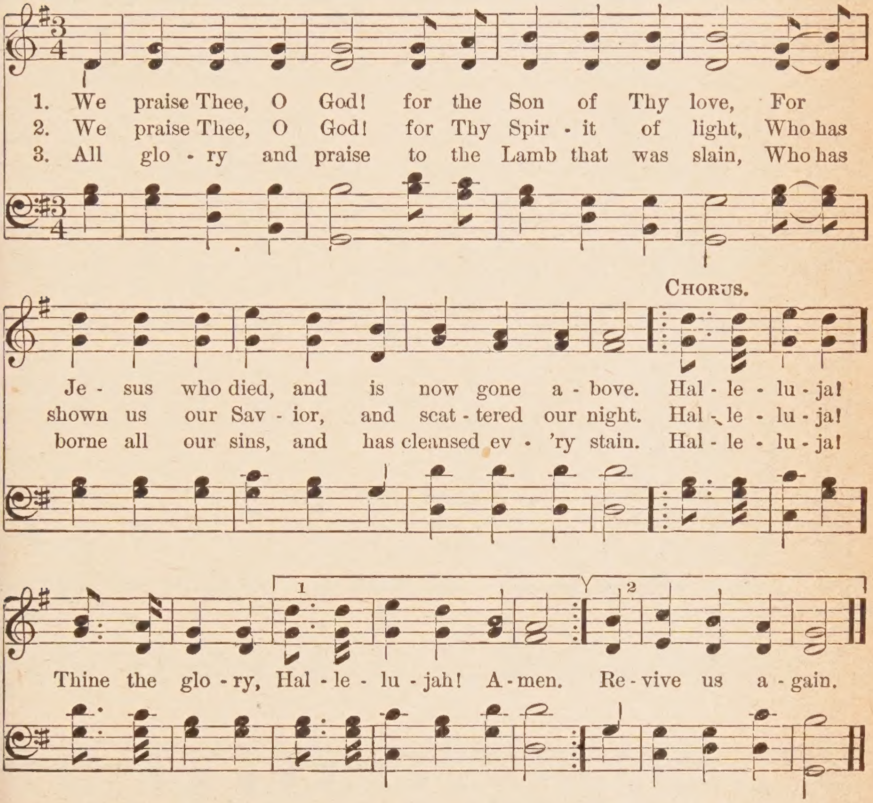

I bless God's name for the mem-'ry Of moth-er's own beau-ti - ful hands.

No. 259.

Revive Us Again.

Dr. W. P. Mackay.

English Melody.


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
Chorus.
Hal - le - lu - ja! Hal - le - lu - ja! Hal - le - lu - ja! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Re - vive us a - gain.
1
2

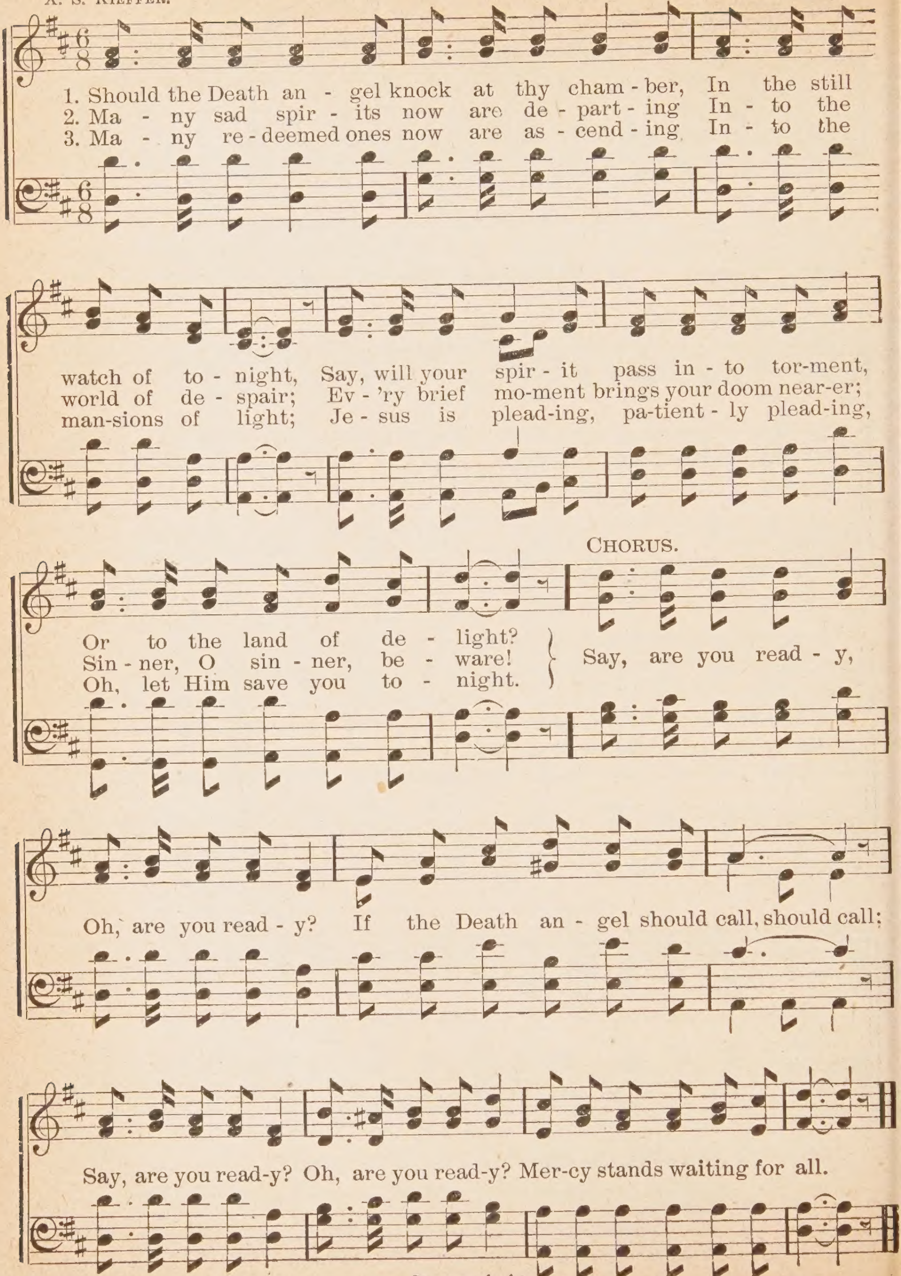
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5. Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 260. Say, Are You Ready?

A. S. Kieffer.

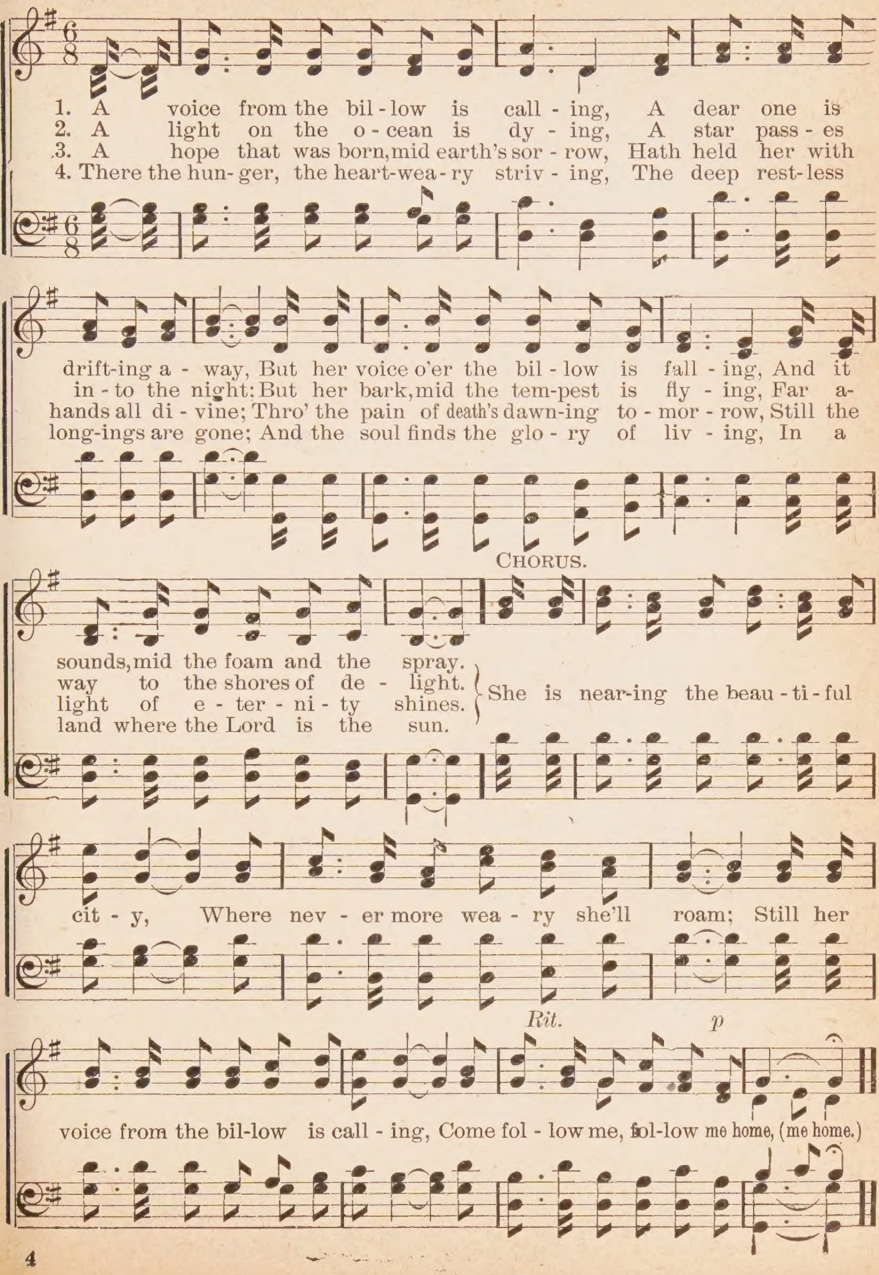
T. C. O'Kane.


1. Should the Death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber, In the still watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor-ment, Or to the land of de - light?
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de - spair; Ev - 'ry brief mo-ment brings your doom near-er; Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
3. Ma - ny re - deemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the man-sions of light; Je - sus is plead-ing, pa-tient - ly plead-ing, Oh, let Him save you to - night.
CHORUS.
Say, are you read - y, Oh, are you read - y? If the Death an - gel should call, should call;
Say, are you read-y? Oh, are you read-y? Mer-cy stands waiting for all.

By permission.

No. 261. A Voice From the Billow.

NEVA PARKHILL PRENTICE. P. BILHORN.

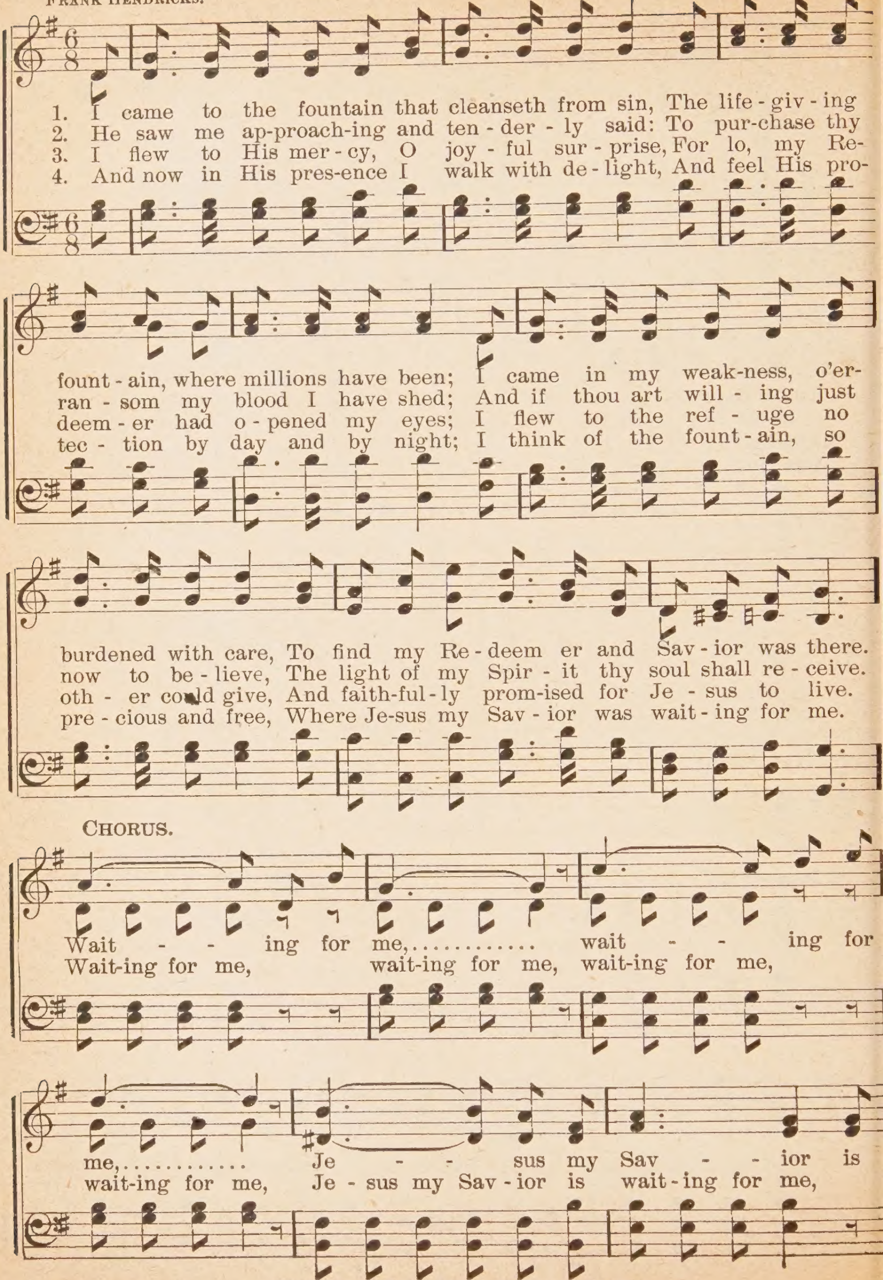

1. A voice from the bil-low is call-ing, A dear one is
2. A light on the o-cean is dy-ing, A star pass-es
3. A hope that was born,mid earth's sor-row, Hath held her with
4. There the hun-ger, the heart-wea-ry striv-ing, The deep rest-less
drift-ing a-way, But her voice o'er the bil-low is fall-ing, And it
in-to the night: But her bark,mid the tem-pest is fly-ing, Far a-
hands all di-vine; Thro' the pain of death's dawn-ing to-mor-row, Still the
long-ings are gone; And the soul finds the glo-ry of liv-ing, In a
sounds,mid the foam and the spray.
way to the shores of de-light.
light of e-ter-ni-ty shines.
land where the Lord is the sun.
CHORUS.
She is near-ing the beau-ti-ful
cit-y, Where nev-er more wea-ry she'll roam; Still her
Rit.
p
voice from the bil-low is call-ing, Come fol-low me, fol-low me home, (me home.)

No. 262.

Waiting for Me.

Frank Hendricks.

Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I came to the fountain that cleanseth from sin, The life-giv-ing
2. He saw me ap-proach-ing and ten-der-ly said: To pur-chase thy
3. I flew to His mer-cy, O joy-ful sur-prise, For lo, my Re-
4. And now in His pres-ence I walk with de-light, And feel His pro-
fount-ain, where millions have been; I came in my weak-ness, o'er-
ran-som my blood I have shed; And if thou art will-ing just
deem-er had o-pened my eyes; I flew to the ref-uge no
tec-tion by day and by night; I think of the fount-ain, so
burdened with care, To find my Re-deem er and Sav-ior was there.
now to be-lieve, The light of my Spir-it thy soul shall re-ceive.
oth-er could give, And faith-ful-ly prom-ised for Je-sus to live.
pre-cious and free, Where Je-sus my Sav-ior was wait-ing for me.
CHORUS.
Wait - - ing for me,............ wait - - ing for
Wait-ing for me, wait-ing for me, wait-ing for me,
me,............ Je - - sus my Sav - - ior is
wait-ing for me, Je-sus my Sav-ior is wait-ing for me,

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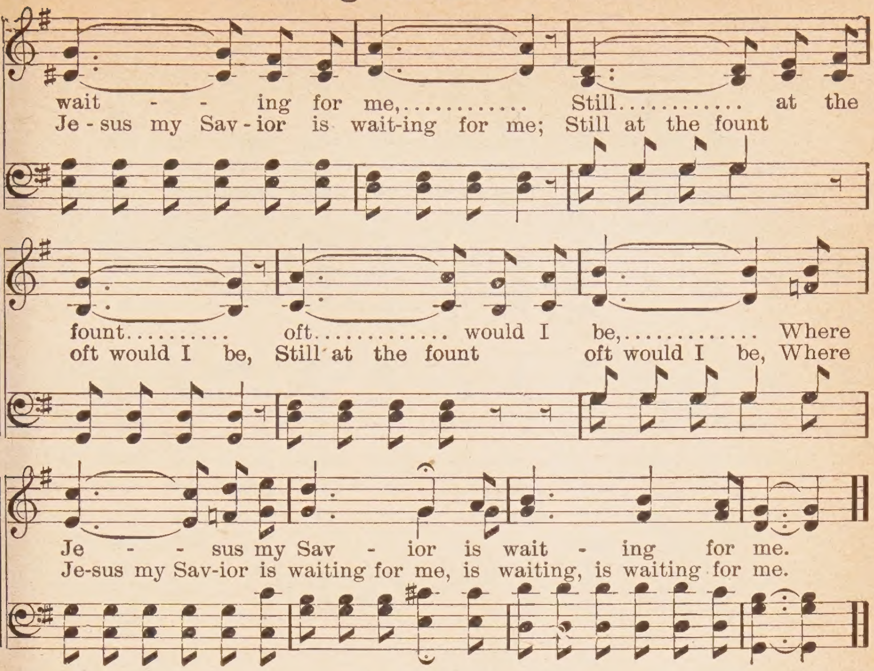
Waiting for Me. Concluded.

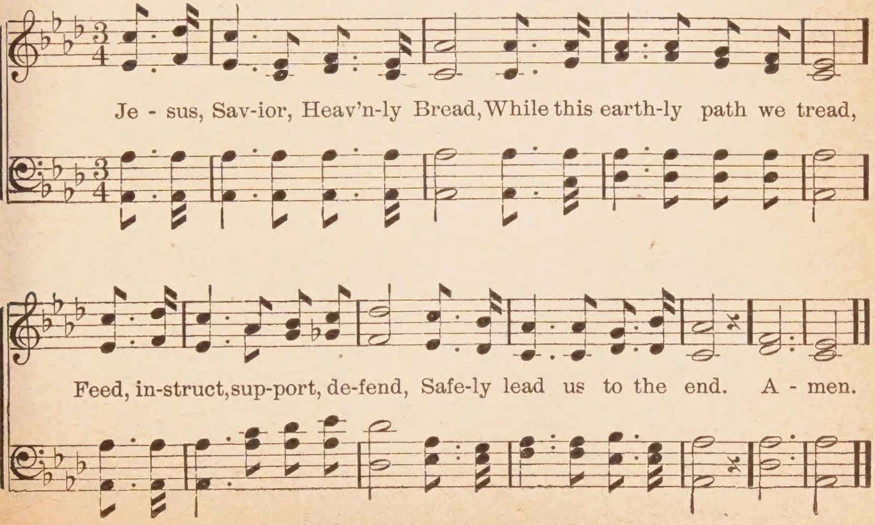

wait - - ing for me,............ Still............ at the
Je - sus my Sav - ior is wait-ing for me; Still at the fount
fount.......... oft............. would I be,............. Where
oft would I be, Still at the fount oft would I be, Where
Je - - sus my Sav - ior is wait - ing for me.
Je-sus my Sav-ior is waiting for me, is waiting, is waiting for me.

No. 263.

Heavenly Bread.

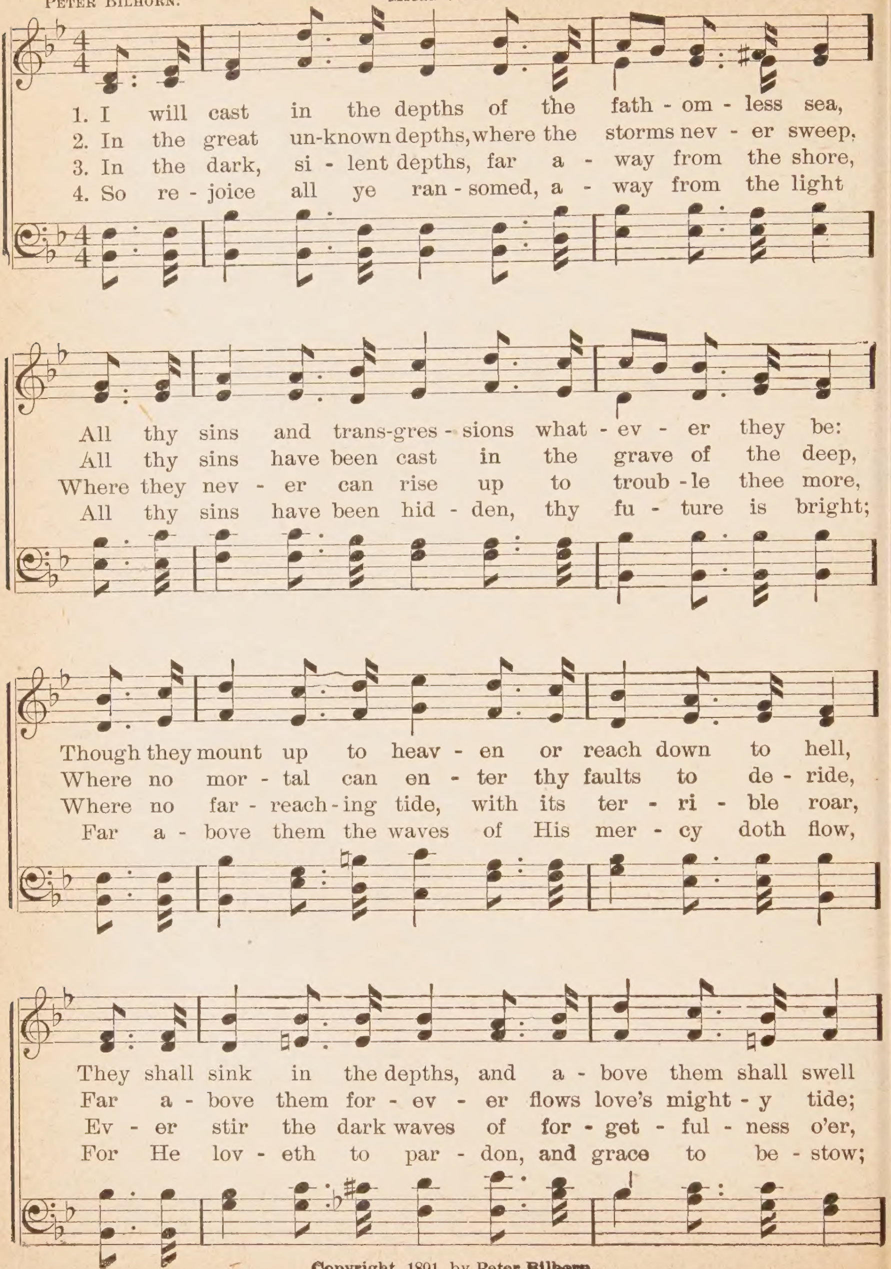
CARLE.

P. BILHORN.


Je - sus, Sav-ior, Heav'n-ly Bread, While this earth-ly path we tread,
Feed, in-struct, sup-port, de-fend, Safe-ly lead us to the end. A - men.

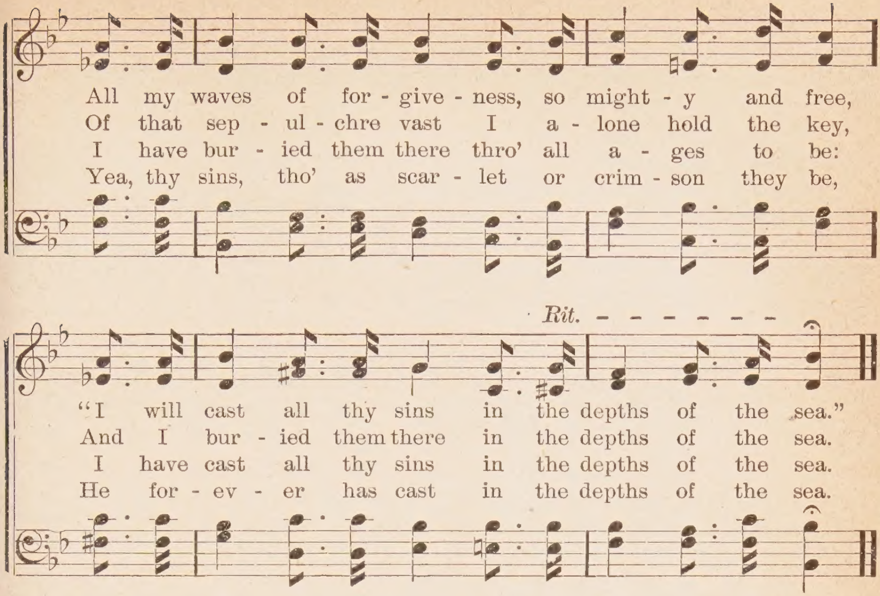
No. 264. In the Depths of the Sea.

Peter Bilhorn. Micah 7: 19. J. H. Tenney.


1. I will cast in the depths of the fath - om - less sea,
2. In the great un-known depths, where the storms nev - er sweep,
3. In the dark, si - lent depths, far a - way from the shore,
4. So re - joice all ye ran - somed, a - way from the light
All thy sins and trans-gres - sions what - ev - er they be:
All thy sins have been cast in the grave of the deep,
Where they nev - er can rise up to troub - le thee more,
All thy sins have been hid - den, thy fu - ture is bright;
Though they mount up to heav - en or reach down to hell,
Where no mor - tal can en - ter thy faults to de - ride,
Where no far - reach - ing tide, with its ter - ri - ble roar,
Far a - bove them the waves of His mer - cy doth flow,
They shall sink in the depths, and a - bove them shall swell
Far a - bove them for - ev - er flows love's might - y tide;
Ev - er stir the dark waves of for - get - ful - ness o'er,
For He lov - eth to par - don, and grace to be - stow;

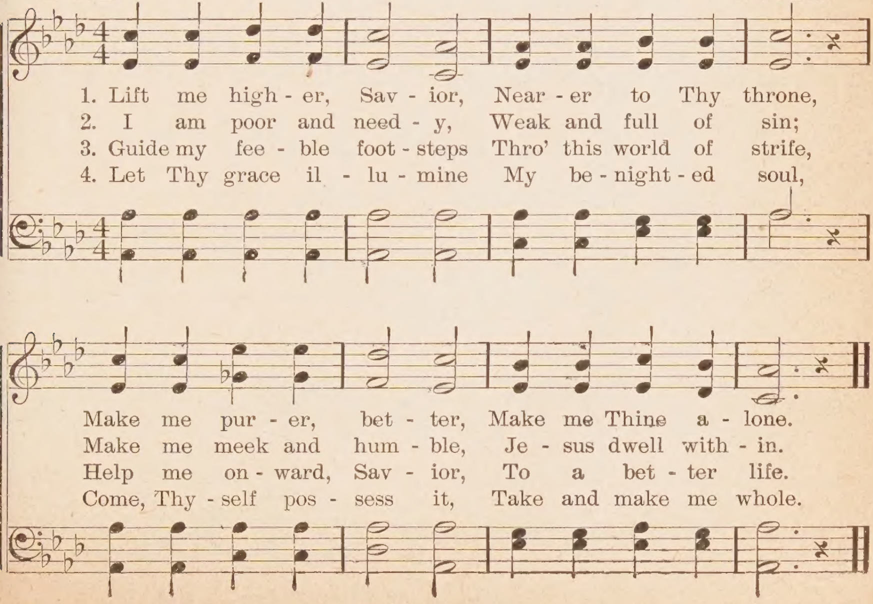
Copyright, 1891, by Peter Bilhorn.

In the Depths of the Sea. Concluded.


All my waves of for - give - ness, so might - y and free,
Of that sep - ul - chre vast I a - lone hold the key,
I have bur - ied them there thro' all a - ges to be:
Yea, thy sins, tho' as scar - let or crim - son they be,
Rit.
"I will cast all thy sins in the depths of the sea."
And I bur - ied them there in the depths of the sea.
I have cast all thy sins in the depths of the sea.
He for - ev - er has cast in the depths of the sea.

No. 265. Lift Me Higher.

G. W. L. G. W. Lyon

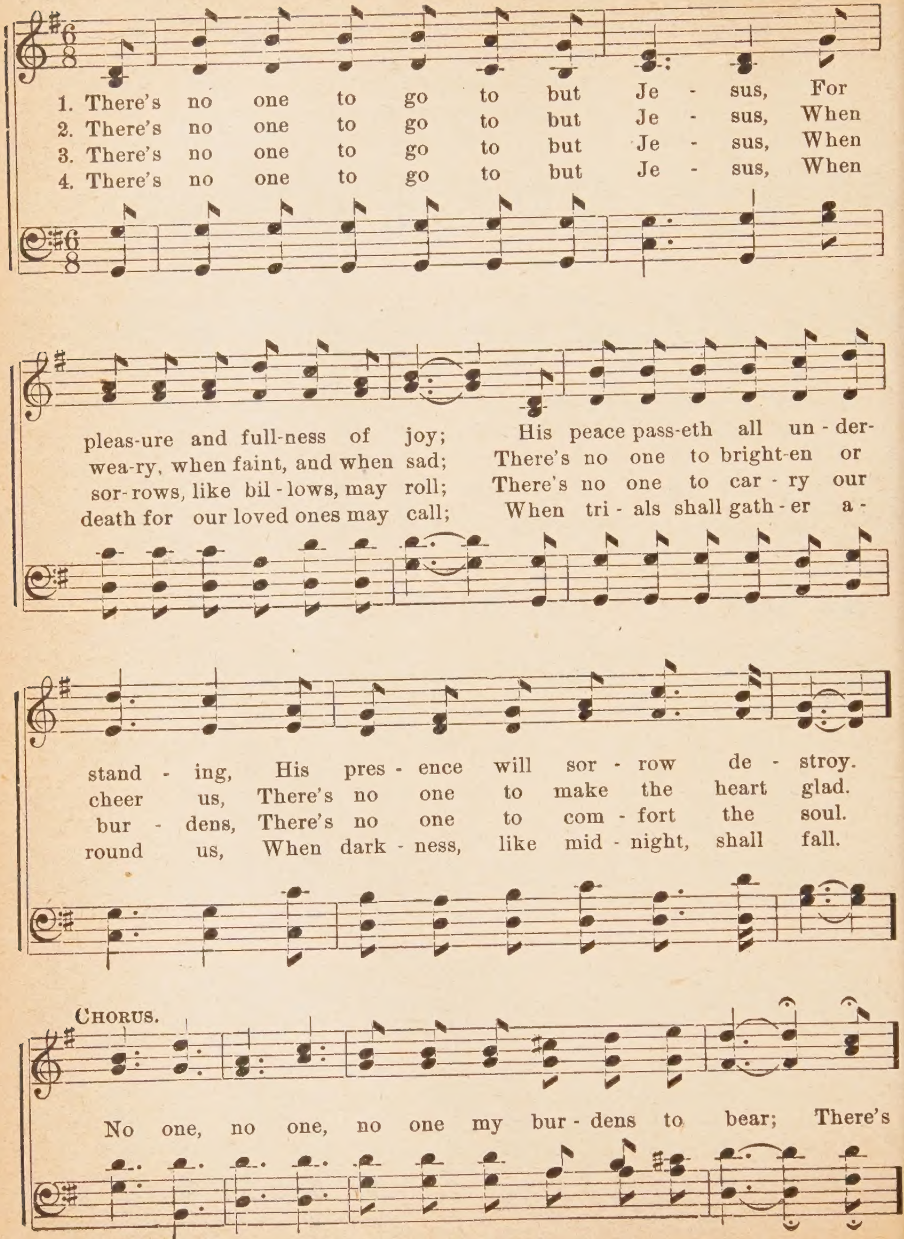

1. Lift me high - er, Sav - ior, Near - er to Thy throne,
2. I am poor and need - y, Weak and full of sin;
3. Guide my fee - ble foot - steps Thro' this world of strife,
4. Let Thy grace il - lu - mine My be - night - ed soul,
Make me pur - er, bet - ter, Make me Thine a - lone.
Make me meek and hum - ble, Je - sus dwell with - in.
Help me on - ward, Sav - ior, To a bet - ter life.
Come, Thy - self pos - sess it, Take and make me whole.

No. 266.

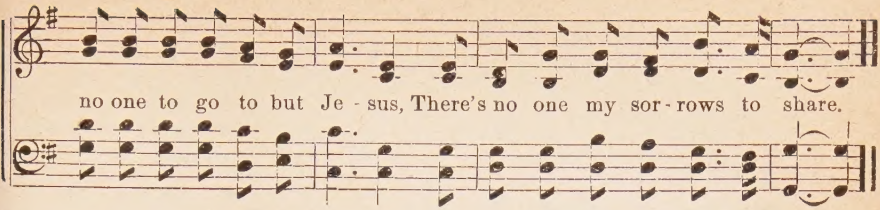
No One but Jesus.

P. B.

P. Bilhorn.

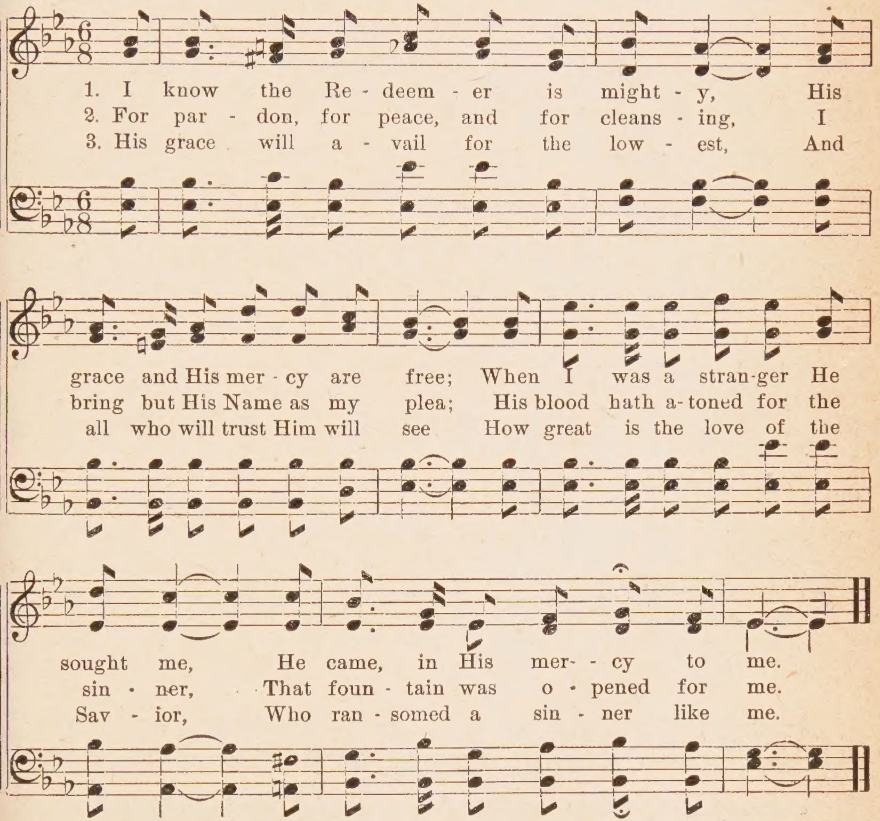

1. There's no one to go to but Je - sus, For pleas-ure and full-ness of joy; His peace pass-eth all un - der- stand - ing, His pres - ence will sor - row de - stroy.
2. There's no one to go to but Je - sus, When wea-ry, when faint, and when sad; There's no one to bright-en or cheer us, There's no one to make the heart glad.
3. There's no one to go to but Je - sus, When sor-rows, like bil - lows, may roll; There's no one to car - ry our bur - dens, There's no one to com - fort the soul.
4. There's no one to go to but Je - sus, When death for our loved ones may call; When tri - als shall gath - er a - round us, When dark - ness, like mid - night, shall fall.
Chorus.
No one, no one, no one my bur - dens to bear; There's

No One but Jesus. Concluded.


no one to go to but Je - sus, There's no one my sor-rows to share.

No. 267. I Know.

Miss J. H. Johnston. P. Bilhorn.


1. I know the Re - deem - er is might - y, His
2. For par - don, for peace, and for cleans - ing, I
3. His grace will a - vail for the low - est, And
grace and His mer - cy are free; When I was a stran-ger He
bring but His Name as my plea; His blood hath a-toned for the
all who will trust Him will see How great is the love of the
sought me, He came, in His mer- - cy to me.
sin - ner, That foun - tain was o - pened for me.
Sav - ior, Who ran - somed a sin - ner like me.

4 The wonderful gift of salvation,
I know He will give unto thee;
He longs in His love to bestow it,
I know—for He gave it to me.

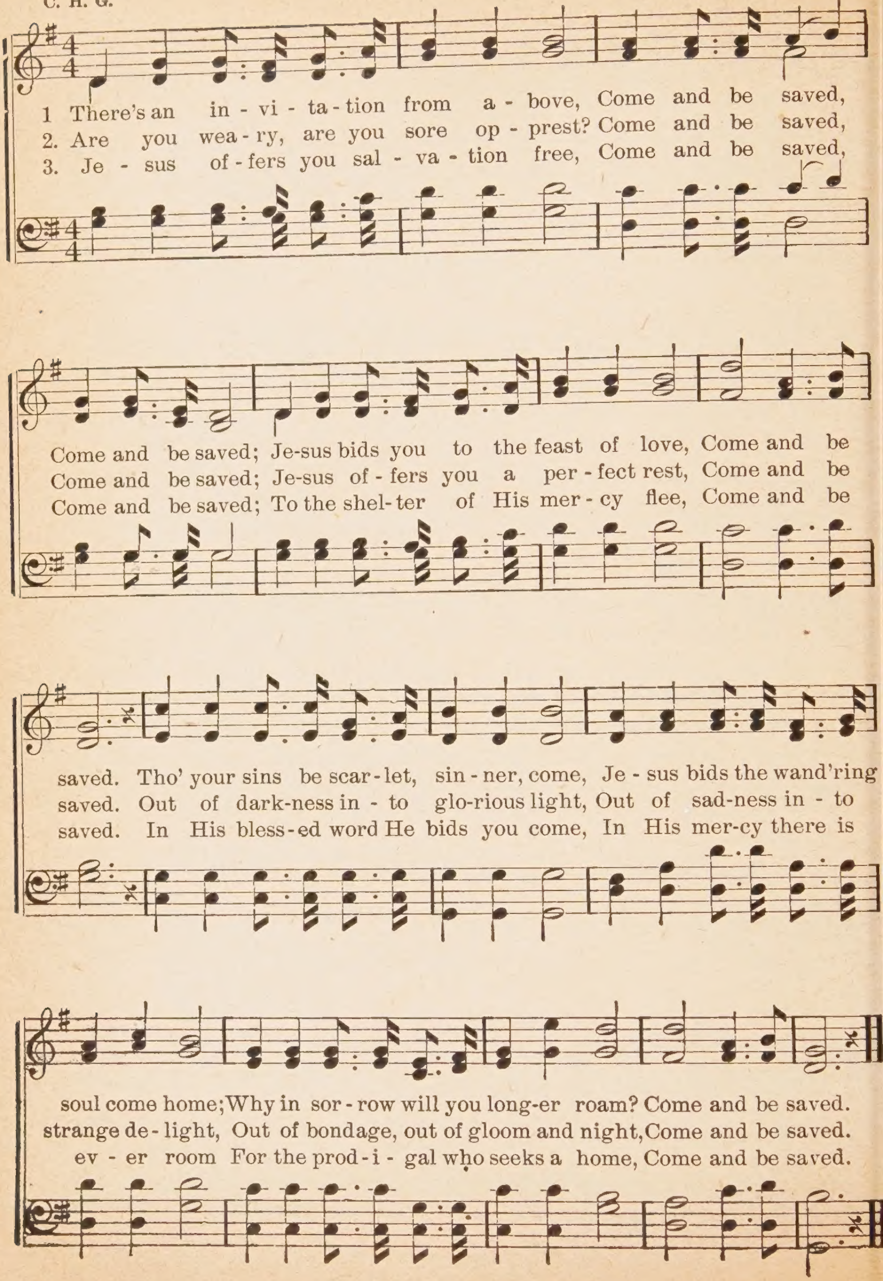
5 His servants at last shall behold Him;
O gracious and royal decree!
To you is the glad invitation,
Come, trust Him, and meet Him with me

No. 268.

Come and Be Saved.

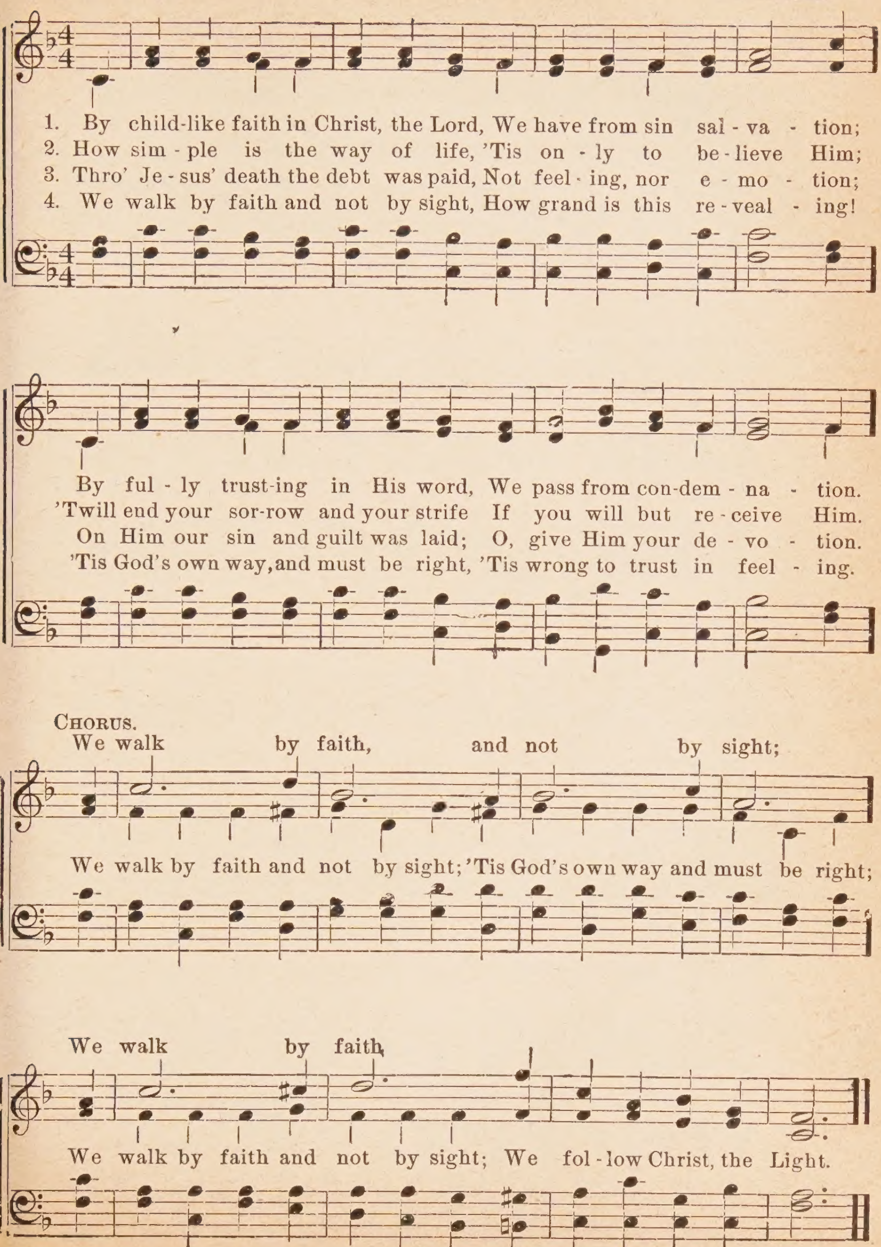
C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel. By per.


1 There's an in - vi - ta - tion from a - bove, Come and be saved,
2. Are you wea - ry, are you sore op - prest? Come and be saved,
3. Je - sus of - fers you sal - va - tion free, Come and be saved,
Come and be saved; Je-sus bids you to the feast of love, Come and be
Come and be saved; Je-sus of - fers you a per - fect rest, Come and be
Come and be saved; To the shel- ter of His mer - cy flee, Come and be
saved. Tho' your sins be scar - let, sin - ner, come, Je - sus bids the wand'ring
saved. Out of dark-ness in - to glo-rious light, Out of sad-ness in - to
saved. In His bless-ed word He bids you come, In His mer-cy there is
soul come home; Why in sor - row will you long-er roam? Come and be saved.
strange de - light, Out of bondage, out of gloom and night, Come and be saved.
ev - er room For the prod - i - gal who seeks a home, Come and be saved.

No. 269. We Walk by Faith.

J. E. Wolfe. P. Bilhorn.

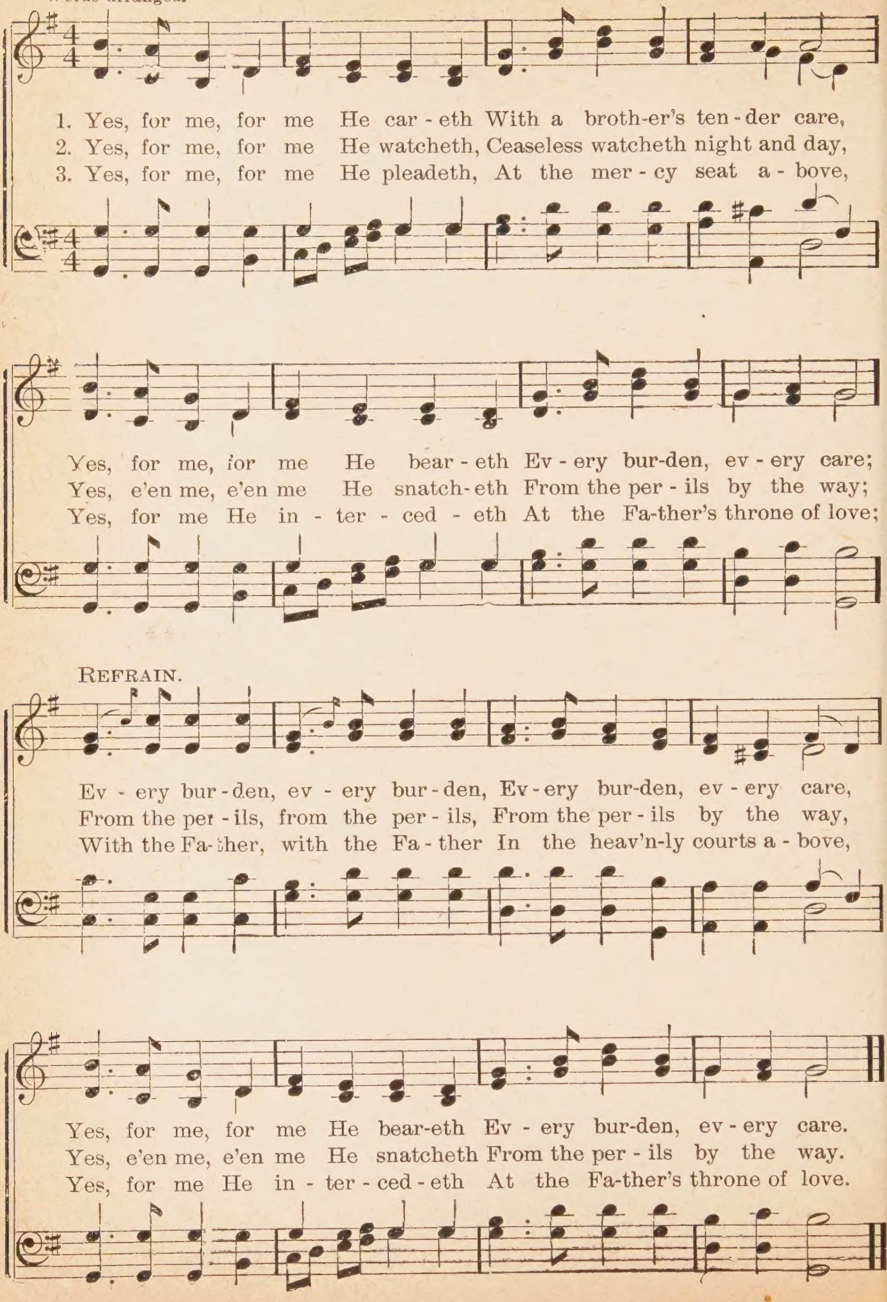

1. By child-like faith in Christ, the Lord, We have from sin salvation;
2. How simple is the way of life, 'Tis only to believe Him;
3. Thro' Jesus' death the debt was paid, Not feeling, nor emotion;
4. We walk by faith and not by sight, How grand is this revealing!
By fully trusting in His word, We pass from condemnation.
'Twill end your sorrow and your strife If you will but receive Him.
On Him our sin and guilt was laid; O, give Him your devotion.
'Tis God's own way, and must be right, 'Tis wrong to trust in feeling.
Chorus.
We walk by faith, and not by sight;
We walk by faith and not by sight; 'Tis God's own way and must be right;
We walk by faith,
We walk by faith and not by sight; We follow Christ, the Light.

No. 270.

Yes, for Me.

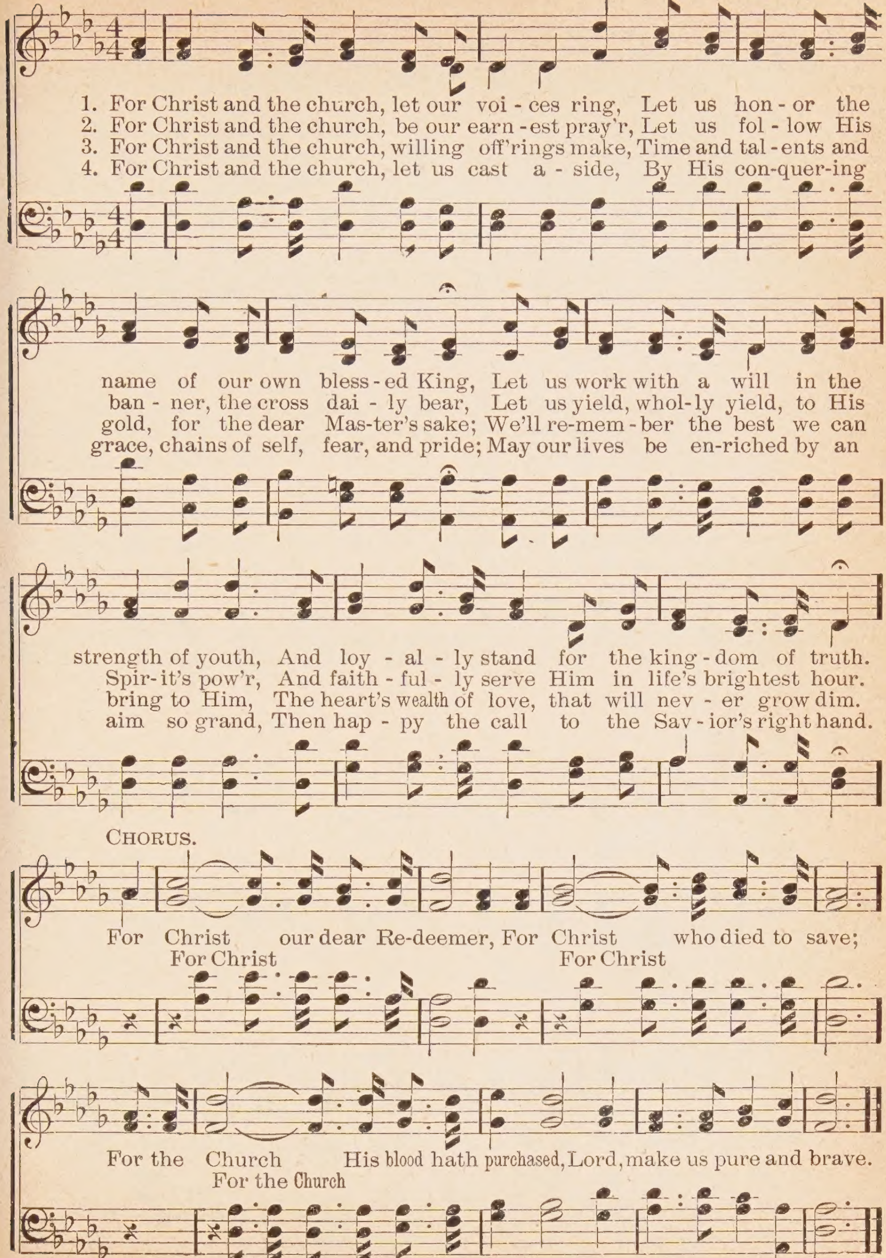
Words arranged.

ENGLISH.


1. Yes, for me, for me He car-eth With a broth-er's ten-der care,
2. Yes, for me, for me He watcheth, Ceaseless watcheth night and day,
3. Yes, for me, for me He pleadeth, At the mer-cy seat a-bove,
Yes, for me, for me He bear-eth Ev-ery bur-den, ev-ery care;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatch-eth From the per-ils by the way;
Yes, for me He in-ter-ced-eth At the Fa-ther's throne of love;
REFRAIN.
Ev-ery bur-den, ev-ery bur-den, Ev-ery bur-den, ev-ery care,
From the per-ils, from the per-ils, From the per-ils by the way,
With the Fa-ther, with the Fa-ther In the heav'n-ly courts a-bove,
Yes, for me, for me He bear-eth Ev-ery bur-den, ev-ery care.
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth From the per-ils by the way.
Yes, for me He in-ter-ced-eth At the Fa-ther's throne of love.

No. 271. For Christ and the Church.

E. E. Hewitt. | Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. For Christ and the church, let our voi - ces ring, Let us hon - or the
2. For Christ and the church, be our earn - est pray'r, Let us fol - low His
3. For Christ and the church, willing off'rings make, Time and tal - ents and
4. For Christ and the church, let us cast a - side, By His con-quer-ing
name of our own bless - ed King, Let us work with a will in the
ban - ner, the cross dai - ly bear, Let us yield, whol-ly yield, to His
gold, for the dear Mas-ter's sake; We'll re-mem - ber the best we can
grace, chains of self, fear, and pride; May our lives be en-riched by an
strength of youth, And loy - al - ly stand for the king - dom of truth.
Spir-it's pow'r, And faith - ful - ly serve Him in life's brightest hour.
bring to Him, The heart's wealth of love, that will nev - er grow dim.
aim so grand, Then hap - py the call to the Sav - ior's right hand.
CHORUS.
For Christ our dear Re-deemer, For Christ who died to save;
For Christ
For Christ
For the Church His blood hath purchased, Lord, make us pure and brave.
For the Church

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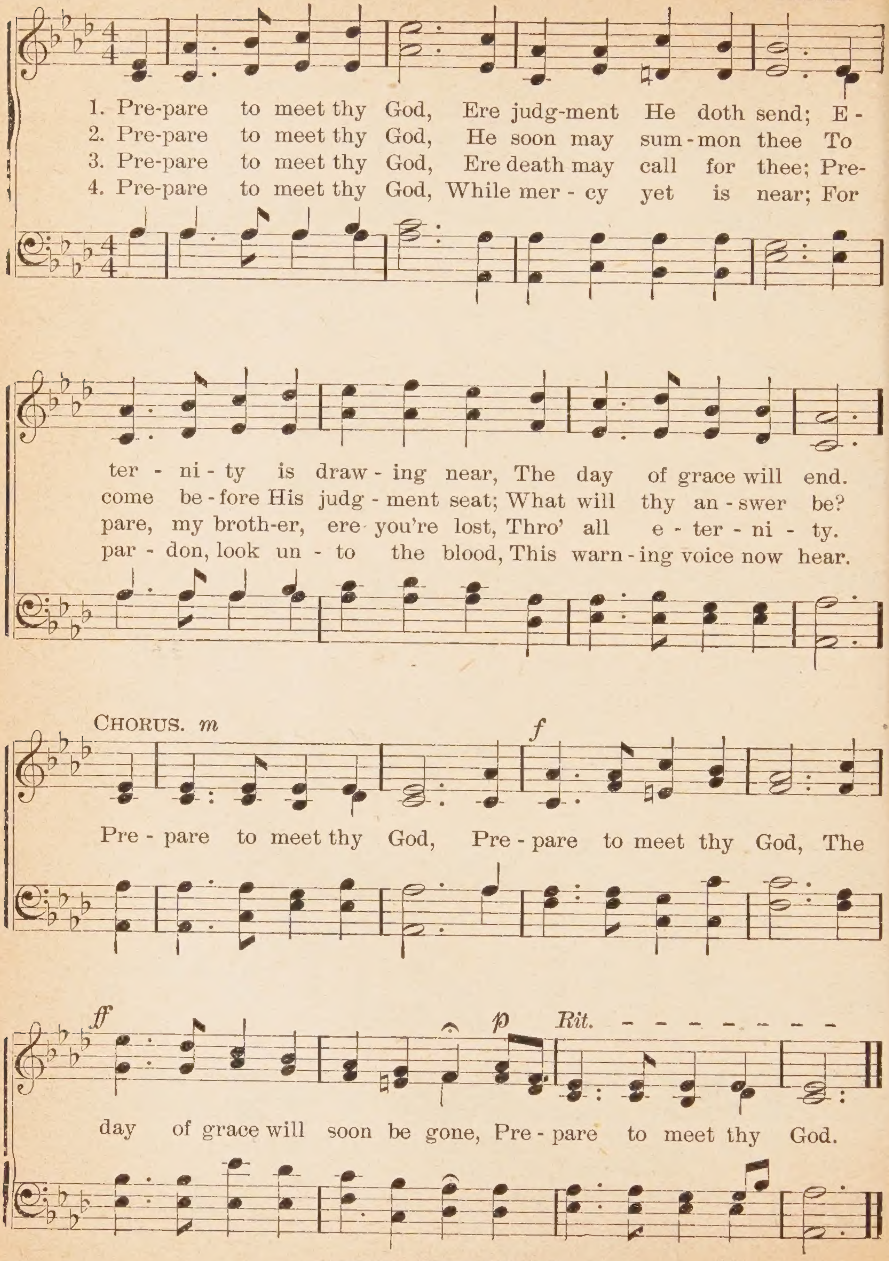
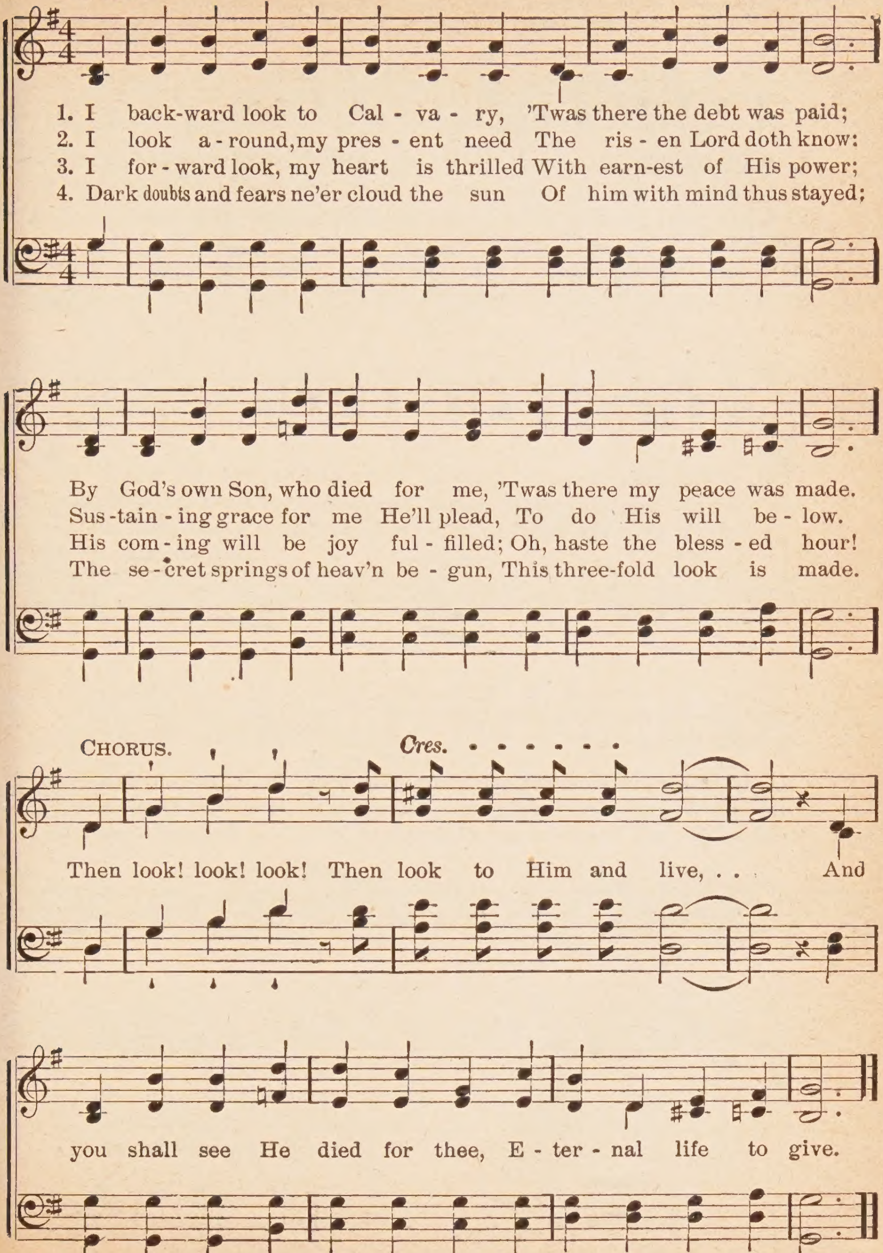
No. 272. Prepare to Meet Thy God.

P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. Pre-pare to meet thy God, Ere judg-ment He doth send; E -
2. Pre-pare to meet thy God, He soon may sum-mon thee To
3. Pre-pare to meet thy God, Ere death may call for thee; Pre-
4. Pre-pare to meet thy God, While mer - cy yet is near; For
ter - ni - ty is draw - ing near, The day of grace will end.
come be - fore His judg - ment seat; What will thy an - swer be?
pare, my broth-er, ere you're lost, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
par - don, look un - to the blood, This warn - ing voice now hear.
CHORUS. m
Pre - pare to meet thy God, Pre - pare to meet thy God, The
f
ff
day of grace will soon be gone, Pre - pare to meet thy God.
p
Rit.

No. 273. The Three-fold Look.

H. G. SMEAD. P. BILHORN.

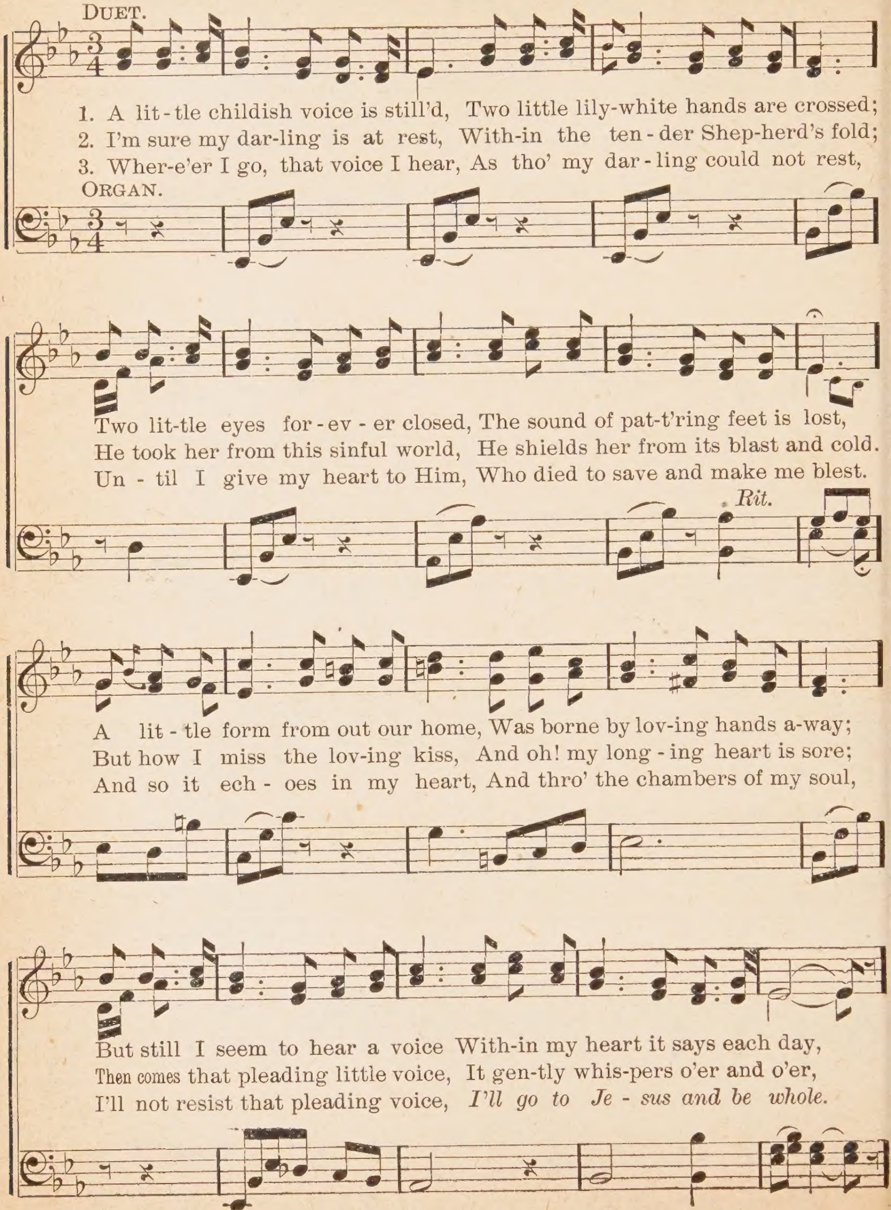

1. I back-ward look to Cal - va - ry, 'Twas there the debt was paid;
2. I look a - round, my pres - ent need The ris - en Lord doth know:
3. I for - ward look, my heart is thrilled With earn-est of His power;
4. Dark doubts and fears ne'er cloud the sun Of him with mind thus stayed;
By God's own Son, who died for me, 'Twas there my peace was made.
Sus - tain - ing grace for me He'll plead, To do His will be - low.
His com - ing will be joy ful - filled; Oh, haste the bless - ed hour!
The se - cret springs of heav'n be - gun, This three-fold look is made.
CHORUS.
Cres.
Then look! look! look! Then look to Him and live, . . And
you shall see He died for thee, E - ter - nal life to give.

No. 274. Papa, Come this Way.

(A fisherman got lost in the fog; his little child called from the shore: "Come this way:" and, guided by the voice, he reached home in safety. So, unsaved and lost fathers, listen to little voices from the heavenly shore, calling: "Papa, come this way.")

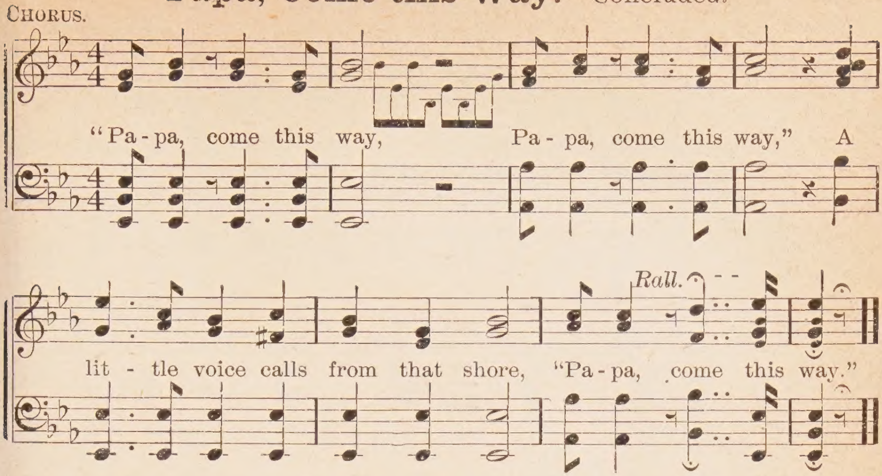
M. E. W.

Mrs. M. E. Willson.
Arr. by Alfred Beirly.


DUET.
1. A lit-tle childish voice is still'd, Two little lily-white hands are crossed;
2. I'm sure my dar-ling is at rest, With-in the ten-der Shep-herd's fold;
3. Wher-e'er I go, that voice I hear, As tho' my dar-ling could not rest,
ORGAN.
Two lit-tle eyes for-ev-er closed, The sound of pat-t'ring feet is lost,
He took her from this sinful world, He shields her from its blast and cold.
Un-til I give my heart to Him, Who died to save and make me blest.
Rit.
A lit-tle form from out our home, Was borne by lov-ing hands a-way;
But how I miss the lov-ing kiss, And oh! my long-ing heart is sore;
And so it ech-oes in my heart, And thro' the chambers of my soul,
But still I seem to hear a voice With-in my heart it says each day,
Then comes that pleading little voice, It gen-tly whis-pers o'er and o'er,
I'll not resist that pleading voice, I'll go to Je-sus and be whole.

Copyright, 1887, by M. E. Willson. By per.

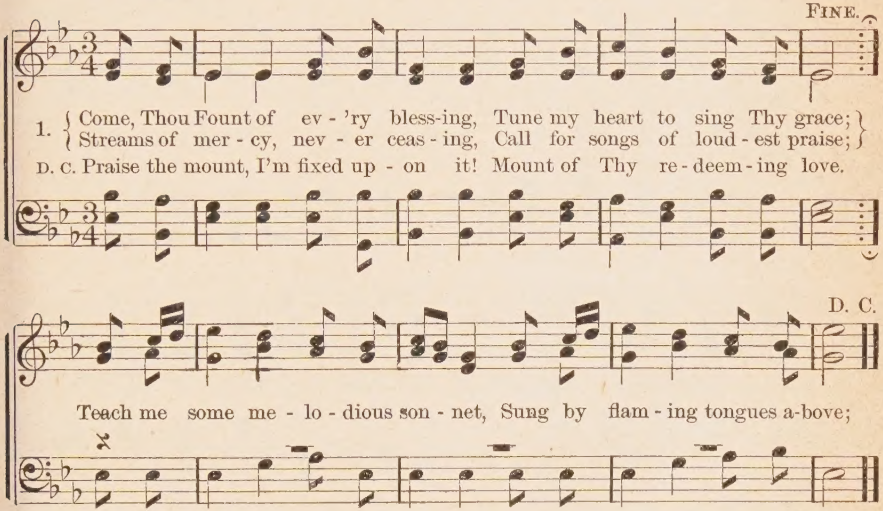
Papa, Come this Way. Concluded.


Chorus.
"Pa-pa, come this way, Pa-pa, come this way," A lit-tle voice calls from that shore, "Pa-pa, come this way."
Rall.

No. 275.

Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. Robinson, 1758. NETTLETON. Old Melody. 1812.

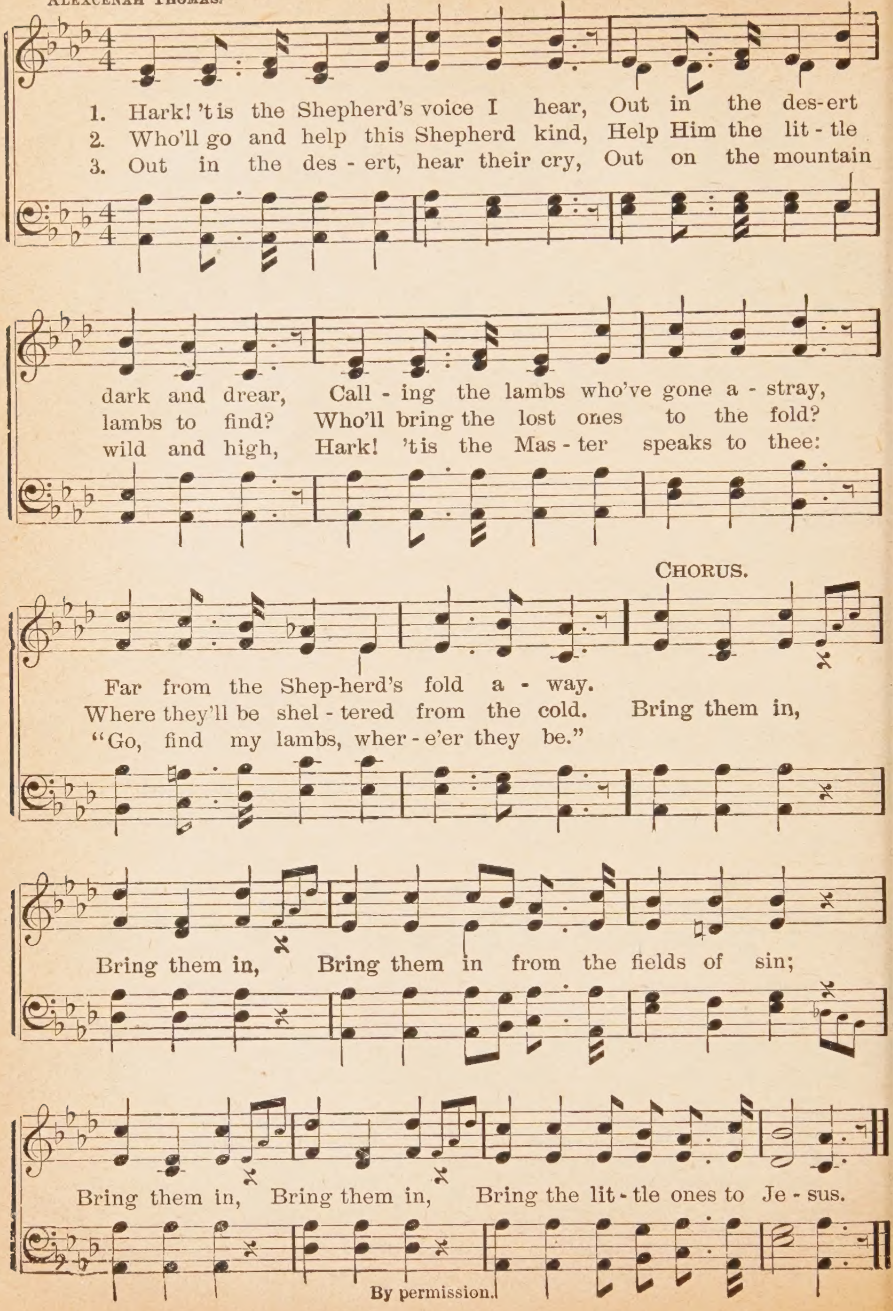

Fine.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
D. C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
D. C.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 276. Bring Them In.

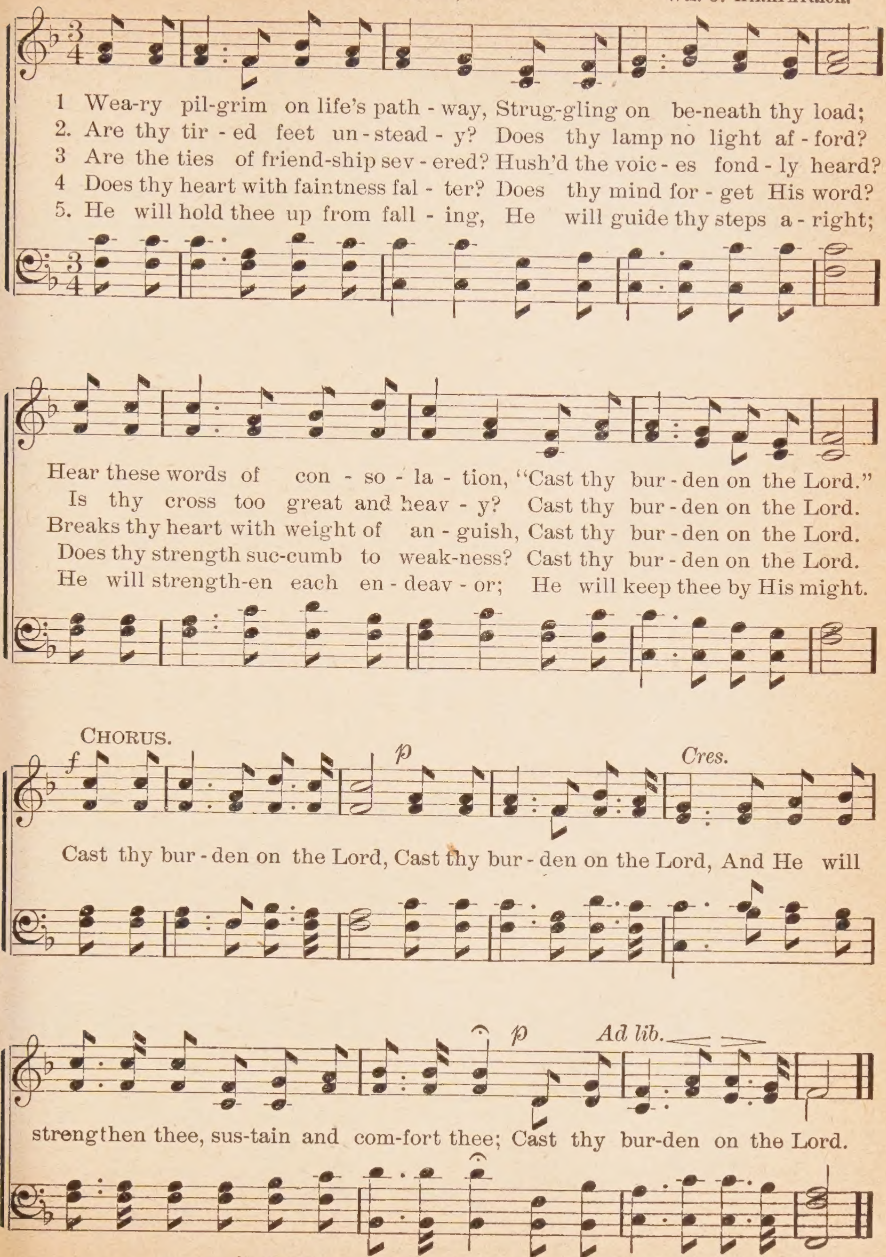
ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the lit-tle
3. Out in the des-ert, hear their cry, Out on the mountain
dark and drear, Call-ing the lambs who've gone a-stray,
lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold?
wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee:
Far from the Shep-herd's fold a-way.
Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold.
"Go, find my lambs, wher-e'er they be."
CHORUS.
Bring them in,
Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je-sus.

By permission.

No. 277. Cast Thy Burden on the Lord.

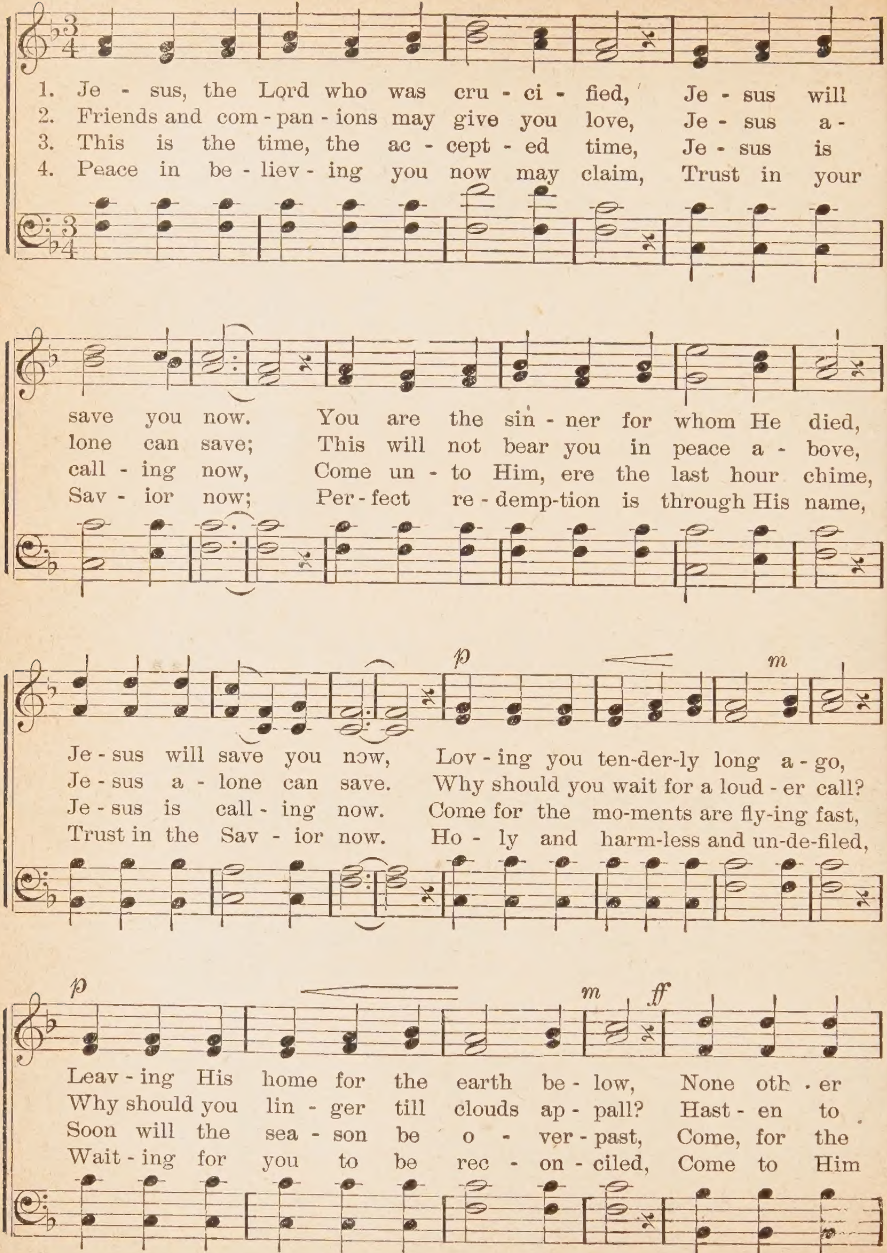
W. J. K. I Peter, 5: 7. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1 Wea-ry pil-grim on life's path - way, Strug-gling on be-neath thy load;
2. Are thy tir - ed feet un - stead - y? Does thy lamp no light af - ford?
3 Are the ties of friend-ship sev - ered? Hush'd the voic - es fond - ly heard?
4 Does thy heart with faintness fal - ter? Does thy mind for - get His word?
5. He will hold thee up from fall - ing, He will guide thy steps a - right;
Hear these words of con - so - la - tion, "Cast thy bur - den on the Lord."
Is thy cross too great and heav - y? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
Breaks thy heart with weight of an - guish, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
Does thy strength suc-cumb to weak-ness? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
He will strength-en each en - deav - or; He will keep thee by His might.
CHORUS.
f
p
Cres.
Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, And He will
p
Ad lib.
strengthen thee, sus-tain and com-fort thee; Cast thy bur-den on the Lord.

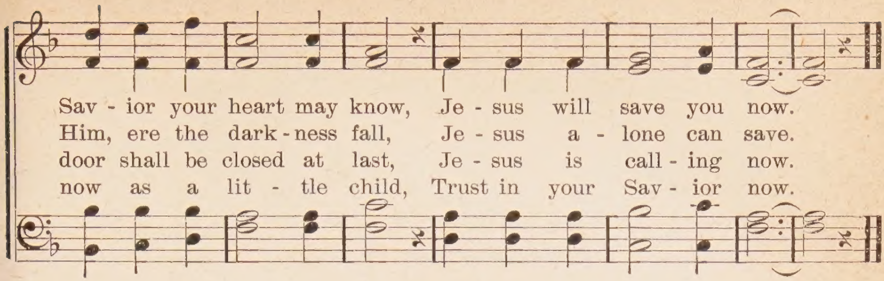
Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood. By per.

No. 278. Jesus Will Save You Now.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. P. BILHORN.

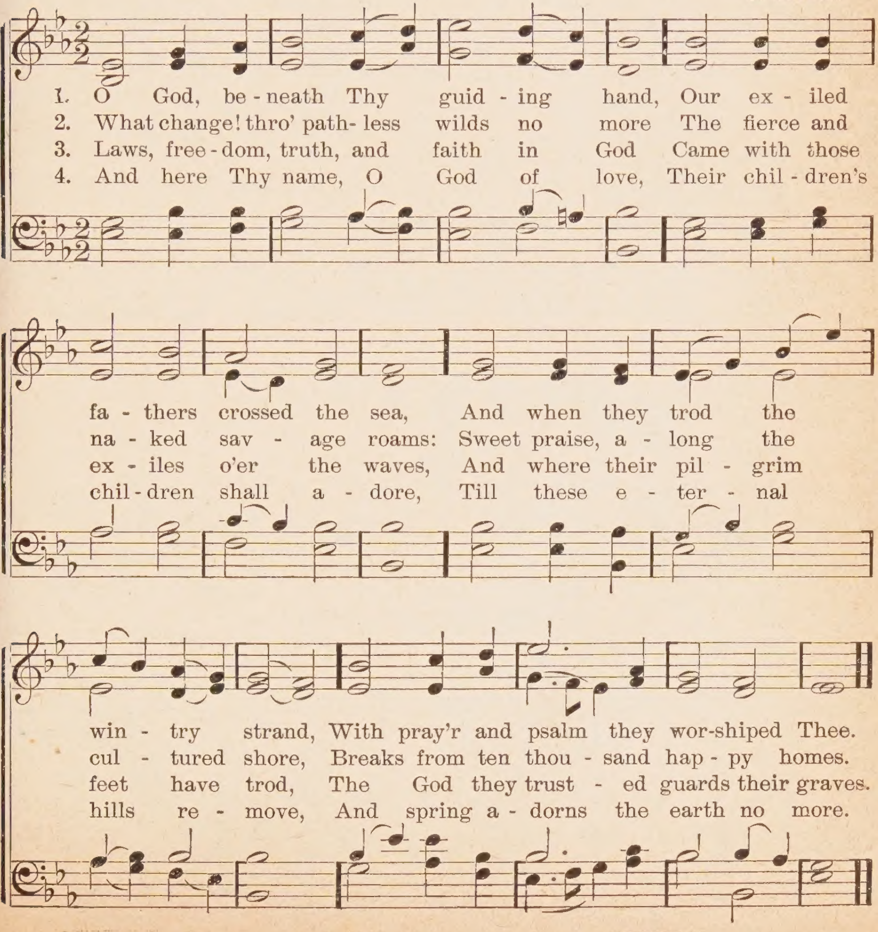

1. Je - sus, the Lord who was cru - ci - fied, Je - sus will
2. Friends and com - pan - ions may give you love, Je - sus a -
3. This is the time, the ac - cept - ed time, Je - sus is
4. Peace in be - liev - ing you now may claim, Trust in your
save you now. You are the sin - ner for whom He died,
lone can save; This will not bear you in peace a - bove,
call - ing now, Come un - to Him, ere the last hour chime,
Sav - ior now; Per - fect re - demp-tion is through His name,
p
m
Je - sus will save you now, Lov - ing you ten-der-ly long a - go,
Je - sus a - lone can save. Why should you wait for a loud - er call?
Je - sus is call - ing now. Come for the mo-ments are fly-ing fast,
Trust in the Sav - ior now. Ho - ly and harm-less and un-de-filed,
p
m
ff
Leav - ing His home for the earth be - low, None oth - er
Why should you lin - ger till clouds ap - pall? Hast - en to
Soon will the sea - son be o - ver - past, Come, for the
Wait - ing for you to be rec - on - ciled, Come to Him

Jesus Will Save You Now. Concluded.


Sav - ior your heart may know, Je - sus will save you now.
Him, ere the dark - ness fall, Je - sus a - lone can save.
door shall be closed at last, Je - sus is call - ing now.
now as a lit - tle child, Trust in your Sav - ior now.

No. 279. Duke Street.

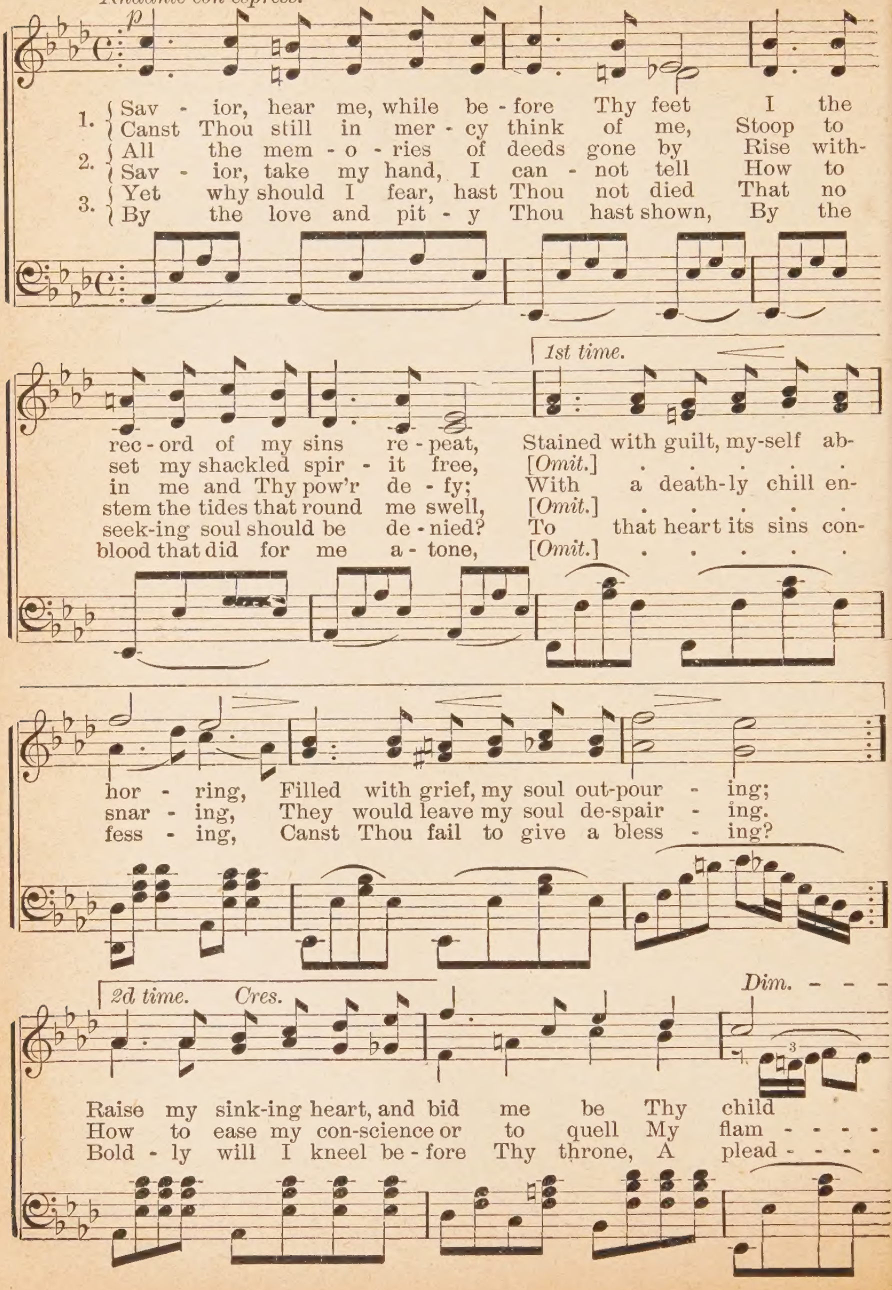
J. Hatton.


1. O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand, Our ex - iled
2. What change! thro' path - less wilds no more The fierce and
3. Laws, free - dom, truth, and faith in God Came with those
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their chil - dren's
fa - thers crossed the sea, And when they trod the
na - ked sav - age roams: Sweet praise, a - long the
ex - iles o'er the waves, And where their pil - grim
chil - dren shall a - dore, Till these e - ter - nal
win - try strand, With pray'r and psalm they wor-shiped Thee.
cul - tured shore, Breaks from ten thou - sand hap - py homes.
feet have trod, The God they trust - ed guards their graves.
hills re - move, And spring a - dorns the earth no more.

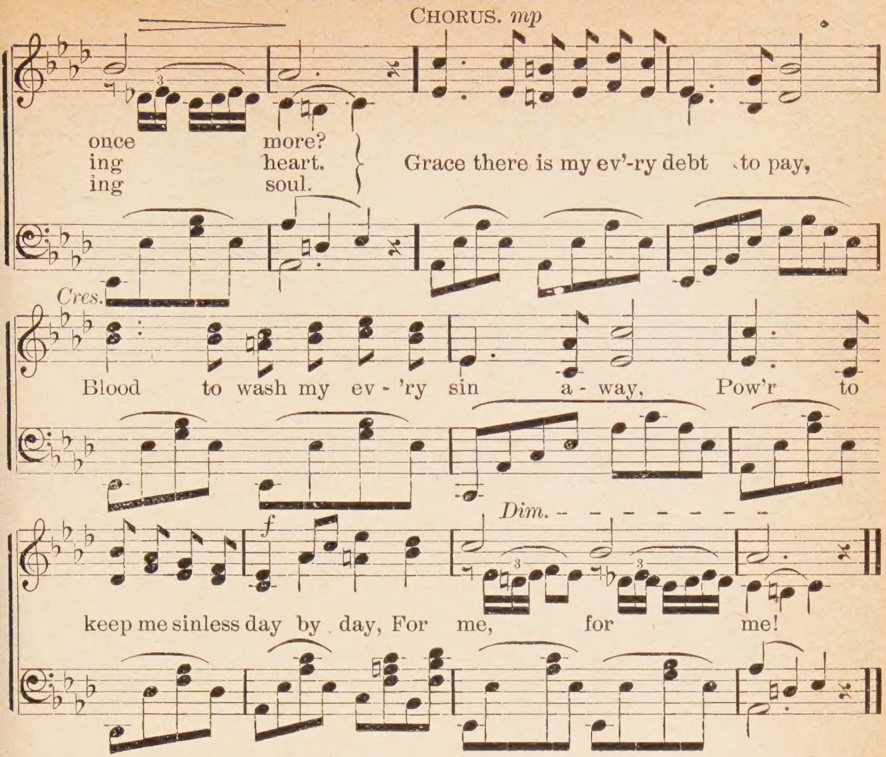
No. 280. The Penitent's Plea.

H. H B. Commandant H. H. Booth.

Andante con espress.

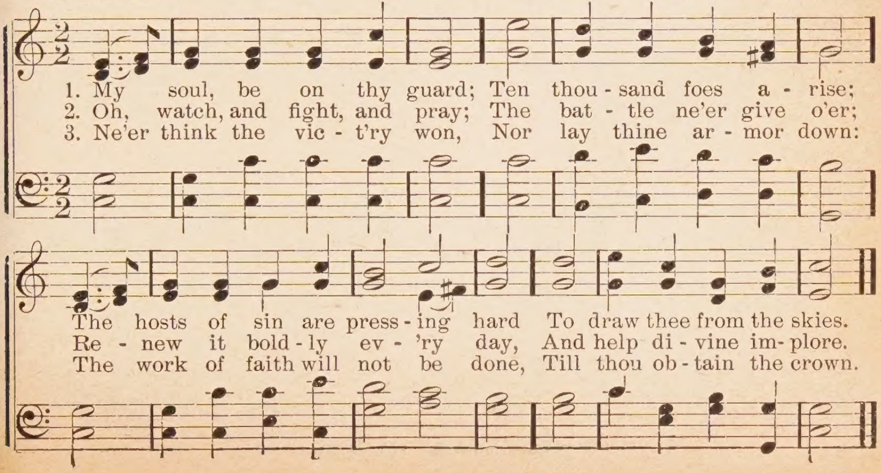

p
1. { Sav - ior, hear me, while be - fore Thy feet I the
{ Canst Thou still in mer - cy think of me, Stoop to
2. { All the mem - o - ries of deeds gone by Rise with-
{ Sav - ior, take my hand, I can - not tell How to
3. { Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no
{ By the love and pit - y Thou hast shown, By the
1st time.
rec - ord of my sins re - peat, Stained with guilt, my-self ab-
set my shackled spir - it free, [Omit.] . . . . . .
in me and Thy pow'r de - fy; With a death-ly chill en-
stem the tides that round me swell, [Omit.] . . . . . .
seek-ing soul should be de - nied? To that heart its sins con-
blood that did for me a - tone, [Omit.] . . . . . .
hor - ring, Filled with grief, my soul out-pour - ing;
snar - ing, They would leave my soul de-spair - ing.
fess - ing, Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
2d time. Cres.
Dim. - - -
Raise my sink-ing heart, and bid me be Thy child
How to ease my con-science or to quell My flam - - - -
Bold - ly will I kneel be - fore Thy throne, A plead - - - -
3

The Penitent's Plea. Concluded.


Chorus. mp
once more?
ing heart.
ing soul.
Grace there is my ev'-ry debt to pay,
Cres.
Blood to wash my ev - 'ry sin a - way, Pow'r to
Dim.
f
keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me!

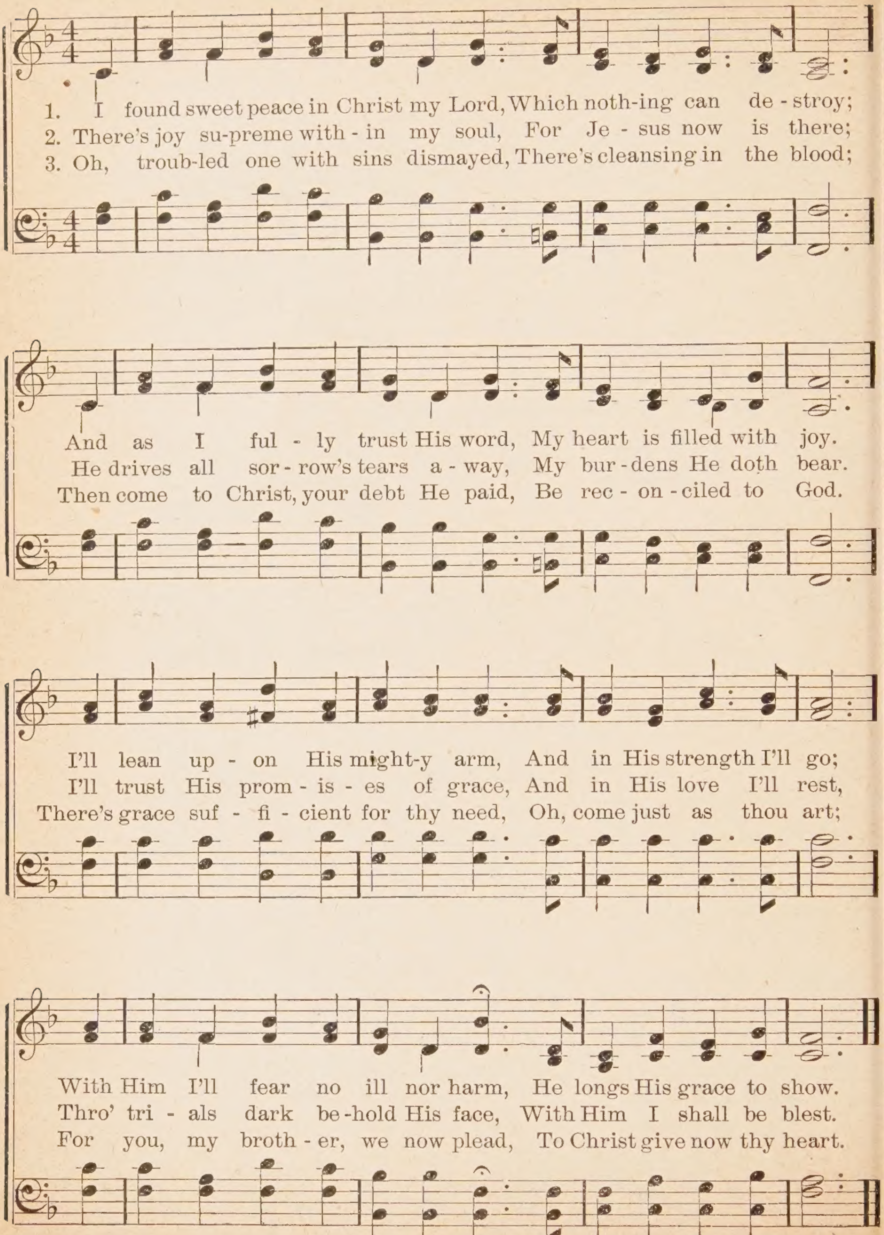
No. 281. My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Dr. Lowell Mason.


2/2
1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down:
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.

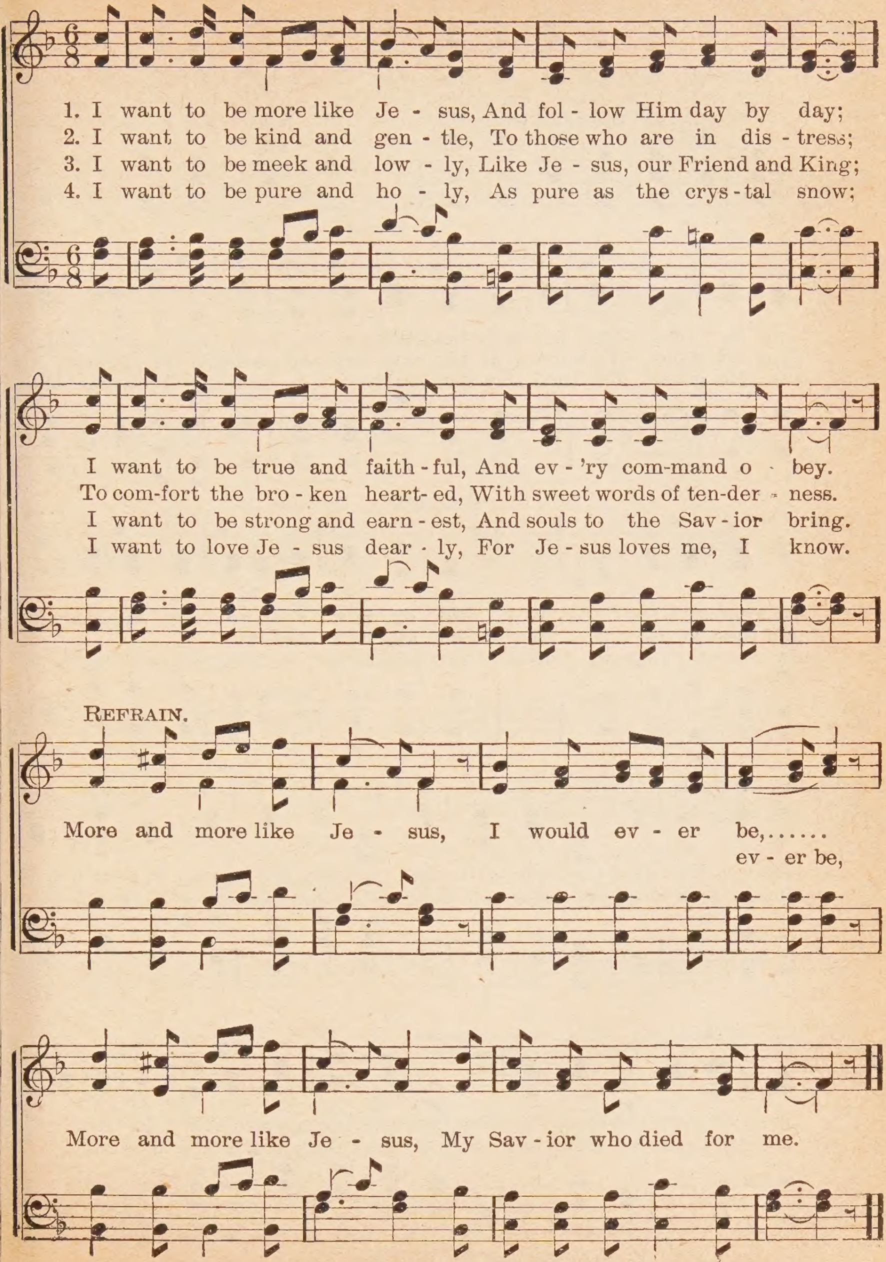
No. 282. I Found Sweet Peace.

P. B. C. EICKENBERG.


1. I found sweet peace in Christ my Lord, Which noth-ing can de - stroy;
2. There's joy su-preme with - in my soul, For Je - sus now is there;
3. Oh, troub-led one with sins dismayed, There's cleansing in the blood;
And as I ful - ly trust His word, My heart is filled with joy.
He drives all sor - row's tears a - way, My bur - dens He doth bear.
Then come to Christ, your debt He paid, Be rec - on - ciled to God.
I'll lean up - on His might-y arm, And in His strength I'll go;
I'll trust His prom - is - es of grace, And in His love I'll rest,
There's grace suf - fi - cient for thy need, Oh, come just as thou art;
With Him I'll fear no ill nor harm, He longs His grace to show.
Thro' tri - als dark be-hold His face, With Him I shall be blest.
For you, my broth - er, we now plead, To Christ give now thy heart.

No. 283. More Like Jesus.

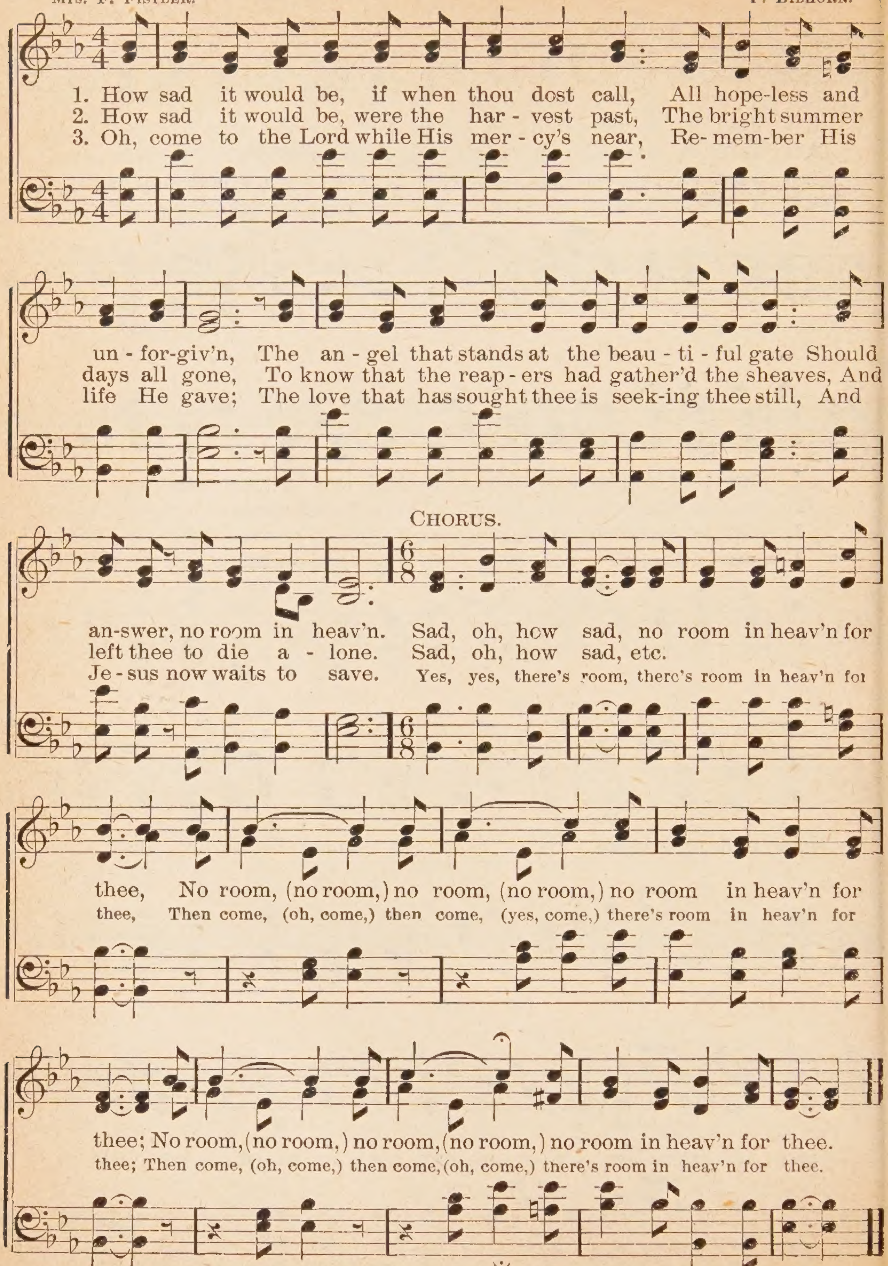
J. M. S. J. M. Stillman.


1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol - low Him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen - tle, To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and King;
4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;
I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - 'ry com-mand o - bey.
To com-fort the bro - ken heart- ed, With sweet words of ten-der - ness.
I want to be strong and earn - est, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.
Refrain.
More and more like Je - sus, I would ev - er be,......
ev - er be,
More and more like Je - sus, My Sav - ior who died for me.

From "Goodwill," by per.

No. 284. Room in Heaven for Thee.

Mrs. F. Fistler. P. Bilhorn.

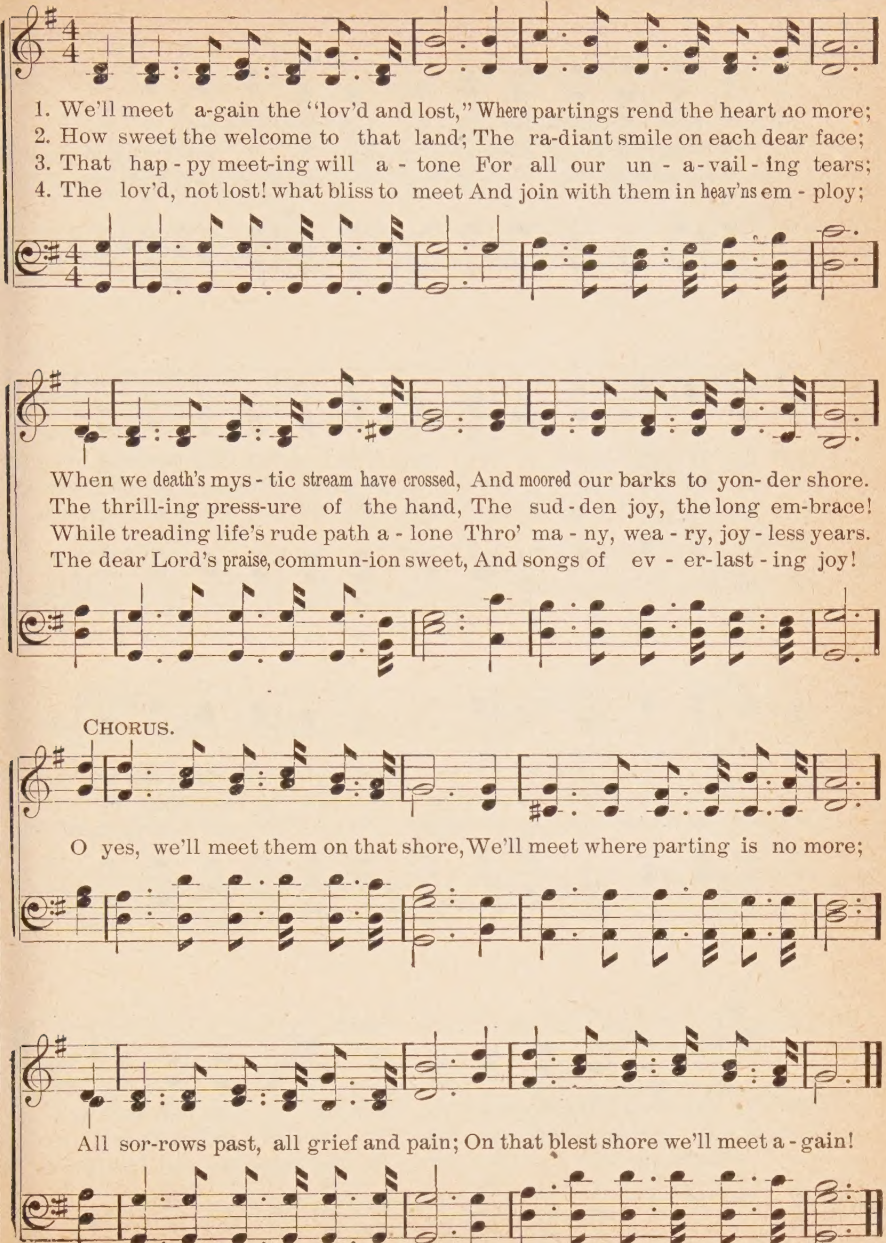

1. How sad it would be, if when thou dost call, All hope-less and
2. How sad it would be, were the har - vest past, The bright summer
3. Oh, come to the Lord while His mer - cy's near, Re - mem-ber His
un - for-giv'n, The an - gel that stands at the beau - ti - ful gate Should
days all gone, To know that the reap - ers had gather'd the sheaves, And
life He gave; The love that has sought thee is seek-ing thee still, And
Chorus.
an-swer, no room in heav'n. Sad, oh, how sad, no room in heav'n for
left thee to die a - lone. Sad, oh, how sad, etc.
Je - sus now waits to save. Yes, yes, there's room, there's room in heav'n for
thee, No room, (no room,) no room, (no room,) no room in heav'n for
thee, Then come, (oh, come,) then come, (yes, come,) there's room in heav'n for
thee; No room, (no room,) no room, (no room,) no room in heav'n for thee.
thee; Then come, (oh, come,) then come, (oh, come,) there's room in heav'n for thee.

No. 285.

We'll Meet Again.

Rev. H. G. Jackson, D. D.

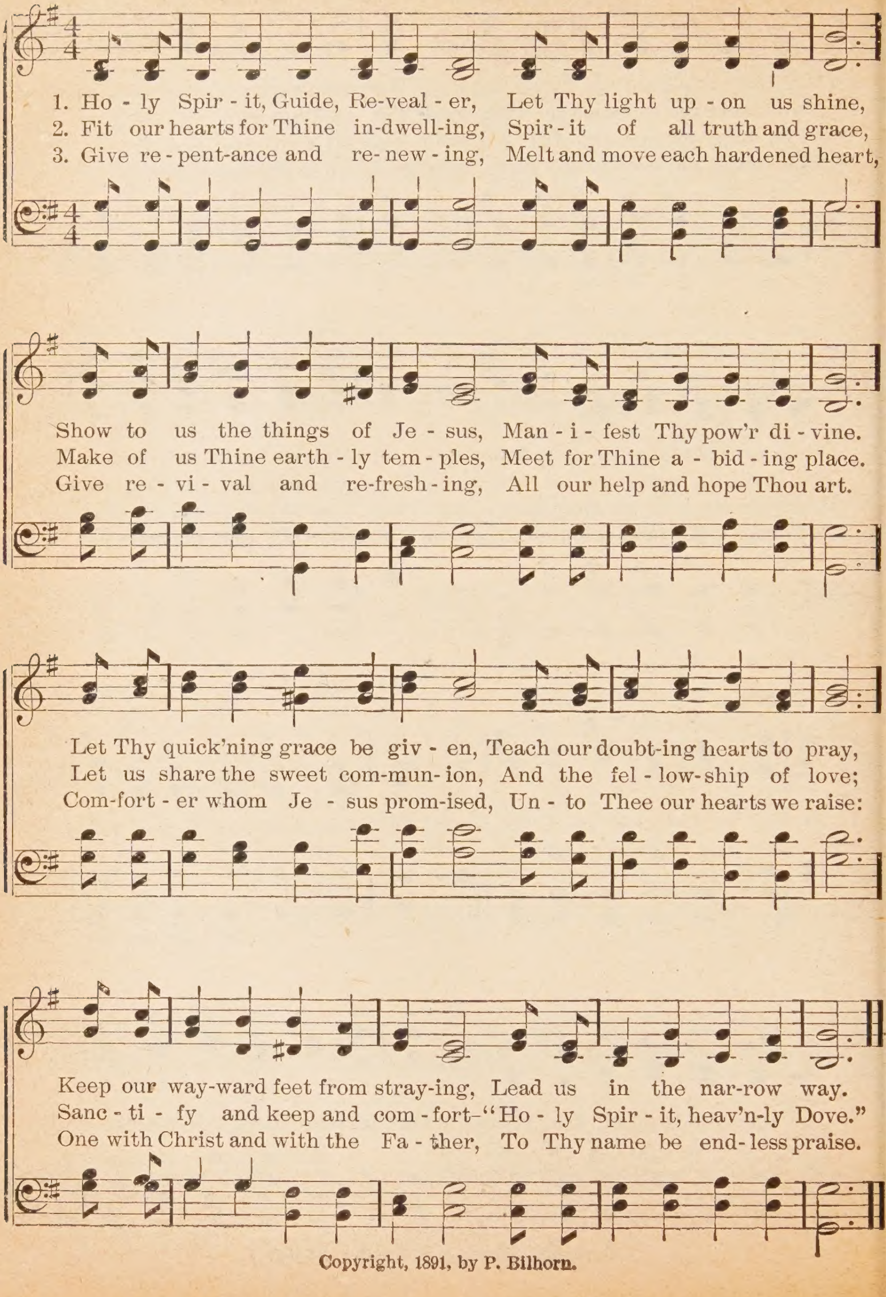
Mrs. W. S. Nickle.


1. We'll meet a-gain the "lov'd and lost," Where partings rend the heart no more;
2. How sweet the welcome to that land; The ra-diant smile on each dear face;
3. That hap-py meet-ing will a-tone For all our un-a-vail-ing tears;
4. The lov'd, not lost! what bliss to meet And join with them in heav'ns em-ploy;
When we death's mys-tic stream have crossed, And moored our barks to yon-der shore.
The thrill-ing press-ure of the hand, The sud-den joy, the long em-brace!
While treading life's rude path a-lone Thro' ma-ny, wea-ry, joy-less years.
The dear Lord's praise, commun-ion sweet, And songs of ev-er-last-ing joy!
Chorus.
O yes, we'll meet them on that shore, We'll meet where parting is no more;
All sor-rows past, all grief and pain; On that blest shore we'll meet a-gain!

Copright, 1889, by W. S. Nickle. By per.

No. 286. Holy Spirit, Guide, Revealer.

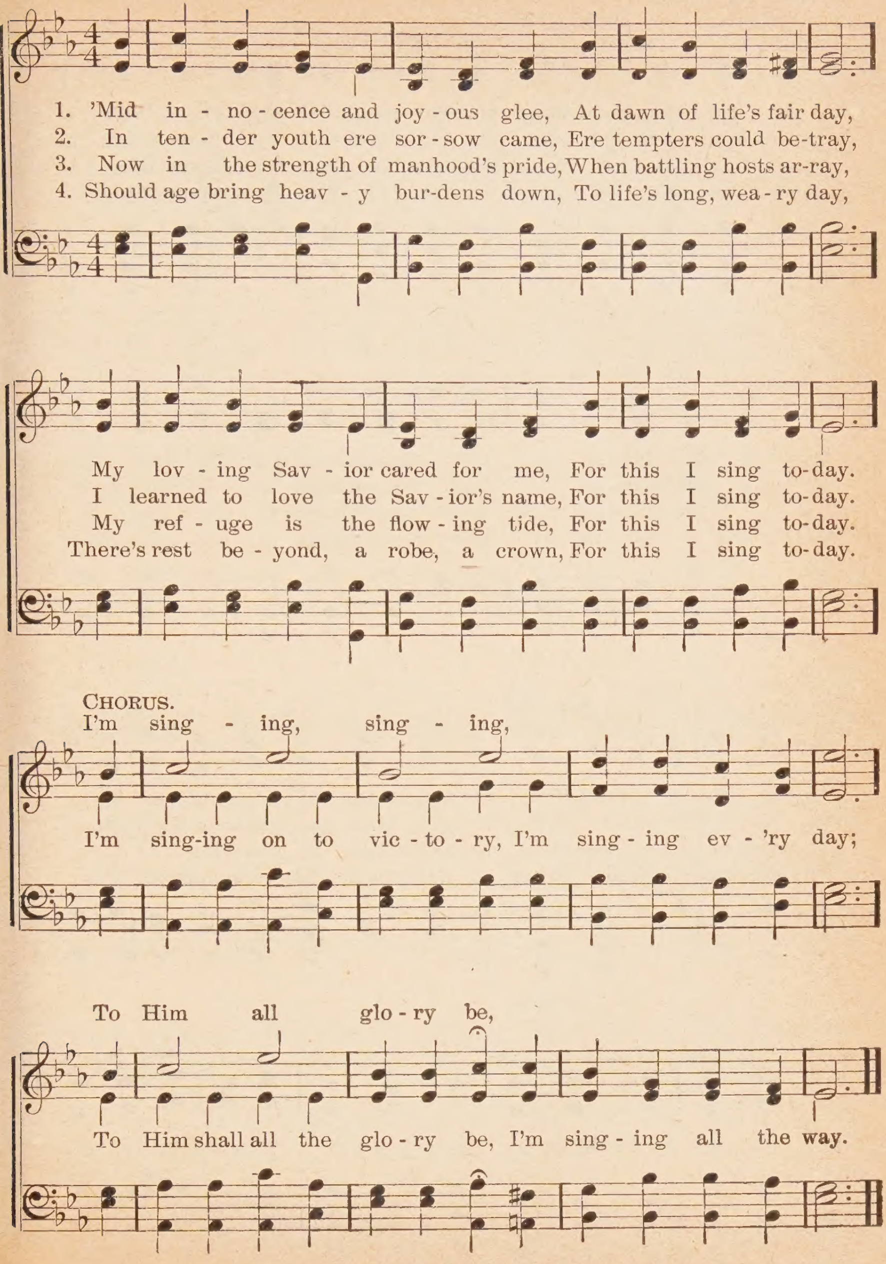
JULIA H. JOHNSTON. P. BILHORN.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Guide, Re-veal - er, Let Thy light up - on us shine,
2. Fit our hearts for Thine in-dwell-ing, Spir - it of all truth and grace,
3. Give re - pent-ance and re- new - ing, Melt and move each hardened heart,
Show to us the things of Je - sus, Man - i - fest Thy pow'r di - vine.
Make of us Thine earth - ly tem - ples, Meet for Thine a - bid - ing place.
Give re - vi - val and re-fresh - ing, All our help and hope Thou art.
Let Thy quick'ning grace be giv - en, Teach our doubt-ing hearts to pray,
Let us share the sweet com-mun - ion, And the fel - low-ship of love;
Com-fort - er whom Je - sus prom-ised, Un - to Thee our hearts we raise:
Keep our way-ward feet from stray-ing, Lead us in the nar-row way.
Sanc - ti - fy and keep and com - fort–"Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove."
One with Christ and with the Fa - ther, To Thy name be end- less praise.

No. 287. Singing All the Way.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. 'Mid in - no - cence and joy - ous glee, At dawn of life's fair day,
2. In ten - der youth ere sor - sow came, Ere tempters could be-tray,
3. Now in the strength of manhood's pride, When battling hosts ar-ray,
4. Should age bring heav - y bur-dens down, To life's long, wea - ry day,
My lov - ing Sav - ior cared for me, For this I sing to-day.
I learned to love the Sav - ior's name, For this I sing to-day.
My ref - uge is the flow - ing tide, For this I sing to-day.
There's rest be - yond, a robe, a crown, For this I sing to-day.
CHORUS.
I'm sing - ing, sing - ing,
I'm sing-ing on to vic - to - ry, I'm sing - ing ev - 'ry day;
To Him all glo - ry be,
To Him shall all the glo - ry be, I'm sing - ing all the way.

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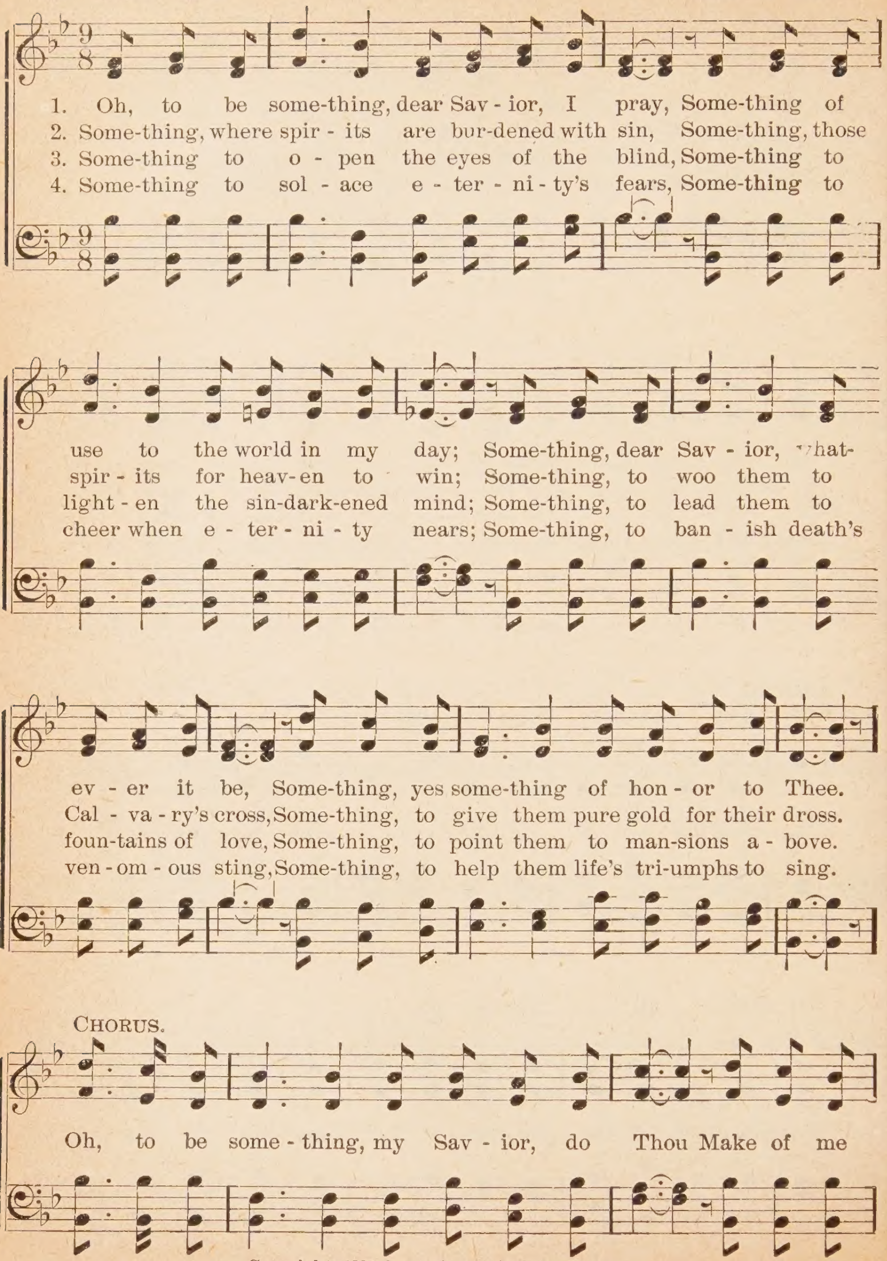
No. 288. Oh, to be Something.

Rev. Geo. W. Crofts.

Arthur J. Smith.


1. Oh, to be some-thing, dear Sav-ior, I pray, Something of
2. Some-thing, where spir-its are bur-dened with sin, Some-thing, those
3. Some-thing to o-pen the eyes of the blind, Some-thing to
4. Some-thing to sol-ace e-ter-ni-ty's fears, Some-thing to
use to the world in my day; Some-thing, dear Sav-ior, what-
spir-its for heav-en to win; Some-thing, to woo them to
light-en the sin-dark-ened mind; Some-thing, to lead them to
cheer when e-ter-ni-ty nears; Some-thing, to ban-ish death's
ev-er it be, Some-thing, yes some-thing of hon-or to Thee.
Cal-va-ry's cross, Some-thing, to give them pure gold for their dross.
foun-tains of love, Some-thing, to point them to man-sions a-bove.
ven-om-ous sting, Some-thing, to help them life's tri-umphs to sing.
Chorus.
Oh, to be some-thing, my Sav-ior, do Thou Make of me

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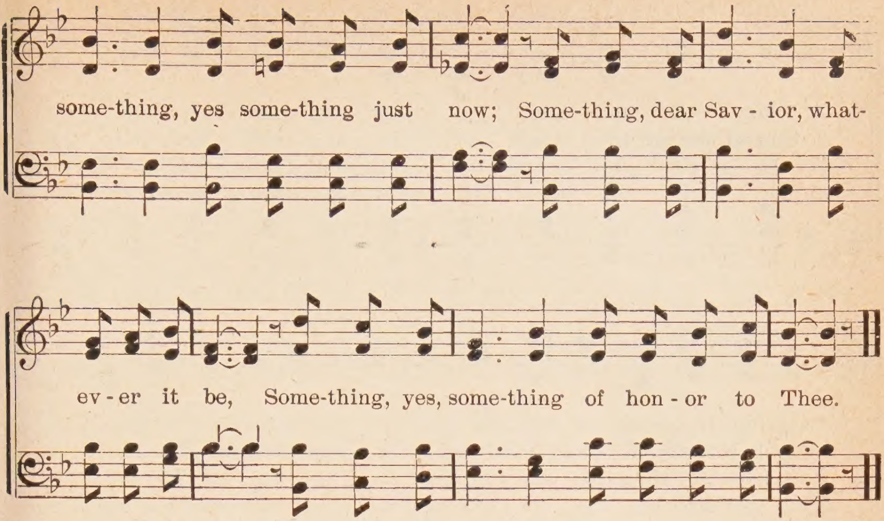
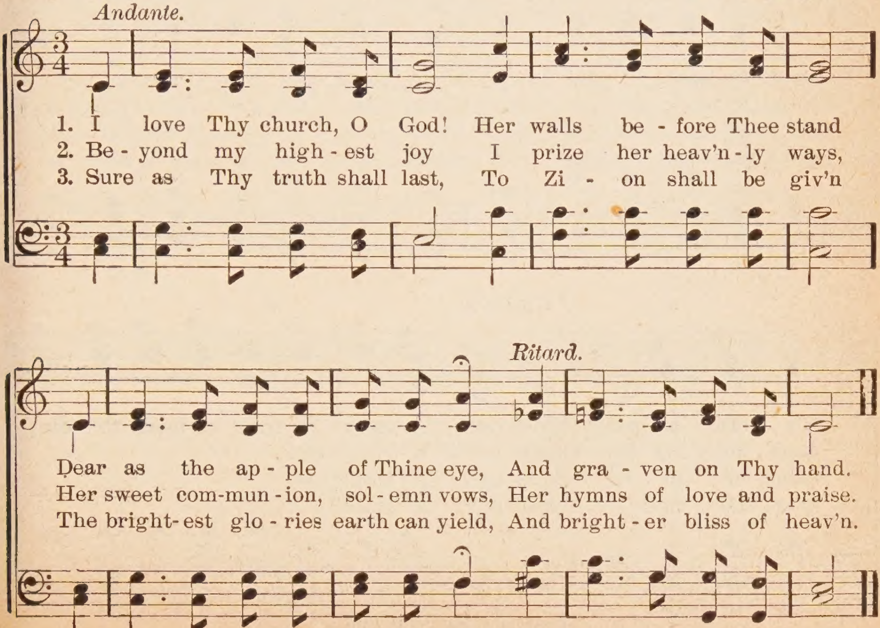
Oh, to be Something. Concluded.


something, yes something just now; Something, dear Savior, whatever it be, Something, yes, something of honor to Thee.

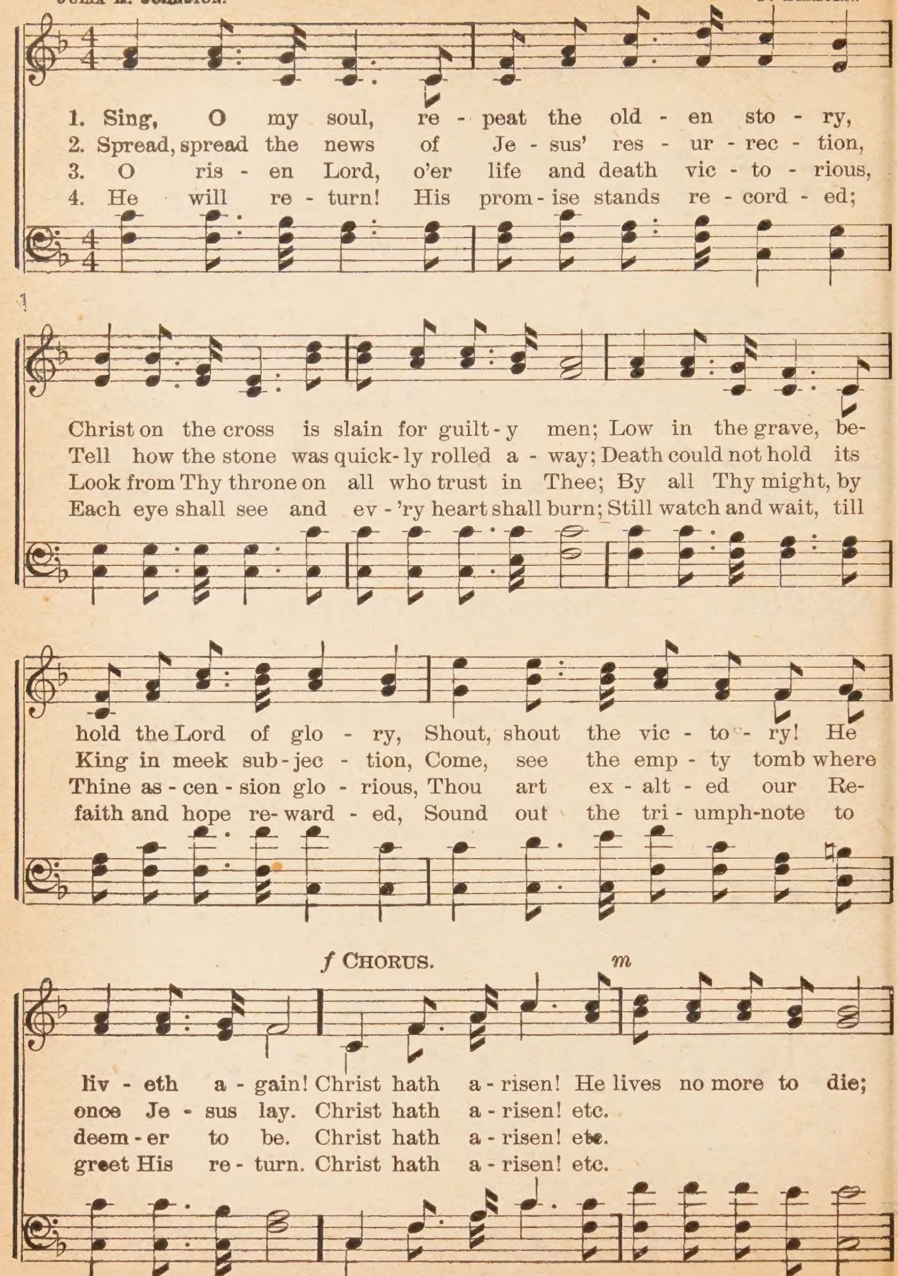
No. 289. I Love Thy Church.

T. Dwight. F. L. Armstrong.


Andante.
1. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls before Thee stand
Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
2. Beyond my highest joy I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
3. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be giv'n
The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.
Ritard.

No. 290. Christ Hath Arisen.

Julia H. Johnston. **P. Bilhorn.**


1. Sing, O my soul, re - peat the old - en sto - ry,
2. Spread, spread the news of Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion,
3. O ris - en Lord, o'er life and death vic - to - rious,
4. He will re - turn! His prom - ise stands re - cord - ed;
Christ on the cross is slain for guilt - y men; Low in the grave, be-
Tell how the stone was quick - ly rolled a - way; Death could not hold its
Look from Thy throne on all who trust in Thee; By all Thy might, by
Each eye shall see and ev - 'ry heart shall burn; Still watch and wait, till
hold the Lord of glo - ry, Shout, shout the vic - to - ry! He
King in meek sub - jec - tion, Come, see the emp - ty tomb where
Thine as - cen - sion glo - rious, Thou art ex - alt - ed our Re-
faith and hope re - ward - ed, Sound out the tri - umph-note to
f Chorus.
m
liv - eth a - gain! Christ hath a - risen! He lives no more to die;
once Je - sus lay. Christ hath a - risen! etc.
deem - er to be. Christ hath a - risen! etc.
greet His re - turn. Christ hath a - risen! etc.

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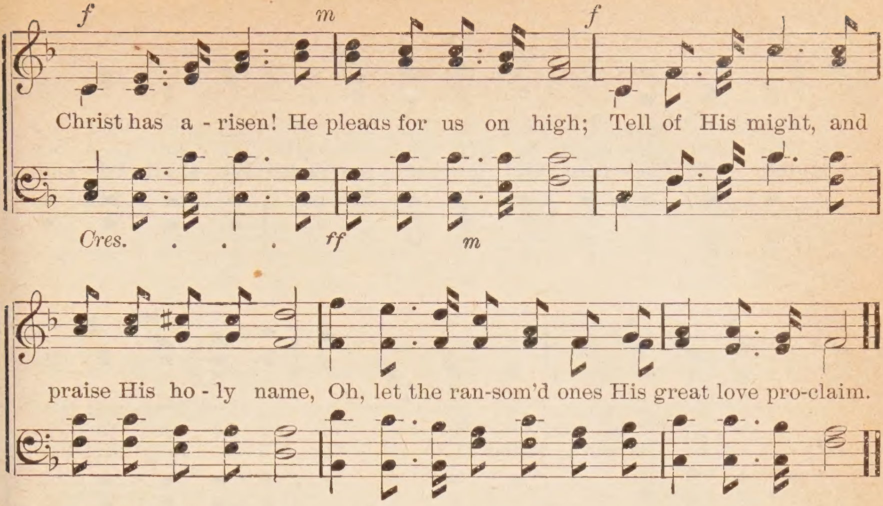
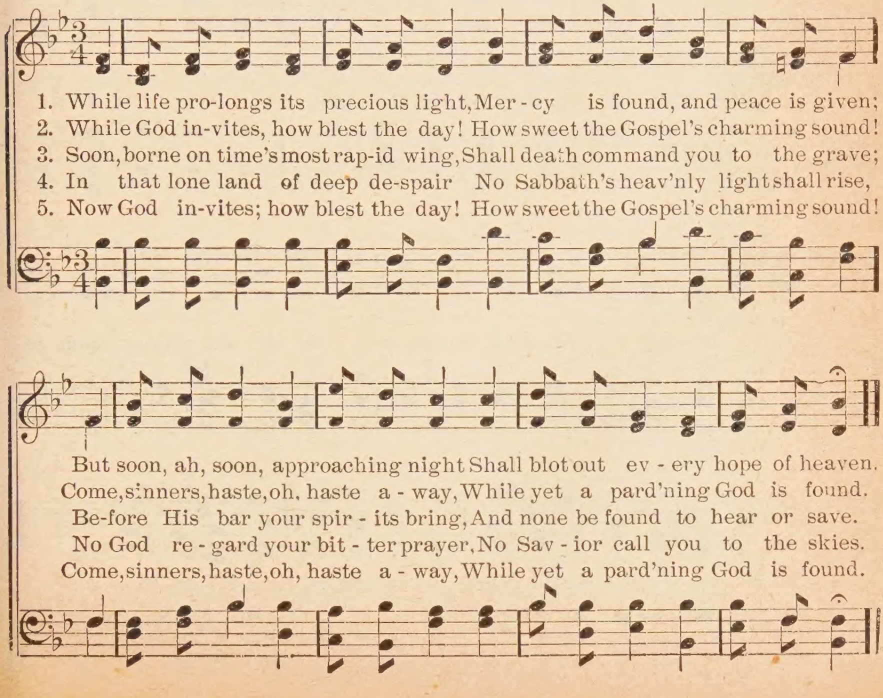
Christ Hath Arisen. Concluded.


f
m
f
Christ has a - risen! He pleaas for us on high; Tell of His might, and
Cres. . . . . ff m
praise His ho - ly name, Oh, let the ran-som'd ones His great love pro-claim.

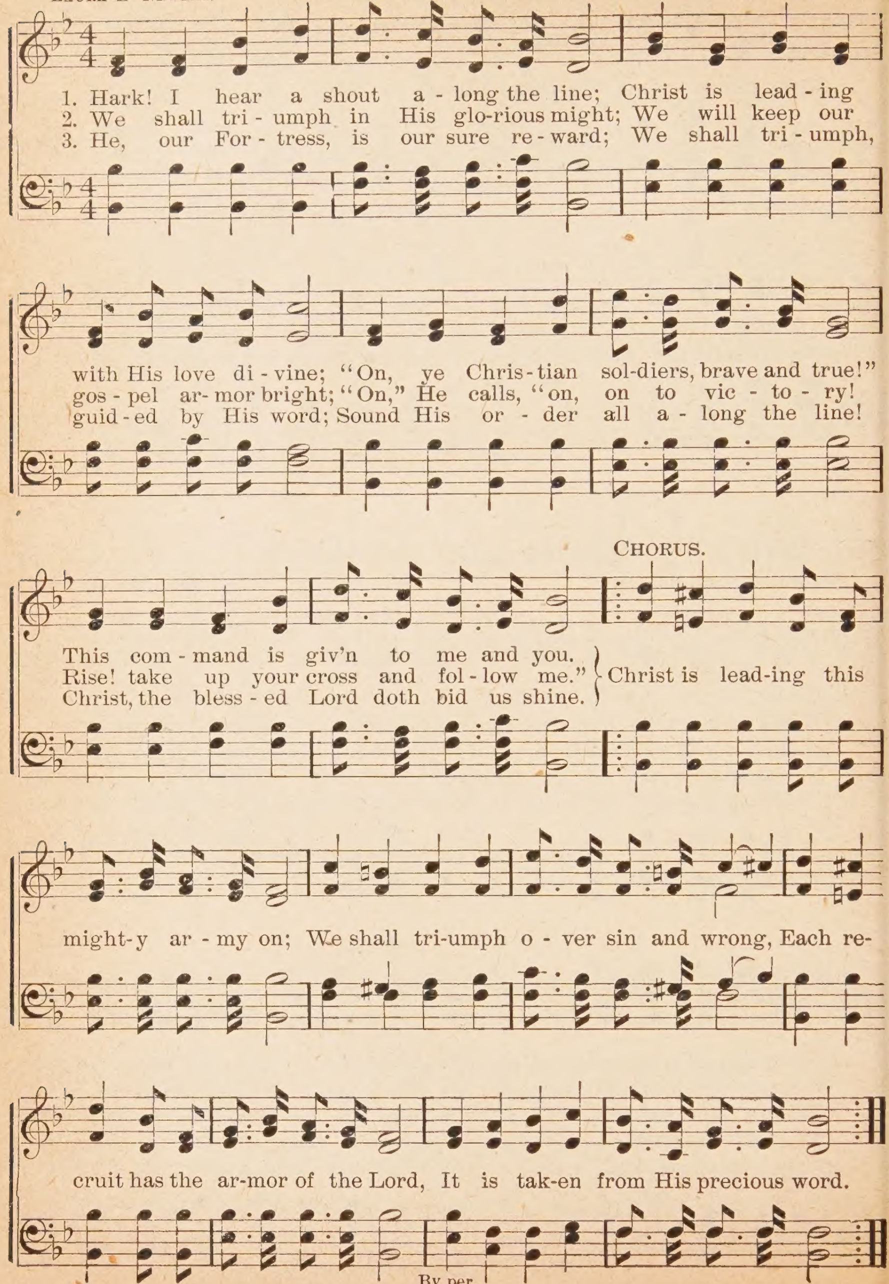
No. 291. While Life Prolongs.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D., 1800
DR. L MASON, 1839


1. While life pro-longs its precious light, Mer - cy is found, and peace is given;
2. While God in-vites, how blest the day! How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
3. Soon, borne on time's most rap-id wing, Shall death command you to the grave;
4. In that lone land of deep de-spair No Sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise,
5. Now God in-vites; how blest the day! How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night Shall blot out ev - ery hope of heaven.
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste a - way, While yet a pard'ning God is found.
Be-fore His bar your spir - its bring, And none be found to hear or save.
No God re - gard your bit - ter prayer, No Sav - ior call you to the skies.
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste a - way, While yet a pard'ning God is found.

No. 292. We Shall Triumph.

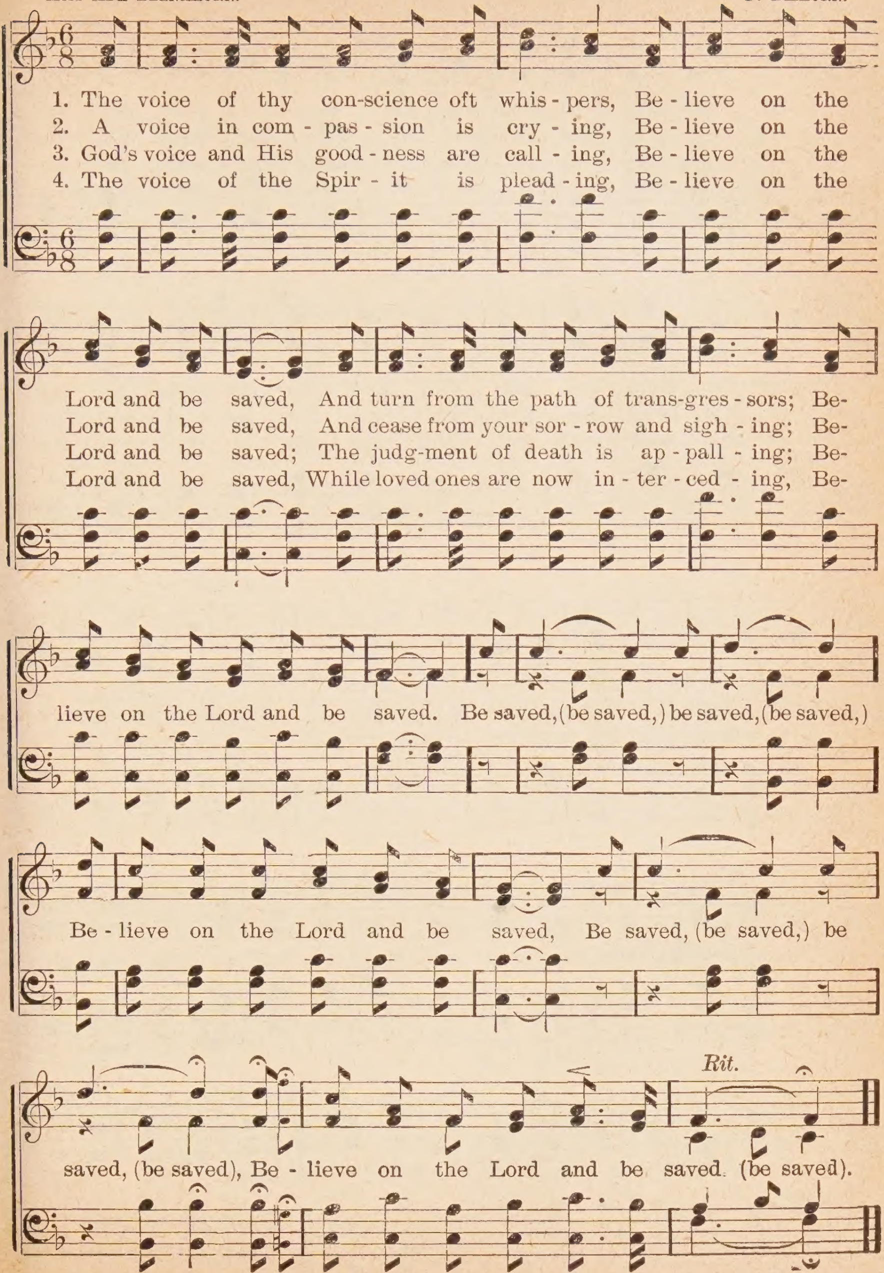
Laura E Newell. C. E. Leslie.


1. Hark! I hear a shout a - long the line; Christ is lead - ing
2. We shall tri - umph in His glo-rious might; We will keep our
3. He, our For - tress, is our sure re - ward; We shall tri - umph,
with His love di - vine; "On, ye Chris - tian sol-diers, brave and true!"
gos - pel ar- mor bright; "On," He calls, "on, on to vic - to - ry!
guid - ed by His word; Sound His or - der all a - long the line!
CHORUS.
This com - mand is giv'n to me and you.
Rise! take up your cross and fol - low me."
Christ, the bless - ed Lord doth bid us shine.
Christ is lead-ing this
might-y ar - my on; We shall tri-umph o - ver sin and wrong, Each re-
cruit has the ar-mor of the Lord, It is tak-en from His precious word.

By per.

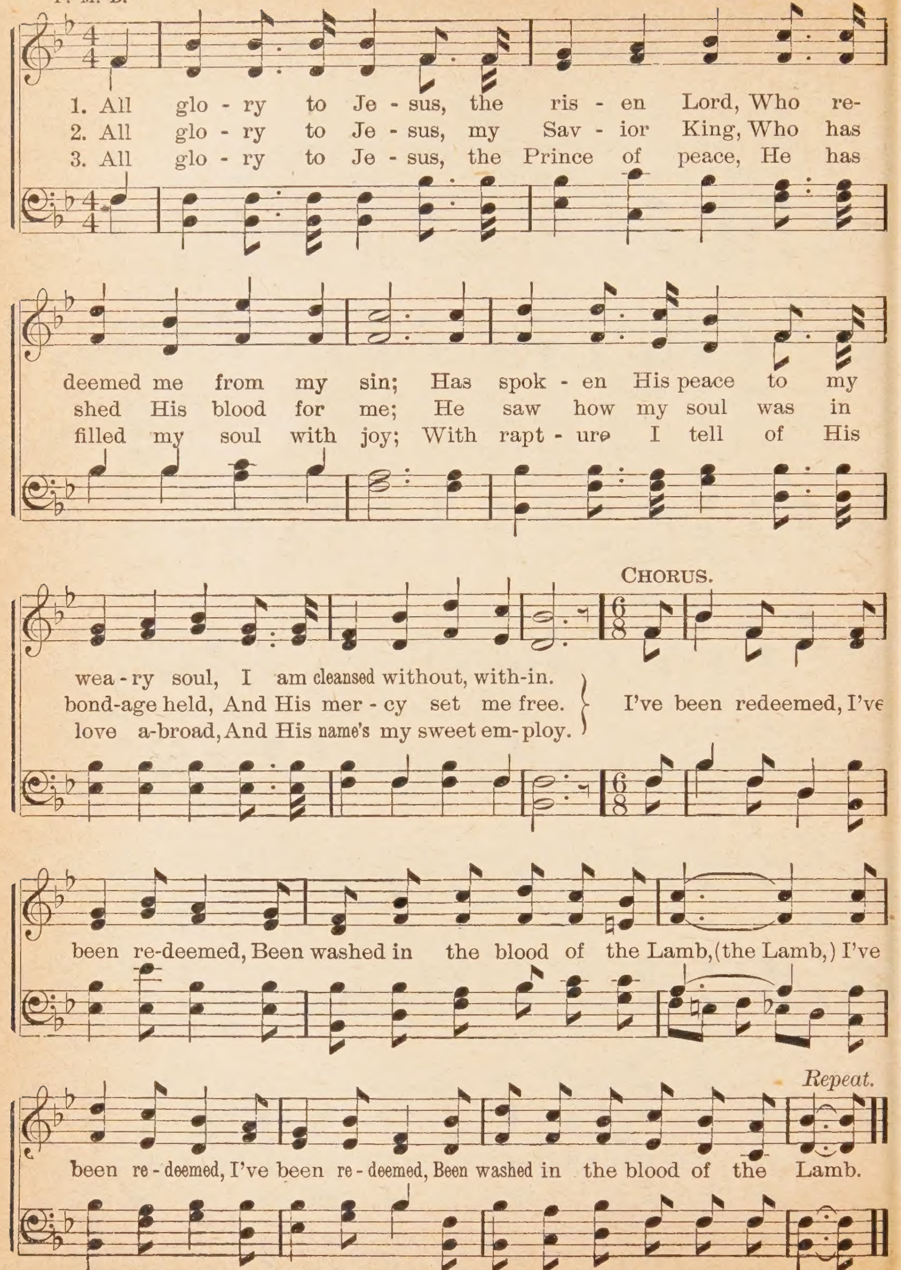
No. 293. Believe and be Saved.

Miss Ada Blenkhorn. P. Bilhorn.


1. The voice of thy con-science oft whis-pers, Be-lieve on the
2. A voice in com-pas-sion is cry-ing, Be-lieve on the
3. God's voice and His good-ness are call-ing, Be-lieve on the
4. The voice of the Spir-it is plead-ing, Be-lieve on the
Lord and be saved, And turn from the path of trans-gres-sors; Be-
Lord and be saved, And cease from your sor-row and sigh-ing; Be-
Lord and be saved; The judg-ment of death is ap-pall-ing; Be-
Lord and be saved, While loved ones are now in-ter-ced-ing, Be-
lieve on the Lord and be saved. Be saved, (be saved,) be saved, (be saved,)
Be-lieve on the Lord and be saved, Be saved, (be saved,) be
saved, (be saved), Be-lieve on the Lord and be saved. (be saved).
Rit.

No. 294. I've Been Redeemed.

F. M. D. Frank M. Davis.


1. All glo-ry to Je-sus, the ris-en Lord, Who re-deemed me from my sin; Has spok-en His peace to my wea-ry soul, I am cleansed without, with-in.
2. All glo-ry to Je-sus, my Sav-ior King, Who has shed His blood for me; He saw how my soul was in bond-age held, And His mer-cy set me free.
3. All glo-ry to Je-sus, the Prince of peace, He has filled my soul with joy; With rapt-ure I tell of His love a-broad, And His name's my sweet em-ploy.
Chorus.
I've been redeemed, I've been re-deemed, Been washed in the blood of the Lamb, (the Lamb,) I've been re-deemed, I've been re-deemed, Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Repeat.

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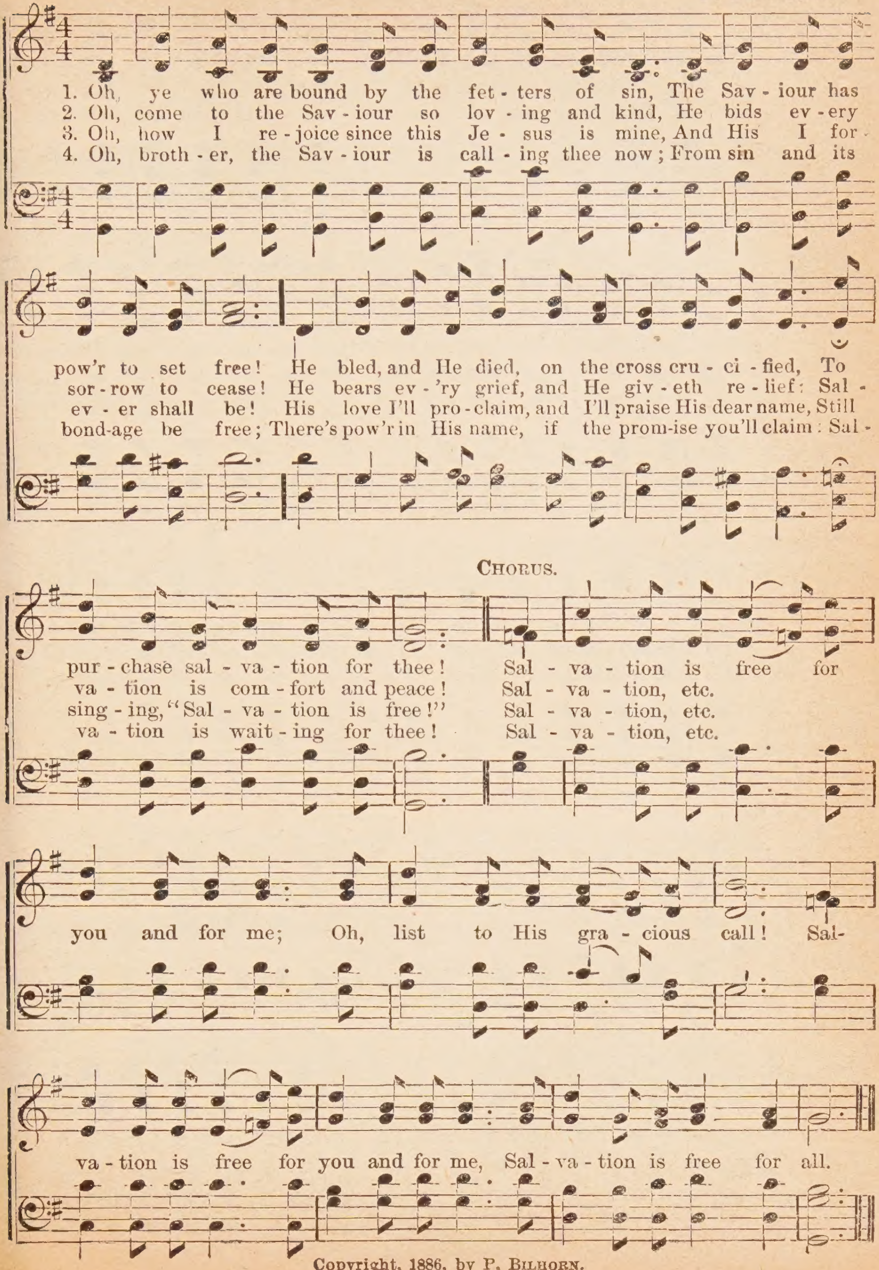
No. 295. Salvation is Free for All.

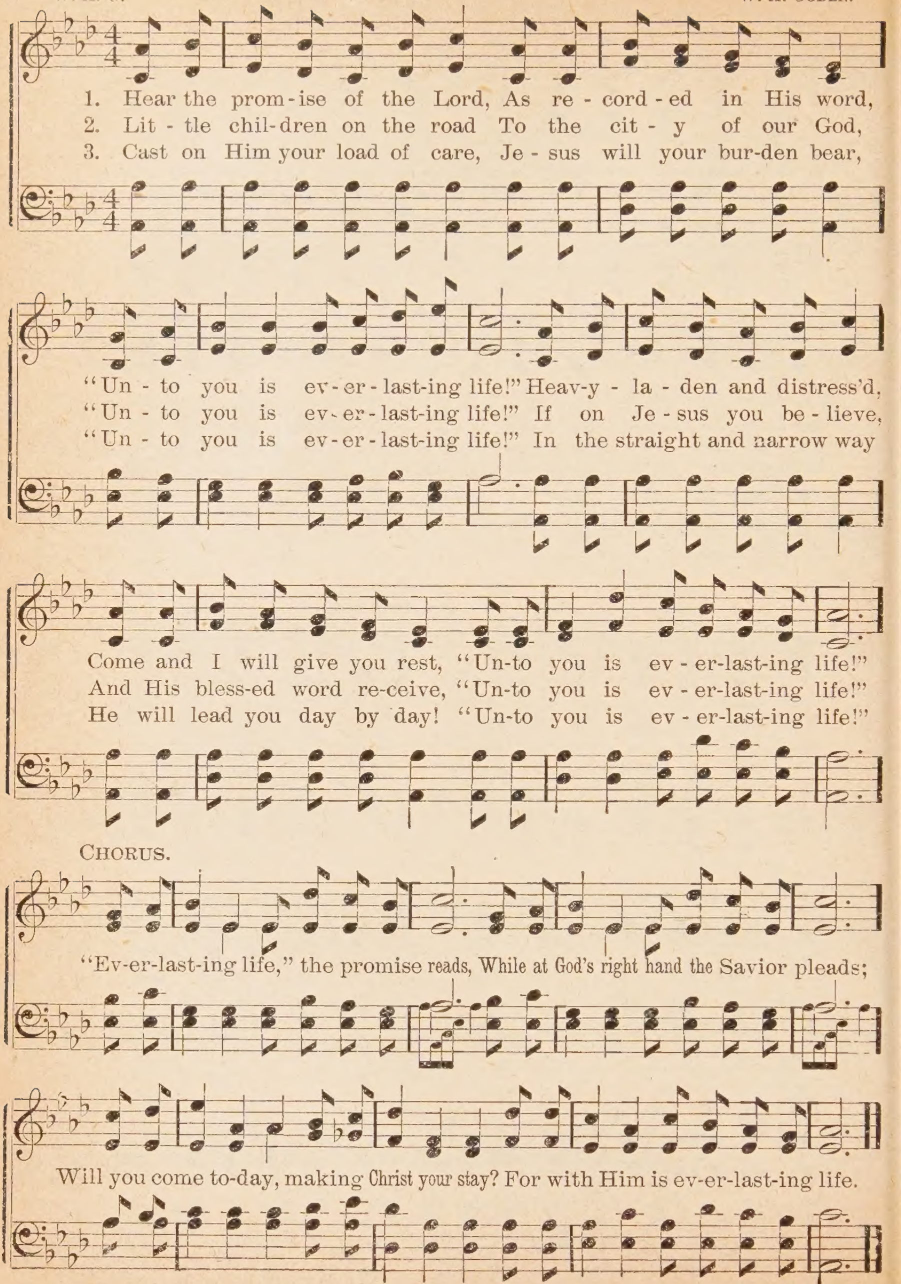
"*Behold, now is the day of salvation.*"—2 Cor. 6: 2.
"*Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*"—Rev. 22: 17.

P. B. P. BILHORN.


1. Oh, ye who are bound by the fet - ters of sin, The Sav - iour has
2. Oh, come to the Sav - iour so lov - ing and kind, He bids ev - ery
3. Oh, how I re - joice since this Je - sus is mine, And His I for -
4. Oh, broth - er, the Sav - iour is call - ing thee now; From sin and its
pow'r to set free! He bled, and He died, on the cross cru - ci - fied, To
sor - row to cease! He bears ev - 'ry grief, and He giv - eth re - lief: Sal -
ev - er shall be! His love I'll pro - claim, and I'll praise His dear name, Still
bond-age be free; There's pow'r in His name, if the prom-ise you'll claim: Sal -
Chorus.
pur - chase sal - va - tion for thee! Sal - va - tion is free for
va - tion is com - fort and peace! Sal - va - tion, etc.
sing - ing, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Sal - va - tion, etc.
va - tion is wait - ing for thee! Sal - va - tion, etc.
you and for me; Oh, list to His gra - cious call! Sal-
va - tion is free for you and for me, Sal - va - tion is free for all.

No. 296. Everlasting Life.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

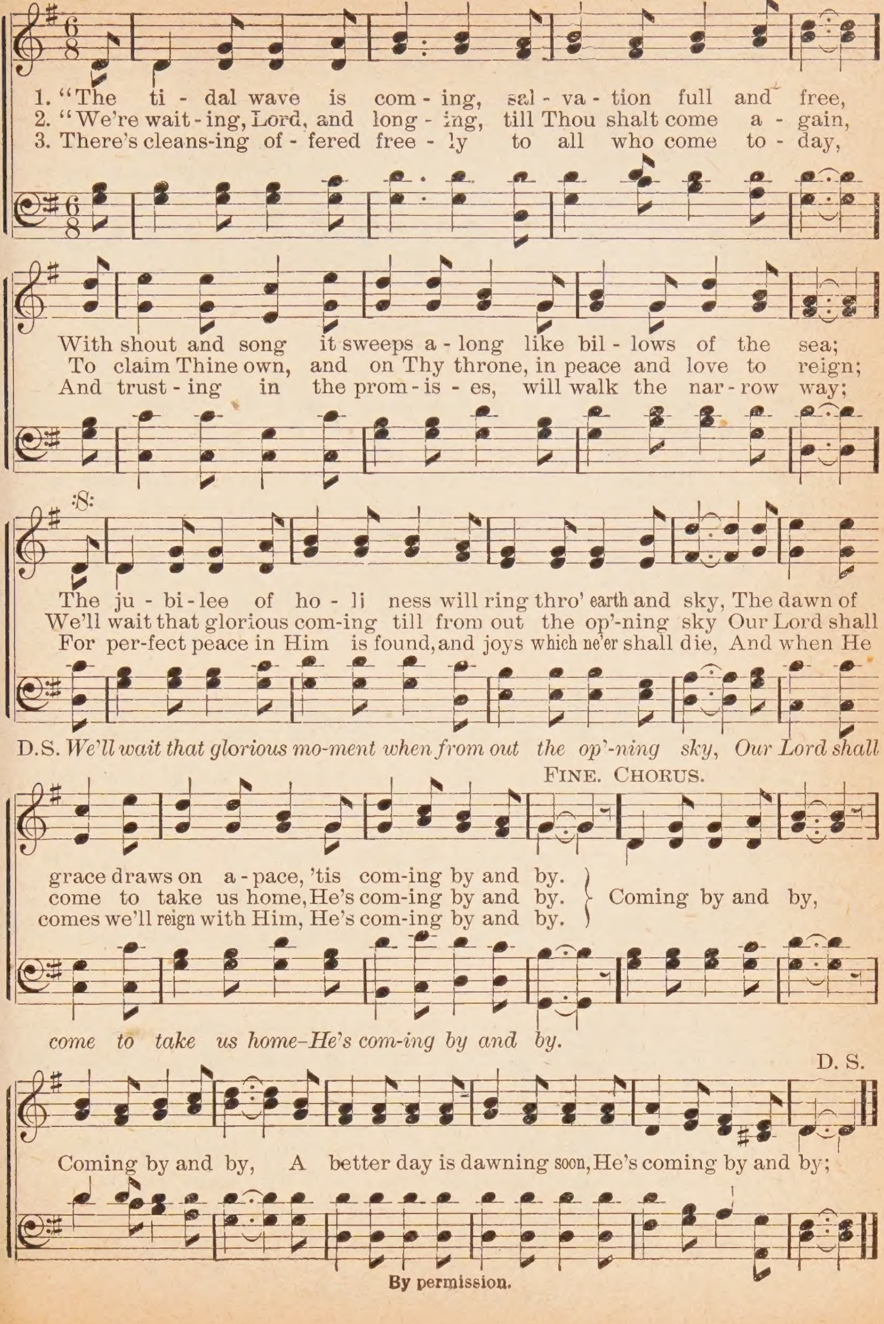

1. Hear the prom-ise of the Lord, As re-cord-ed in His word,
2. Lit-tle chil-dren on the road To the cit-y of our God,
3. Cast on Him your load of care, Je-sus will your bur-den bear,
"Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!" Heav-y-la-den and distress'd,
"Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!" If on Je-sus you be-lieve,
"Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!" In the straight and narrow way
Come and I will give you rest, "Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!"
And His bless-ed word re-ceive, "Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!"
He will lead you day by day! "Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!"
Chorus.
"Ev-er-last-ing life," the promise reads, While at God's right hand the Savior pleads;
Will you come to-day, making Christ your stay? For with Him is ev-er-last-ing life.

By permission.

No. 297. The Tidal Wave is Coming.

Rev. John P. Brooks.

L. White.

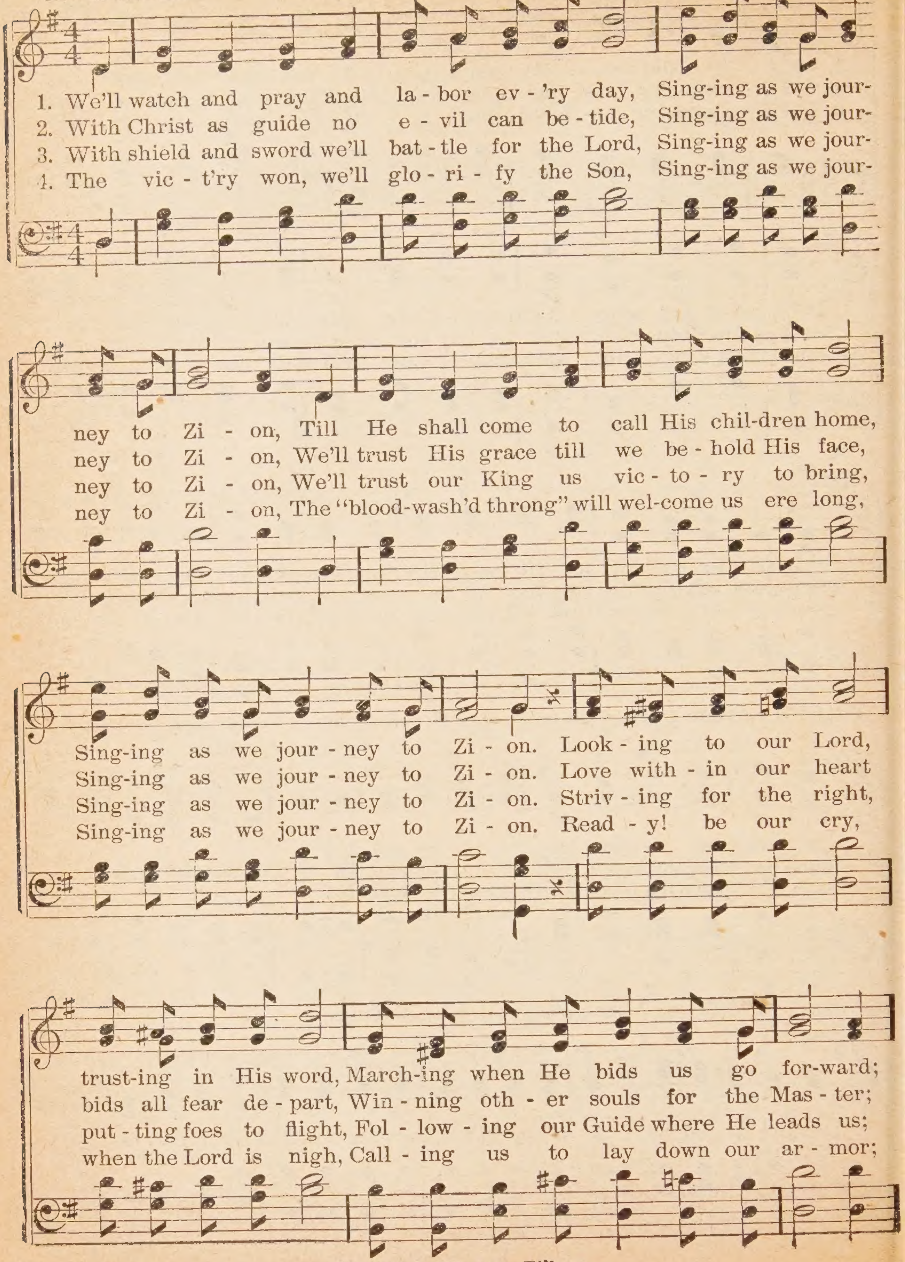

1. "The ti - dal wave is com - ing, sal - va - tion full and free,
2. "We're wait - ing, Lord, and long - ing, till Thou shalt come a - gain,
3. There's cleans-ing of - fered free - ly to all who come to - day,
With shout and song it sweeps a - long like bil - lows of the sea;
To claim Thine own, and on Thy throne, in peace and love to reign;
And trust - ing in the prom - is - es, will walk the nar - row way;
𝄋
The ju - bi - lee of ho - li ness will ring thro' earth and sky, The dawn of
We'll wait that glorious com-ing till from out the op'-ning sky Our Lord shall
For per-fect peace in Him is found, and joys which ne'er shall die, And when He
D.S. *We'll wait that glorious mo-ment when from out the op'-ning sky, Our Lord shall*
Fine. Chorus.
grace draws on a - pace, 'tis com-ing by and by.
come to take us home, He's com-ing by and by.
comes we'll reign with Him, He's com-ing by and by.
Coming by and by,
come to take us home–He's com-ing by and by.
D. S.
Coming by and by, A better day is dawning soon, He's coming by and by;

By permission.

No. 298. Singing as We Journey to Zion.

Ada Blenkhorn.

P. Bilhorn.


1. We'll watch and pray and la - bor ev - 'ry day, Sing-ing as we jour-
2. With Christ as guide no e - vil can be - tide, Sing-ing as we jour-
3. With shield and sword we'll bat - tle for the Lord, Sing-ing as we jour-
4. The vic - t'ry won, we'll glo - ri - fy the Son, Sing-ing as we jour-
ney to Zi - on, Till He shall come to call His chil-dren home,
ney to Zi - on, We'll trust His grace till we be - hold His face,
ney to Zi - on, We'll trust our King us vic - to - ry to bring,
ney to Zi - on, The "blood-wash'd throng" will wel-come us ere long,
Sing-ing as we jour - ney to Zi - on. Look - ing to our Lord,
Sing-ing as we jour - ney to Zi - on. Love with - in our heart
Sing-ing as we jour - ney to Zi - on. Striv - ing for the right,
Sing-ing as we jour - ney to Zi - on. Read - y! be our cry,
trust-ing in His word, March-ing when He bids us go for-ward;
bids all fear de - part, Win - ning oth - er souls for the Mas - ter;
put - ting foes to flight, Fol - low - ing our Guide where He leads us;
when the Lord is nigh, Call - ing us to lay down our ar - mor;

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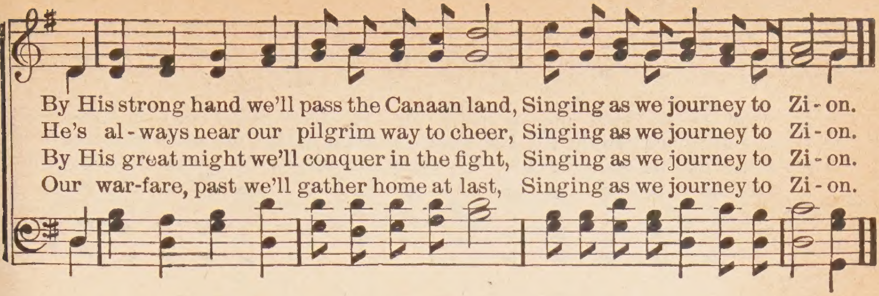
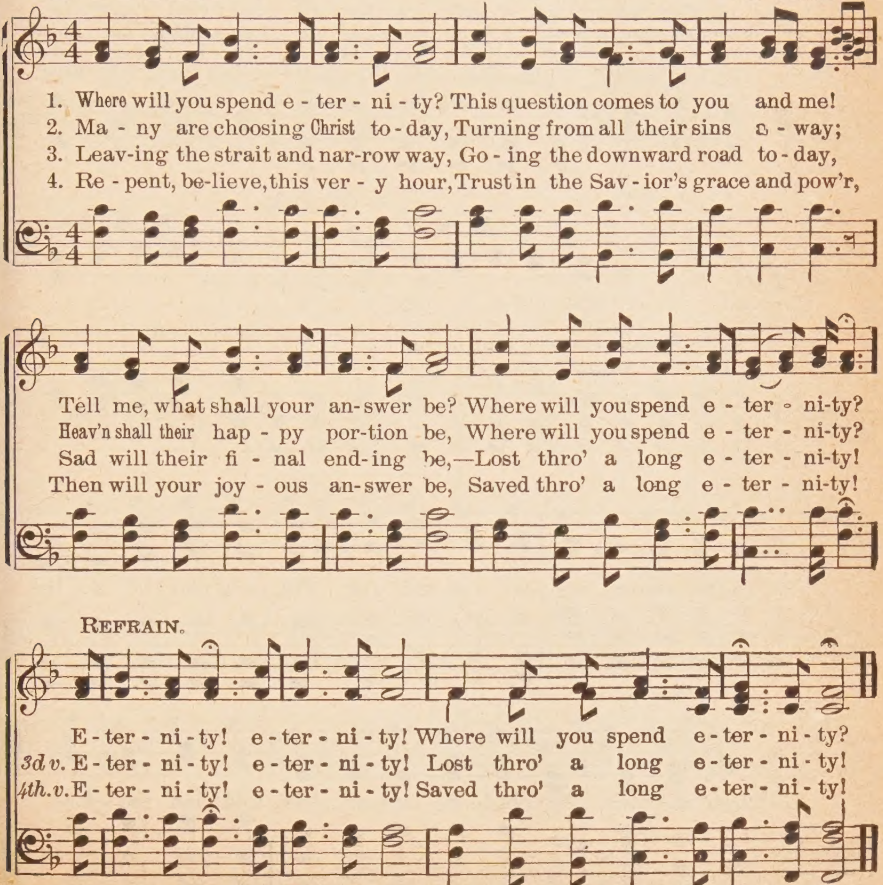
Singing as We Journey to Zion. Concluded.


By His strong hand we'll pass the Canaan land, Singing as we journey to Zi-on.
He's al-ways near our pilgrim way to cheer, Singing as we journey to Zi-on.
By His great might we'll conquer in the fight, Singing as we journey to Zi-on.
Our war-fare, past we'll gather home at last, Singing as we journey to Zi-on.

No. 299. Where will You Spend Eternity?

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.


1. Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Ma-ny are choosing Christ to-day, Turning from all their sins a-way;
3. Leav-ing the strait and nar-row way, Go-ing the downward road to-day,
4. Re-pent, be-lieve, this ver-y hour, Trust in the Sav-ior's grace and pow'r,
Tell me, what shall your an-swer be? Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty?
Heav'n shall their hap-py por-tion be, Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty?
Sad will their fi-nal end-ing be,—Lost thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty!
Then will your joy-ous an-swer be, Saved thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty!
Refrain.
E-ter-ni-ty! e-ter-ni-ty! Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty?
3d v. E-ter-ni-ty! e-ter-ni-ty! Lost thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty!
4th. v. E-ter-ni-ty! e-ter-ni-ty! Saved thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty!

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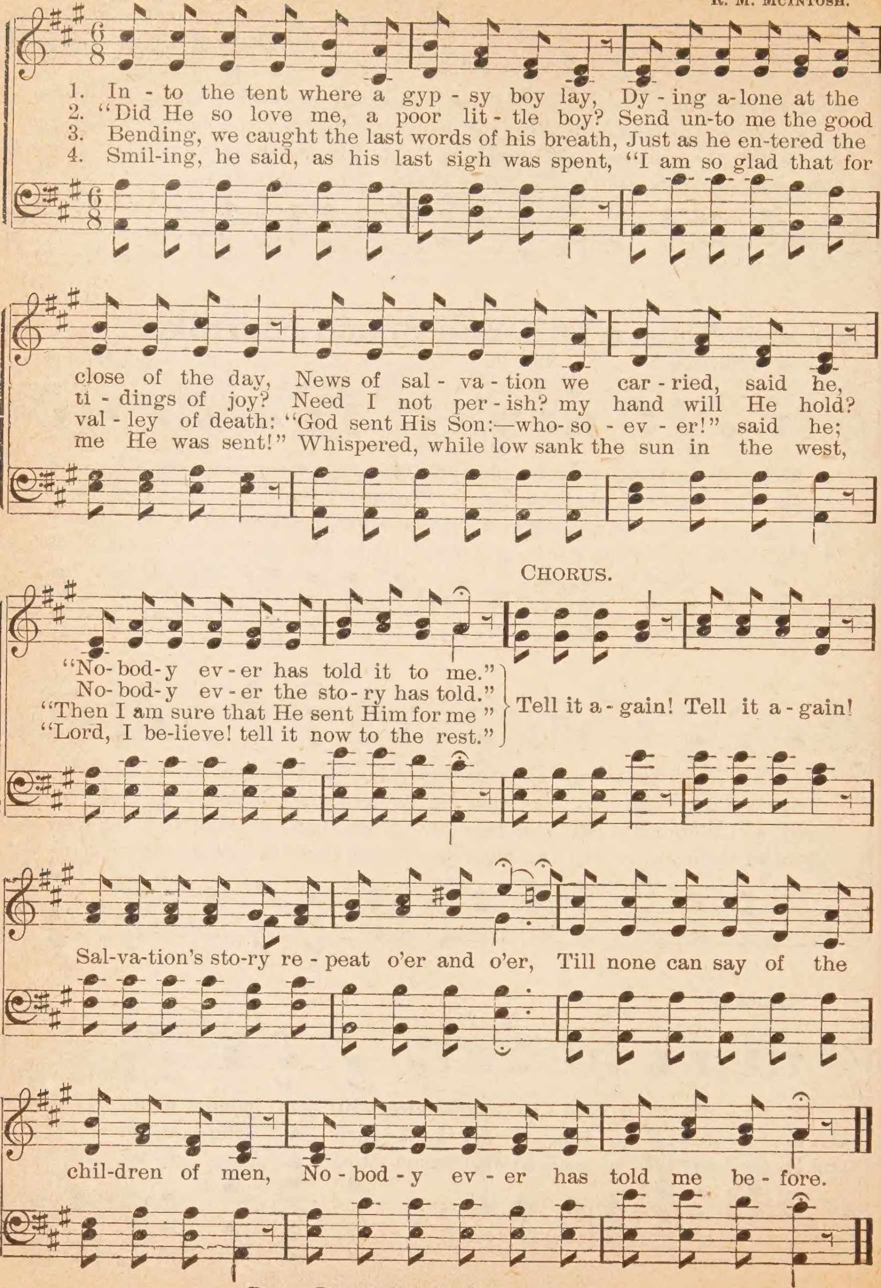
No. 300.

Tell it Again.

Mrs. Mary B. C. Slade.

R. M. McIntosh.


1. In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a-lone at the
2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un-to me the good
3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the
4. Smil-ing, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for
close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried, said he,
ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will He hold?
val - ley of death: "God sent His Son:—who- so - ev - er!" said he;
me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,
"No-bod-y ev-er has told it to me."
No-bod-y ev-er the sto-ry has told."
"Then I am sure that He sent Him for me"
"Lord, I be-lieve! tell it now to the rest."
CHORUS.
Tell it a - gain! Tell it a - gain!
Sal-va-tion's sto-ry re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the
chil-dren of men, No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore.
6
8

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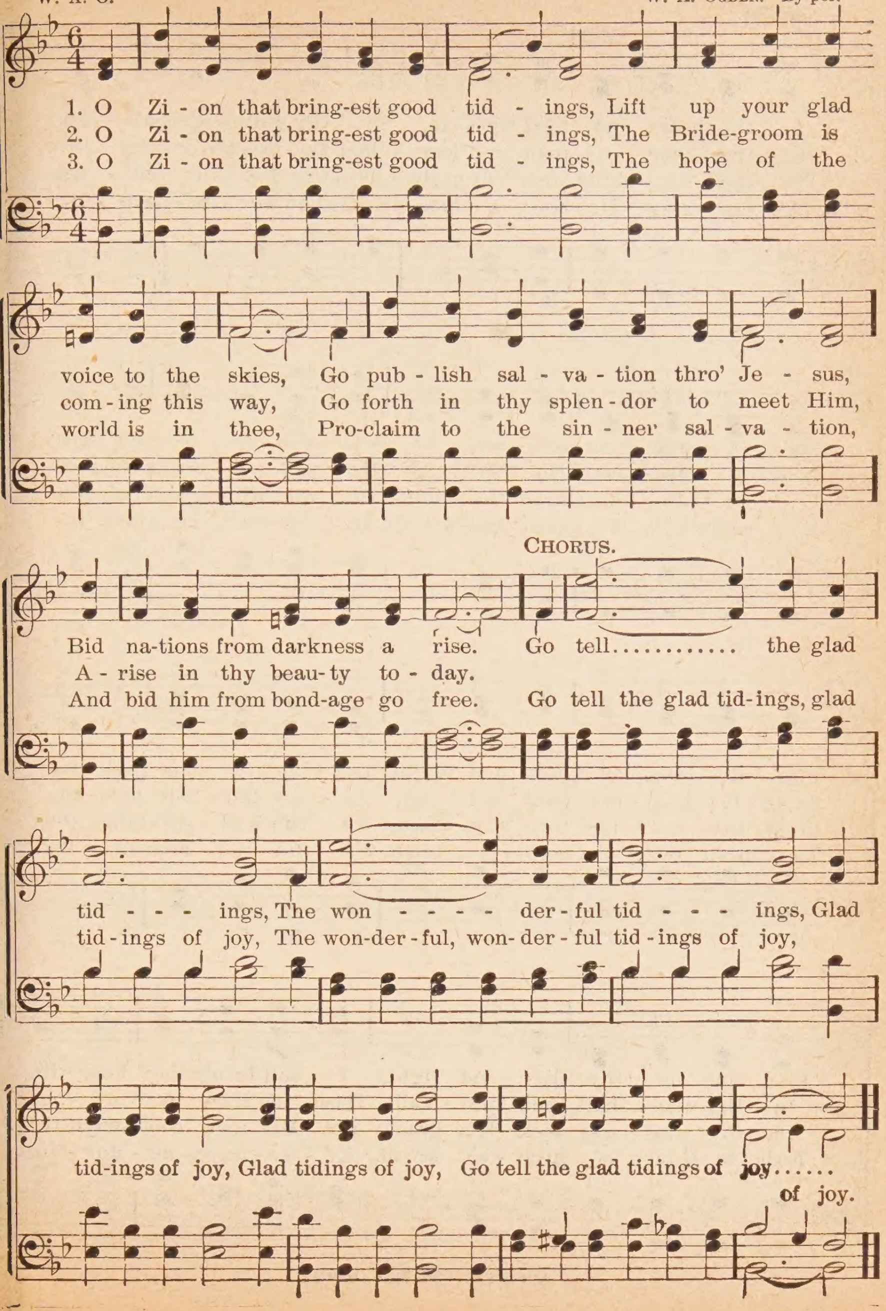
No. 301. Glad Tidings of Joy.

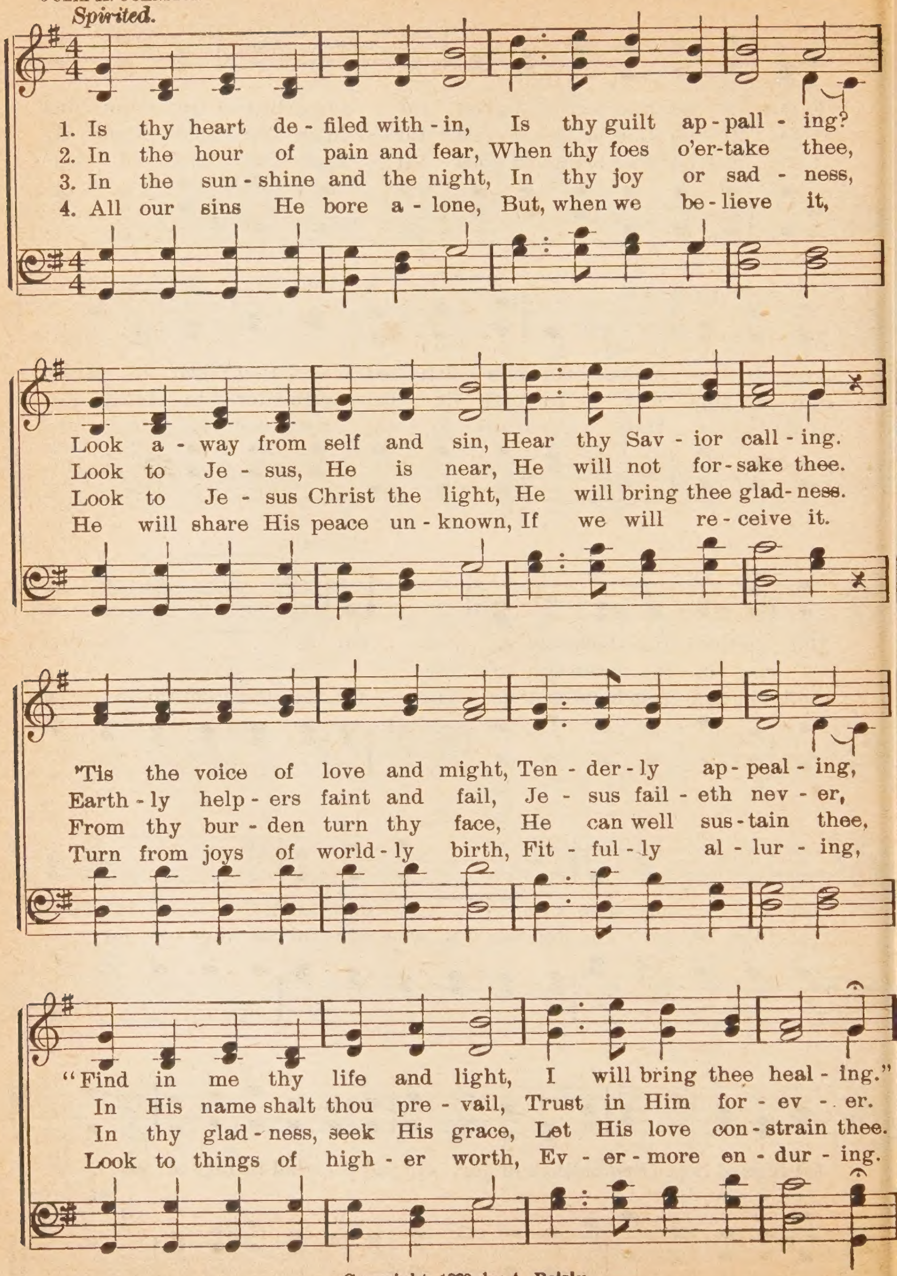
W. A. O.

W. A. Ogden. By per.


1. O Zi - on that bring-est good tid - ings, Lift up your glad
2. O Zi - on that bring-est good tid - ings, The Bride-groom is
3. O Zi - on that bring-est good tid - ings, The hope of the
voice to the skies, Go pub - lish sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus,
com - ing this way, Go forth in thy splen - dor to meet Him,
world is in thee, Pro-claim to the sin - ner sal - va - tion,
Chorus.
Bid na-tions from darkness a rise. Go tell............ the glad
A - rise in thy beau-ty to - day.
And bid him from bond-age go free. Go tell the glad tid-ings, glad
tid - - - ings, The won - - - - der - ful tid - - - ings, Glad
tid - ings of joy, The won-der - ful, won- der - ful tid - ings of joy,
tid-ings of joy, Glad tidings of joy, Go tell the glad tidings of joy......
of joy.

No. 302. Look Away to Jesus.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. A. BEIRLY. By per.


Spirited.
1. Is thy heart de - filed with - in, Is thy guilt ap - pall - ing?
2. In the hour of pain and fear, When thy foes o'er-take thee,
3. In the sun - shine and the night, In thy joy or sad - ness,
4. All our sins He bore a - lone, But, when we be - lieve it,
Look a - way from self and sin, Hear thy Sav - ior call - ing.
Look to Je - sus, He is near, He will not for - sake thee.
Look to Je - sus Christ the light, He will bring thee glad - ness.
He will share His peace un - known, If we will re - ceive it.
'Tis the voice of love and might, Ten - der - ly ap - peal - ing,
Earth - ly help - ers faint and fail, Je - sus fail - eth nev - er,
From thy bur - den turn thy face, He can well sus - tain thee,
Turn from joys of world - ly birth, Fit - ful - ly al - lur - ing,
"Find in me thy life and light, I will bring thee heal - ing."
In His name shalt thou pre - vail, Trust in Him for - ev - er.
In thy glad - ness, seek His grace, Let His love con - strain thee.
Look to things of high - er worth, Ev - er - more en - dur - ing.

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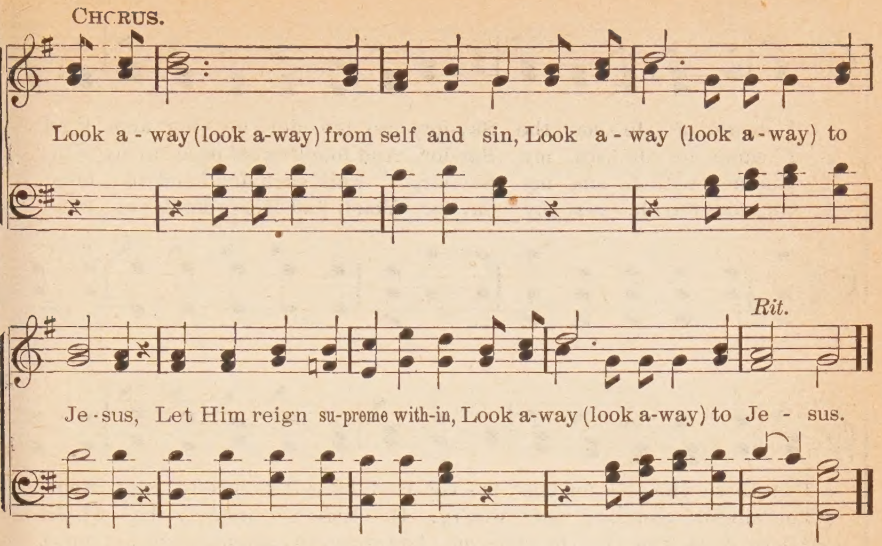
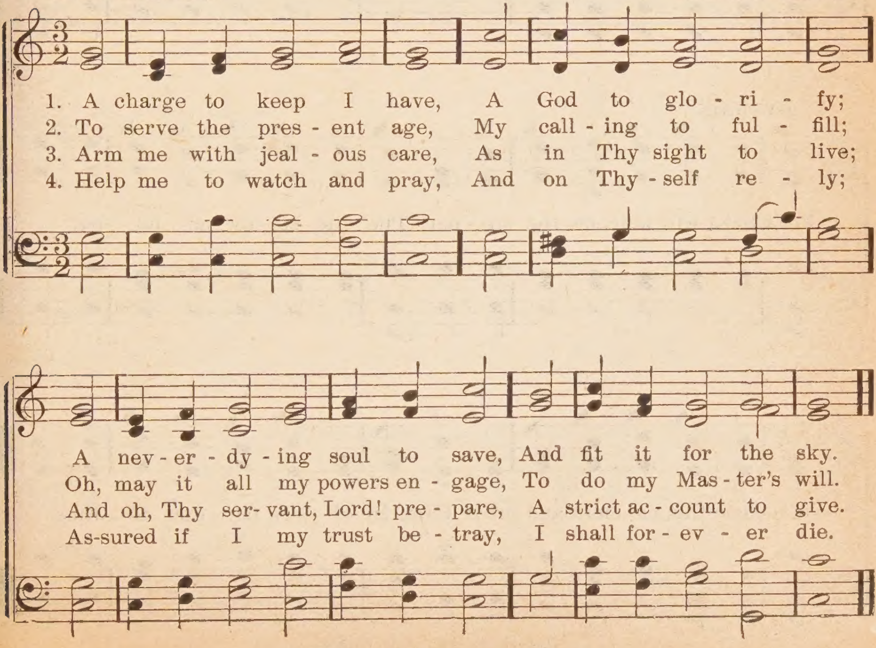
Look Away to Jesus. Concluded.


Chorus.
Look a - way (look a-way) from self and sin, Look a - way (look a - way) to
Je - sus, Let Him reign su-preme with-in, Look a-way (look a-way) to Je - sus.
Rit.

No. 303. A Charge to Keep I Have.

Rev. Chas. Wesley.

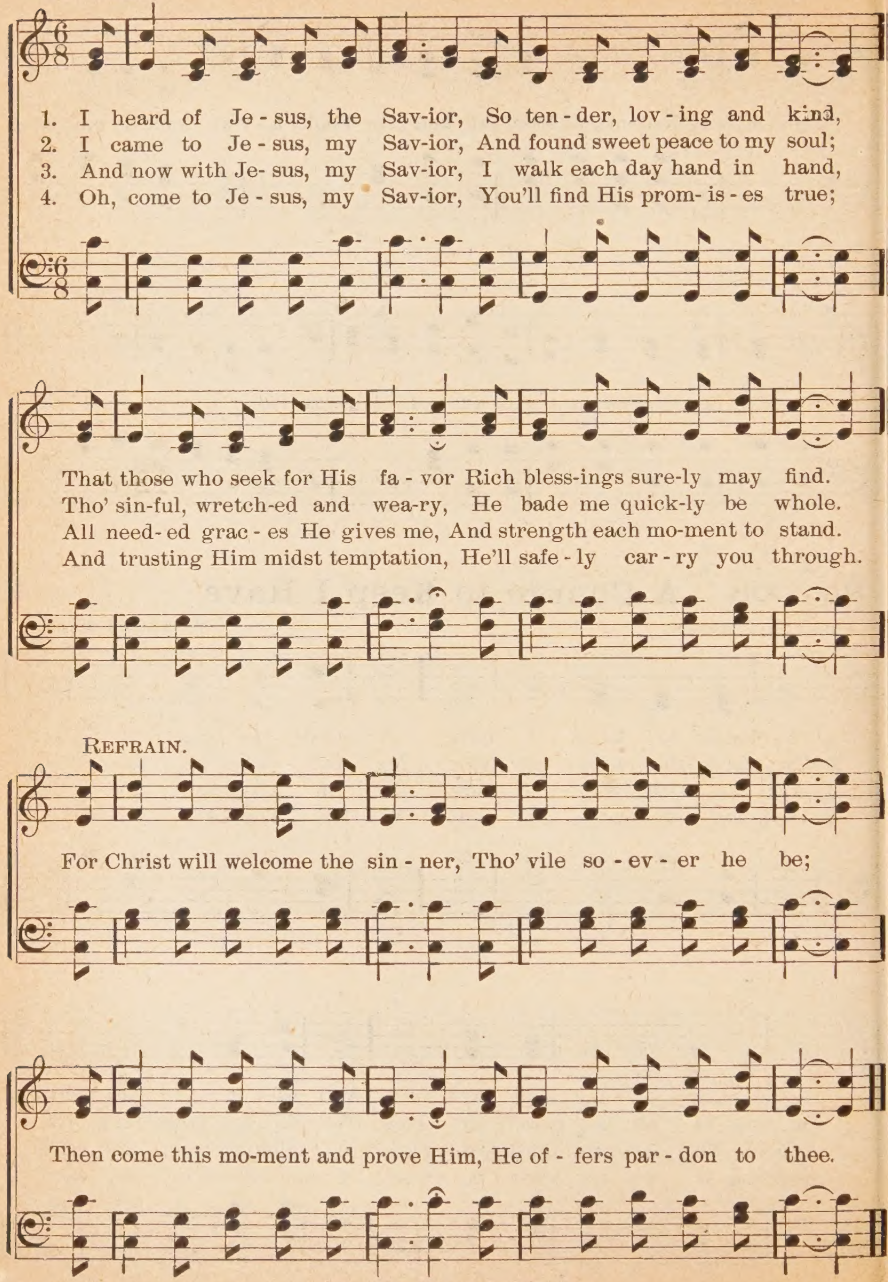
Dr. Lowell Mason.


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill;
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly;
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
Oh, may it all my powers en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will.
And oh, Thy ser- vant, Lord! pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give.
As-sured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

No. 304. Christ will Welcome Thee.

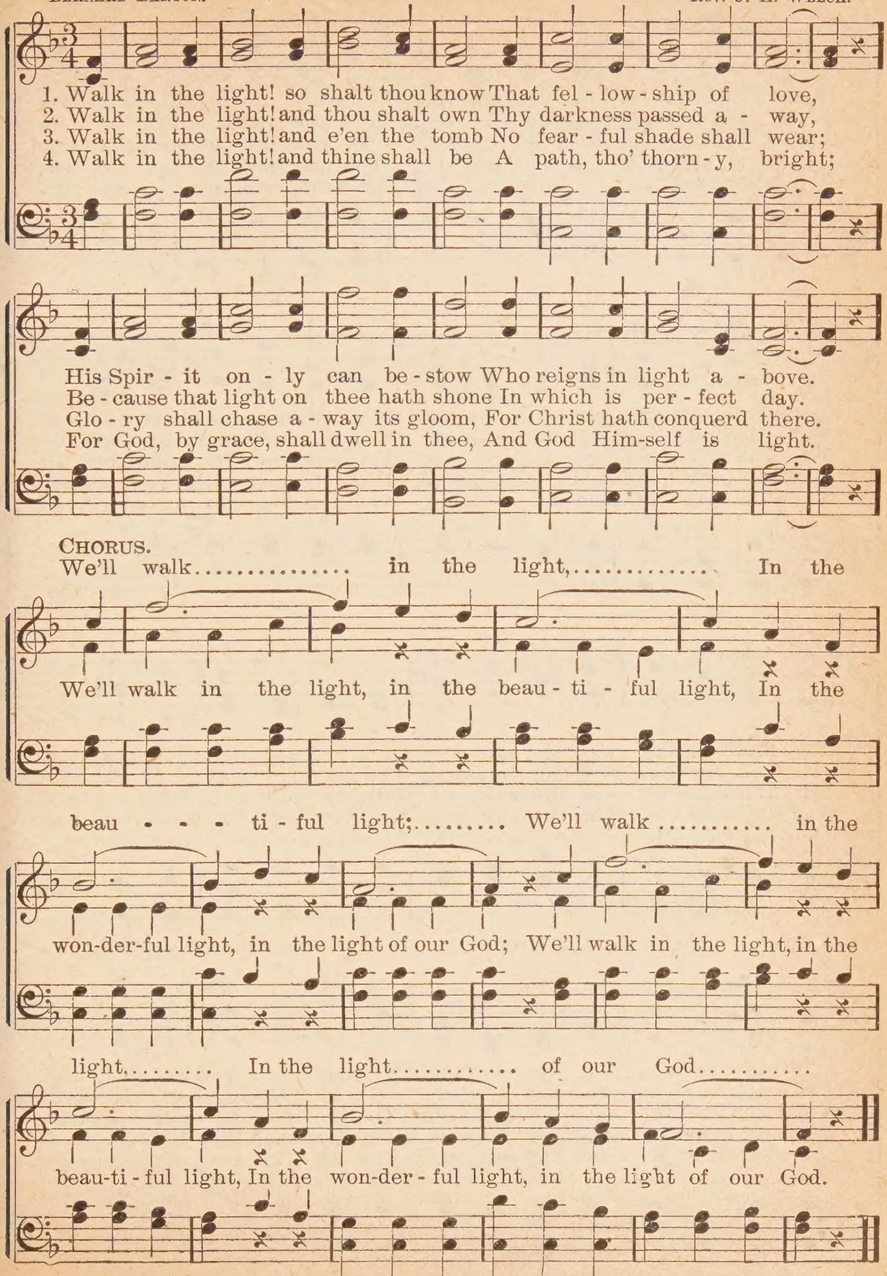
Miss A. Smith.

P. Bilhorn


1. I heard of Je - sus, the Sav-ior, So ten - der, lov - ing and kind,
2. I came to Je - sus, my Sav-ior, And found sweet peace to my soul;
3. And now with Je- sus, my Sav-ior, I walk each day hand in hand,
4. Oh, come to Je - sus, my Sav-ior, You'll find His prom- is - es true;
That those who seek for His fa - vor Rich bless-ings sure-ly may find.
Tho' sin-ful, wretch-ed and wea-ry, He bade me quick-ly be whole.
All need- ed grac - es He gives me, And strength each mo-ment to stand.
And trusting Him midst temptation, He'll safe - ly car - ry you through.
Refrain.
For Christ will welcome the sin - ner, Tho' vile so - ev - er he be;
Then come this mo-ment and prove Him, He of - fers par - don to thee.

No. 305. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. Rev. J. H. Welch.


1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a - way,
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear;
4. Walk in the light! and thine shall be A path, tho' thorn - y, bright;
His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove.
Be - cause that light on thee hath shone In which is per - fect day.
Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquerd there.
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Him-self is light.
Chorus.
We'll walk............... in the light,............. In the
We'll walk in the light, in the beau - ti - ful light, In the
beau - - - ti - ful light;......... We'll walk .... in the
won-der-ful light, in the light of our God; We'll walk in the light, in the
light,........ In the light............ of our God............
beau-ti - ful light, In the won-der - ful light, in the light of our God.

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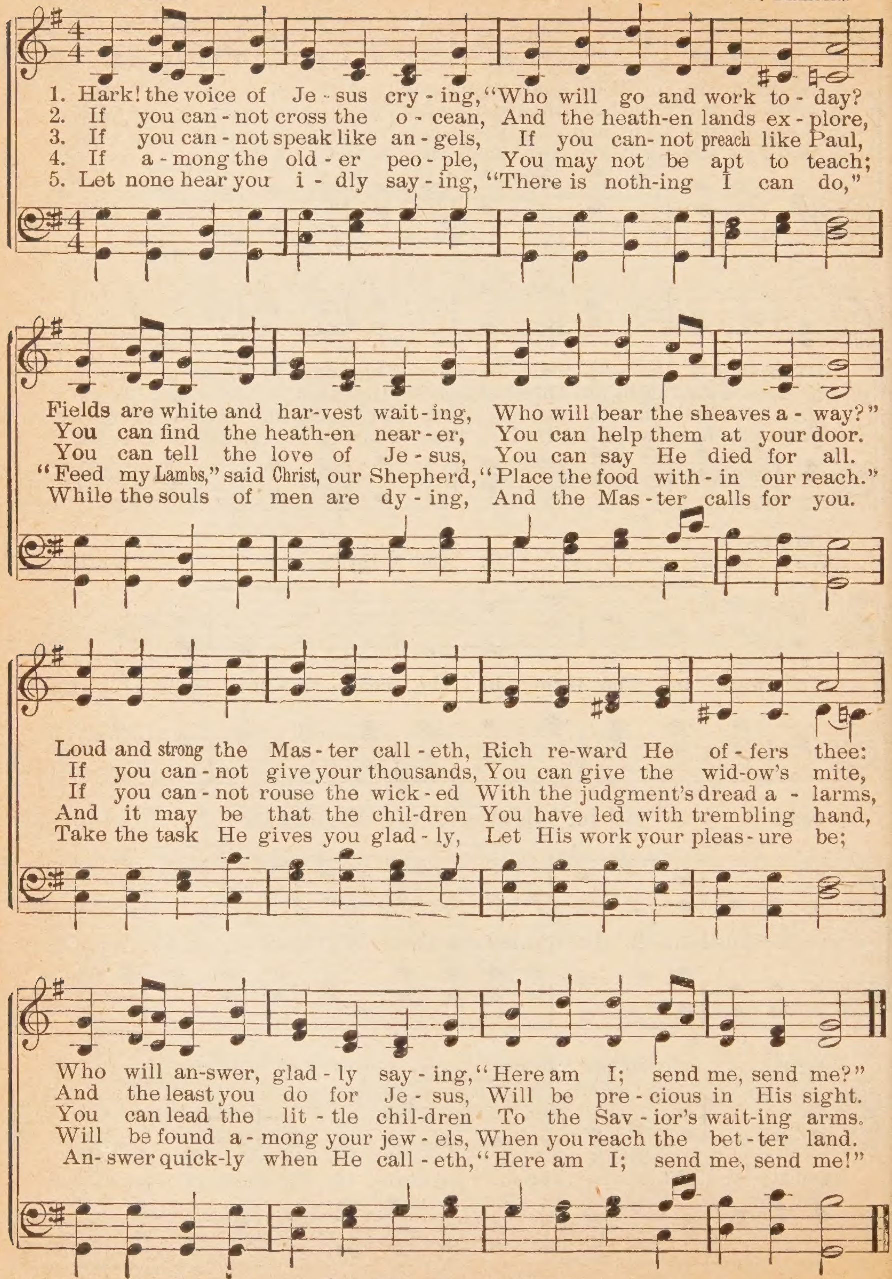
No. 306.

Who Will Go?

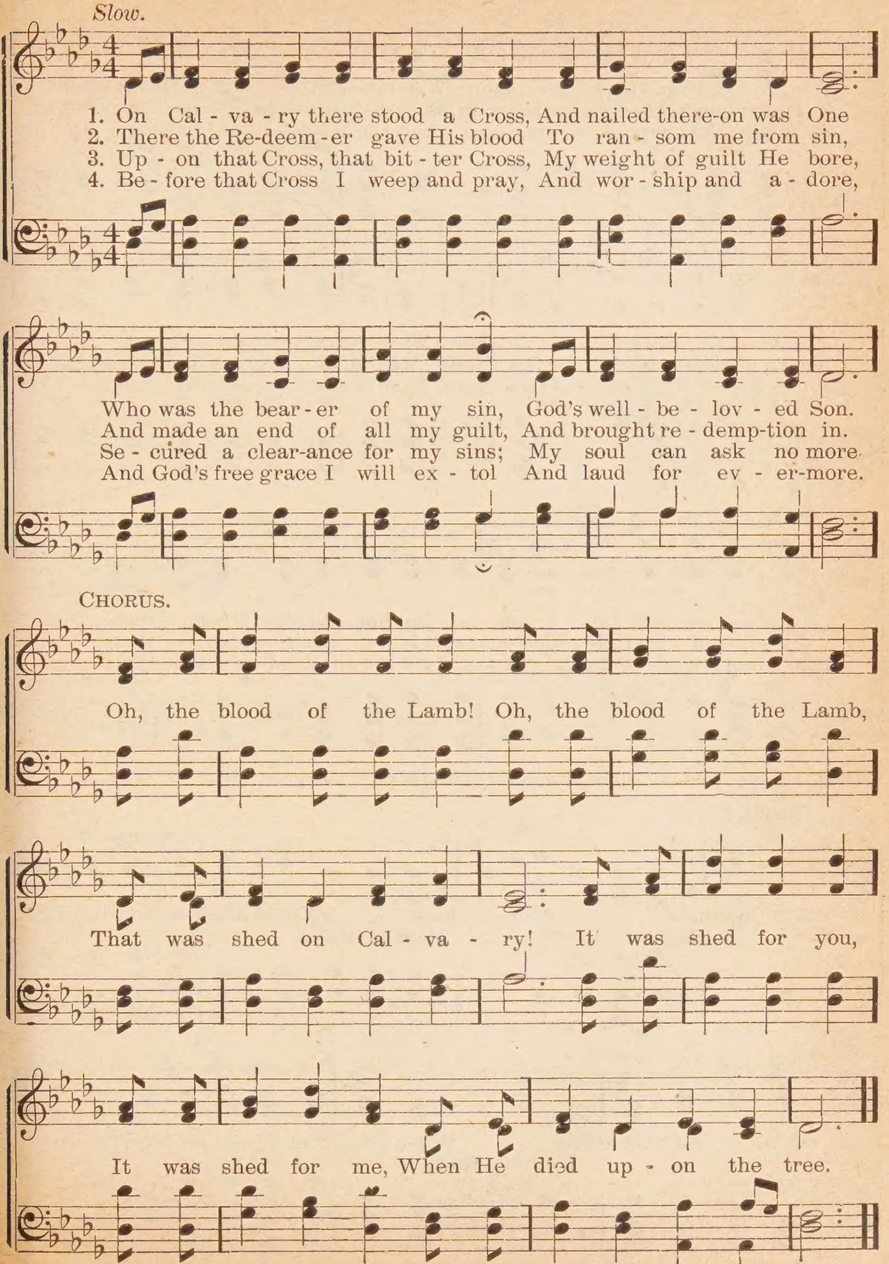
Rev. D. March.

P. Bilhorn.


1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the heath-en lands ex - plore,
3. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you can- not preach like Paul,
4. If a - mong the old - er peo - ple, You may not be apt to teach;
5. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth-ing I can do,"
Fields are white and har-vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can find the heath-en near - er, You can help them at your door.
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.
"Feed my Lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd, "Place the food with - in our reach."
While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you.
Loud and strong the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re-ward He of - fers thee:
If you can - not give your thousands, You can give the wid-ow's mite,
If you can - not rouse the wick - ed With the judgment's dread a - larms,
And it may be that the chil-dren You have led with trembling hand,
Take the task He gives you glad - ly, Let His work your pleas - ure be;
Who will an-swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I; send me, send me?"
And the least you do for Je - sus, Will be pre - cious in His sight.
You can lead the lit - tle chil-dren To the Sav - ior's wait-ing arms.
Will be found a - mong your jew - els, When you reach the bet - ter land.
An- swer quick-ly when He call - eth, "Here am I; send me, send me!"

No. 307. There Stood a Cross.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.
Rev. J. H. Welch.


Slow.
1. On Cal - va - ry there stood a Cross, And nailed there-on was One
2. There the Re-deem - er gave His blood To ran - som me from sin,
3. Up - on that Cross, that bit - ter Cross, My weight of guilt He bore,
4. Be - fore that Cross I weep and pray, And wor - ship and a - dore,
Who was the bear - er of my sin, God's well - be - lov - ed Son.
And made an end of all my guilt, And brought re - demp-tion in.
Se - cured a clear-ance for my sins; My soul can ask no more.
And God's free grace I will ex - tol And laud for ev - er-more.
Chorus.
Oh, the blood of the Lamb! Oh, the blood of the Lamb,
That was shed on Cal - va - ry! It was shed for you,
It was shed for me, When He died up - on the tree.

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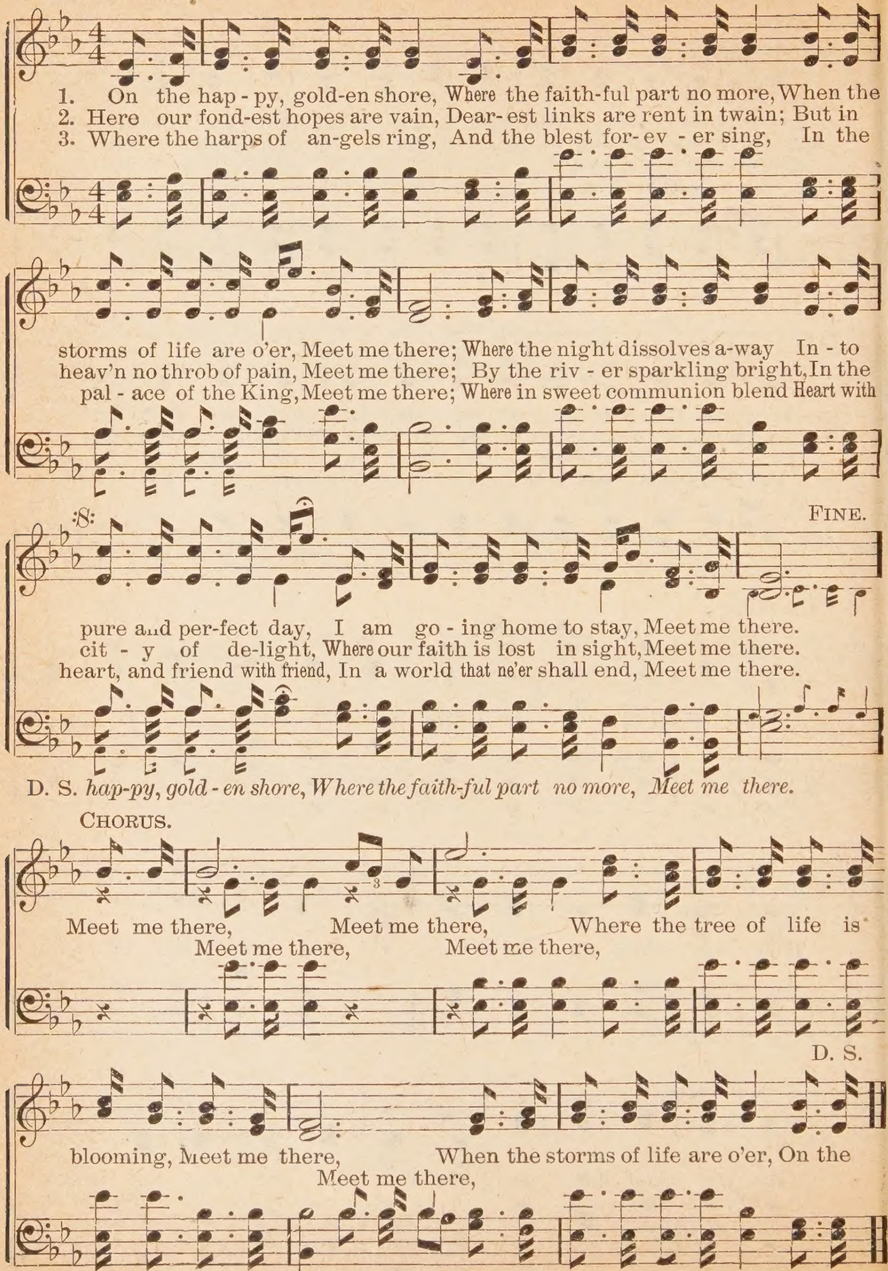
No. 308. Meet Me There.

Henrietta E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.


1. On the hap - py, gold-en shore, Where the faith-ful part no more, When the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for- ev - er sing, In the
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a-way In - to
heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er sparkling bright, In the
pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with
𝄋
Fine.
pure and per-fect day, I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.
D. S. hap-py, gold - en shore, Where the faith-ful part no more, Meet me there.
Chorus.
Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
Meet me there, Meet me there,
D. S.
blooming, Meet me there, When the storms of life are o'er, On the
Meet me there,

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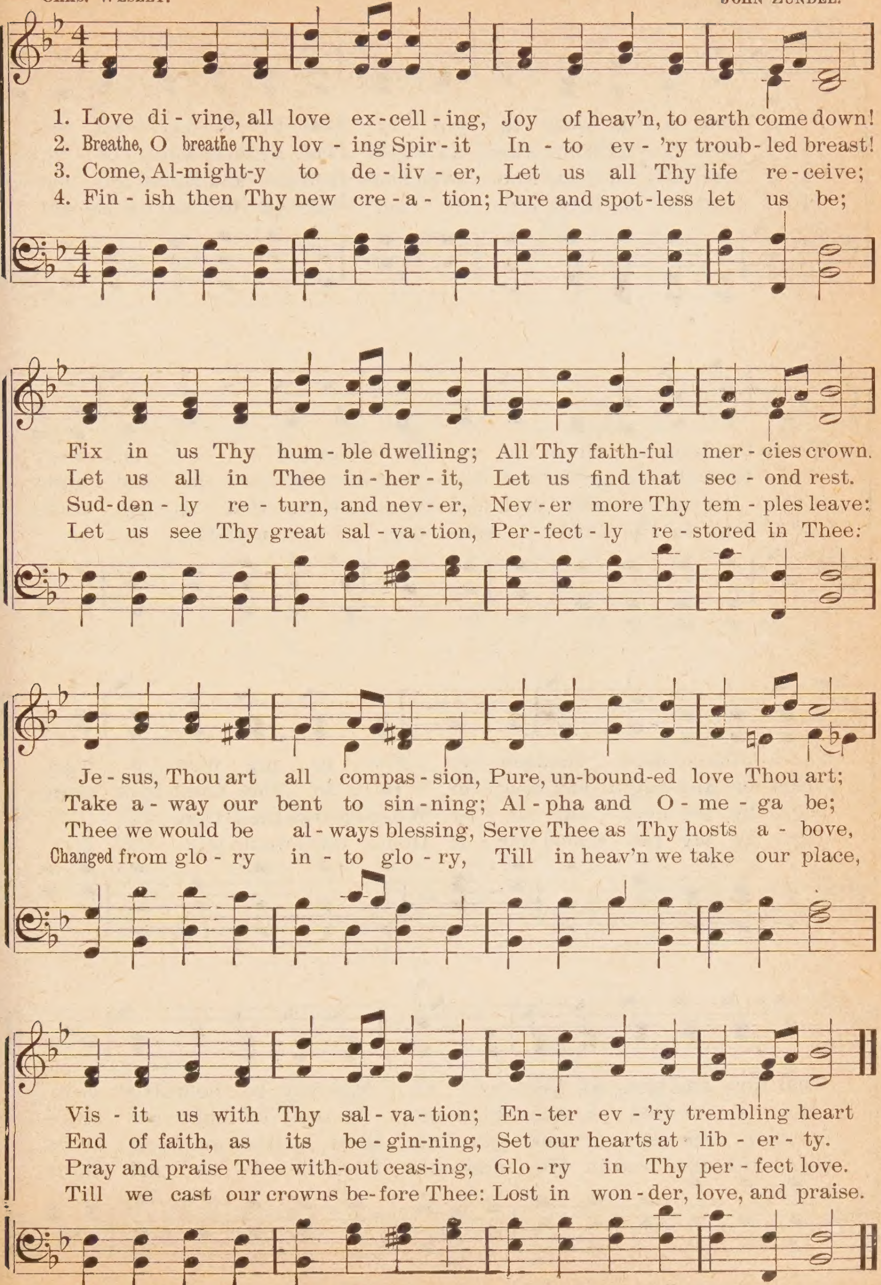
No. 309.

Love Divine.

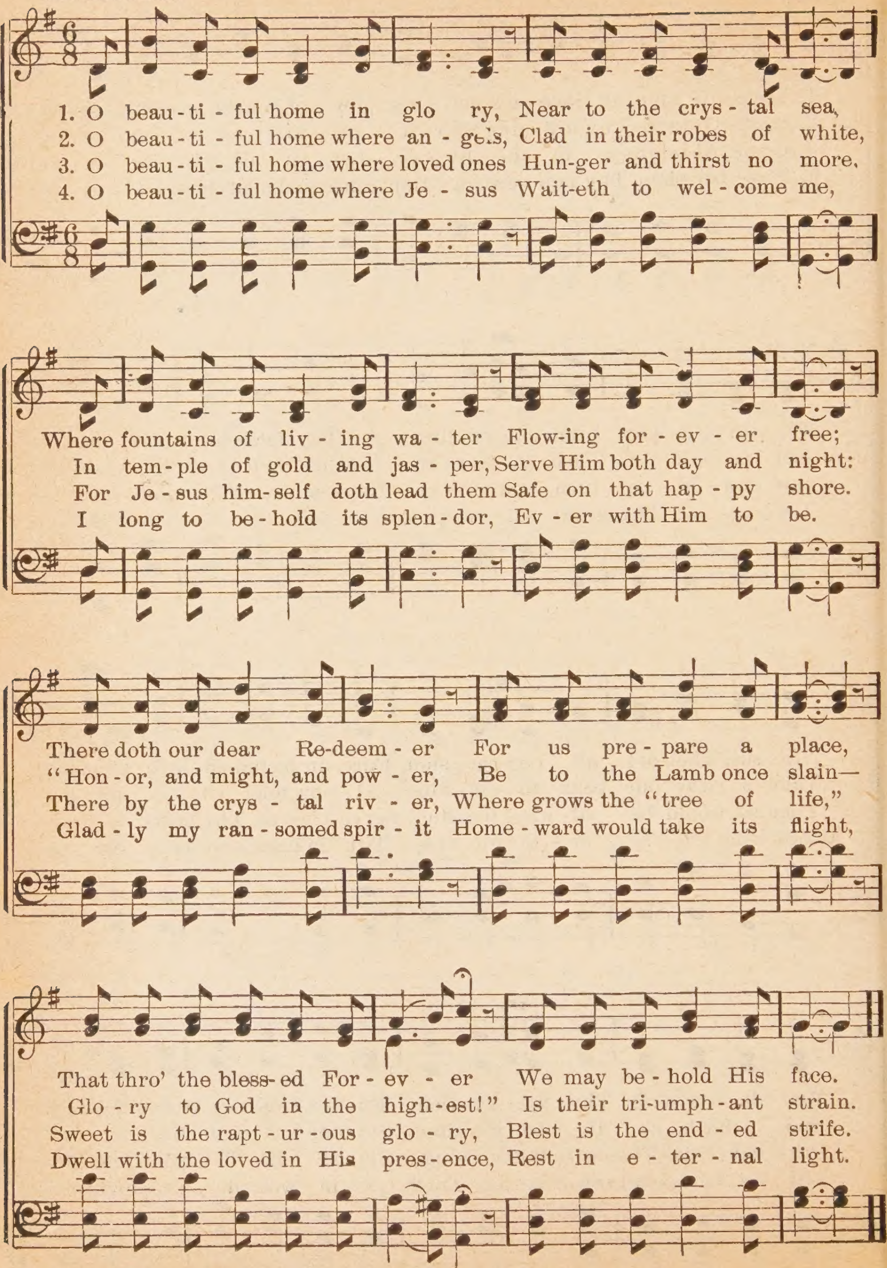
Chas. Wesley. John Zundel.


1. Love di - vine, all love ex-cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwelling; All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Sud-den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee:
Je - sus, Thou art all compas - sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart
End of faith, as its be - gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee: Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

No. 310. O Beautiful Home.

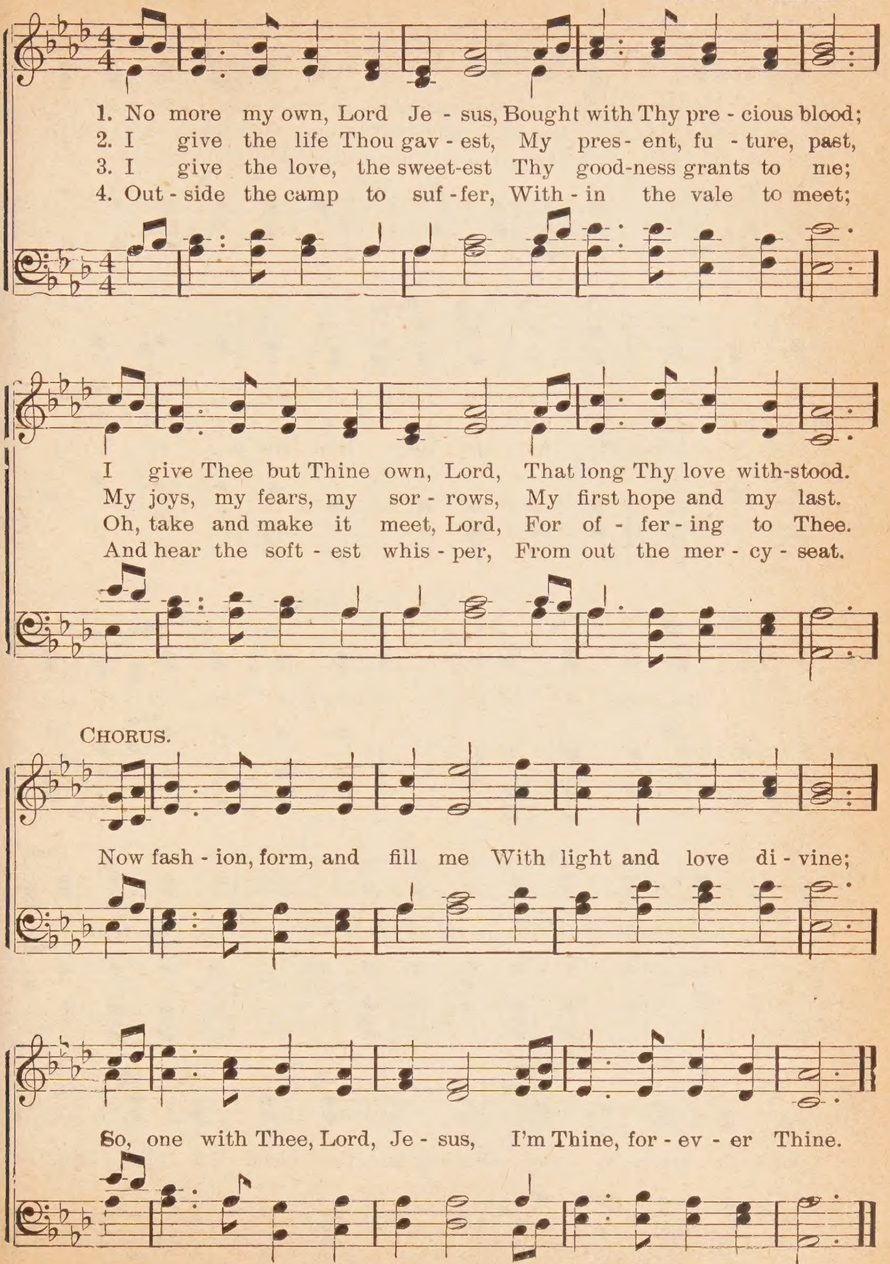
Ada Blenkhorn

P. Bilhorn.


1. O beau-ti-ful home in glo-ry, Near to the crys-tal sea,
2. O beau-ti-ful home where an-gels, Clad in their robes of white,
3. O beau-ti-ful home where loved ones Hun-ger and thirst no more,
4. O beau-ti-ful home where Je-sus Wait-eth to wel-come me,
Where fountains of liv-ing wa-ter Flow-ing for-ev-er free;
In tem-ple of gold and jas-per, Serve Him both day and night:
For Je-sus him-self doth lead them Safe on that hap-py shore.
I long to be-hold its splen-dor, Ev-er with Him to be.
There doth our dear Re-deem-er For us pre-pare a place,
"Hon-or, and might, and pow-er, Be to the Lamb once slain—
There by the crys-tal riv-er, Where grows the "tree of life,"
Glad-ly my ran-somed spir-it Home-ward would take its flight,
That thro' the bless-ed For-ev-er We may be-hold His face.
Glo-ry to God in the high-est!" Is their tri-umph-ant strain.
Sweet is the rapt-ur-ous glo-ry, Blest is the end-ed strife.
Dwell with the loved in His pres-ence, Rest in e-ter-nal light.

No. 311. I'm Thine, Forever Thine.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.


1. No more my own, Lord Je - sus, Bought with Thy pre - cious blood;
2. I give the life Thou gav - est, My pres - ent, fu - ture, past,
3. I give the love, the sweet-est Thy good-ness grants to me;
4. Out - side the camp to suf - fer, With - in the vale to meet;
I give Thee but Thine own, Lord, That long Thy love with-stood.
My joys, my fears, my sor - rows, My first hope and my last.
Oh, take and make it meet, Lord, For of - fer - ing to Thee.
And hear the soft - est whis - per, From out the mer - cy - seat.
CHORUS.
Now fash - ion, form, and fill me With light and love di - vine;
So, one with Thee, Lord, Je - sus, I'm Thine, for - ev - er Thine.

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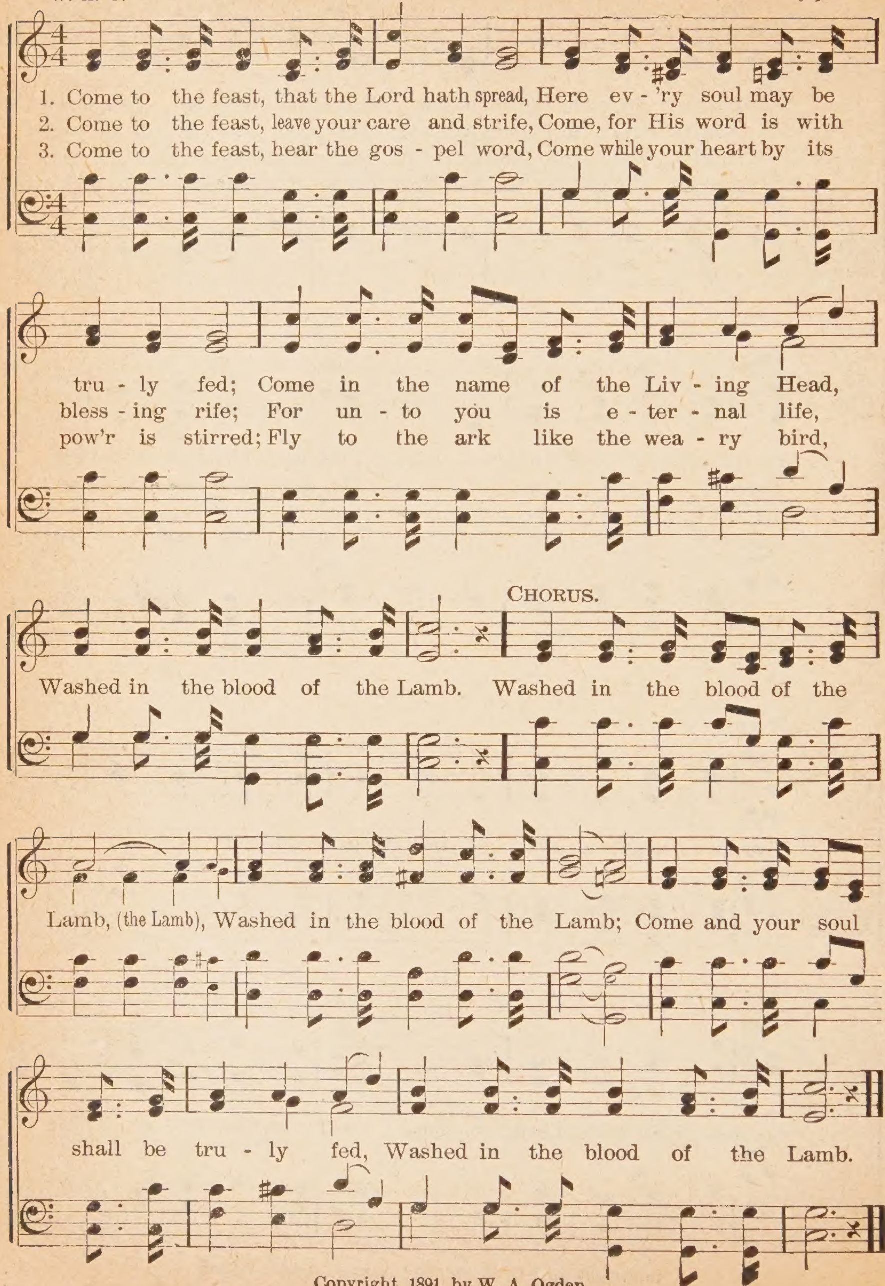
No. 312. Come to the Feast.

W. A. O. — W. A. Ogden. By per.


1. Come to the feast, that the Lord hath spread, Here ev - 'ry soul may be
2. Come to the feast, leave your care and strife, Come, for His word is with
3. Come to the feast, hear the gos - pel word, Come while your heart by its
tru - ly fed; Come in the name of the Liv - ing Head,
bless - ing rife; For un - to you is e - ter - nal life,
pow'r is stirred; Fly to the ark like the wea - ry bird,
CHORUS.
Washed in the blood of the Lamb. Washed in the blood of the
Lamb, (the Lamb), Washed in the blood of the Lamb; Come and your soul
shall be tru - ly fed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

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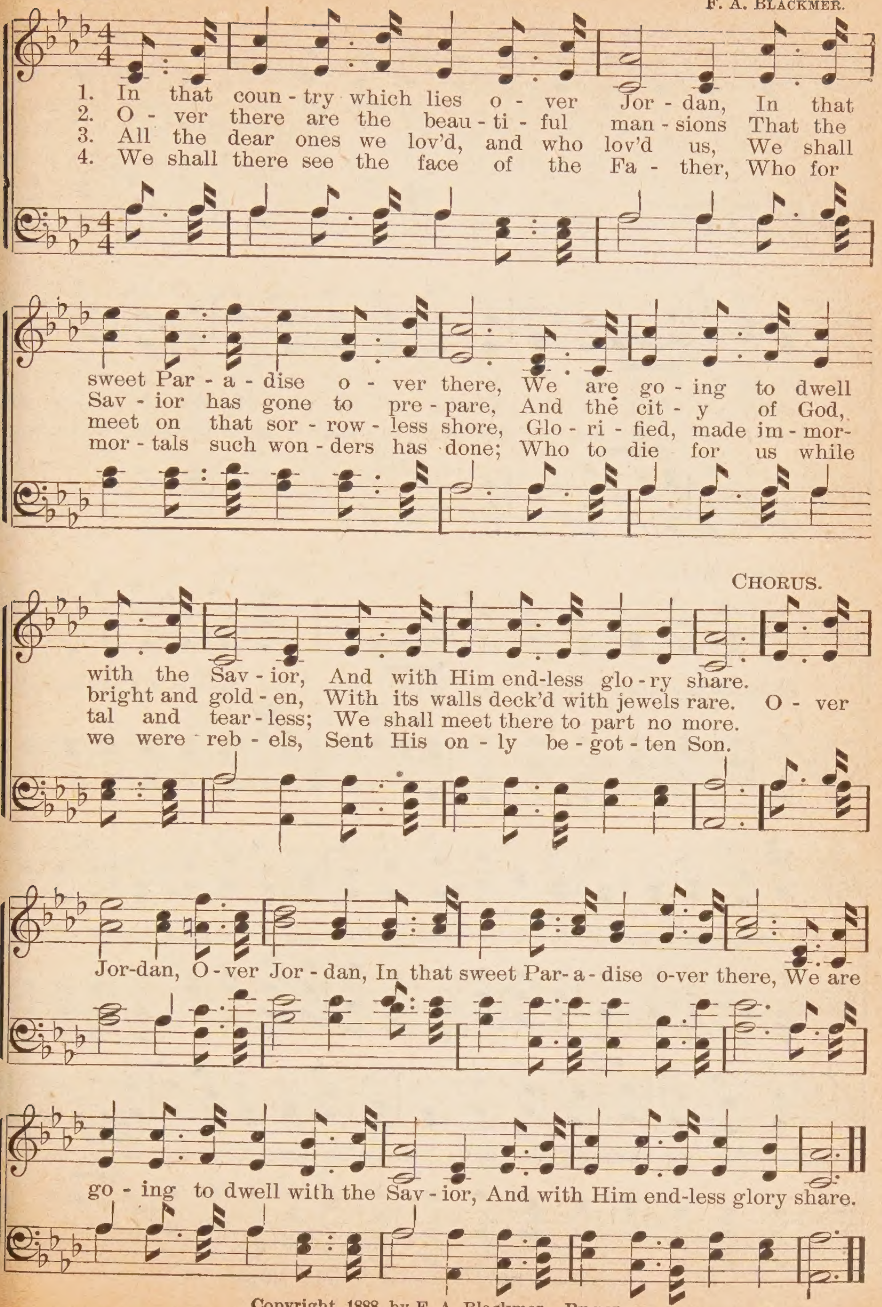
No. 313.

Over Jordan.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.


1. In that coun-try which lies o-ver Jor-dan, In that
2. O-ver there are the beau-ti-ful man-sions That the
3. All the dear ones we lov'd, and who lov'd us, We shall
4. We shall there see the face of the Fa-ther, Who for
sweet Par-a-dise o-ver there, We are go-ing to dwell
Sav-ior has gone to pre-pare, And the cit-y of God,
meet on that sor-row-less shore, Glo-ri-fied, made im-mor-
mor-tals such won-ders has done; Who to die for us while
with the Sav-ior, And with Him end-less glo-ry share.
bright and gold-en, With its walls deck'd with jewels rare.
tal and tear-less; We shall meet there to part no more.
we were reb-els, Sent His on-ly be-got-ten Son.
CHORUS.
O-ver Jor-dan, O-ver Jor-dan, In that sweet Par-a-dise o-ver there, We are
go-ing to dwell with the Sav-ior, And with Him end-less glory share.

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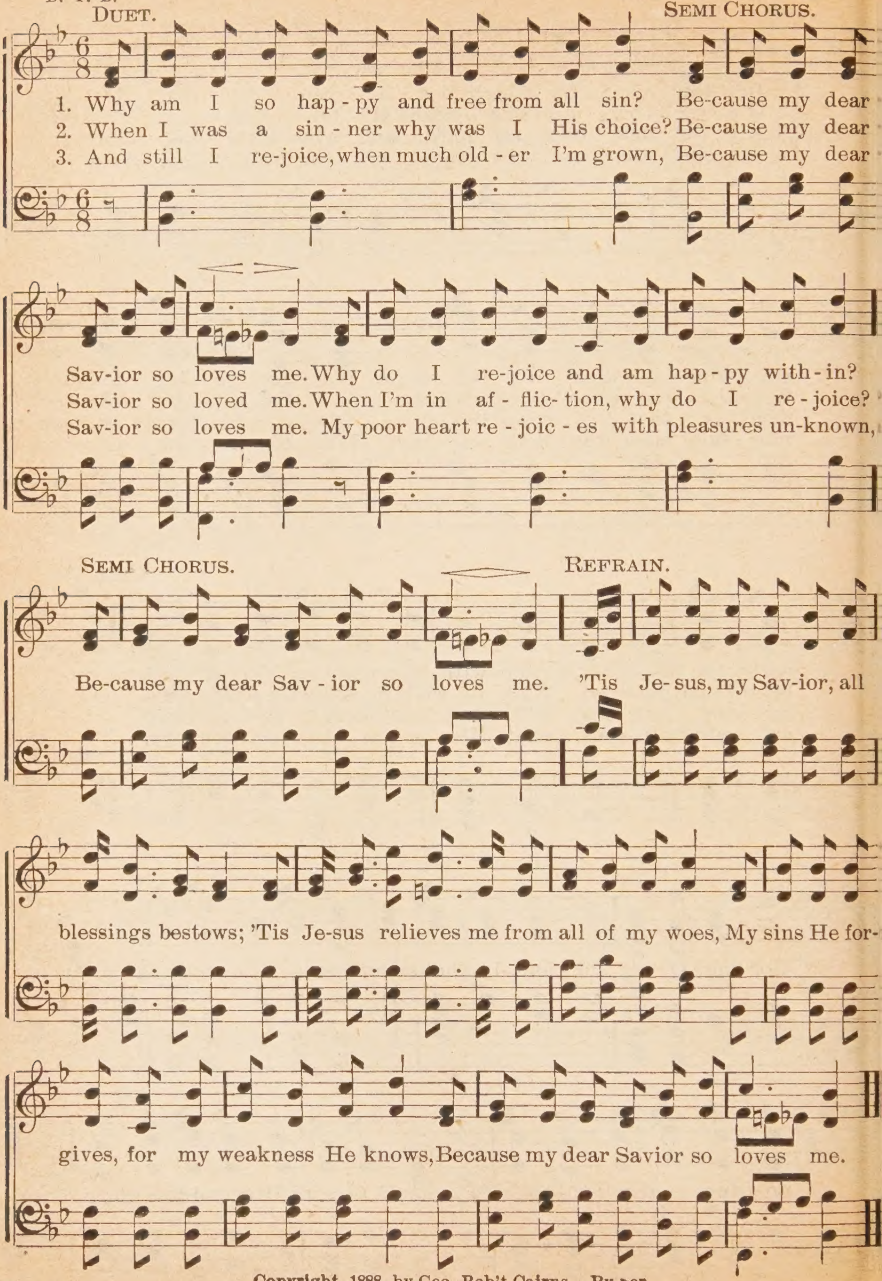
No. 314. Because He so Loves Me.

D. Y. B.

Rev. D. Y. Bagby, Ph. D.


Duet.
Semi Chorus.
1. Why am I so hap-py and free from all sin? Be-cause my dear
2. When I was a sin-ner why was I His choice? Be-cause my dear
3. And still I re-joice, when much old-er I'm grown, Be-cause my dear
Sav-ior so loves me. Why do I re-joice and am hap-py with-in?
Sav-ior so loved me. When I'm in af-flic-tion, why do I re-joice?
Sav-ior so loves me. My poor heart re-joic-es with pleasures un-known,
Semi Chorus.
Be-cause my dear Sav-ior so loves me.
Refrain.
'Tis Je-sus, my Sav-ior, all blessings bestows; 'Tis Je-sus relieves me from all of my woes, My sins He for-gives, for my weakness He knows, Because my dear Savior so loves me.

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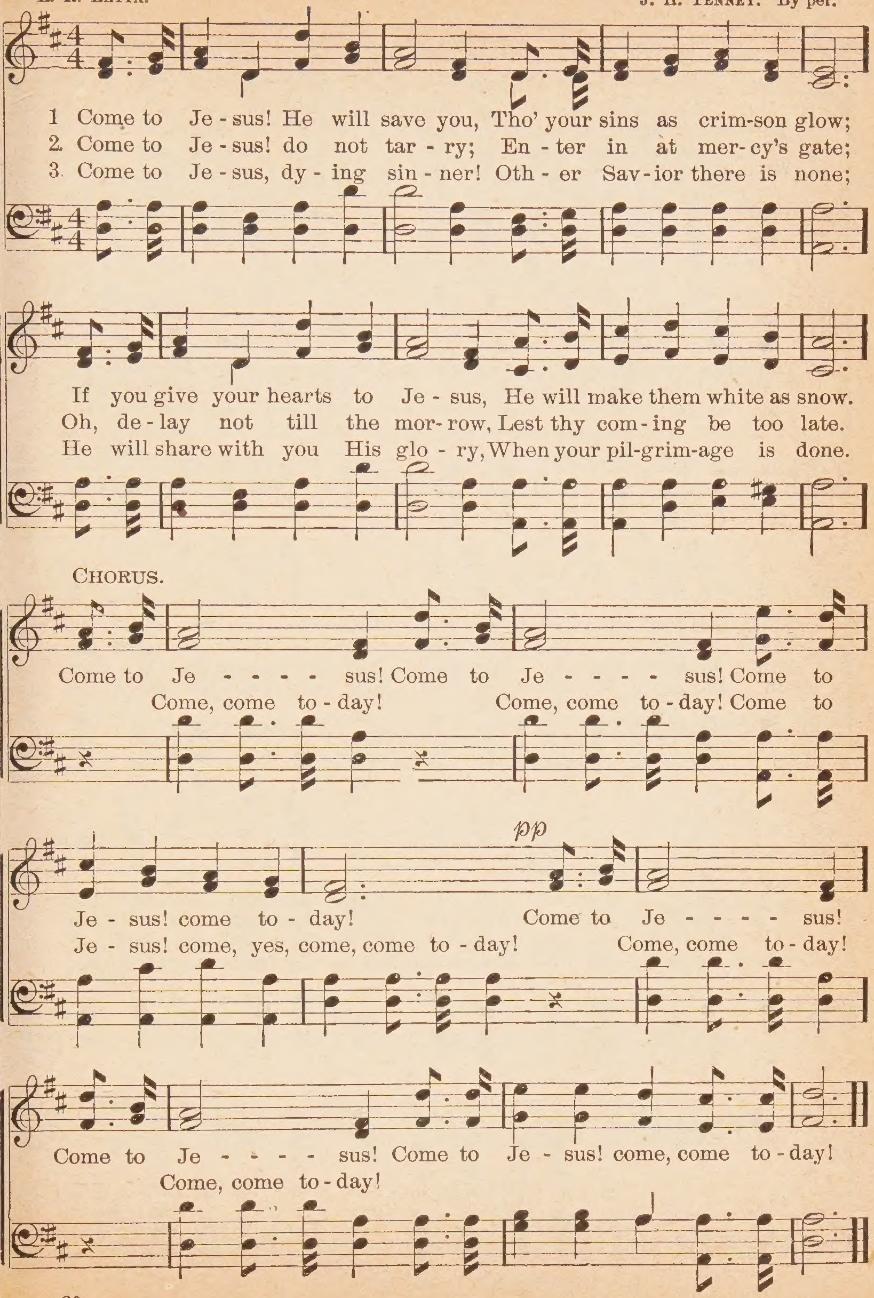
No. 315.

Come to Jesus.

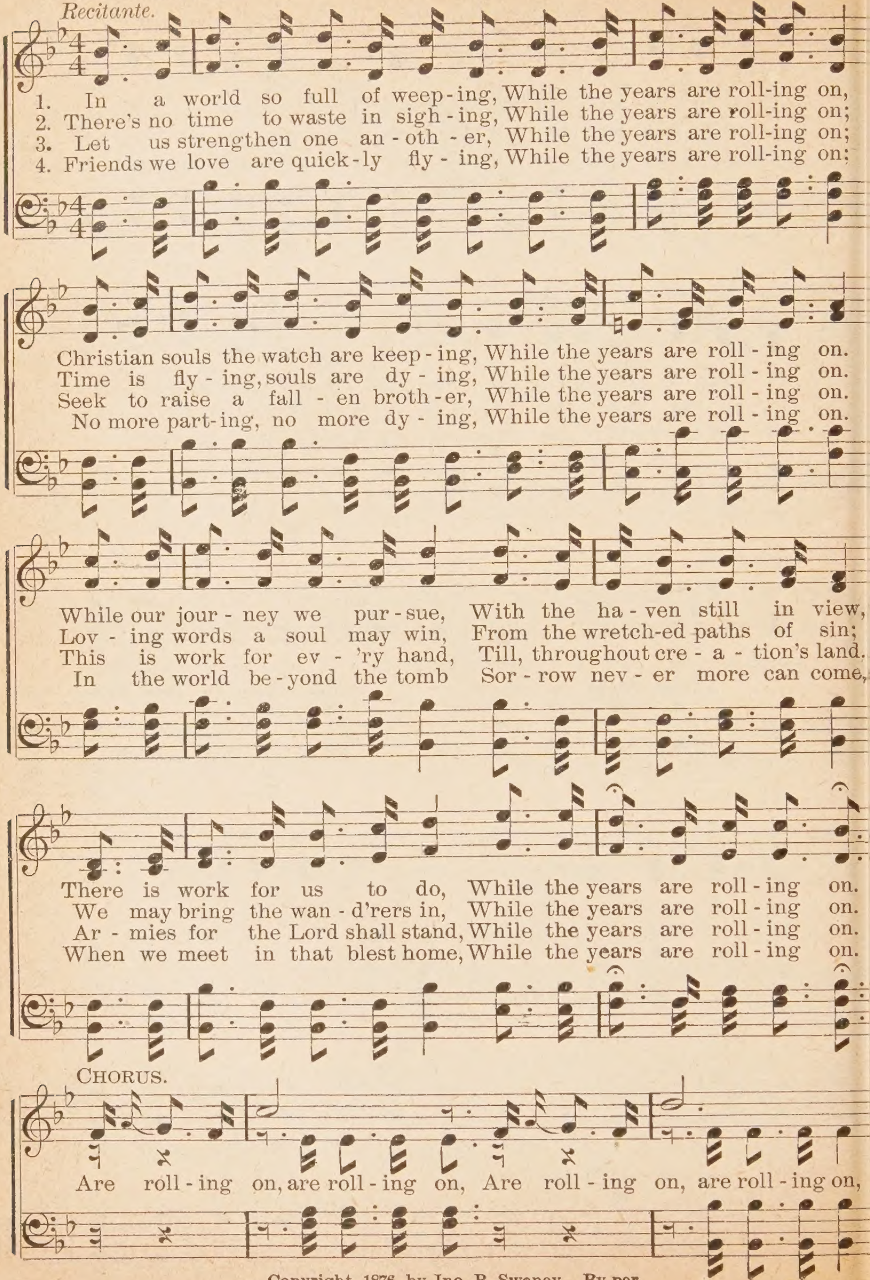
E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY. By per.


1 Come to Je-sus! He will save you, Tho' your sins as crim-son glow;
2. Come to Je-sus! do not tar-ry; En-ter in at mer-cy's gate;
3. Come to Je-sus, dy-ing sin-ner! Oth-er Sav-ior there is none;
If you give your hearts to Je-sus, He will make them white as snow.
Oh, de-lay not till the mor-row, Lest thy com-ing be too late.
He will share with you His glo-ry, When your pil-grim-age is done.
CHORUS.
Come to Je - - - - sus! Come to Je - - - - sus! Come to
Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day! Come to
Je-sus! come to-day!
Je-sus! come, yes, come, come to-day!
pp
Come to Je - - - - sus!
Come, come to-day!
Come to Je - - - - sus! Come to Je-sus! come, come to-day!
Come, come to-day!

No. 316. The Years are Rolling on.

Harriet B. McKeever.

Jno. R. Sweney.


Recitante.
1. In a world so full of weep-ing, While the years are roll-ing on,
2. There's no time to waste in sigh-ing, While the years are roll-ing on;
3. Let us strengthen one an-oth-er, While the years are roll-ing on;
4. Friends we love are quick-ly fly-ing, While the years are roll-ing on;
Christian souls the watch are keep-ing, While the years are roll-ing on.
Time is fly-ing, souls are dy-ing, While the years are roll-ing on.
Seek to raise a fall-en broth-er, While the years are roll-ing on.
No more part-ing, no more dy-ing, While the years are roll-ing on.
While our jour-ney we pur-sue, With the ha-ven still in view,
Lov-ing words a soul may win, From the wretch-ed paths of sin;
This is work for ev-'ry hand, Till, throughout cre-a-tion's land,
In the world be-yond the tomb Sor-row nev-er more can come,
There is work for us to do, While the years are roll-ing on.
We may bring the wan-d'rers in, While the years are roll-ing on.
Ar-mies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are roll-ing on.
When we meet in that blest home, While the years are roll-ing on.
CHORUS.
Are roll-ing on, are roll-ing on, Are roll-ing on, are roll-ing on,

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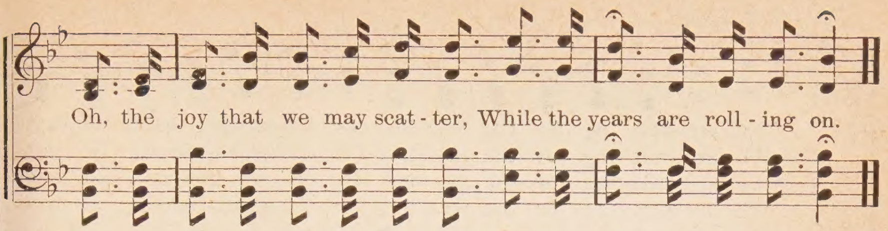
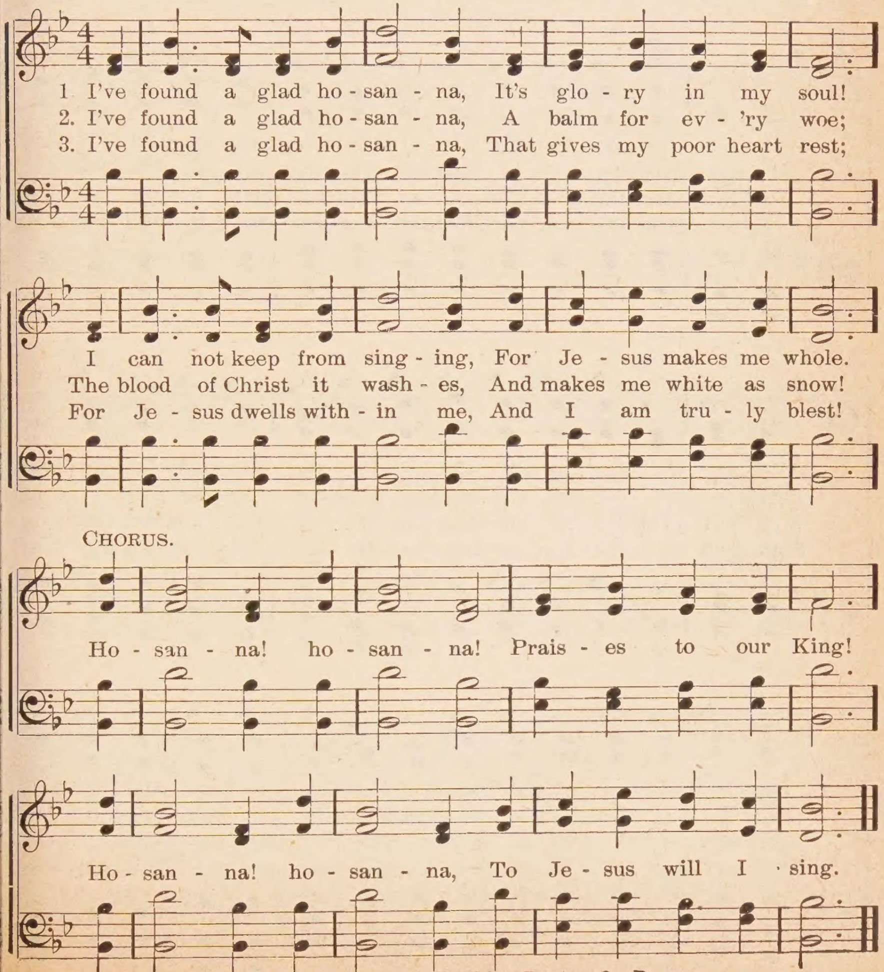
The Years are Rolling on. Concluded.


Oh, the joy that we may scat - ter, While the years are roll - ing on.

No. 317. Hosanna! Hosanna!

Rev. J. H. Weber. Rev. J. H. Weber.


1 I've found a glad ho - san - na, It's glo - ry in my soul!
2. I've found a glad ho - san - na, A balm for ev - 'ry woe;
3. I've found a glad ho - san - na, That gives my poor heart rest;
I can not keep from sing - ing, For Je - sus makes me whole.
The blood of Christ it wash - es, And makes me white as snow!
For Je - sus dwells with - in me, And I am tru - ly blest!
Chorus.
Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! Prais - es to our King!
Ho - san - na! ho - san - na, To Je - sus will I sing.

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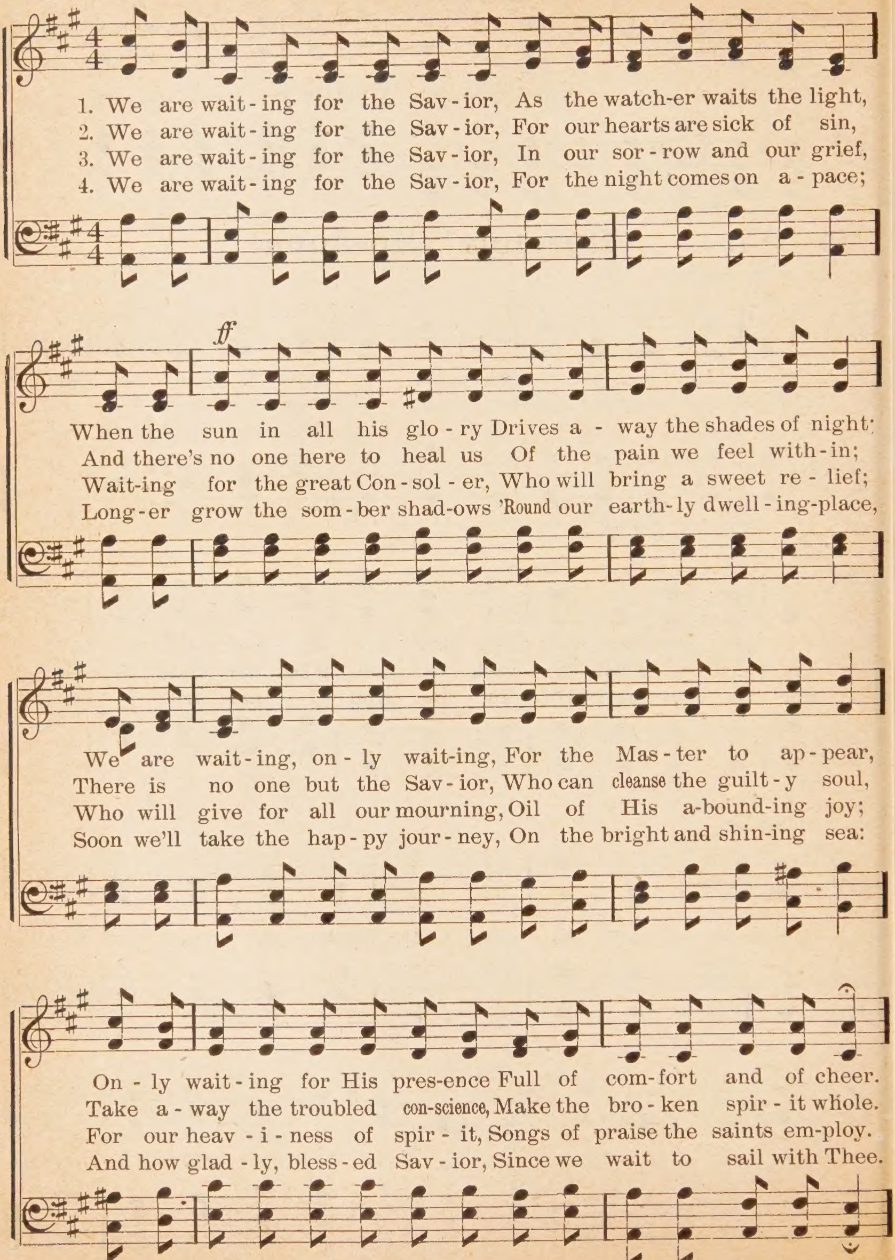
No. 318. Waiting for the Savior.

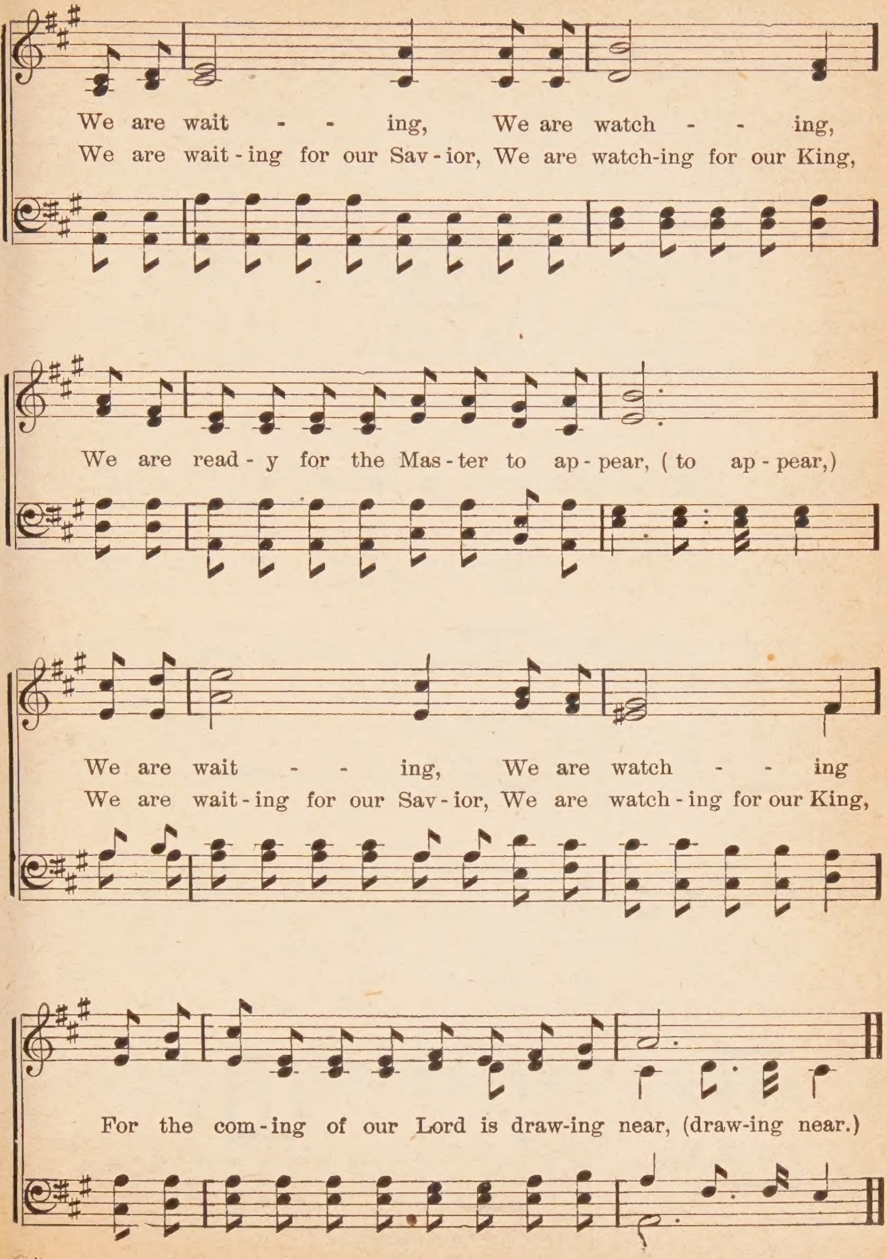
Rev. G. W. Crofts. P. Bilhorn.



ff
1. We are wait - ing for the Sav - ior, As the watch-er waits the light,
2. We are wait - ing for the Sav - ior, For our hearts are sick of sin,
3. We are wait - ing for the Sav - ior, In our sor - row and our grief,
4. We are wait - ing for the Sav - ior, For the night comes on a - pace;
When the sun in all his glo - ry Drives a - way the shades of night;
And there's no one here to heal us Of the pain we feel with - in;
Wait-ing for the great Con - sol - er, Who will bring a sweet re - lief;
Long - er grow the som - ber shad-ows 'Round our earth - ly dwell - ing-place,
We are wait - ing, on - ly wait-ing, For the Mas - ter to ap - pear,
There is no one but the Sav - ior, Who can cleanse the guilt - y soul,
Who will give for all our mourning, Oil of His a-bound-ing joy;
Soon we'll take the hap - py jour - ney, On the bright and shin-ing sea:
On - ly wait - ing for His pres-ence Full of com - fort and of cheer.
Take a - way the troubled con-science, Make the bro - ken spir - it whole.
For our heav - i - ness of spir - it, Songs of praise the saints em-ploy.
And how glad - ly, bless - ed Sav - ior, Since we wait to sail with Thee.

Waiting for the Savior. Concluded.

CHORUS.


We are wait - - ing, We are watch - - ing,
We are wait-ing for our Sav-ior, We are watch-ing for our King,
We are read-y for the Mas-ter to ap-pear, (to ap-pear,)
We are wait - - ing, We are watch - - ing
We are wait-ing for our Sav-ior, We are watch-ing for our King,
For the com-ing of our Lord is draw-ing near, (draw-ing near.)

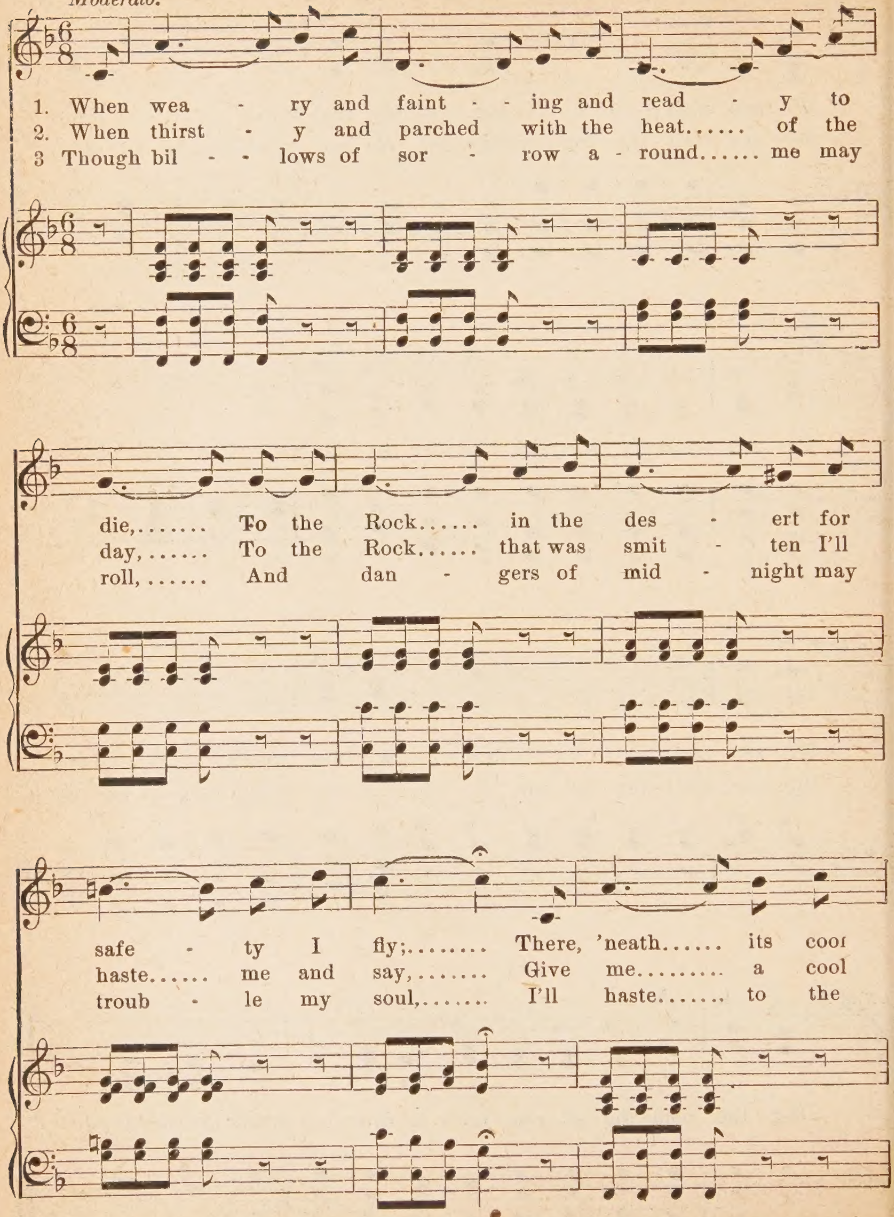
No. 319.

Christ, our Rock!

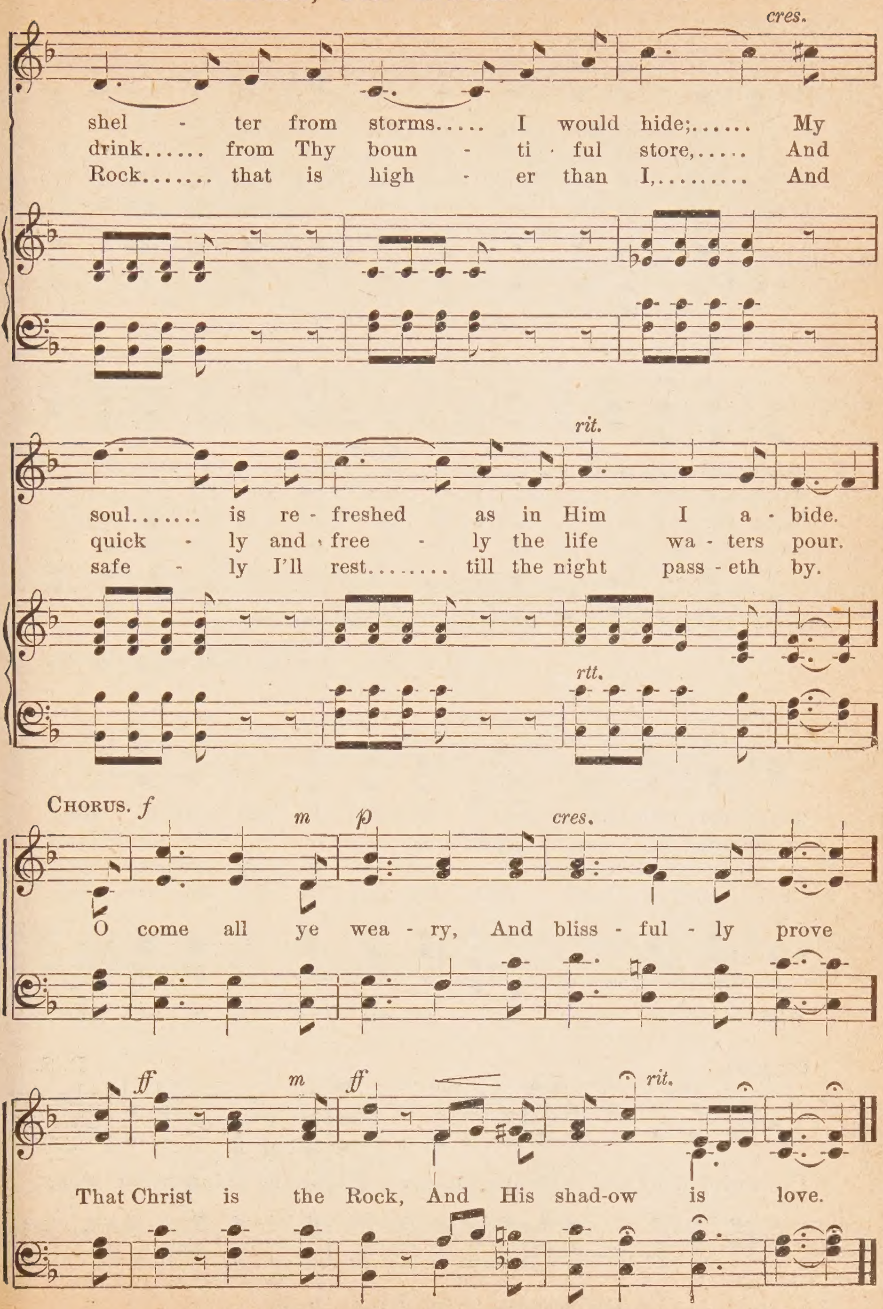
I Cor. 10:4. Deut. 32:31.

P. B. P. Bilhorn

Moderato.

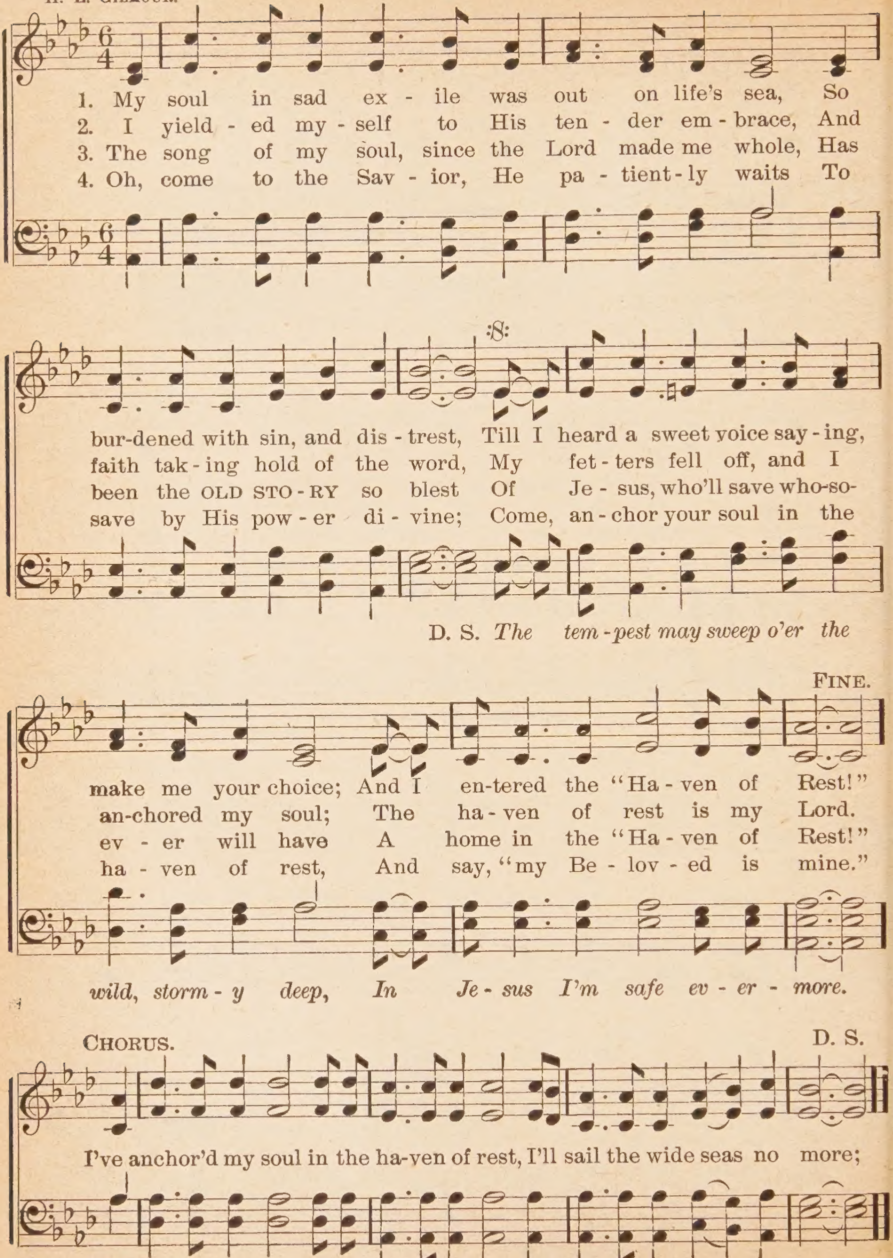

1. When wea - ry and faint - - ing and read - y to
2. When thirst - y and parched with the heat...... of the
3 Though bil - - lows of sor - row a - round...... me may
die,....... To the Rock...... in the des - ert for
day,...... To the Rock...... that was smit - ten I'll
roll,...... And dan - gers of mid - night may
safe - ty I fly;........ There, 'neath...... its cool
haste...... me and say,....... Give me......... a cool
troub - le my soul,....... I'll haste....... to the

Christ, our Rock! Concluded.


cres.
shel - ter from storms..... I would hide;...... My
drink...... from Thy boun - ti · ful store,..... And
Rock....... that is high - er than I,......... And
rit.
soul....... is re - freshed as in Him I a - bide.
quick - ly and free - ly the life wa - ters pour.
safe - ly I'll rest........ till the night pass - eth by.
rit.
Chorus. f
m
p
cres.
O come all ye wea - ry, And bliss - ful - ly prove
ff
m
ff
rit.
That Christ is the Rock, And His shad-ow is love.

No. 320. The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour. Geo. D. Moore.


1. My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yielded myself to His tender embrace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. Oh, come to the Savior, He patiently waits To
burdened with sin, and distrest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying,
faith taking hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I
been the OLD STORY so blest Of Jesus, who'll save whoso-
save by His power divine; Come, anchor your soul in the
D. S. The tempest may sweep o'er the
Fine.
make me your choice; And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"
anchored my soul; The haven of rest is my Lord.
ever will have A home in the "Haven of Rest!"
haven of rest, And say, "my Beloved is mine."
wild, stormy deep, In Jesus I'm safe evermore.
Chorus.
D. S.
I've anchor'd my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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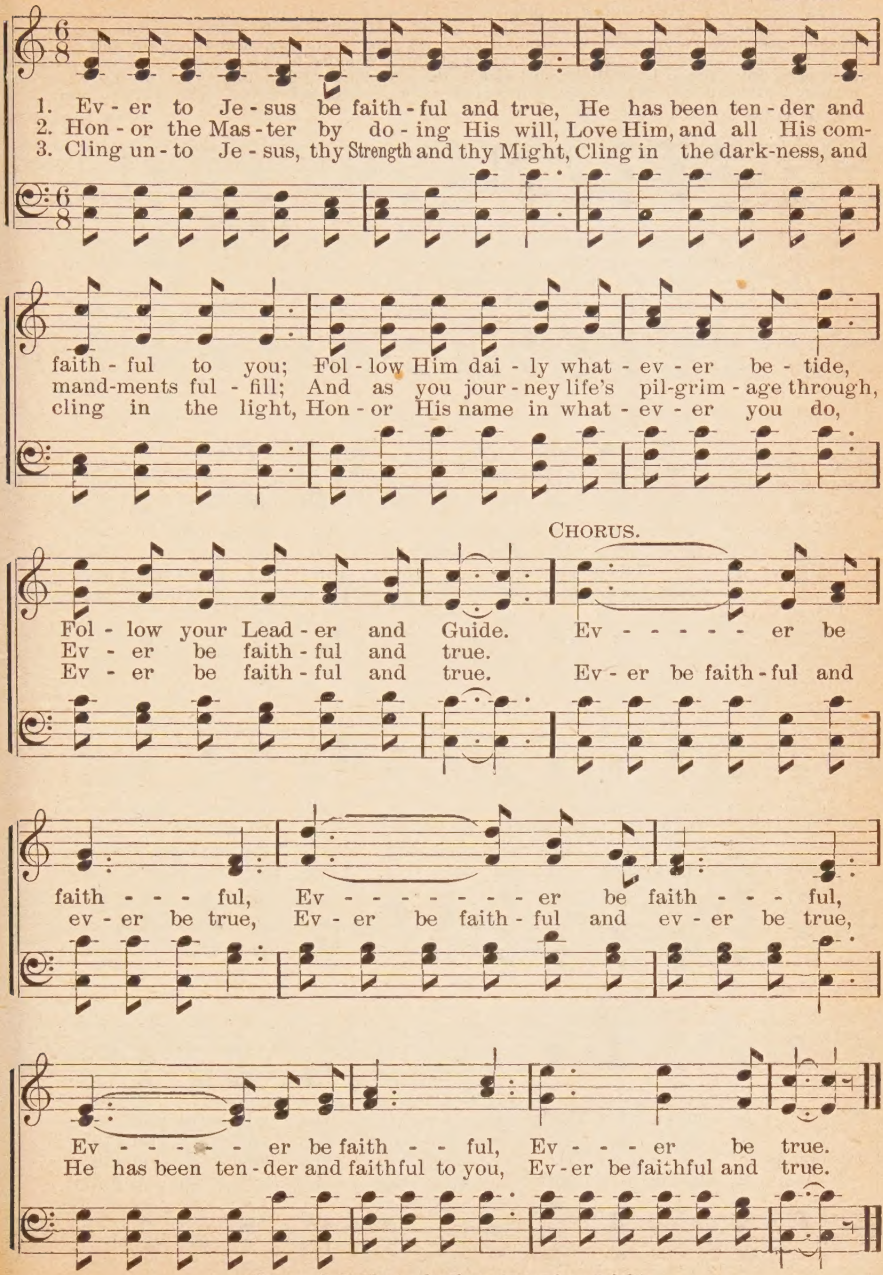
No. 321.

Ever Be Faithful.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.


1. Ev - er to Je - sus be faith - ful and true, He has been ten - der and
2. Hon - or the Mas - ter by do - ing His will, Love Him, and all His com-
3. Cling un - to Je - sus, thy Strength and thy Might, Cling in the dark-ness, and
faith - ful to you; Fol - low Him dai - ly what - ev - er be - tide,
mand-ments ful - fill; And as you jour - ney life's pil-grim - age through,
cling in the light, Hon - or His name in what - ev - er you do,
Fol - low your Lead - er and Guide.
Ev - er be faith - ful and true.
Ev - er be faith - ful and true.
CHORUS.
Ev - - - - - - er be
Ev - er be faith - ful and
faith - - - ful, Ev - - - - - - - - - - er be faith - - - ful,
ev - er be true, Ev - er be faith - ful and ev - er be true,
Ev - - - - - - er be faith - - ful, Ev - - - - er be true.
He has been ten - der and faithful to you, Ev - er be faithful and true.

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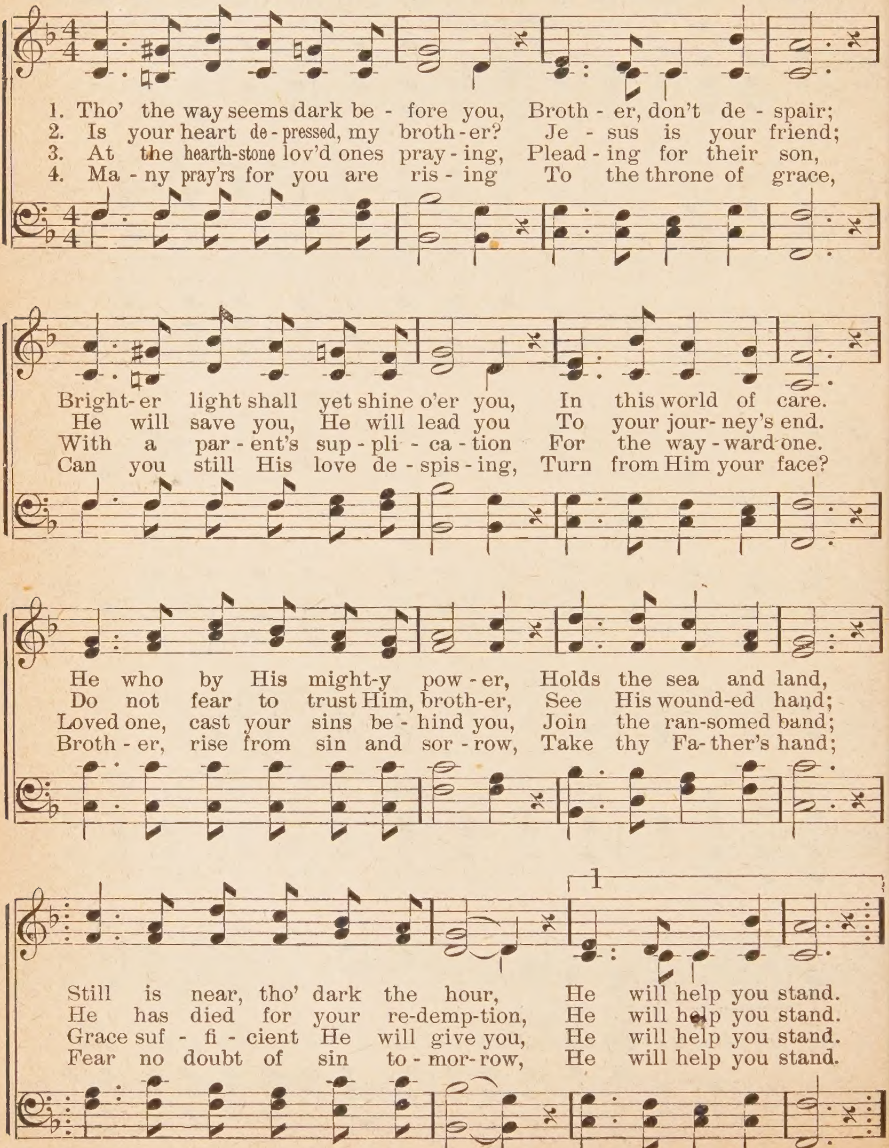
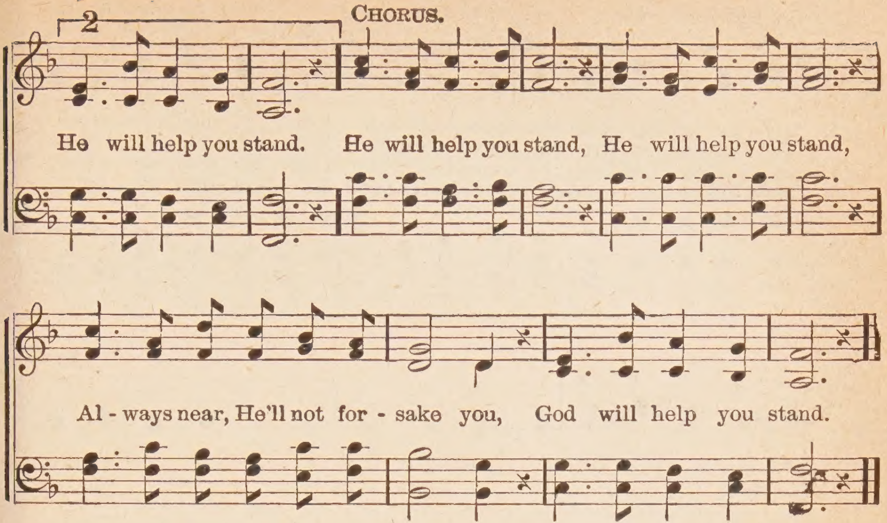
No. 322. God Will Help You Stand.

Words suggested by the following incident: A young man, the only son of respectable parents, well educated, and with natural qualities which would enable him to do a great deal of good in the world, became addicted to the use of strong drink. He tried in his own strength again and again to reform, but without success. Every effort seemed a failure. Finally, he determined to end his miserable existence by drowning in Lake Michigan. But by the providence of God, he was met on the way by a Christian gentleman, who persuaded him to abandon his purpose, and accept Jesus, which he did.

L. W. Lyon. P. Bilhorn.

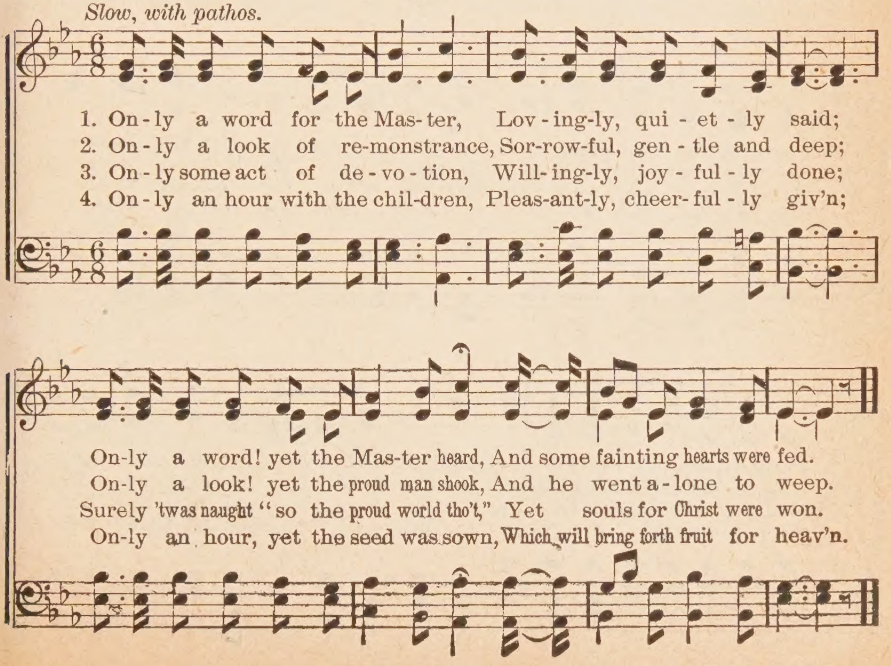

1. Tho' the way seems dark be - fore you, Broth - er, don't de - spair;
2. Is your heart de - pressed, my broth - er? Je - sus is your friend;
3. At the hearth-stone lov'd ones pray - ing, Plead - ing for their son,
4. Ma - ny pray'rs for you are ris - ing To the throne of grace,
Bright - er light shall yet shine o'er you, In this world of care.
He will save you, He will lead you To your jour - ney's end.
With a par - ent's sup - pli - ca - tion For the way - ward one.
Can you still His love de - spis - ing, Turn from Him your face?
He who by His might - y pow - er, Holds the sea and land,
Do not fear to trust Him, broth - er, See His wound - ed hand;
Loved one, cast your sins be - hind you, Join the ran - somed band;
Broth - er, rise from sin and sor - row, Take thy Fa - ther's hand;
Still is near, tho' dark the hour, He will help you stand.
He has died for your re - demp - tion, He will help you stand.
Grace suf - fi - cient He will give you, He will help you stand.
Fear no doubt of sin to - mor - row, He will help you stand.
1

God Will Help You Stand. Concluded.


2
Chorus.
He will help you stand. He will help you stand, He will help you stand,
Al - ways near, He'll not for - sake you, God will help you stand.

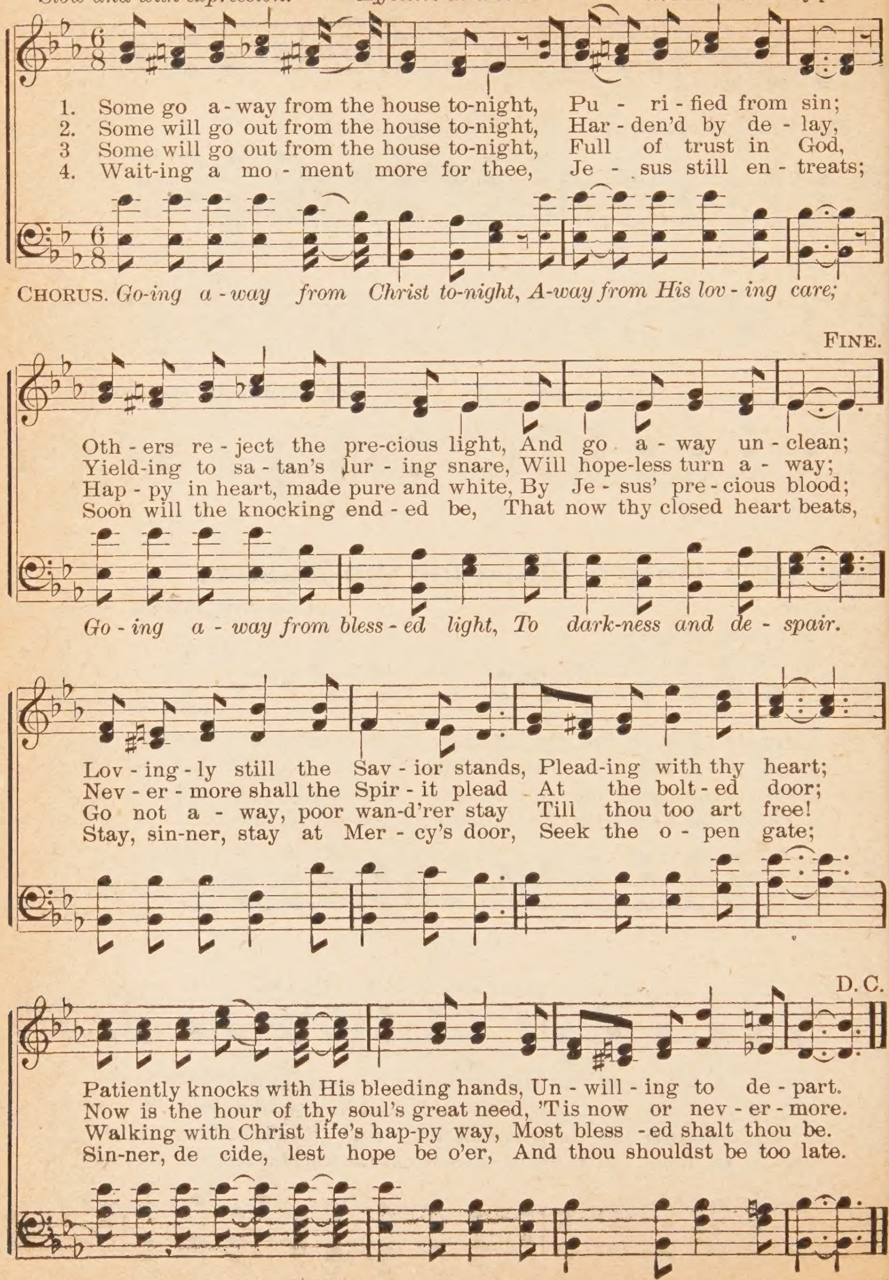
No. 323. Only a Word for the Master.

C. E. P. Chas. Edw. Pollock. By per.


Slow, with pathos.
1. On - ly a word for the Mas- ter, Lov - ing-ly, qui - et - ly said;
2. On - ly a look of re-monstrance, Sor-row-ful, gen - tle and deep;
3. On - ly some act of de - vo - tion, Will- ing-ly, joy - ful - ly done;
4. On - ly an hour with the chil-dren, Pleas-ant-ly, cheer- ful - ly giv'n;
On-ly a word! yet the Mas-ter heard, And some fainting hearts were fed.
On-ly a look! yet the proud man shook, And he went a - lone to weep.
Surely 'twas naught "so the proud world tho't," Yet souls for Christ were won.
On-ly an hour, yet the seed was sown, Which will bring forth fruit for heav'n.

No. 324. Decide To-Night.

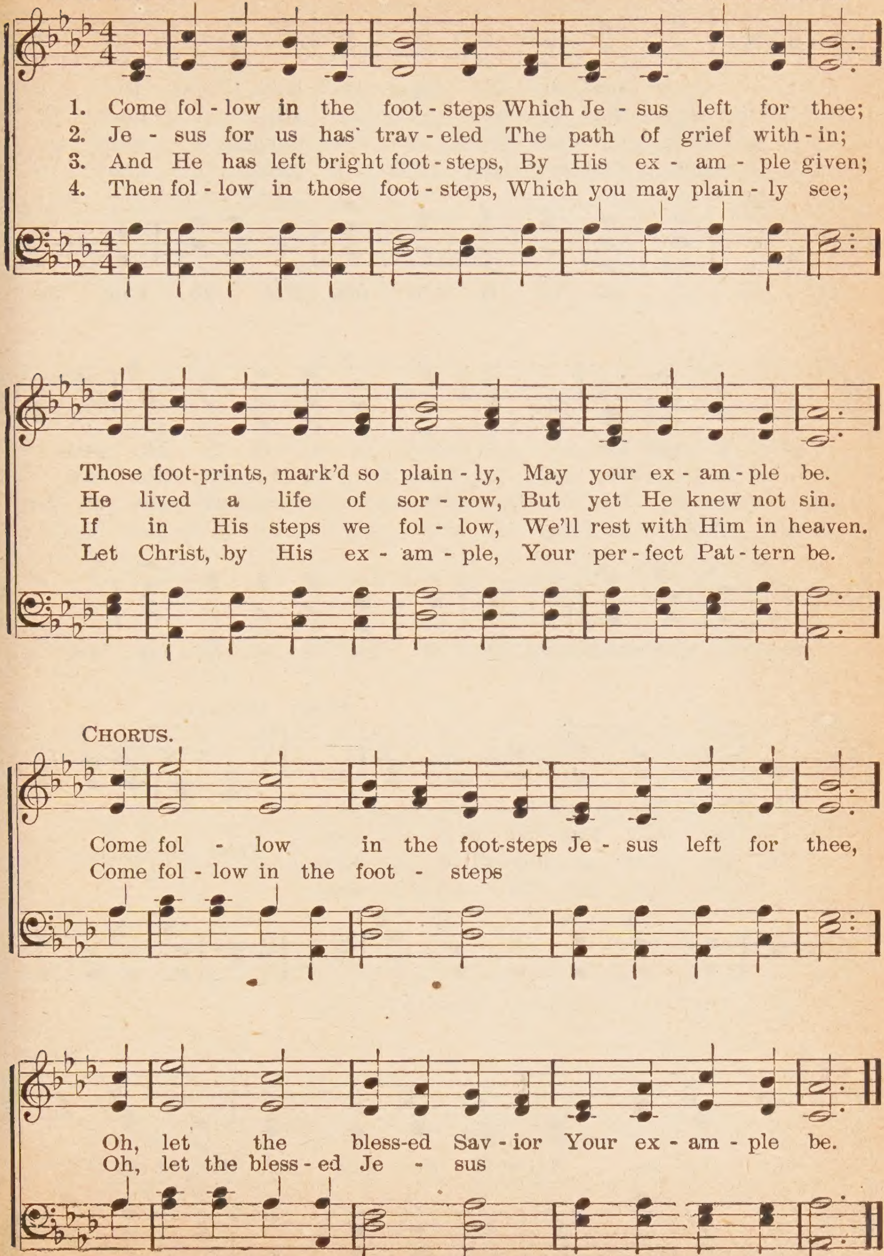
Slow and with expression. *Effective as a solo.* W. A. SPENCER. By per.


1. Some go a-way from the house to-night, Pu - ri-fied from sin;
2. Some will go out from the house to-night, Har-den'd by de - lay,
3 Some will go out from the house to-night, Full of trust in God,
4. Wait-ing a mo - ment more for thee, Je - sus still en - treats;
CHORUS. Go-ing a-way from Christ to-night, A-way from His lov-ing care;
FINE.
Oth-ers re-ject the pre-cious light, And go a-way un-clean;
Yield-ing to sa-tan's lur-ing snare, Will hope-less turn a-way;
Hap-py in heart, made pure and white, By Je-sus' pre-cious blood;
Soon will the knocking end-ed be, That now thy closed heart beats,
Go-ing a-way from bless-ed light, To dark-ness and de-spair.
Lov-ing-ly still the Sav-ior stands, Plead-ing with thy heart;
Nev-er-more shall the Spir-it plead At the bolt-ed door;
Go not a-way, poor wan-d'rer stay Till thou too art free!
Stay, sin-ner, stay at Mer-cy's door, Seek the o-pen gate;
D. C.
Patiently knocks with His bleeding hands, Un-will-ing to de-part.
Now is the hour of thy soul's great need, 'Tis now or nev-er-more.
Walking with Christ life's hap-py way, Most bless-ed shalt thou be.
Sin-ner, de cide, lest hope be o'er, And thou shouldst be too late.

No. 325.

Footsteps of Jesus.

LIZZIE ASHBAUGH. GEO. J. KURZENKNABE.


1. Come fol - low in the foot - steps Which Je - sus left for thee;
2. Je - sus for us has trav - eled The path of grief with - in;
3. And He has left bright foot - steps, By His ex - am - ple given;
4. Then fol - low in those foot - steps, Which you may plain - ly see;
Those foot-prints, mark'd so plain - ly, May your ex - am - ple be.
He lived a life of sor - row, But yet He knew not sin.
If in His steps we fol - low, We'll rest with Him in heaven.
Let Christ, by His ex - am - ple, Your per - fect Pat - tern be.
CHORUS.
Come fol - low in the foot-steps Je - sus left for thee,
Come fol - low in the foot - steps
Oh, let the bless-ed Sav - ior Your ex - am - ple be.
Oh, let the bless - ed Je - sus

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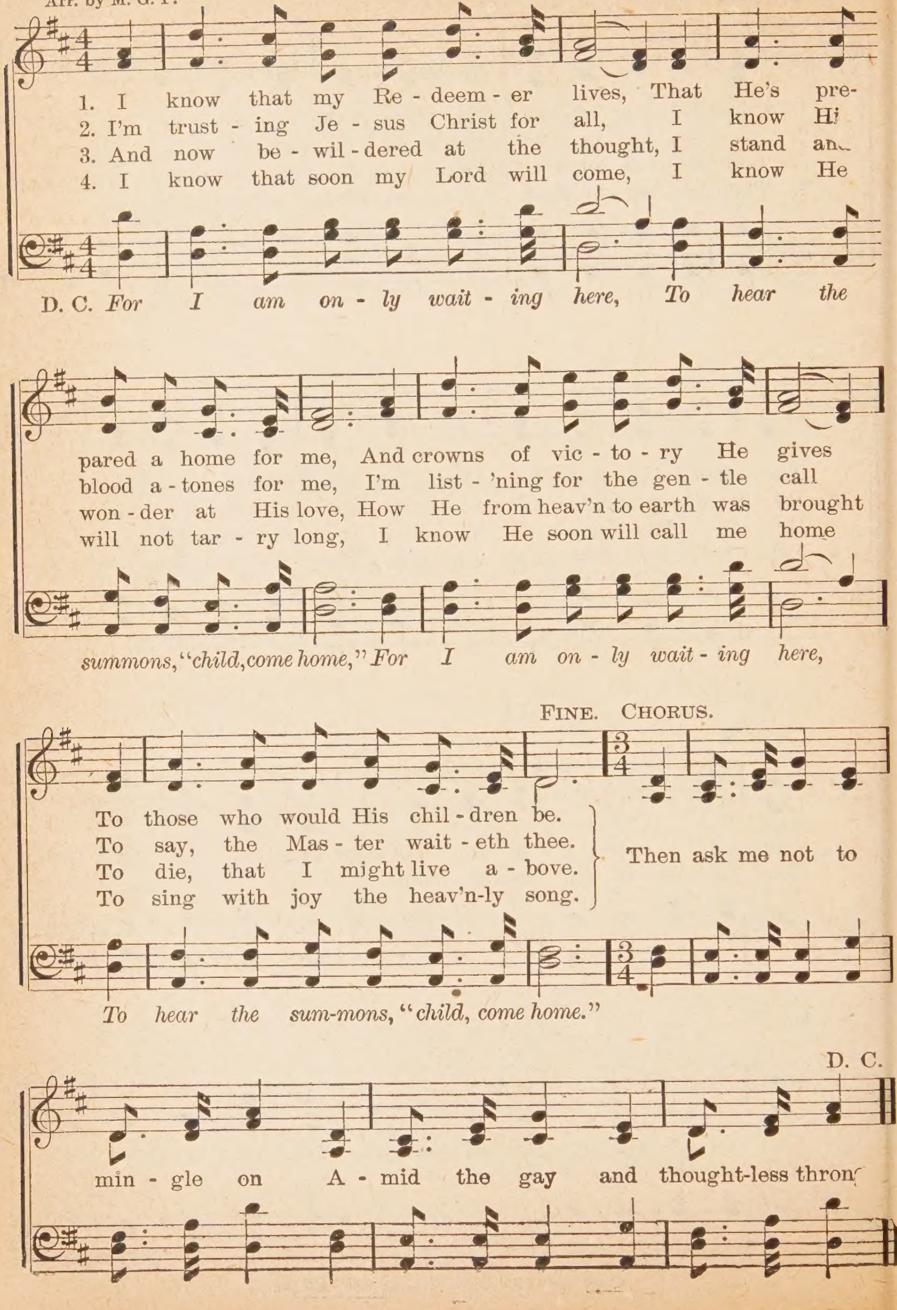
No. 326.

My Redeemer Lives.

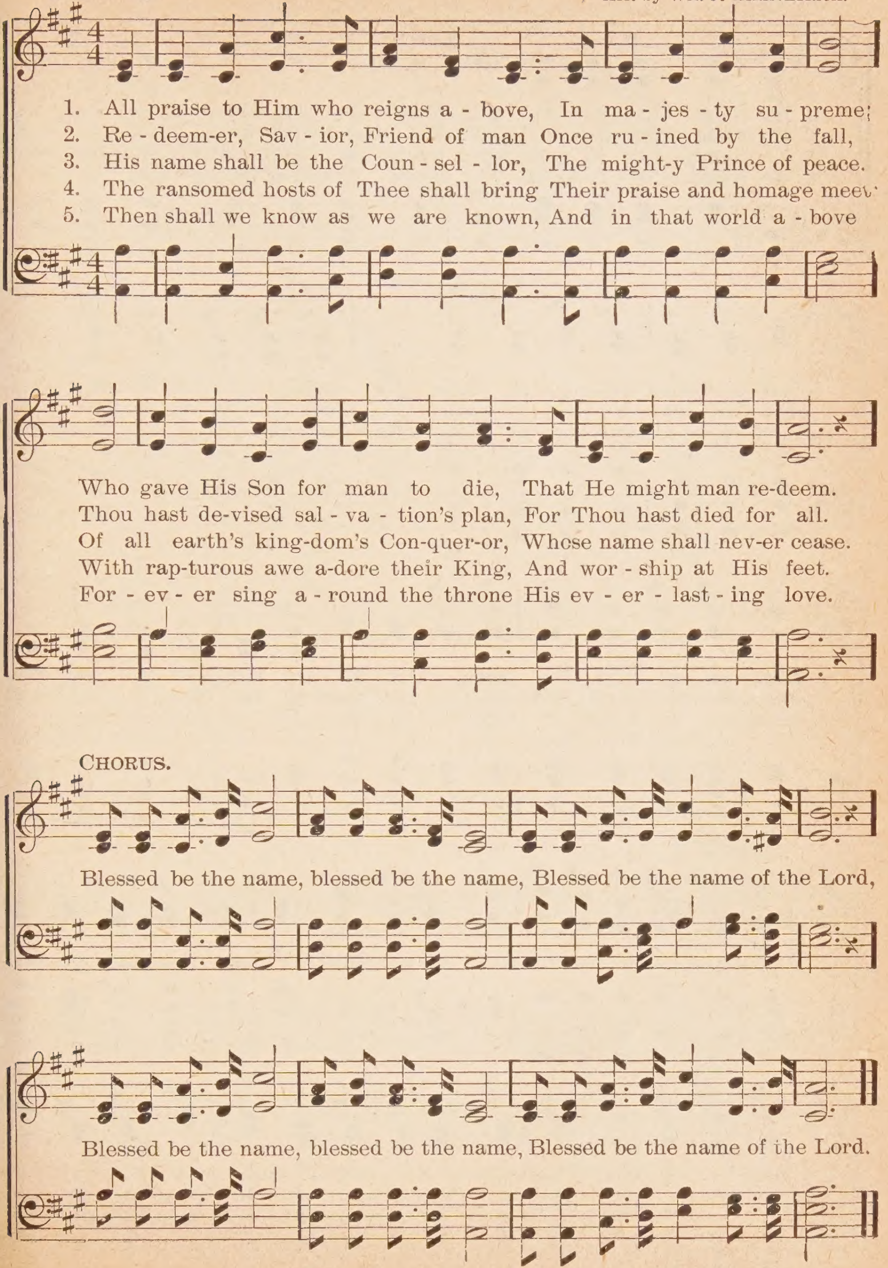
Arr. by M. G. P.

Arr. by Rev. M. G. Prescott.


1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, That He's pre-
2. I'm trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all, I know Hi
3. And now be - wil - dered at the thought, I stand an
4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know He
D. C. For I am on - ly wait - ing here, To hear the
pared a home for me, And crowns of vic - to - ry He gives
blood a - tones for me, I'm list - 'ning for the gen - tle call
won - der at His love, How He from heav'n to earth was brought
will not tar - ry long, I know He soon will call me home
summons, "child, come home," For I am on - ly wait - ing here,
Fine. Chorus.
To those who would His chil - dren be.
To say, the Mas - ter wait - eth thee.
To die, that I might live a - bove.
To sing with joy the heav'n-ly song.
Then ask me not to
To hear the sum-mons, "child, come home."
D. C.
min - gle on A - mid the gay and thought-less thron

No. 327. Blessed be the Name.

W. H. CLARK. Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In ma - jes - ty su - preme;
2. Re - deem-er, Sav - ior, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
3. His name shall be the Coun - sel - lor, The might-y Prince of peace.
4. The ransomed hosts of Thee shall bring Their praise and homage meet;
5. Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world a - bove
Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re-deem.
Thou hast de-vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's king-dom's Con-quer-or, Whose name shall nev-er cease.
With rap-turous awe a-dore their King, And wor - ship at His feet.
For - ev - er sing a - round the throne His ev - er - last - ing love.
CHORUS.
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord,
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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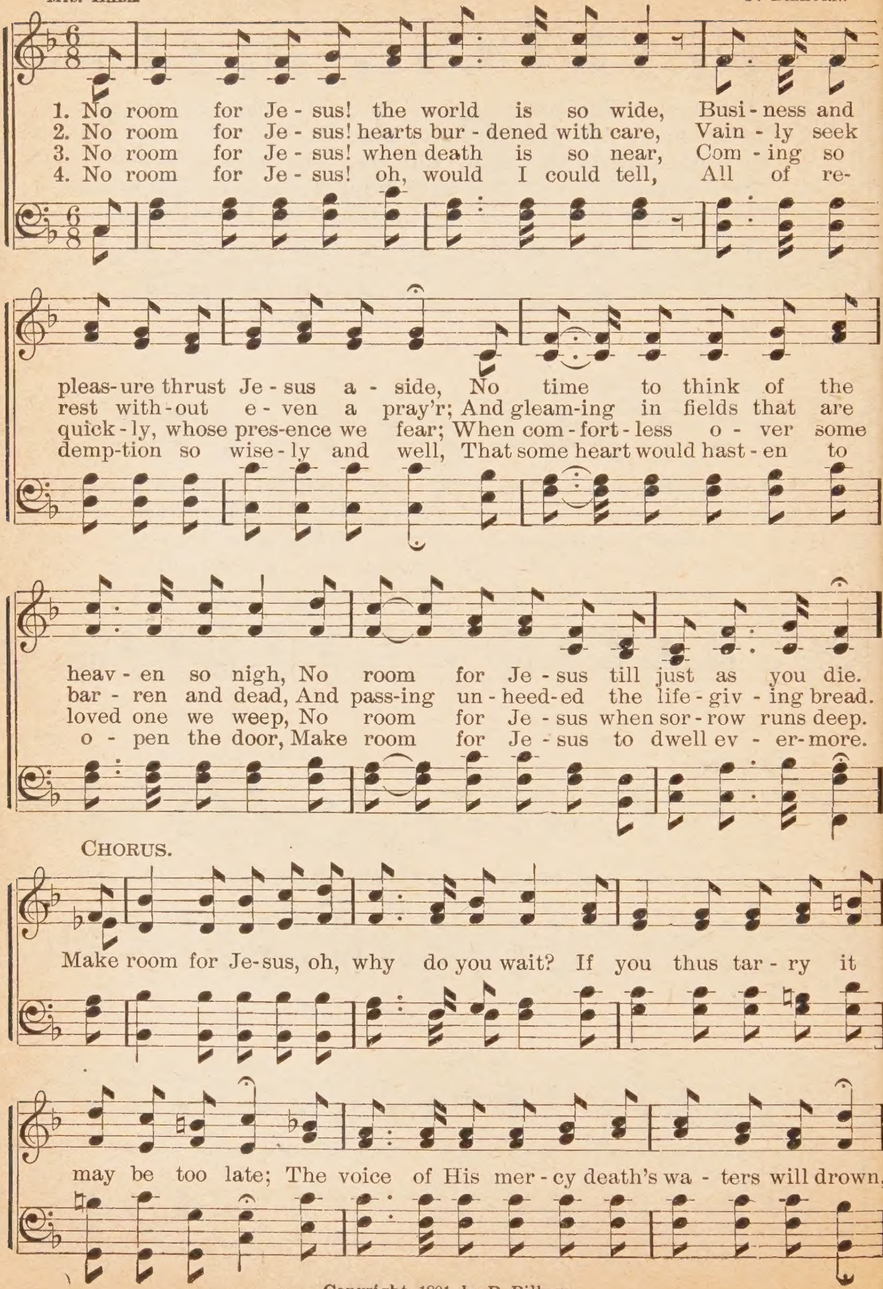
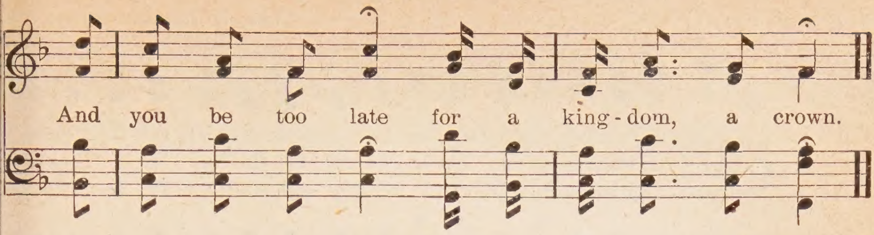
No. 328. No Room for Jesus.

Mrs. Hall. P. Bilhorn.

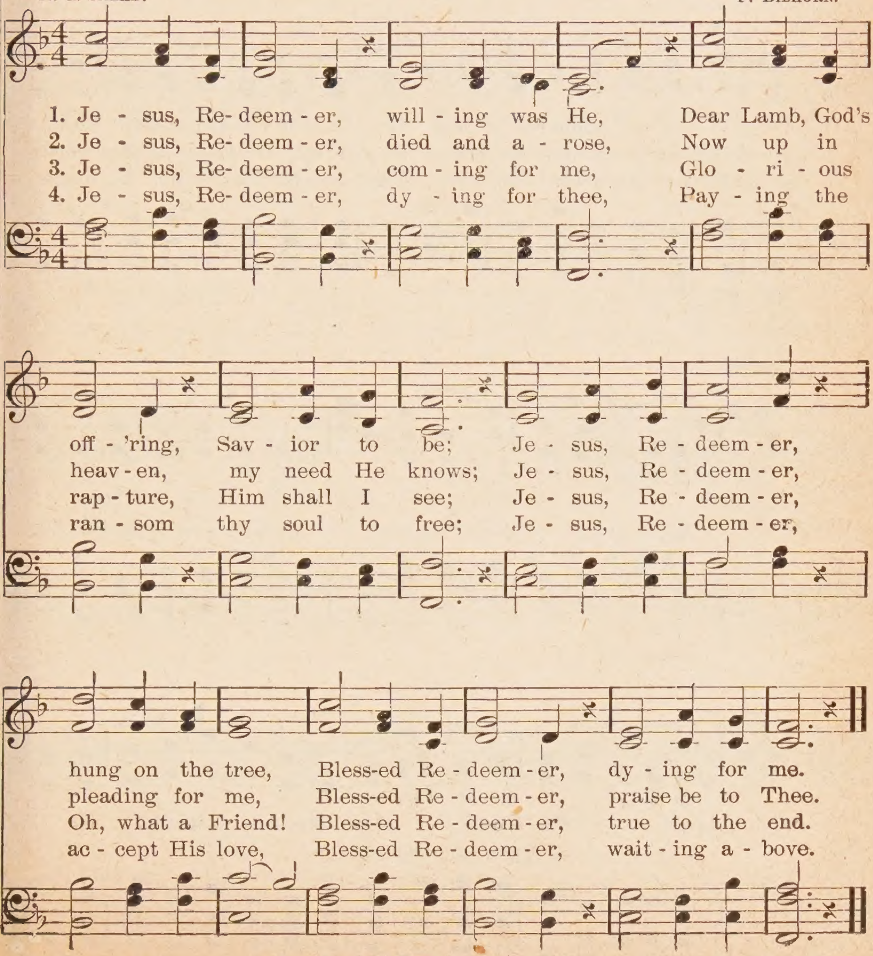

1. No room for Je - sus! the world is so wide, Busi - ness and
2. No room for Je - sus! hearts bur - dened with care, Vain - ly seek
3. No room for Je - sus! when death is so near, Com - ing so
4. No room for Je - sus! oh, would I could tell, All of re-
pleas-ure thrust Je - sus a - side, No time to think of the
rest with-out e - ven a pray'r; And gleam-ing in fields that are
quick - ly, whose pres-ence we fear; When com - fort - less o - ver some
demp-tion so wise - ly and well, That some heart would hast - en to
heav - en so nigh, No room for Je - sus till just as you die.
bar - ren and dead, And pass-ing un - heed-ed the life - giv - ing bread.
loved one we weep, No room for Je - sus when sor - row runs deep.
o - pen the door, Make room for Je - sus to dwell ev - er-more.
Chorus.
Make room for Je-sus, oh, why do you wait? If you thus tar - ry it
may be too late; The voice of His mer - cy death's wa - ters will drown,

No Room for Jesus. Concluded.



No. 329. Jesus, Redeemer.

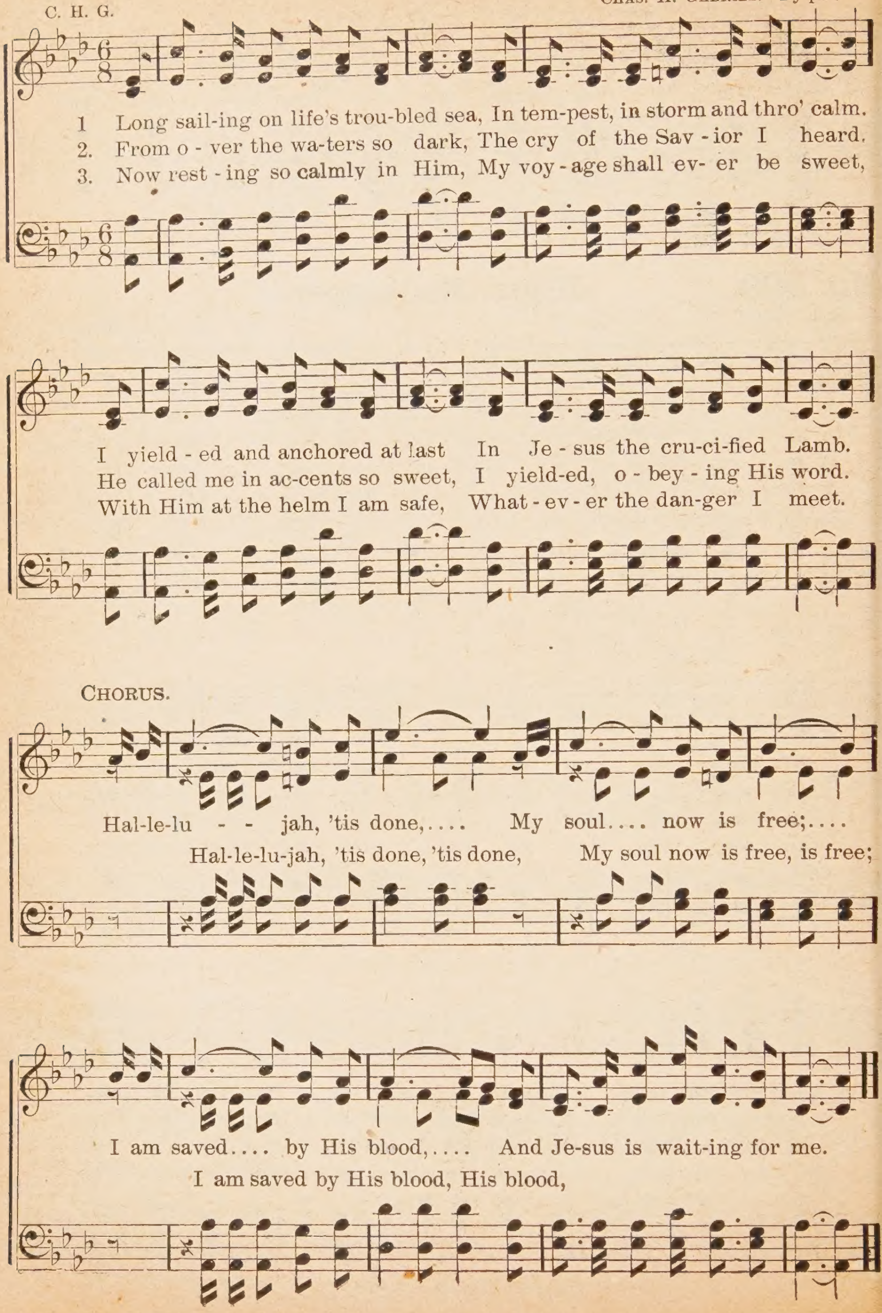
H. G. Smead. P. Bilhorn.


1. Je - sus, Re- deem - er, will - ing was He, Dear Lamb, God's
2. Je - sus, Re- deem - er, died and a - rose, Now up in
3. Je - sus, Re- deem - er, com - ing for me, Glo - ri - ous
4. Je - sus, Re- deem - er, dy - ing for thee, Pay - ing the
off - 'ring, Sav - ior to be; Je - sus, Re - deem - er,
heav - en, my need He knows; Je - sus, Re - deem - er,
rap - ture, Him shall I see; Je - sus, Re - deem - er,
ran - som thy soul to free; Je - sus, Re - deem - er,
hung on the tree, Bless-ed Re - deem - er, dy - ing for me.
pleading for me, Bless-ed Re - deem - er, praise be to Thee.
Oh, what a Friend! Bless-ed Re - deem - er, true to the end.
ac - cept His love, Bless-ed Re - deem - er, wait - ing a - bove.

No. 330. Jesus is Waiting for Me.

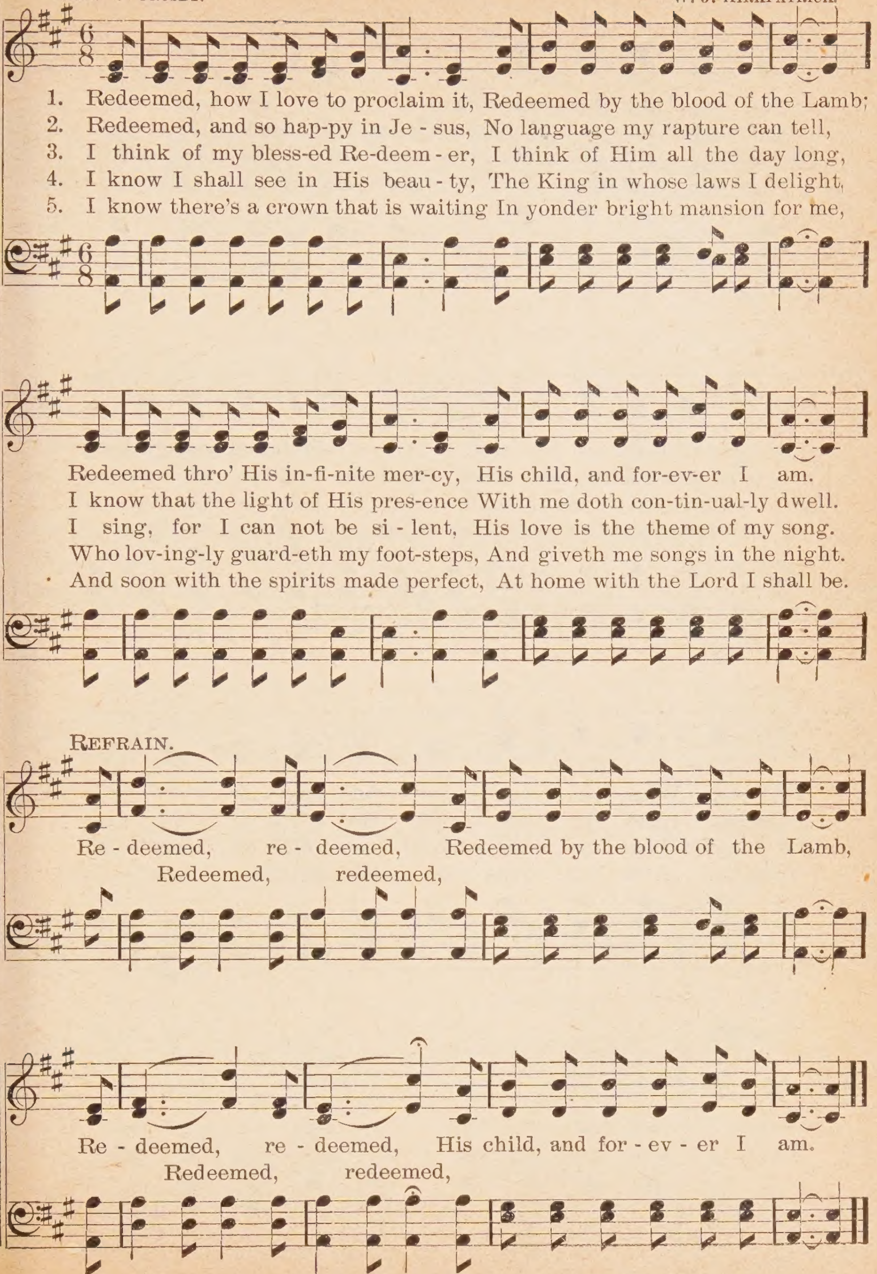
C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel. By per.


1 Long sail-ing on life's trou-bled sea, In tem-pest, in storm and thro' calm.
2. From o - ver the wa-ters so dark, The cry of the Sav - ior I heard.
3. Now rest - ing so calmly in Him, My voy - age shall ev- er be sweet,
I yield - ed and anchored at last In Je - sus the cru-ci-fied Lamb.
He called me in ac-cents so sweet, I yield-ed, o - bey - ing His word.
With Him at the helm I am safe, What - ev - er the dan-ger I meet.
Chorus.
Hal-le-lu - - jah, 'tis done,.... My soul.... now is free;....
Hal-le-lu-jah, 'tis done, 'tis done, My soul now is free, is free;
I am saved.... by His blood,.... And Je-sus is wait-ing for me.
I am saved by His blood, His blood,

No. 331. Redeemed.

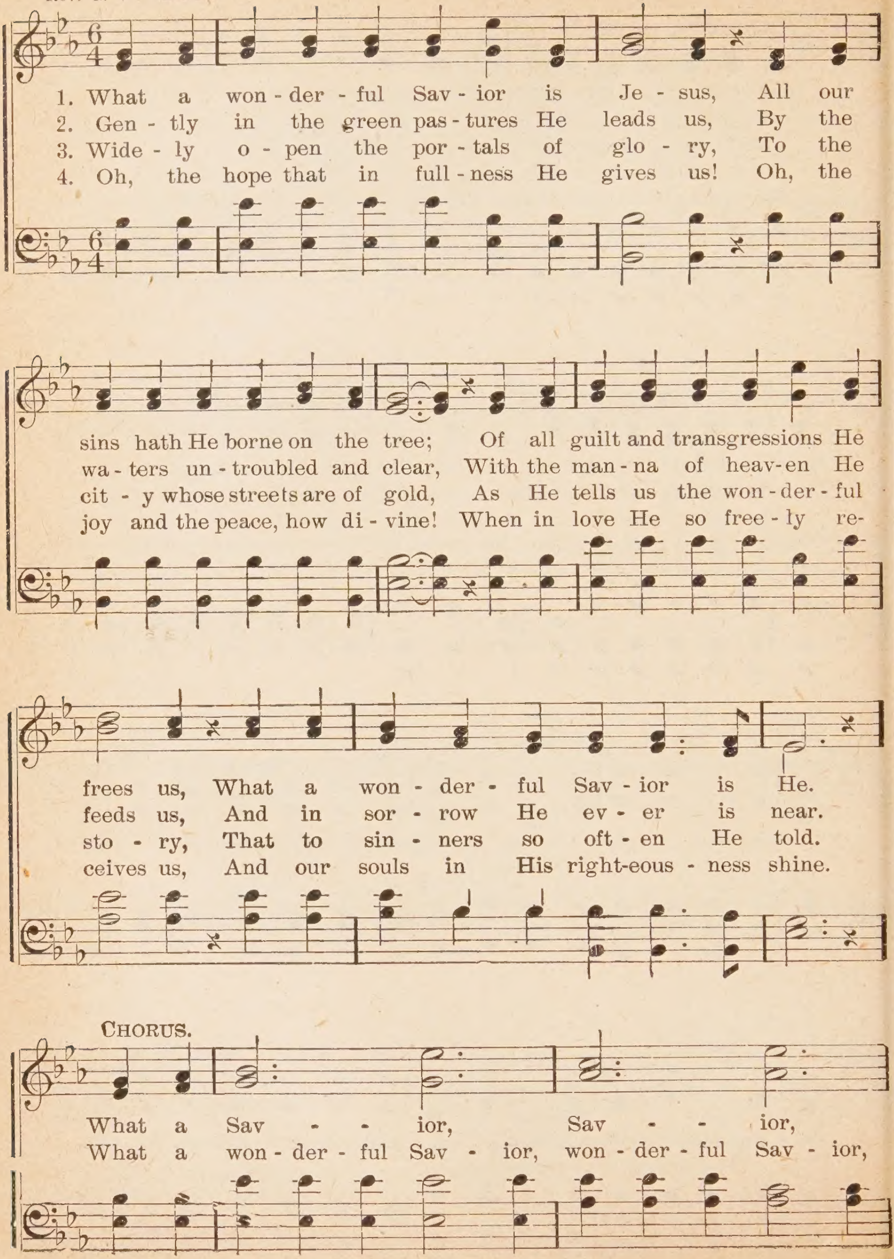
Fanny J. Crosby. W. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed, and so hap-py in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem - er, I think of Him all the day long,
4. I know I shall see in His beau - ty, The King in whose laws I delight,
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,
Redeemed thro' His in-fi-nite mer-cy, His child, and for-ev-er I am.
I know that the light of His pres-ence With me doth con-tin-ual-ly dwell.
I sing, for I can not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lov-ing-ly guard-eth my foot-steps, And giveth me songs in the night.
And soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.
Refrain.
Re - deemed, re - deemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
Redeemed, redeemed,
Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child, and for - ev - er I am.
Redeemed, redeemed,

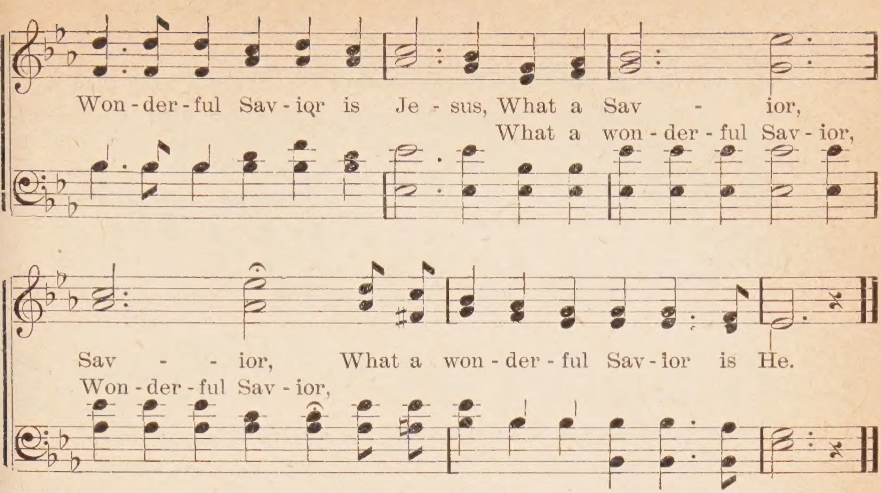
By permission.

No. 332. What a Savior.

Rev. G. W. Crofts. P. Bilhorn.

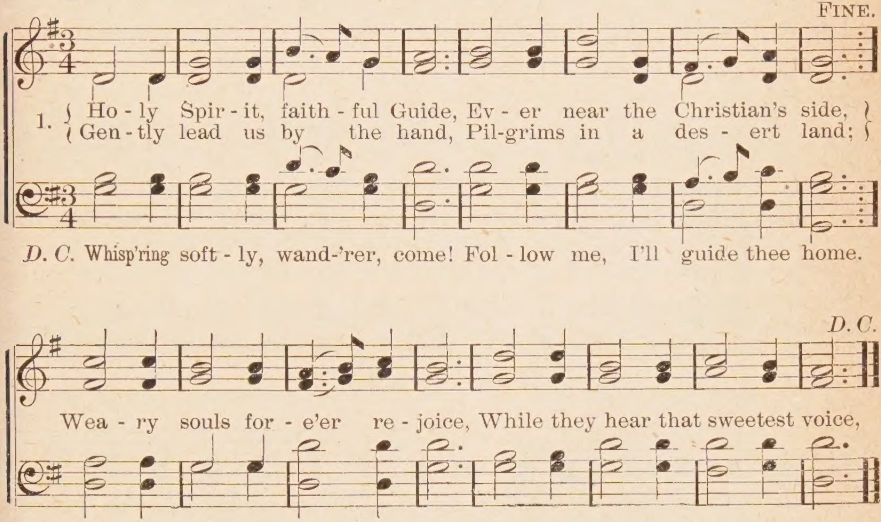

1. What a wonderful Savior is Jesus, All our
2. Gently in the green pastures He leads us, By the
3. Widely open the portals of glory, To the
4. Oh, the hope that in fullness He gives us! Oh, the
sins hath He borne on the tree; Of all guilt and transgressions He
waters untroubled and clear, With the manna of heaven He
city whose streets are of gold, As He tells us the wonderful
joy and the peace, how divine! When in love He so freely re-
frees us, What a wonderful Savior is He.
feeds us, And in sorrow He ever is near.
story, That to sinners so often He told.
ceives us, And our souls in His righteousness shine.
CHORUS.
What a Sav - - ior, Sav - - ior,
What a wonderful Savior, wonderful Savior,

What a Savior. Concluded.


Won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, What a Sav-ior,
What a won-der-ful Sav-ior,
Sav-ior, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior is He.
Won-der-ful Sav-ior,

No. 333. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

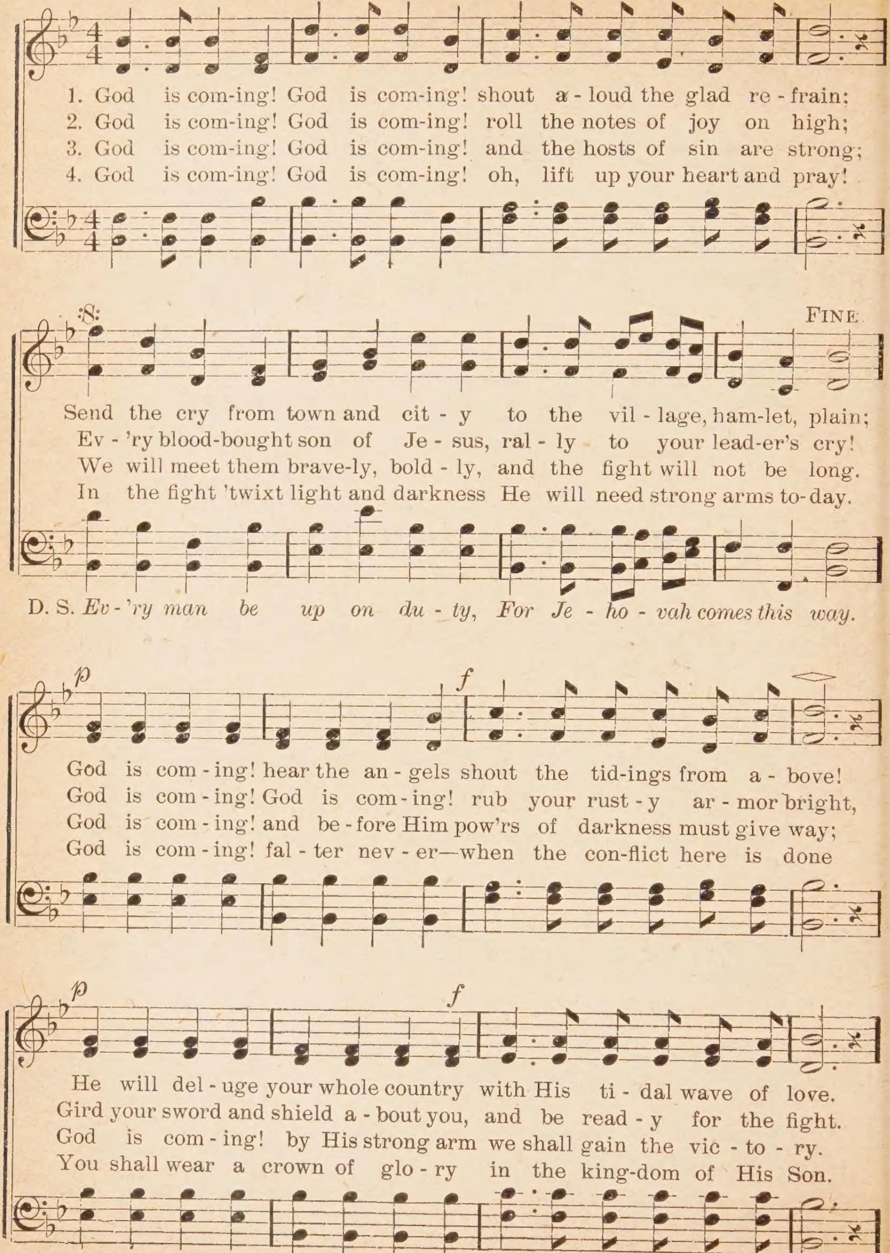

Fine.
1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Christian's side,
Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land;
D. C. Whisp'ring soft-ly, wand-'rer, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home.
D. C.
Wea-ry souls for-e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er;
Whisper softly, wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

No. 334. God is Coming.

Mrs. Sue M. O. Hoffman.


1. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! shout a-loud the glad re-frain;
2. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! roll the notes of joy on high;
3. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! and the hosts of sin are strong;
4. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! oh, lift up your heart and pray!
𝄋
Fine.
Send the cry from town and cit-y to the vil-lage, ham-let, plain;
Ev-'ry blood-bought son of Je-sus, ral-ly to your lead-er's cry!
We will meet them brave-ly, bold-ly, and the fight will not be long.
In the fight 'twixt light and darkness He will need strong arms to-day.
D. S. Ev-'ry man be up on du-ty, For Je-ho-vah comes this way.
p
f
God is com-ing! hear the an-gels shout the tid-ings from a-bove!
God is com-ing! God is com-ing! rub your rust-y ar-mor bright,
God is com-ing! and be-fore Him pow'rs of darkness must give way;
God is com-ing! fal-ter nev-er—when the con-flict here is done
p
f
He will del-uge your whole country with His ti-dal wave of love.
Gird your sword and shield a-bout you, and be read-y for the fight.
God is com-ing! by His strong arm we shall gain the vic-to-ry.
You shall wear a crown of glo-ry in the king-dom of His Son.

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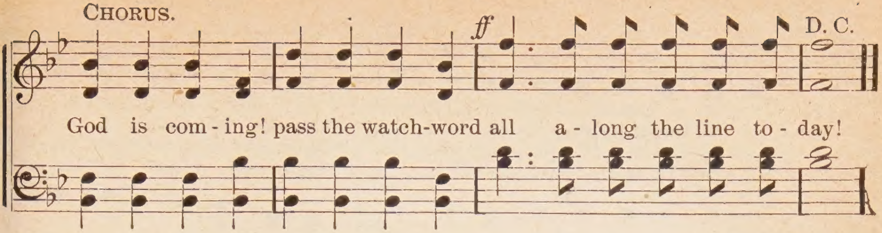
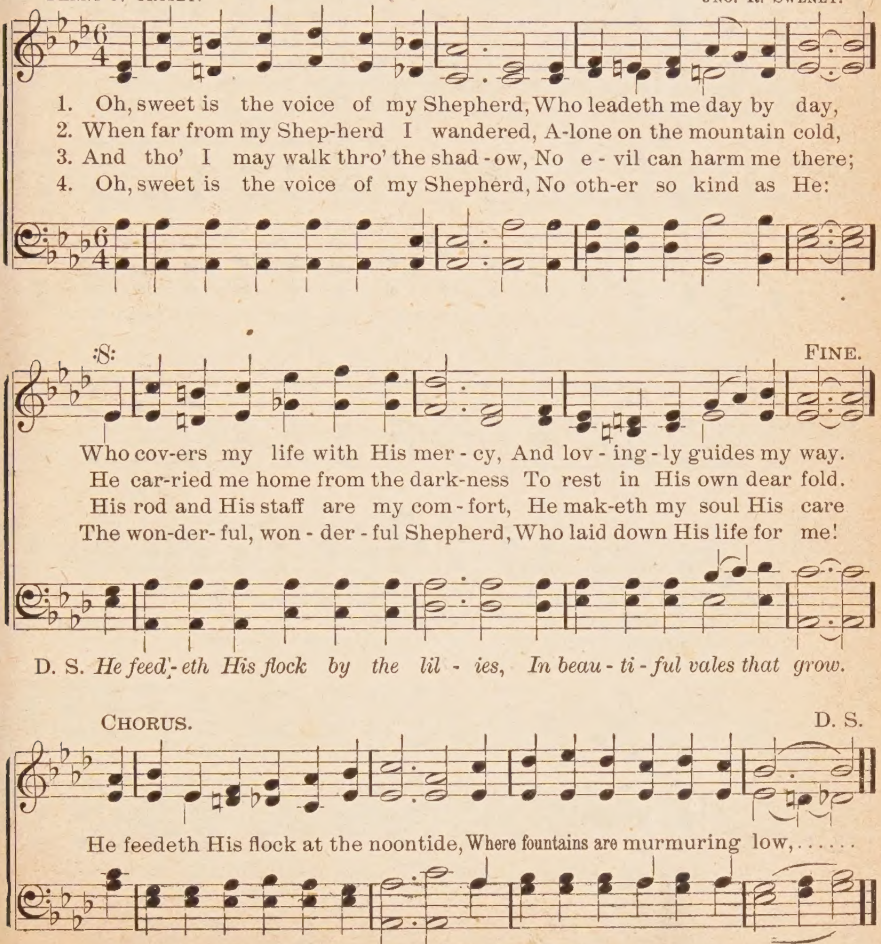
God is Coming. Concluded.


CHORUS.
ff
D. C.
God is com-ing! pass the watch-word all a-long the line to-day!

No. 335. He Feedeth His Flock.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Oh, sweet is the voice of my Shepherd, Who leadeth me day by day,
2. When far from my Shep-herd I wandered, A-lone on the mountain cold,
3. And tho' I may walk thro' the shad-ow, No e-vil can harm me there;
4. Oh, sweet is the voice of my Shepherd, No oth-er so kind as He:
FINE.
Who cov-ers my life with His mer-cy, And lov-ing-ly guides my way.
He car-ried me home from the dark-ness To rest in His own dear fold.
His rod and His staff are my com-fort, He mak-eth my soul His care
The won-der-ful, won-der-ful Shepherd, Who laid down His life for me!
D. S. He feed-eth His flock by the lil-ies, In beau-ti-ful vales that grow.
CHORUS.
D. S.
He feedeth His flock at the noontide, Where fountains are murmuring low, ...

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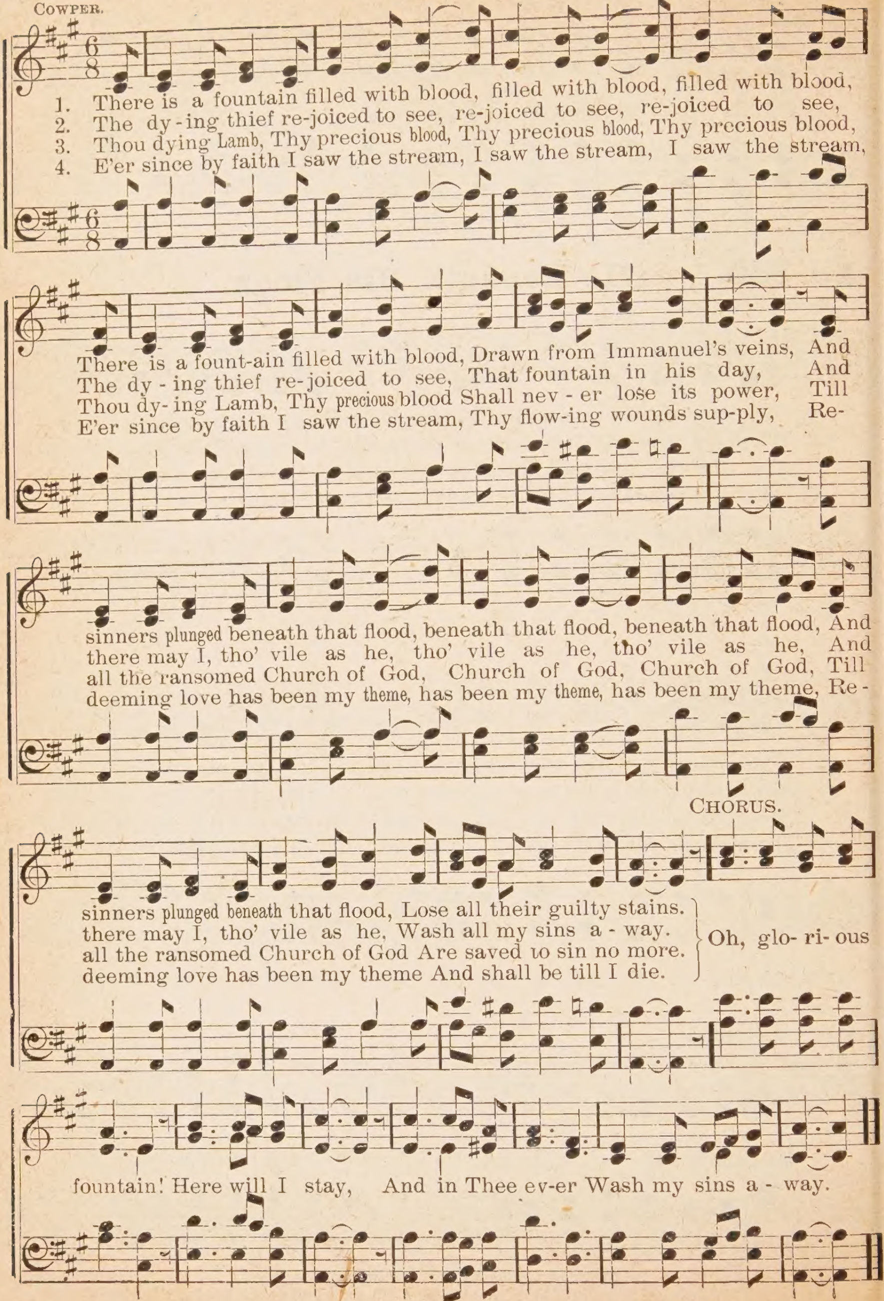
No. 336. Glorious Fountain.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE By per.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see,
3. Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood, Thy precious blood, Thy precious blood,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, I saw the stream, I saw the stream,
There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And
The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, That fountain in his day, And
Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its power, Till
E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply, Re-
sinners plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And
there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And
all the ransomed Church of God, Church of God, Church of God, Till
deeming love has been my theme, has been my theme, has been my theme, Re-
CHORUS.
sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
deeming love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
Oh, glo-ri-ous
fountain! Here will I stay, And in Thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.

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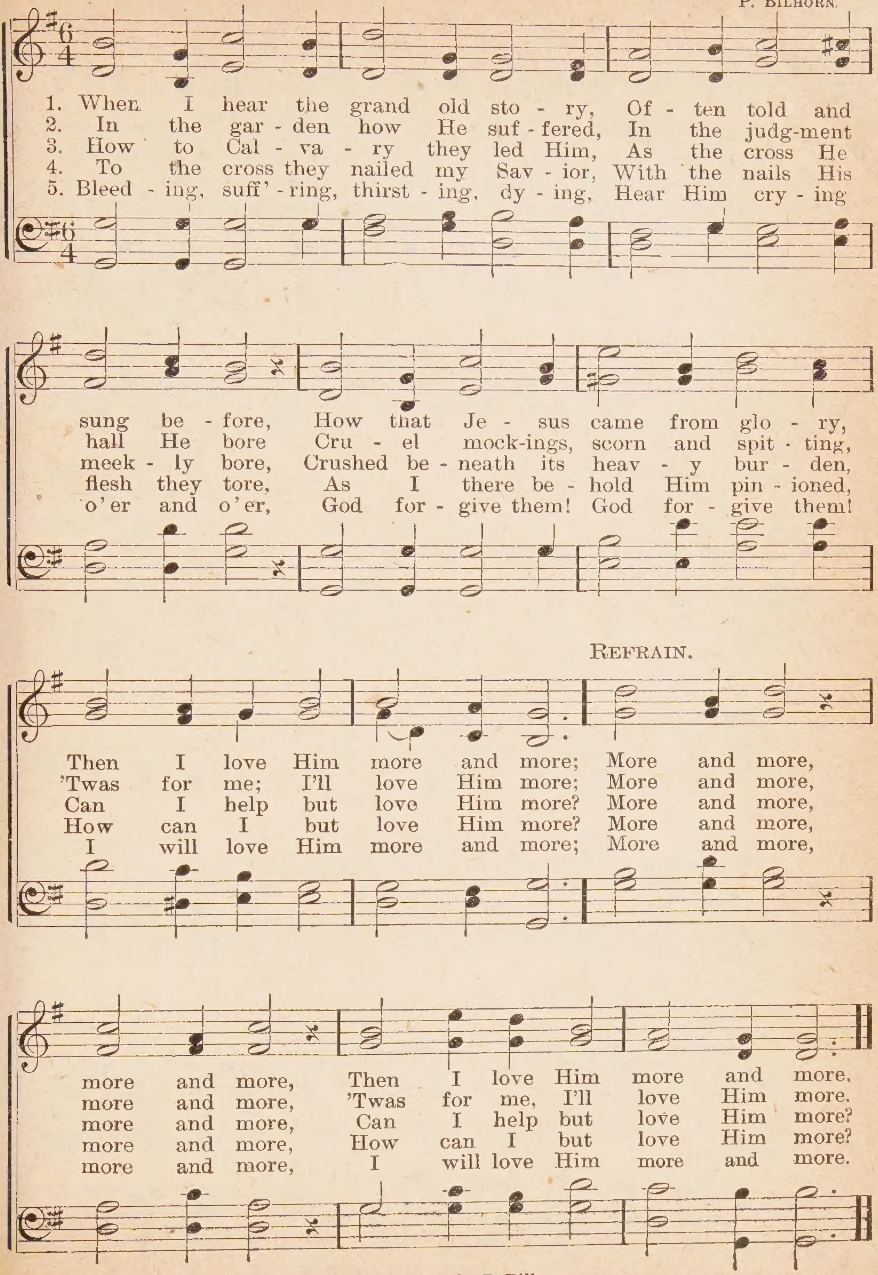
No. 337. How can I but Love Him?

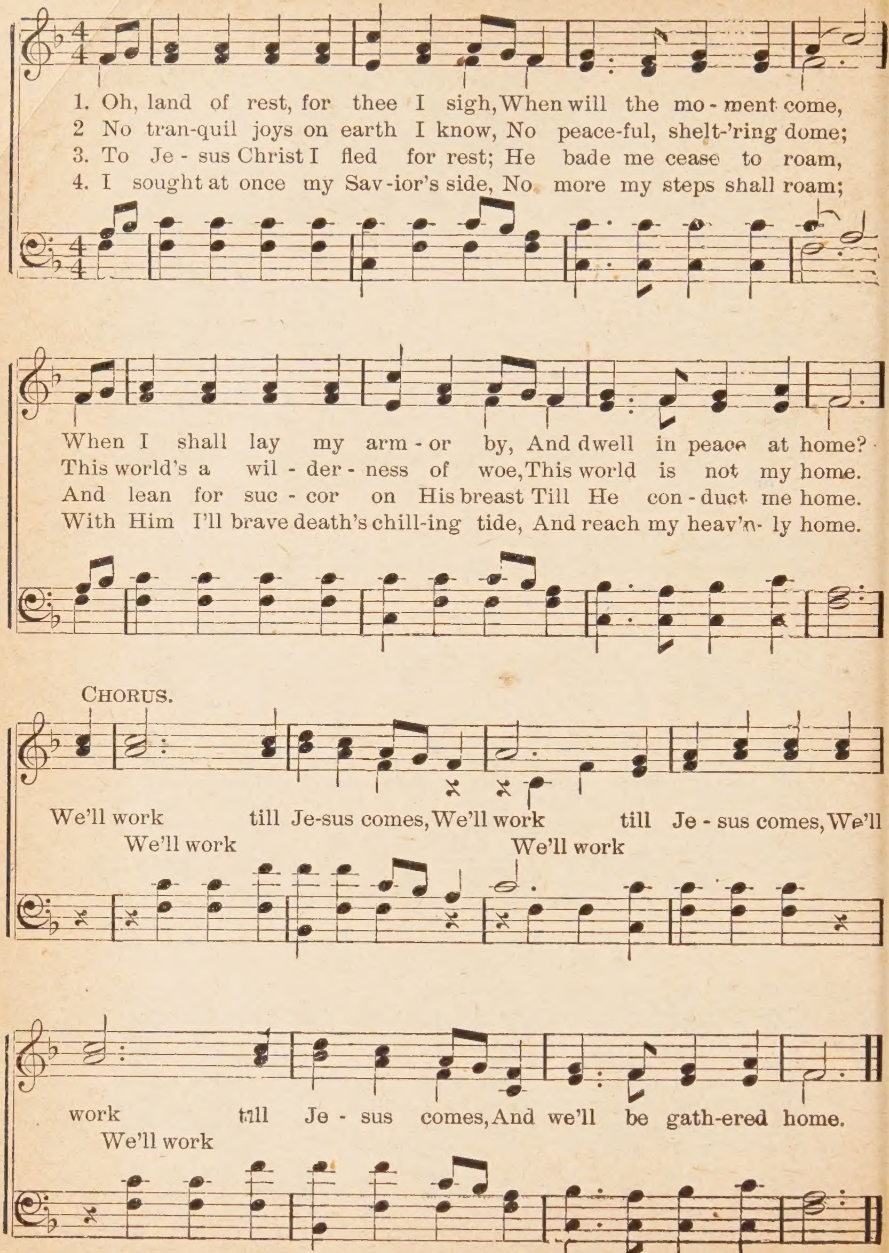
P. B. P. Bilhorn.


1. When I hear the grand old story, Often told and sung before, How that Jesus came from glory,
2. In the garden how He suffered, In the judgment hall He bore Cruel mockings, scorn and spitting,
3. How to Calvary they led Him, As the cross He meekly bore, Crushed beneath its heavy burden,
4. To the cross they nailed my Savior, With the nails His flesh they tore, As I there behold Him pinioned,
5. Bleeding, suff'ring, thirsting, dying, Hear Him crying o'er and o'er, God forgive them! God forgive them!
Refrain.
Then I love Him more and more; More and more, more and more, Then I love Him more and more.
'Twas for me; I'll love Him more; More and more, more and more, 'Twas for me, I'll love Him more.
Can I help but love Him more? More and more, more and more, Can I help but love Him more?
How can I but love Him more? More and more, more and more, How can I but love Him more?
I will love Him more and more; More and more, more and more, I will love Him more and more.

No. 338. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills.

Dr. Wm. Miller.
Arr. by W. J. K., 185

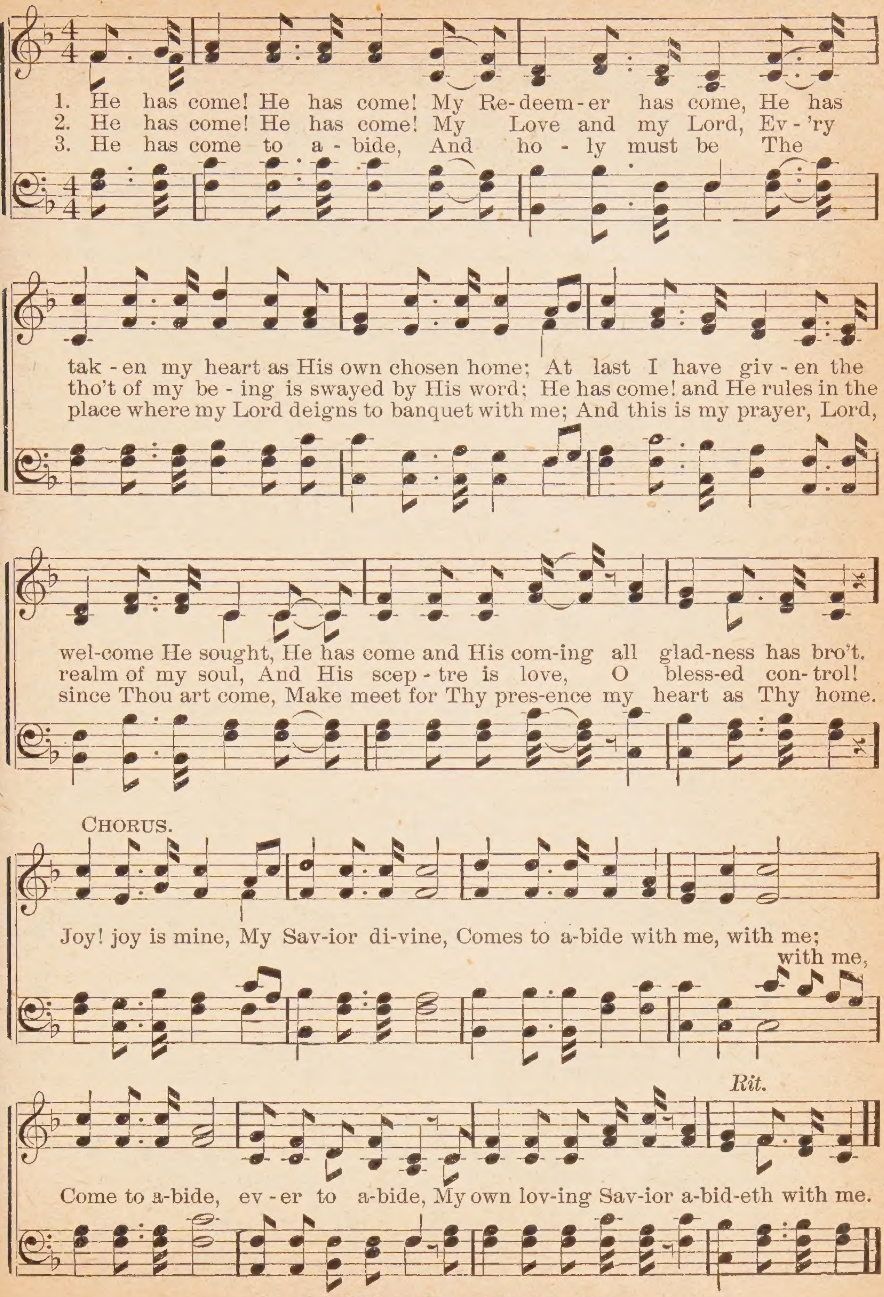

1. Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo - ment come,
2 No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt-'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;
When I shall lay my arm - or by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con - duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n - ly home.
CHORUS.
We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll
We'll work
We'll work
work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
We'll work

By permission.

No. 339.

He Has Come.

Mrs. J. H Knowles. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.


1. He has come! He has come! My Re-deem-er has come, He has
2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord, Ev-'ry
3. He has come to a-bide, And ho-ly must be The
tak-en my heart as His own chosen home; At last I have giv-en the
tho't of my be-ing is swayed by His word; He has come! and He rules in the
place where my Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my prayer, Lord,
wel-come He sought, He has come and His com-ing all glad-ness has bro't.
realm of my soul, And His scep-tre is love, O bless-ed con-trol!
since Thou art come, Make meet for Thy pres-ence my heart as Thy home.
CHORUS.
Joy! joy is mine, My Sav-ior di-vine, Comes to a-bide with me, with me;
with me,
Rit.
Come to a-bide, ev-er to a-bide, My own lov-ing Sav-ior a-bid-eth with me.

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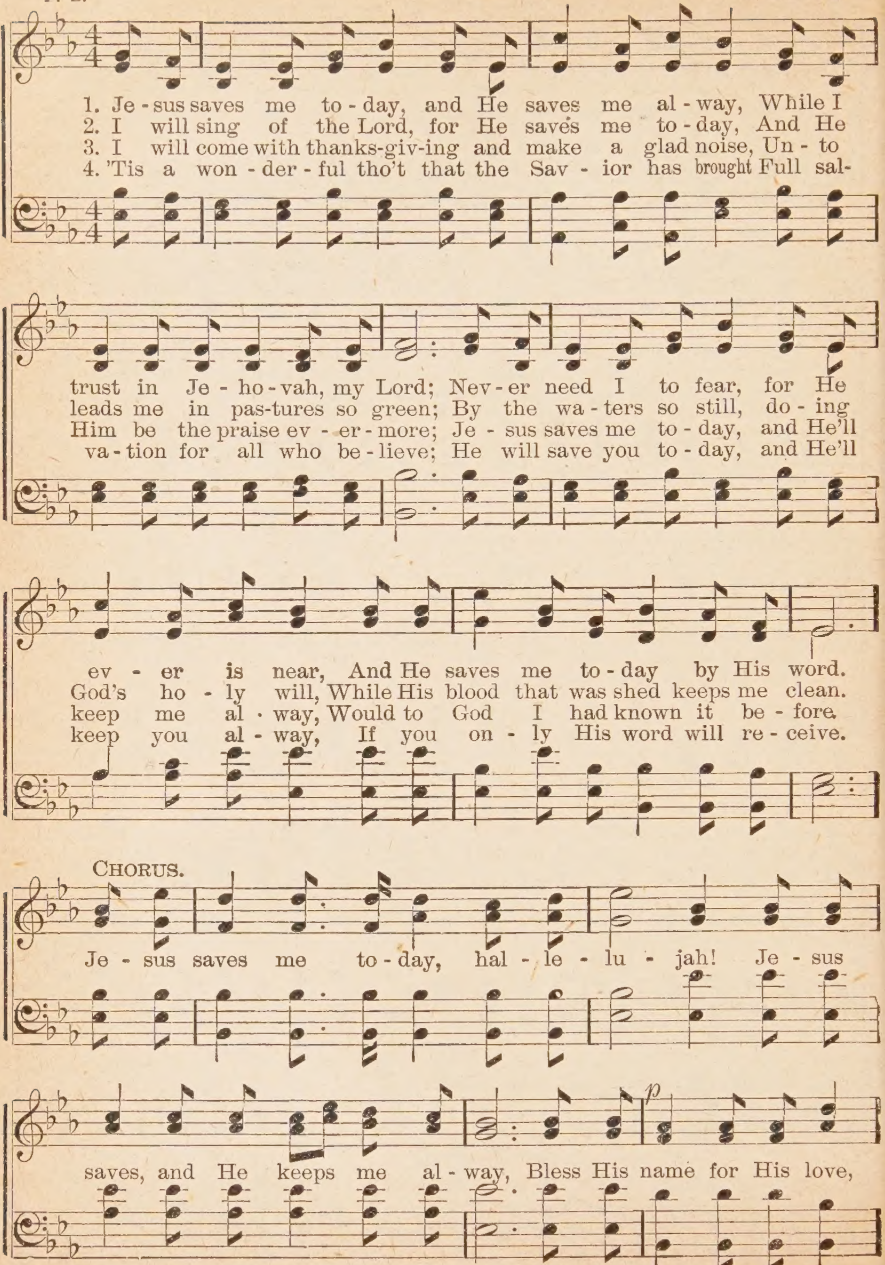
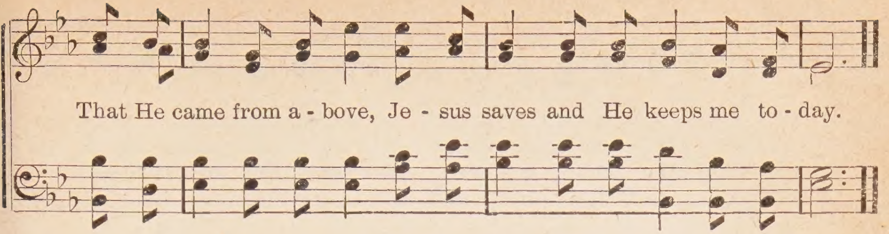
No. 340. Jesus Saves Me To-day.

P. B. P. BILHORN.

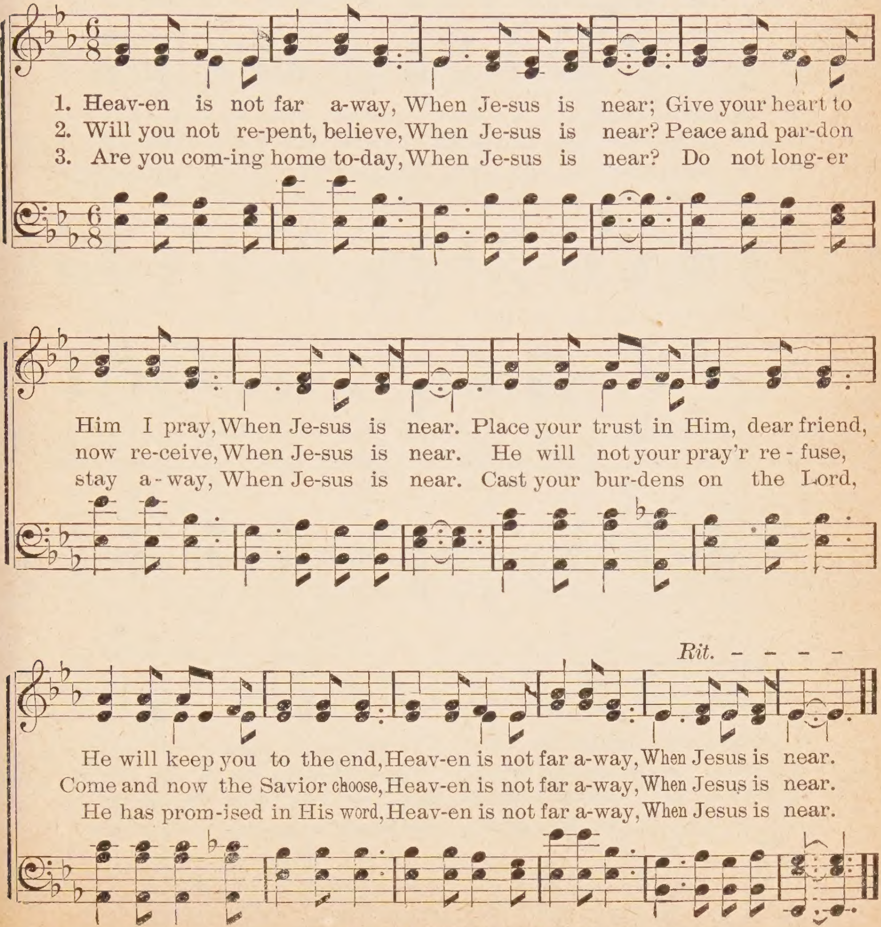

1. Je - sus saves me to - day, and He saves me al - way, While I
2. I will sing of the Lord, for He saves me to - day, And He
3. I will come with thanks-giv-ing and make a glad noise, Un - to
4. 'Tis a won - der - ful tho't that the Sav - ior has brought Full sal-
trust in Je - ho - vah, my Lord; Nev - er need I to fear, for He
leads me in pas-tures so green; By the wa - ters so still, do - ing
Him be the praise ev - er - more; Je - sus saves me to - day, and He'll
va - tion for all who be - lieve; He will save you to - day, and He'll
ev - er is near, And He saves me to - day by His word.
God's ho - ly will, While His blood that was shed keeps me clean.
keep me al - way, Would to God I had known it be - fore.
keep you al - way, If you on - ly His word will re - ceive.
CHORUS.
Je - sus saves me to - day, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus
saves, and He keeps me al - way, Bless His name for His love,
p

Jesus Saves Me To-day. Concluded.


That He came from a - bove, Je - sus saves and He keeps me to - day.

No. 341. Heaven is not Far Away.

C. E. L. C. E. Leslie. By per.


1. Heav-en is not far a-way, When Je-sus is near; Give your heart to
2. Will you not re-pent, believe, When Je-sus is near? Peace and par-don
3. Are you com-ing home to-day, When Je-sus is near? Do not long-er
Him I pray, When Je-sus is near. Place your trust in Him, dear friend,
now re-ceive, When Je-sus is near. He will not your pray'r re - fuse,
stay a - way, When Je-sus is near. Cast your bur-dens on the Lord,
Rit. - - - -
He will keep you to the end, Heav-en is not far a-way, When Jesus is near.
Come and now the Savior choose, Heav-en is not far a-way, When Jesus is near.
He has prom-ised in His word, Heav-en is not far a-way, When Jesus is near.

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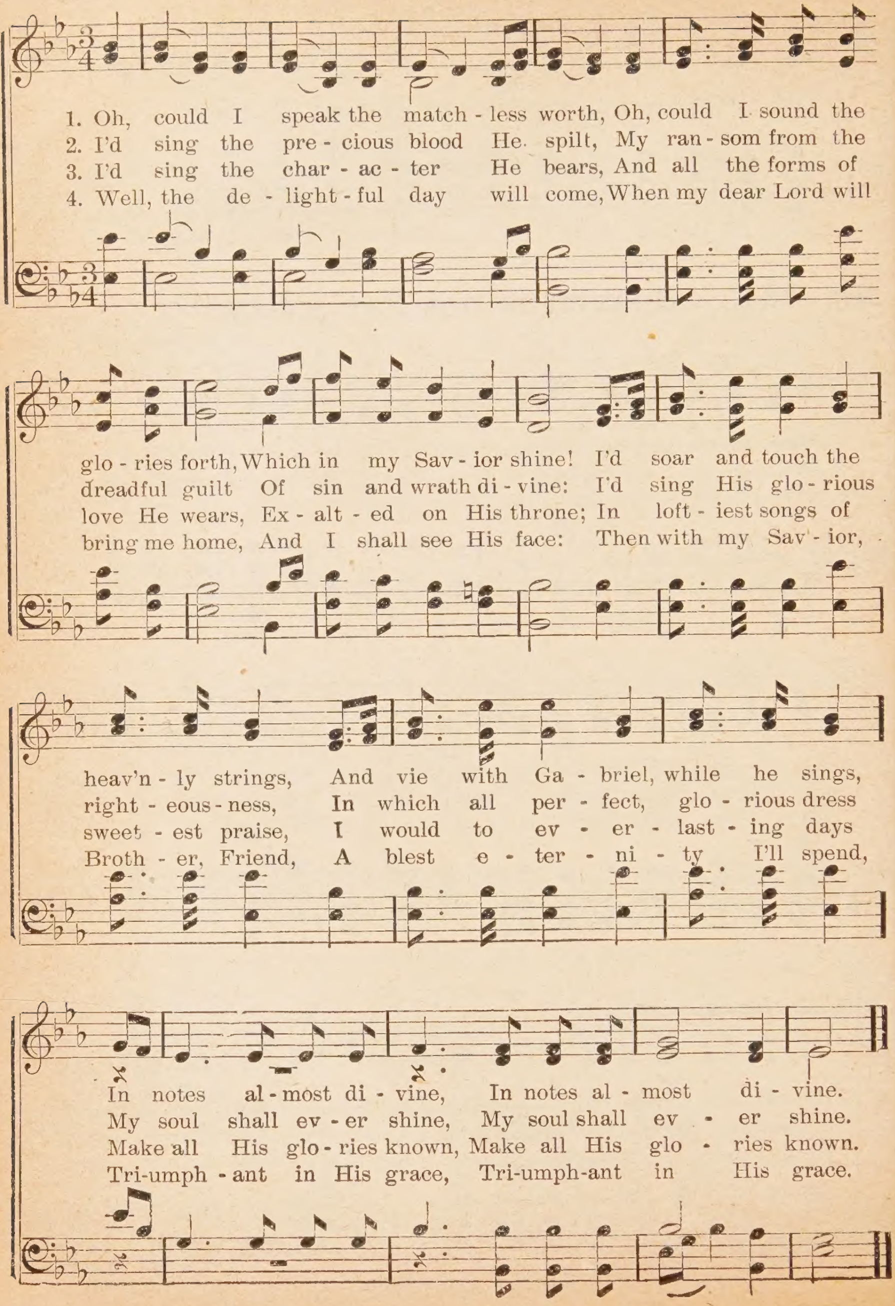
No. 342.

Oh, Could I Speak.

Medley.

Arr. by Mason.



1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the
glories forth, Which in my Savior shine! I'd soar and touch the
heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine, In notes almost divine.

2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the
dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath divine: I'd sing His glorious
righteousness, In which all perfect, glorious dress
My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ever shine.

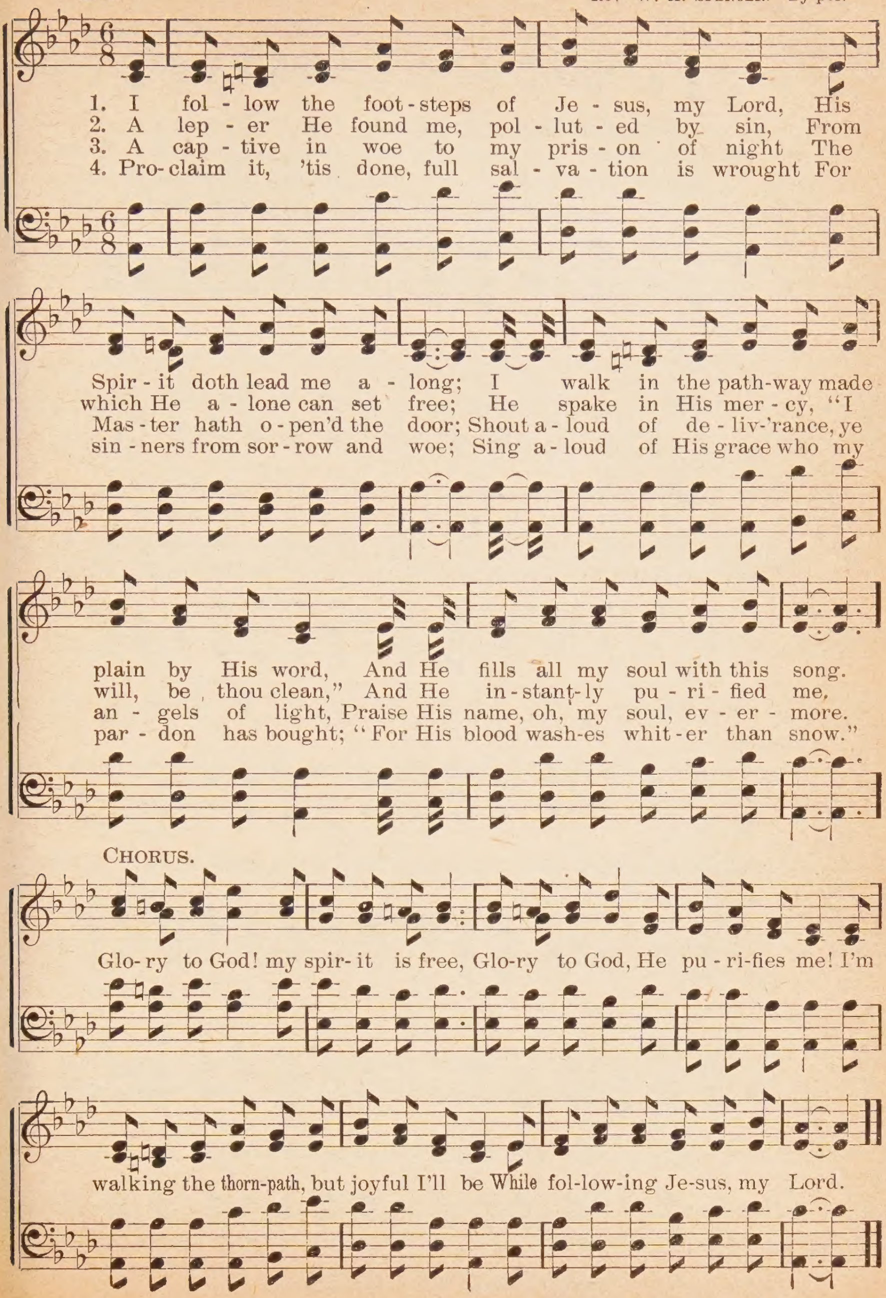
3. I'd sing the character He bears, And all the forms of
love He wears, Exalted on His throne; In loftiest songs of
sweetest praise, I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.

4. Well, the delightful day will come, When my dear Lord will
bring me home, And I shall see His face: Then with my Savior,
Brother, Friend, A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

No. 343.

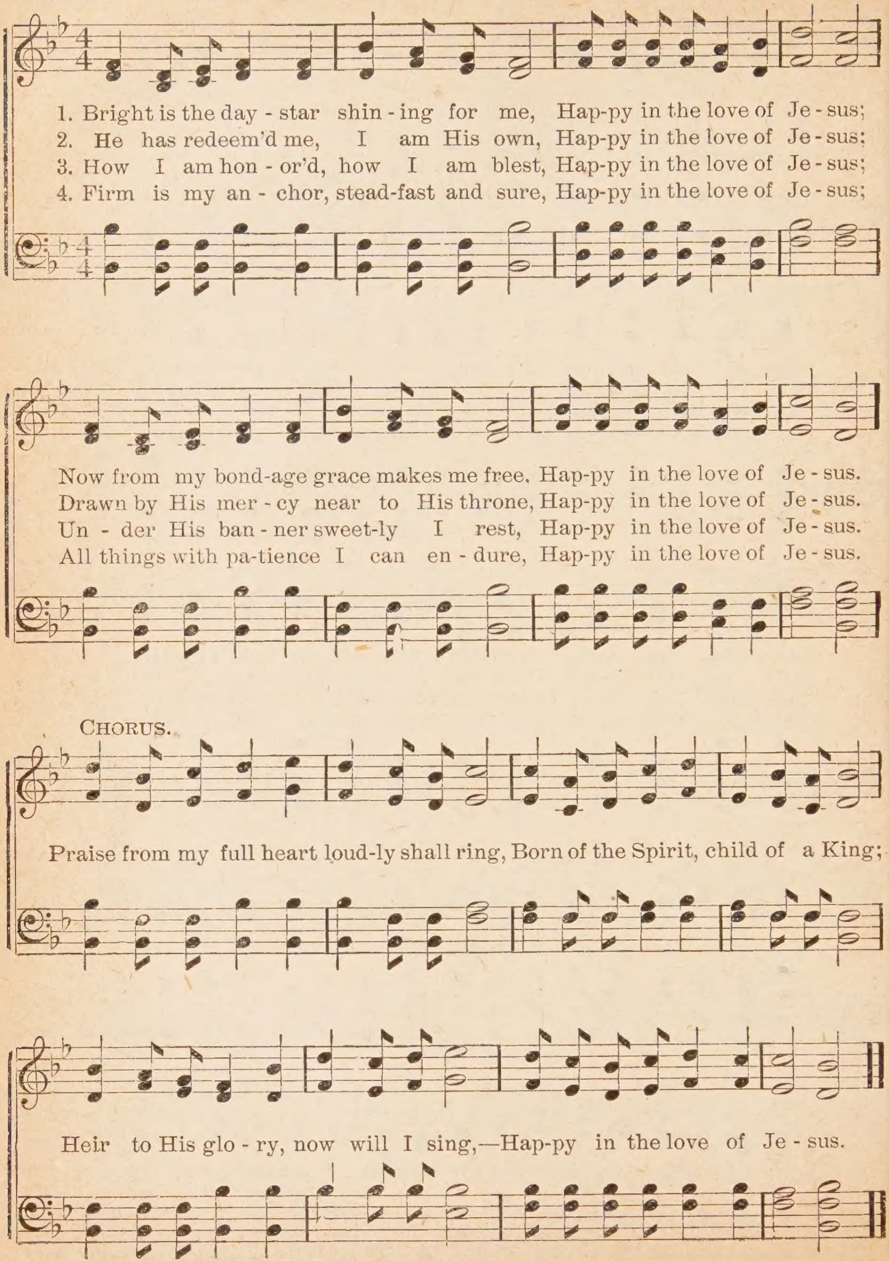
My Spirit is Free.

W. A. S. Rev W. A. SPENCER. By per.


1. I fol - low the foot - steps of Je - sus, my Lord, His
2. A lep - er He found me, pol - lut - ed by sin, From
3. A cap - tive in woe to my pris - on of night The
4. Pro- claim it, 'tis done, full sal - va - tion is wrought For
Spir - it doth lead me a - long; I walk in the path-way made
which He a - lone can set free; He spake in His mer - cy, "I
Mas - ter hath o - pen'd the door; Shout a - loud of de - liv-'rance, ye
sin - ners from sor - row and woe; Sing a - loud of His grace who my
plain by His word, And He fills all my soul with this song.
will, be thou clean," And He in - stant - ly pu - ri - fied me.
an - gels of light, Praise His name, oh, my soul, ev - er - more.
par - don has bought; "For His blood wash-es whit - er than snow."
CHORUS.
Glo- ry to God! my spir- it is free, Glo-ry to God, He pu - ri-fies me! I'm
walking the thorn-path, but joyful I'll be While fol-low-ing Je-sus, my Lord.

No. 344. Happy in the Love of Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.


1. Bright is the day - star shin - ing for me, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus;
2. He has redeem'd me, I am His own, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus;
3. How I am hon - or'd, how I am blest, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus;
4. Firm is my an - chor, stead-fast and sure, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus;
Now from my bond-age grace makes me free. Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.
Drawn by His mer - cy near to His throne, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.
Un - der His ban - ner sweet-ly I rest, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.
All things with pa-tience I can en - dure, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Praise from my full heart loud-ly shall ring, Born of the Spirit, child of a King;
Heir to His glo - ry, now will I sing,—Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.

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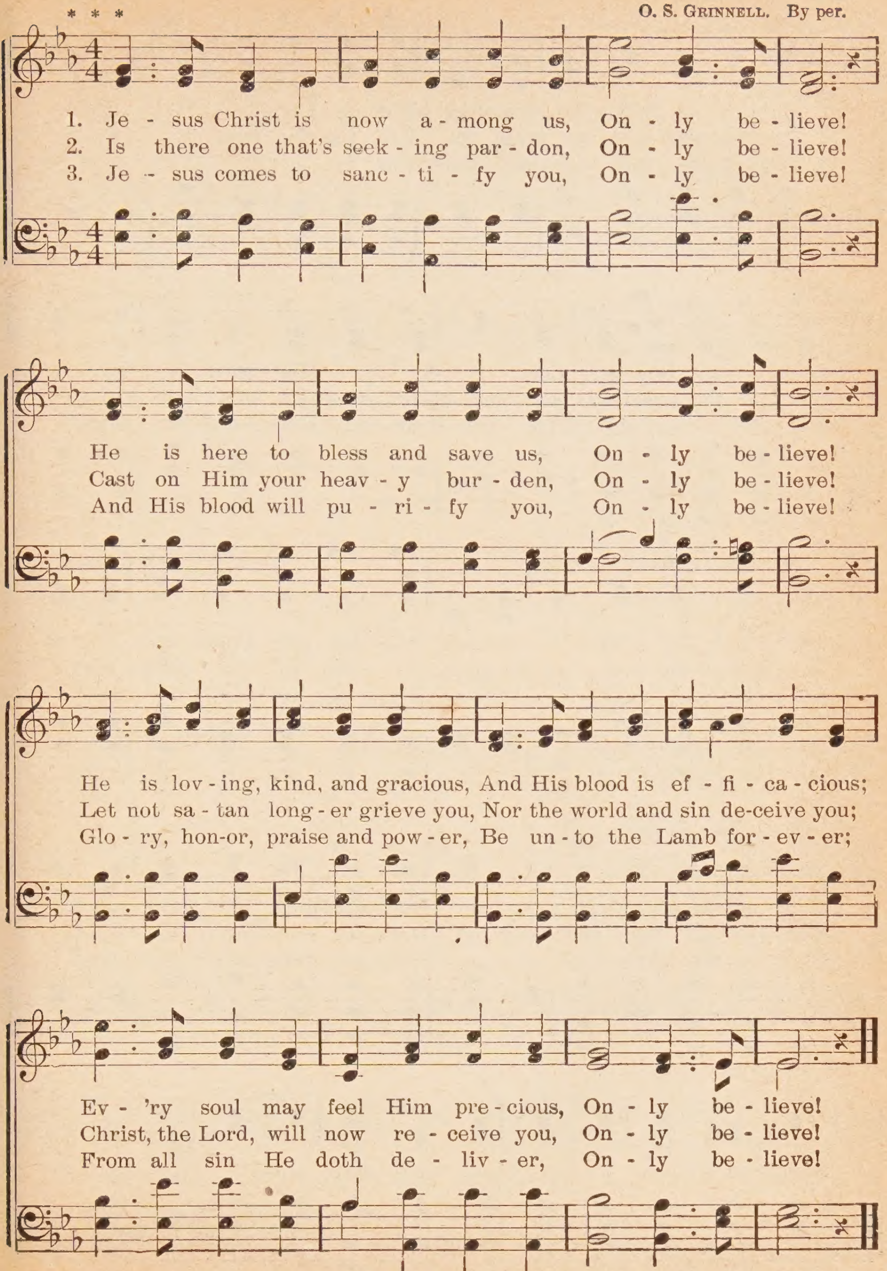
No. 345.

Only Believe.

O. S. GRINNELL. By per.


* * *
1. Je - sus Christ is now a - mong us, On - ly be - lieve!
2. Is there one that's seek - ing par - don, On - ly be - lieve!
3. Je - sus comes to sanc - ti - fy you, On - ly be - lieve!
He is here to bless and save us, On - ly be - lieve!
Cast on Him your heav - y bur - den, On - ly be - lieve!
And His blood will pu - ri - fy you, On - ly be - lieve!
He is lov - ing, kind, and gracious, And His blood is ef - fi - ca - cious;
Let not sa - tan long - er grieve you, Nor the world and sin de-ceive you;
Glo - ry, hon-or, praise and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb for - ev - er;
Ev - 'ry soul may feel Him pre - cious, On - ly be - lieve!
Christ, the Lord, will now re - ceive you, On - ly be - lieve!
From all sin He doth de - liv - er, On - ly be - lieve!

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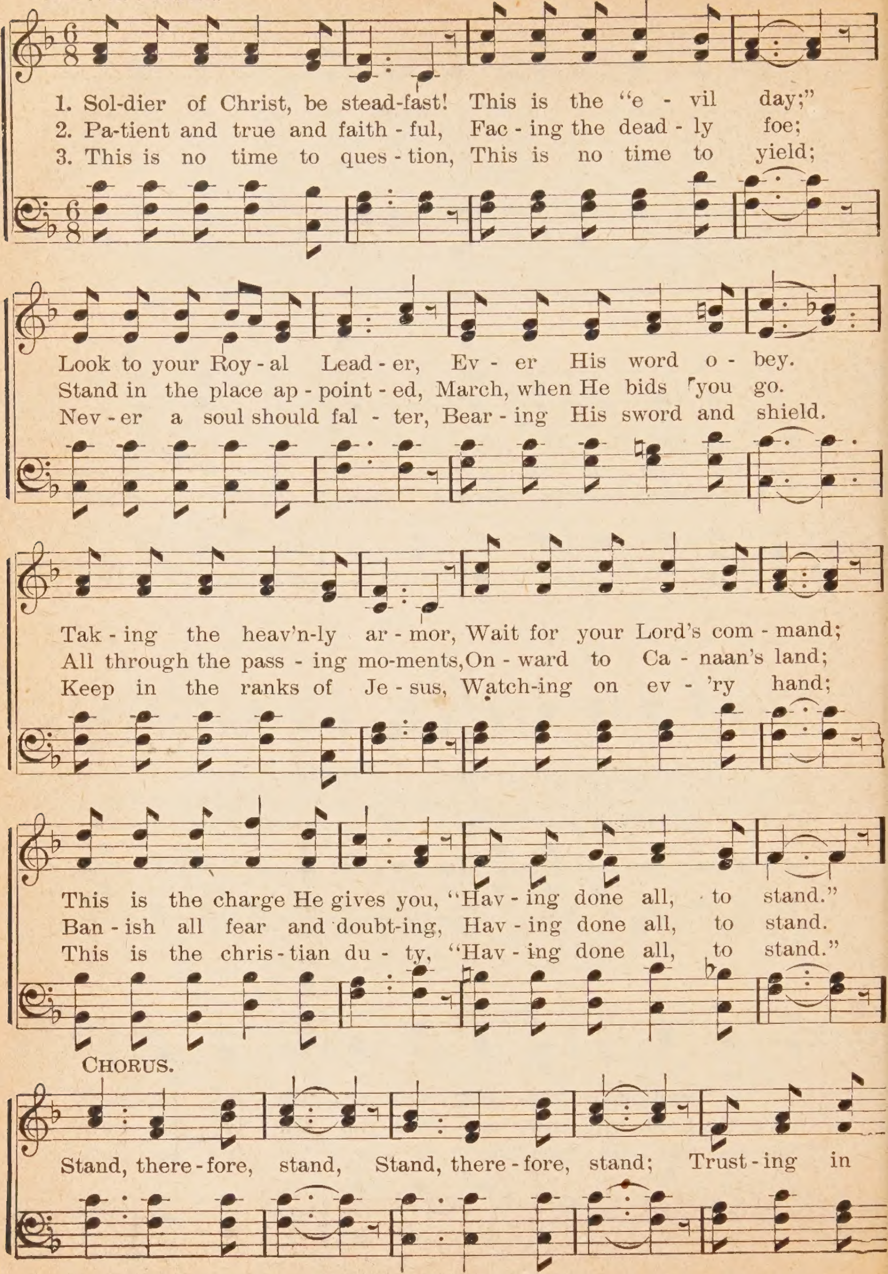
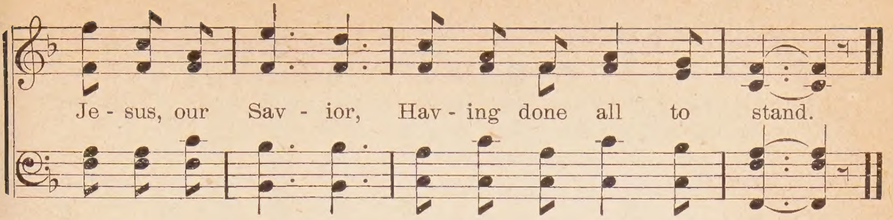
No. 346. Having done All, to Stand.

Miss J. H. Johnston. P. Bilhorn.

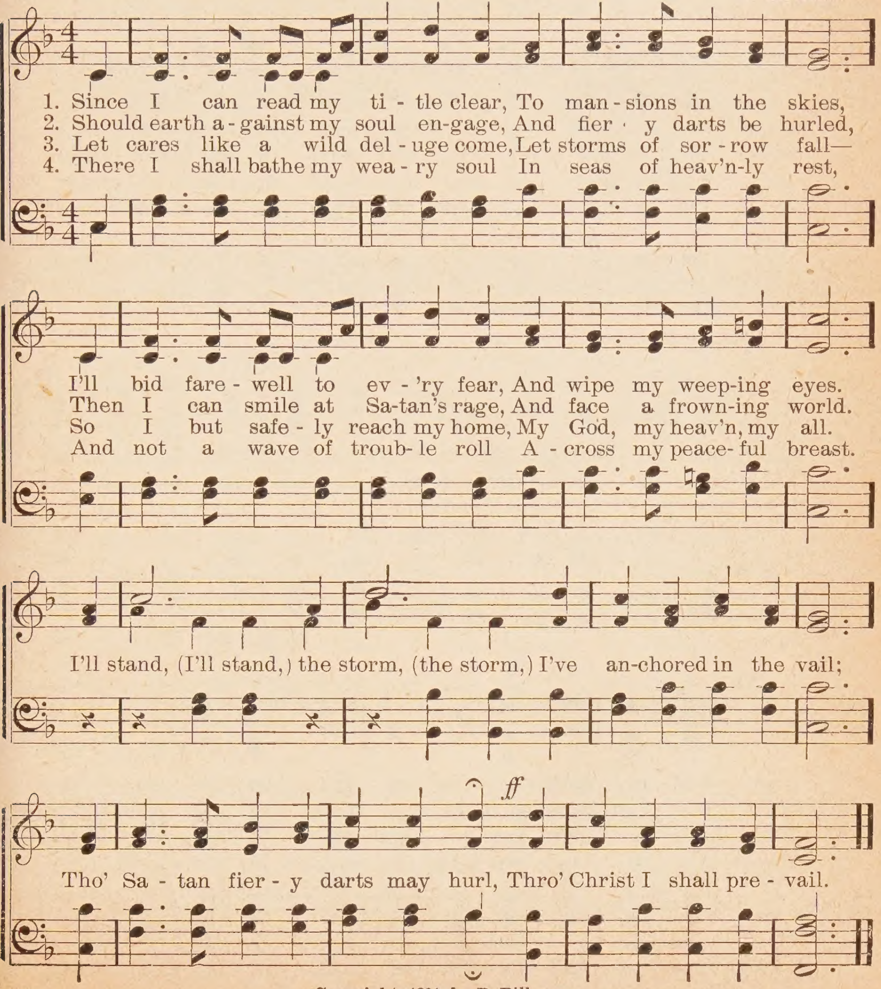

6/8
1. Sol-dier of Christ, be stead-fast! This is the "e - vil day;"
2. Pa-tient and true and faith - ful, Fac - ing the dead - ly foe;
3. This is no time to ques - tion, This is no time to yield;
Look to your Roy - al Lead - er, Ev - er His word o - bey.
Stand in the place ap - point - ed, March, when He bids you go.
Nev - er a soul should fal - ter, Bear - ing His sword and shield.
Tak - ing the heav'n-ly ar - mor, Wait for your Lord's com - mand;
All through the pass - ing mo-ments, On - ward to Ca - naan's land;
Keep in the ranks of Je - sus, Watch-ing on ev - 'ry hand;
This is the charge He gives you, "Hav - ing done all, to stand."
Ban - ish all fear and doubt-ing, Hav - ing done all, to stand.
This is the chris - tian du - ty, "Hav - ing done all, to stand."
CHORUS.
Stand, there - fore, stand, Stand, there - fore, stand; Trust - ing in

Having done All, to Stand. Concluded.



No. 347. My Title's Clear.

P. Bilhorn.

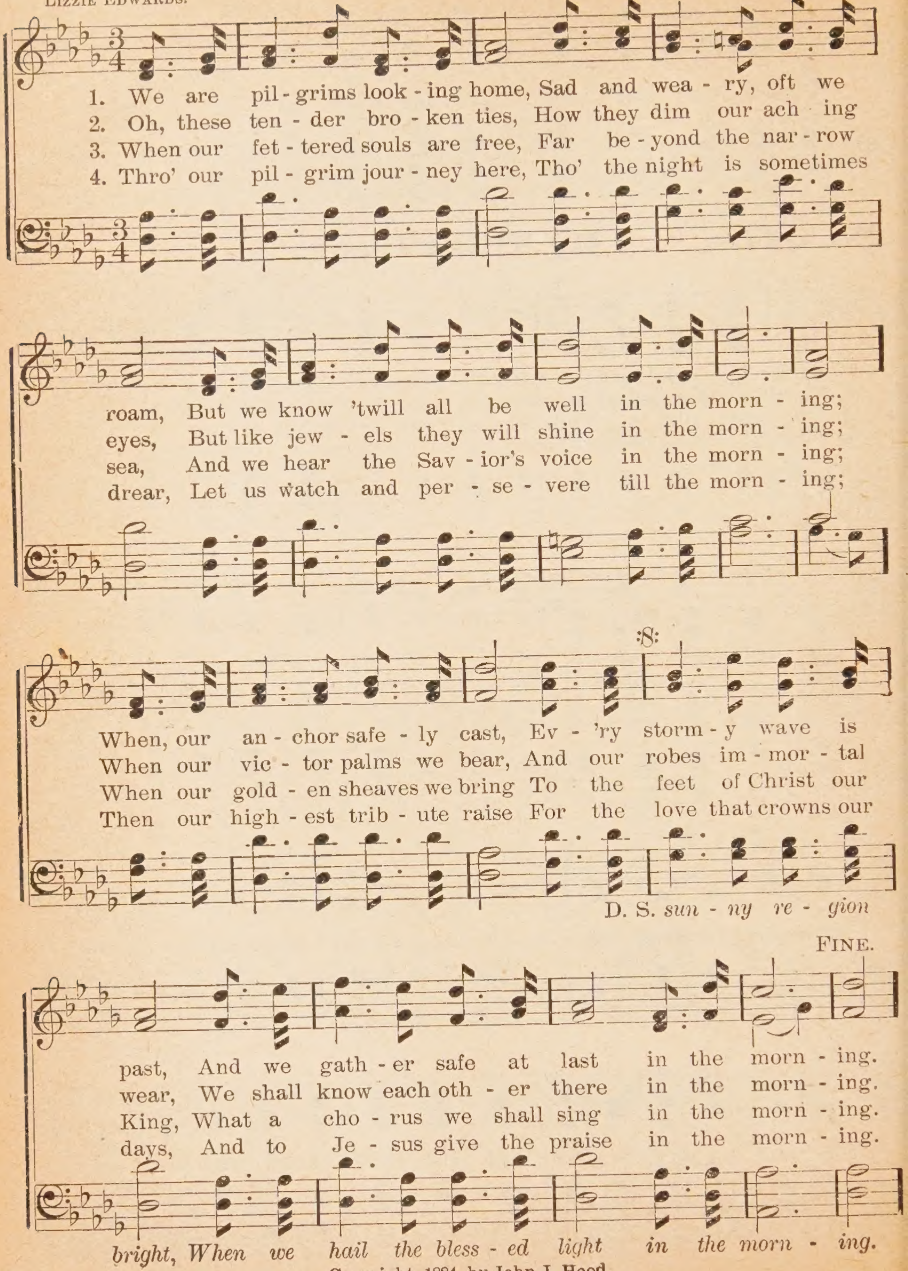

1. Since I can read my ti - tle clear, To man - sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en-gage, And fier - y darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, Let storms of sor - row fall—
4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest,
I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub- le roll A - cross my peace- ful breast.
I'll stand, (I'll stand,) the storm, (the storm,) I've an-chored in the vail;
Tho' Sa - tan fier - y darts may hurl, Thro' Christ I shall pre - vail.
ff

No. 348.

In the Morning.

Lizzie Edwards.

Jno. R. Sweney. By per


1. We are pil-grims look-ing home, Sad and wea-ry, oft we
2. Oh, these ten-der bro-ken ties, How they dim our ach-ing
3. When our fet-tered souls are free, Far be-yond the nar-row
4. Thro' our pil-grim jour-ney here, Tho' the night is sometimes
roam, But we know 'twill all be well in the morn-ing;
eyes, But like jew-els they will shine in the morn-ing;
sea, And we hear the Sav-ior's voice in the morn-ing;
drear, Let us watch and per-se-vere till the morn-ing;
When, our an-chor safe-ly cast, Ev-'ry storm-y wave is
When our vic-tor palms we bear, And our robes im-mor-tal
When our gold-en sheaves we bring To the feet of Christ our
Then our high-est trib-ute raise For the love that crowns our
D. S. sun-ny re-gion
Fine.
past, And we gath-er safe at last in the morn-ing.
wear, We shall know each oth-er there in the morn-ing.
King, What a cho-rus we shall sing in the morn-ing.
days, And to Je-sus give the praise in the morn-ing.
bright, When we hail the bless-ed light in the morn-ing.

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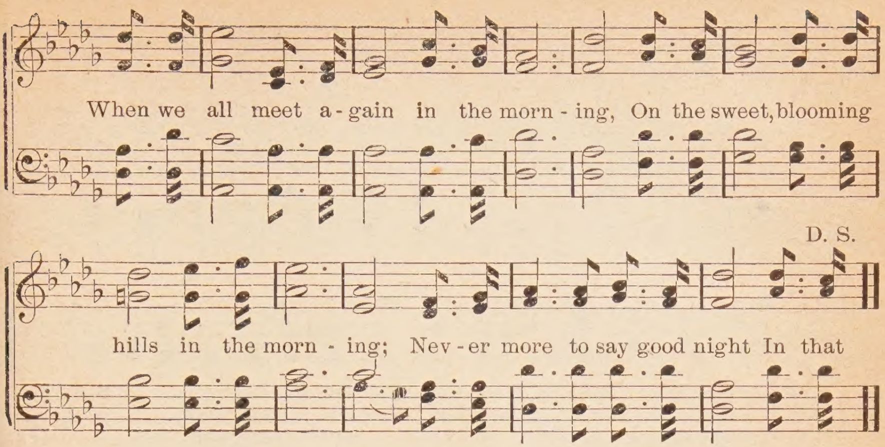
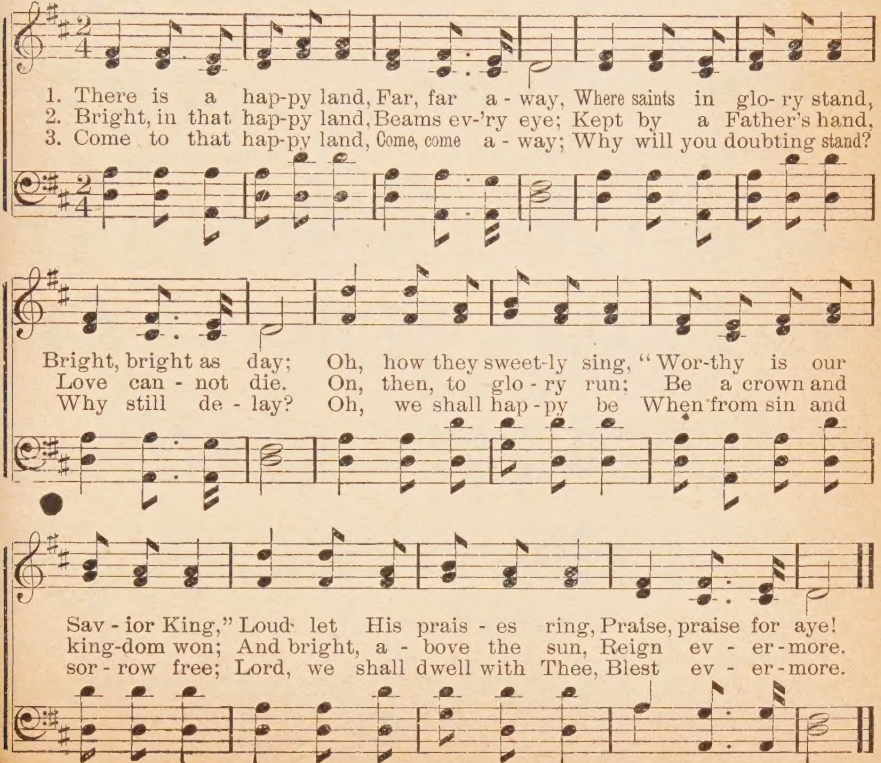
In the Morning. Concluded.

Chorus.


When we all meet a-gain in the morn-ing, On the sweet, blooming
hills in the morn-ing; Nev-er more to say good night In that
D. S.

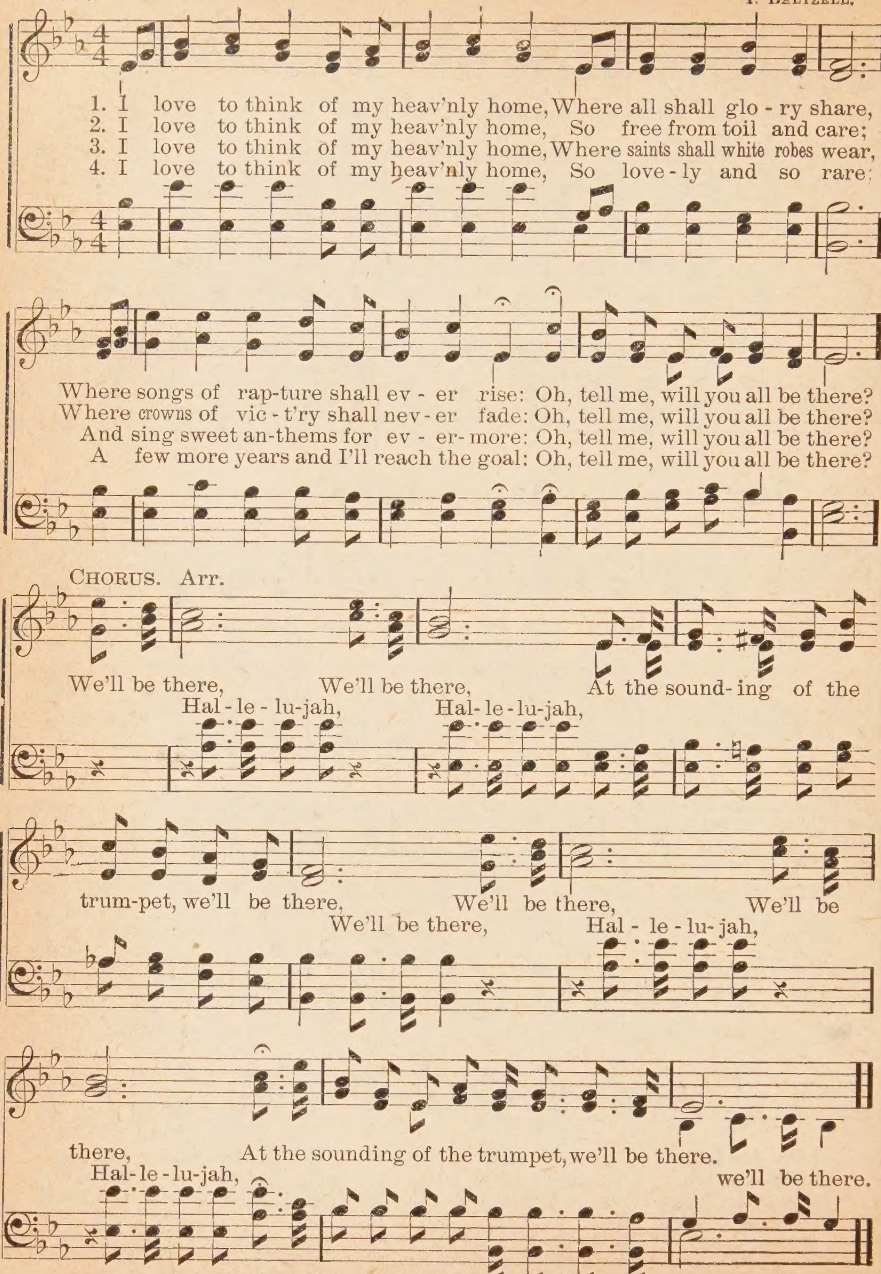
No. 349. Happy Land.

Old Melody.


1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
2. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,
3. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; Why will you doubting stand?
Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-thy is our
Love can-not die. On, then, to glo-ry run; Be a crown and
Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be When from sin and
Sav-ior King," Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
king-dom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more.
sor-row free; Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev-er-more.

No. 350. We'll Be There.

I. B. I. Baltzell.


1. I love to think of my heav'nly home, Where all shall glo - ry share,
2. I love to think of my heav'nly home, So free from toil and care;
3. I love to think of my heav'nly home, Where saints shall white robes wear,
4. I love to think of my heav'nly home, So love - ly and so rare;
Where songs of rap-ture shall ev - er rise: Oh, tell me, will you all be there?
Where crowns of vic - t'ry shall nev - er fade: Oh, tell me, will you all be there?
And sing sweet an-thems for ev - er - more: Oh, tell me, will you all be there?
A few more years and I'll reach the goal: Oh, tell me, will you all be there?
Chorus. Arr.
We'll be there, We'll be there, At the sound-ing of the
Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah,
trum-pet, we'll be there, We'll be there, We'll be
We'll be there, Hal - le - lu-jah,
there, At the sounding of the trumpet, we'll be there.
Hal-le - lu-jah, we'll be there.

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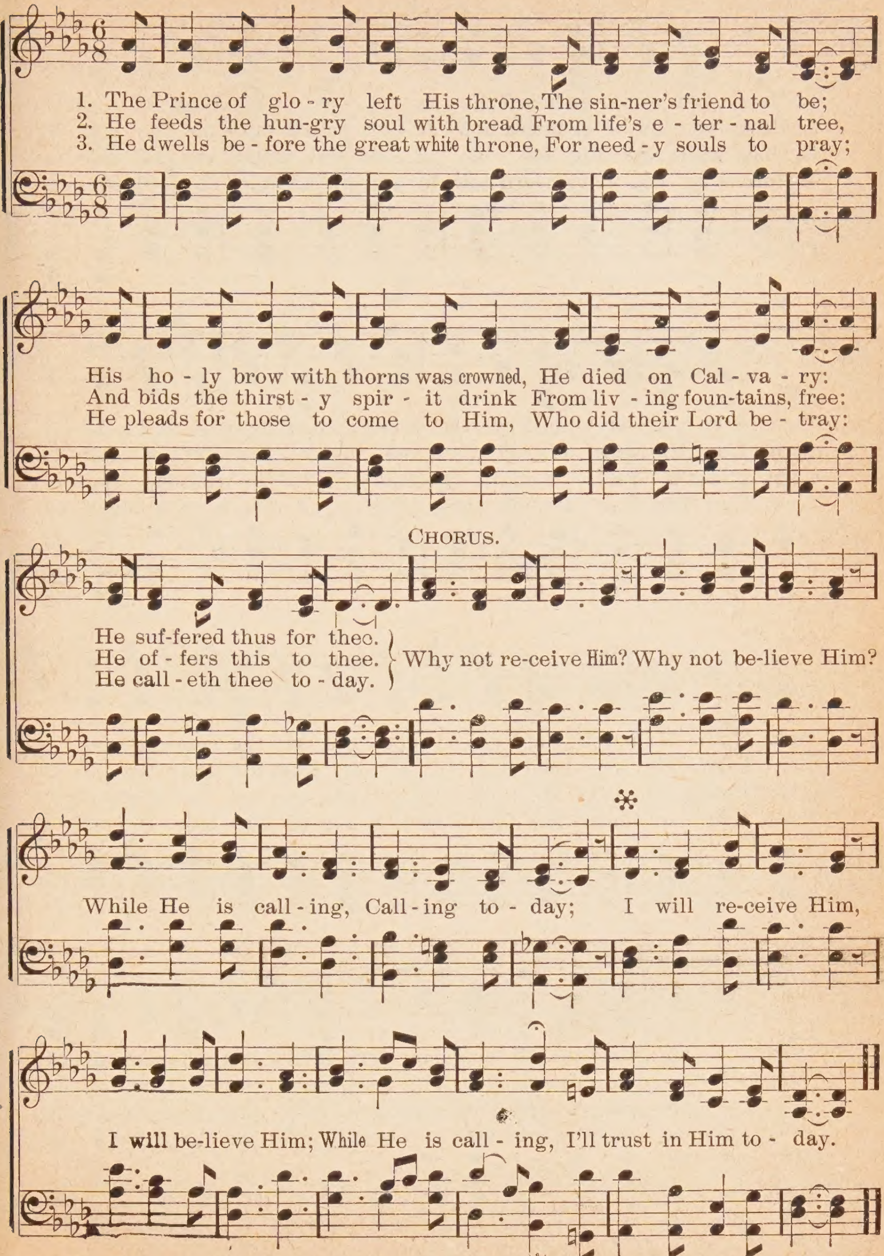
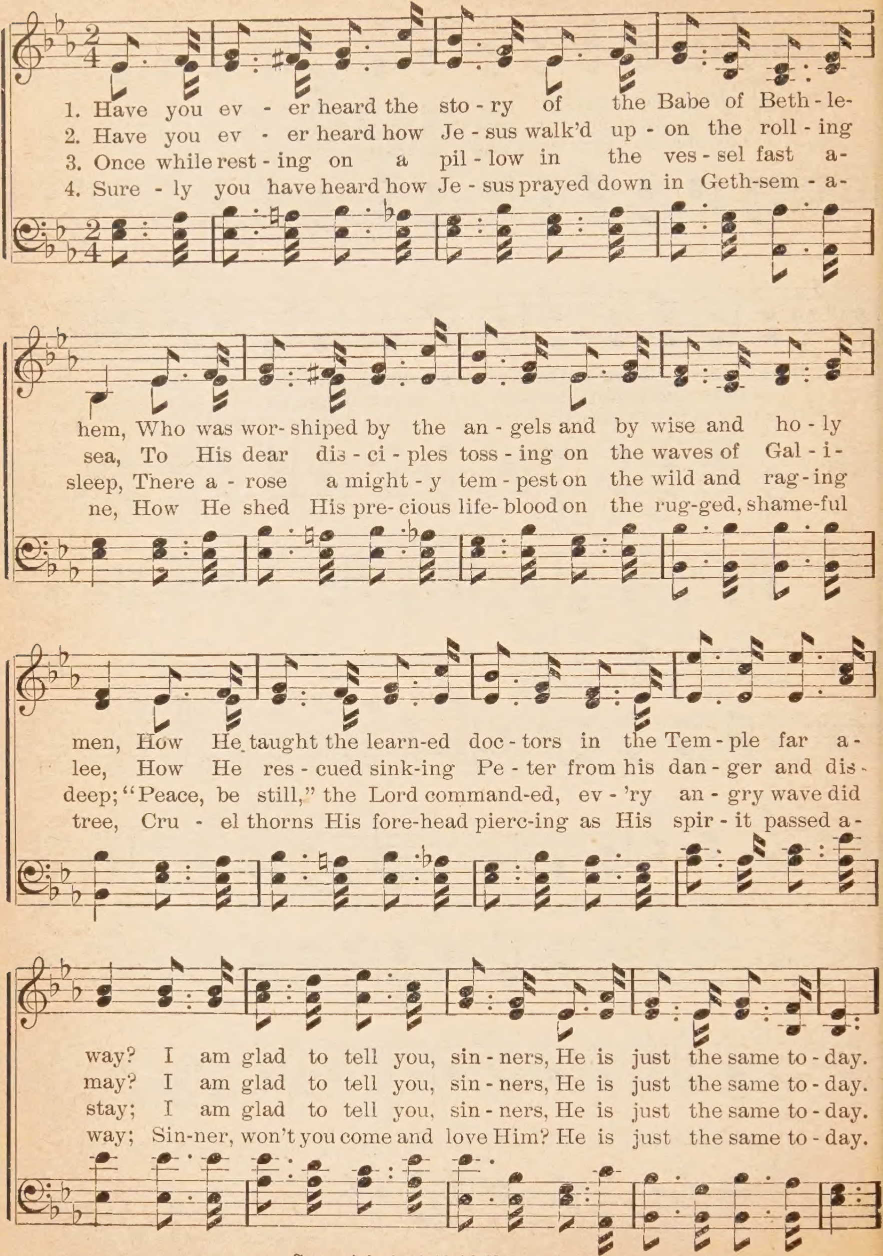
No. 351. Why Not Receive Him?

Ada Blenkhorn. P. Bilhorn.


1. The Prince of glo - ry left His throne, The sin-ner's friend to be;
2. He feeds the hun-gry soul with bread From life's e - ter - nal tree,
3. He dwells be - fore the great white throne, For need - y souls to pray;
His ho - ly brow with thorns was crowned, He died on Cal - va - ry:
And bids the thirst - y spir - it drink From liv - ing foun-tains, free:
He pleads for those to come to Him, Who did their Lord be - tray:
CHORUS.
He suf-fered thus for thee.
He of - fers this to thee.
He call - eth thee to - day.
Why not re-ceive Him? Why not be-lieve Him?
While He is call - ing, Call - ing to - day;
I will re-ceive Him,
I will be-lieve Him; While He is call - ing, I'll trust in Him to - day.

No. 352. He is Just the Same To-day.

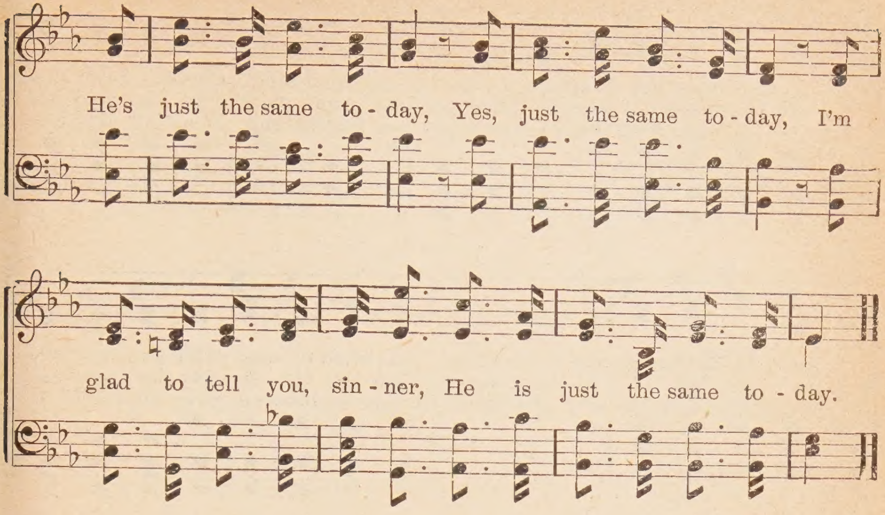
Mrs. S. Z. Kaufman. Heb. 13: 8. I. N. McHose.


1. Have you ever heard the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, Who was worshiped by the angels and by wise and holy men, How He taught the learned doctors in the Temple far away? I am glad to tell you, sinners, He is just the same to-day.
2. Have you ever heard how Jesus walk'd upon the rolling sea, To His dear disciples tossing on the waves of Galilee, How He rescued sinking Peter from his danger and dismay? I am glad to tell you, sinners, He is just the same to-day.
3. Once while resting on a pillow in the vessel fast asleep, There arose a mighty tempest on the wild and raging deep; "Peace, be still," the Lord commanded, ev'ry angry wave did stay; I am glad to tell you, sinners, He is just the same to-day.
4. Surely you have heard how Jesus prayed down in Gethsemane, How He shed His precious life-blood on the rugged, shameful tree, Cruel thorns His forehead piercing as His spirit passed away; Sinner, won't you come and love Him? He is just the same to-day.

Copyyright by I. N. McHose. By per.

He is Just the Same To-day. Concluded.

CHORUS.

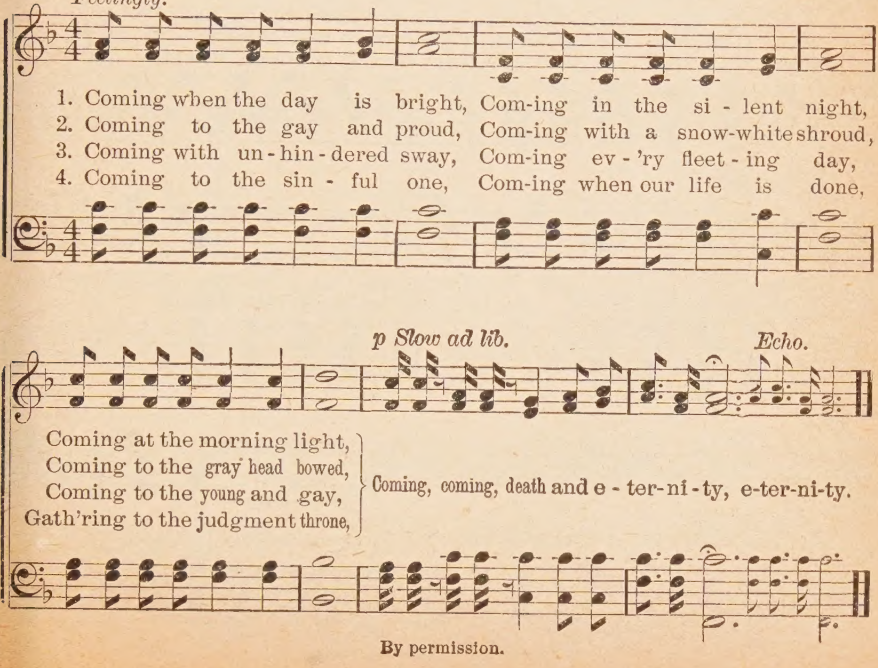

He's just the same to-day, Yes, just the same to-day, I'm
glad to tell you, sinner, He is just the same to-day.

No. 353. Death and Eternity.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

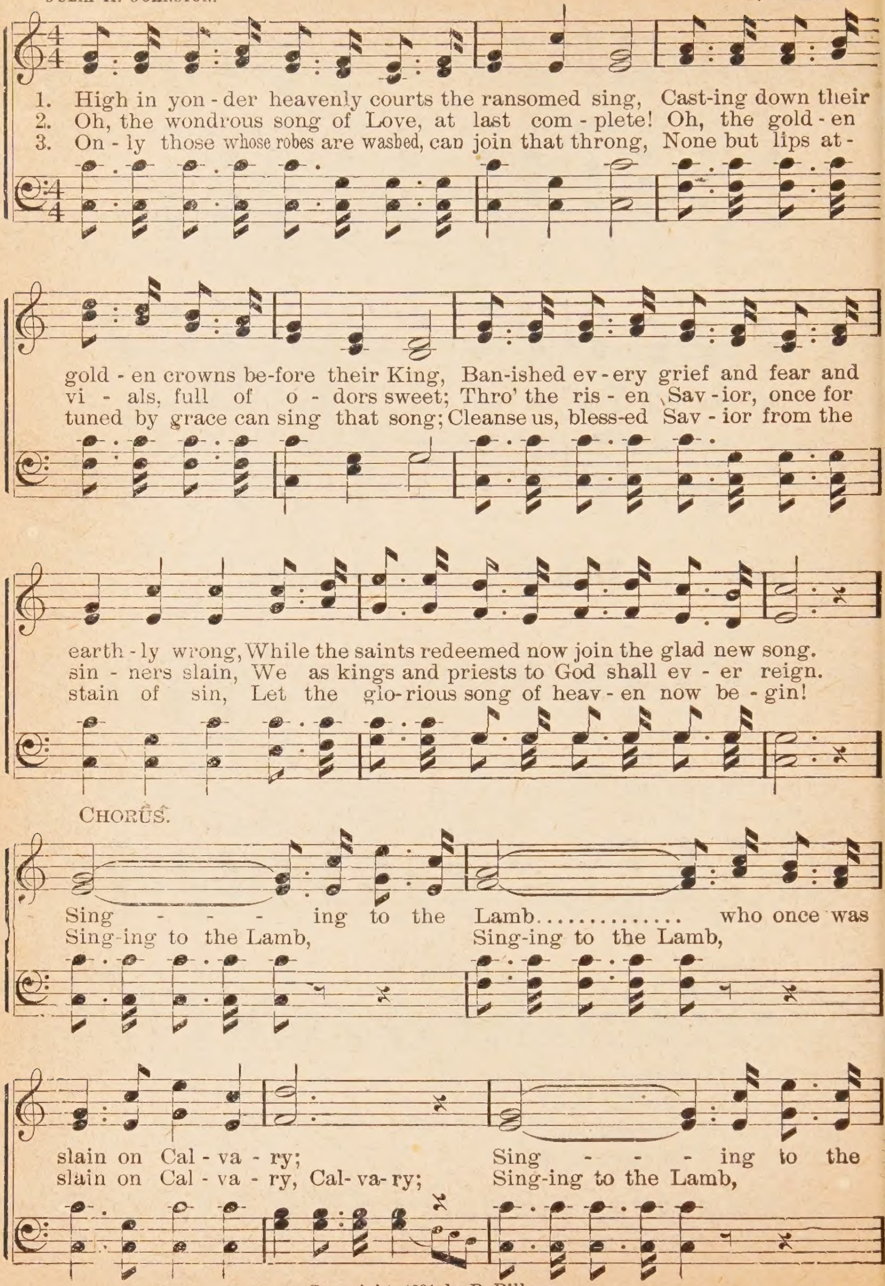
Feelingly.


1. Coming when the day is bright, Com-ing in the si - lent night,
2. Coming to the gay and proud, Com-ing with a snow-white shroud,
3. Coming with un - hin - dered sway, Com-ing ev - 'ry fleet - ing day,
4. Coming to the sin - ful one, Com-ing when our life is done,
p Slow ad lib.
Echo.
Coming at the morning light,
Coming to the gray head bowed,
Coming to the young and gay,
Gath'ring to the judgment throne,
Coming, coming, death and e - ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty.

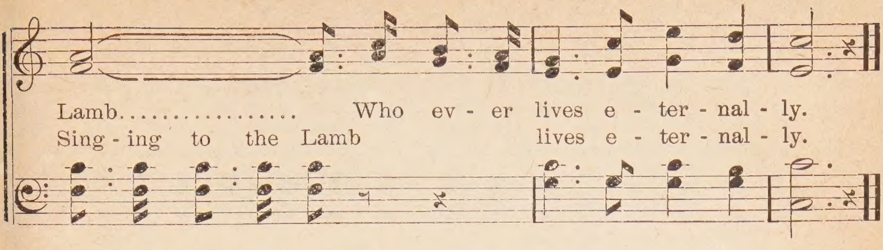
By permission.

No. 354. They Sing a New Song.

Julia H. Johnston. P. Bilhorn.

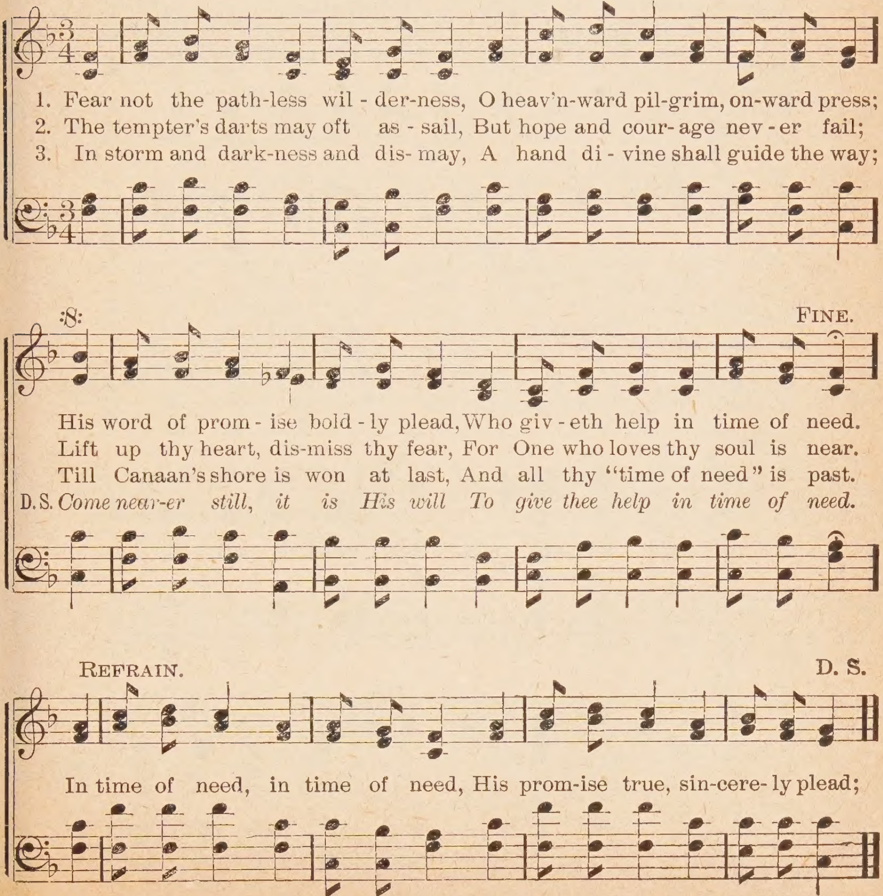

1. High in yon - der heavenly courts the ransomed sing, Cast-ing down their
2. Oh, the wondrous song of Love, at last com - plete! Oh, the gold - en
3. On - ly those whose robes are washed, can join that throng, None but lips at -
gold - en crowns be-fore their King, Ban-ished ev - ery grief and fear and
vi - als, full of o - dors sweet; Thro' the ris - en Sav - ior, once for
tuned by grace can sing that song; Cleanse us, bless-ed Sav - ior from the
earth - ly wrong, While the saints redeemed now join the glad new song.
sin - ners slain, We as kings and priests to God shall ev - er reign.
stain of sin, Let the glo-rious song of heav - en now be - gin!
CHORUS.
Sing - - - ing to the Lamb.............. who once was
Sing-ing to the Lamb, Sing-ing to the Lamb,
slain on Cal - va - ry; Sing - - - ing to the
slain on Cal - va - ry, Cal- va-ry; Sing-ing to the Lamb,

They Sing a New Song. Concluded.


Lamb................ Who ev - er lives e - ter - nal - ly.
Sing - ing to the Lamb lives e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 355. In Time of Need.

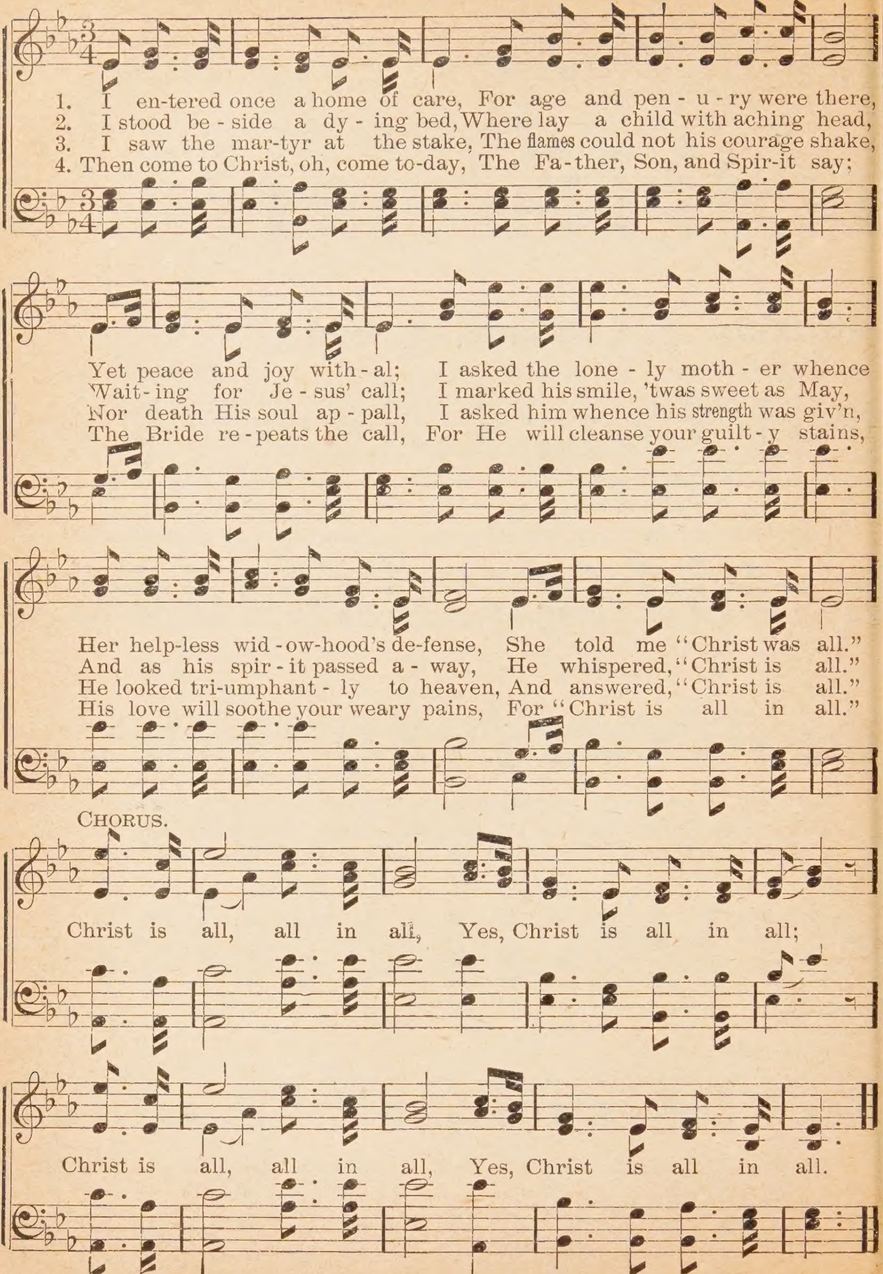
JULIA H. JOHNSTON. A. BEIRLY. By per.


1. Fear not the path-less wil - der-ness, O heav'n-ward pil-grim, on-ward press;
2. The tempter's darts may oft as - sail, But hope and cour- age nev - er fail;
3. In storm and dark-ness and dis- may, A hand di - vine shall guide the way;
:8:
FINE.
His word of prom - ise bold - ly plead, Who giv - eth help in time of need.
Lift up thy heart, dis-miss thy fear, For One who loves thy soul is near.
Till Canaan's shore is won at last, And all thy "time of need" is past.
D. S. Come near-er still, it is His will To give thee help in time of need.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
In time of need, in time of need, His prom-ise true, sin-cere- ly plead;

Copyright, 1889, by A. Beirly.

No. 356. Christ is All.

W. A. Williams.

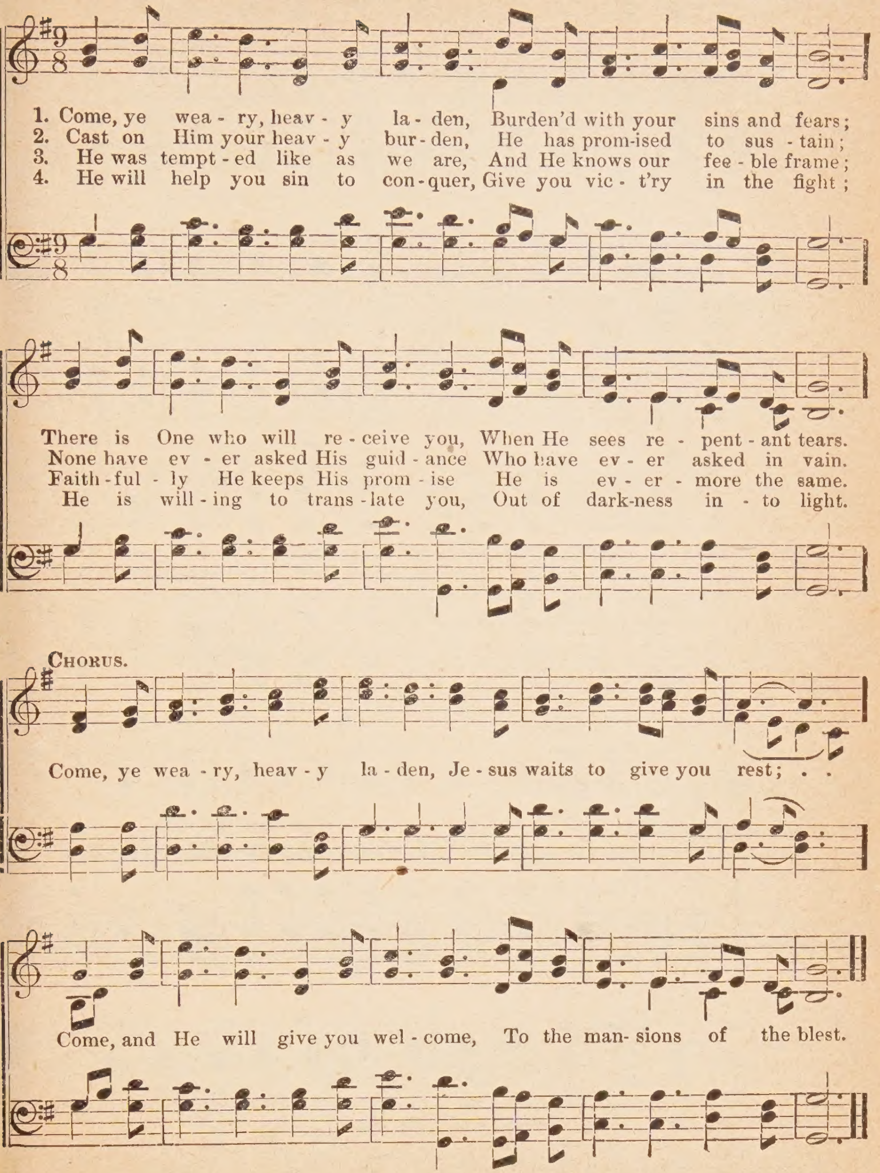

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
3. I saw the mar-tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
4. Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it say;
Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence
Wait-ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May,
Nor death His soul ap - pall, I asked him whence his strength was giv'n,
The Bride re - peats the call, For He will cleanse your guilt - y stains,
Her help-less wid - ow-hood's de-fense, She told me "Christ was all."
And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
He looked tri-umphant - ly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all."
His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."
Chorus.
Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all;
Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

By permission of S. T. Gordon.

No. 357. Come, Ye Weary.

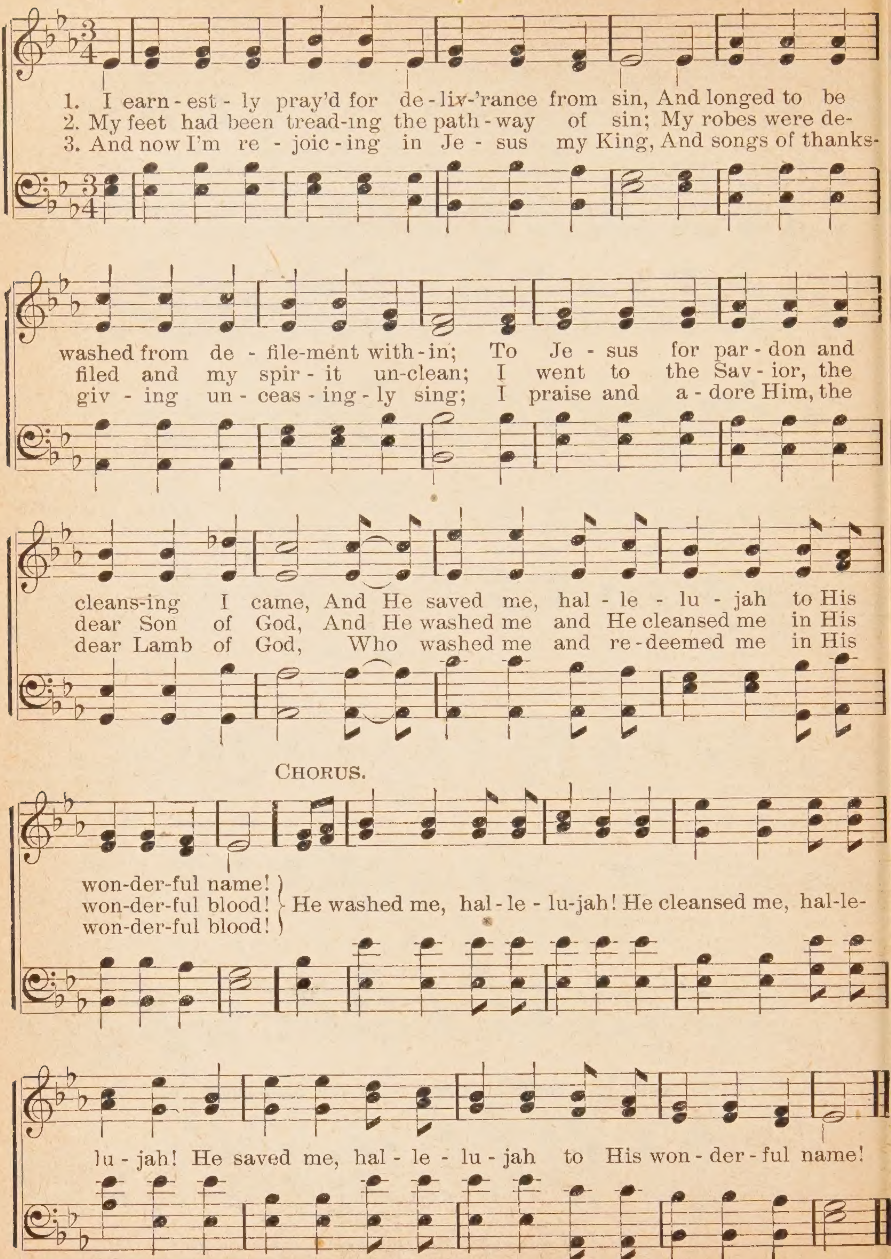
C. E.

P. BILHORN.


1. Come, ye weary, heavy laden, Burden'd with your sins and fears;
2. Cast on Him your heavy burden, He has promised to sustain;
3. He was tempted like as we are, And He knows our feeble frame;
4. He will help you sin to conquer, Give you vic-t'ry in the fight;
There is One who will receive you, When He sees repentant tears.
None have ever asked His guidance Who have ever asked in vain.
Faithfully He keeps His promise He is evermore the same.
He is willing to translate you, Out of darkness into light.
Chorus.
Come, ye weary, heavy laden, Jesus waits to give you rest; . .
Come, and He will give you welcome, To the mansions of the blest.

No. 358. He Saved Me, Hallelujah!

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. I earn-est-ly pray'd for de-liv-'rance from sin, And longed to be
2. My feet had been tread-ing the path-way of sin; My robes were de-
3. And now I'm re-joic-ing in Je-sus my King, And songs of thanks-
washed from de-file-ment with-in; To Je-sus for par-don and
filed and my spir-it un-clean; I went to the Sav-ior, the
giv-ing un-ceas-ing-ly sing; I praise and a-dore Him, the
cleans-ing I came, And He saved me, hal-le-lu-jah to His
dear Son of God, And He washed me and He cleansed me in His
dear Lamb of God, Who washed me and re-deemed me in His
Chorus.
won-der-ful name!
won-der-ful blood!
won-der-ful blood!
He washed me, hal-le-lu-jah! He cleansed me, hal-le-
lu-jah! He saved me, hal-le-lu-jah to His won-der-ful name!

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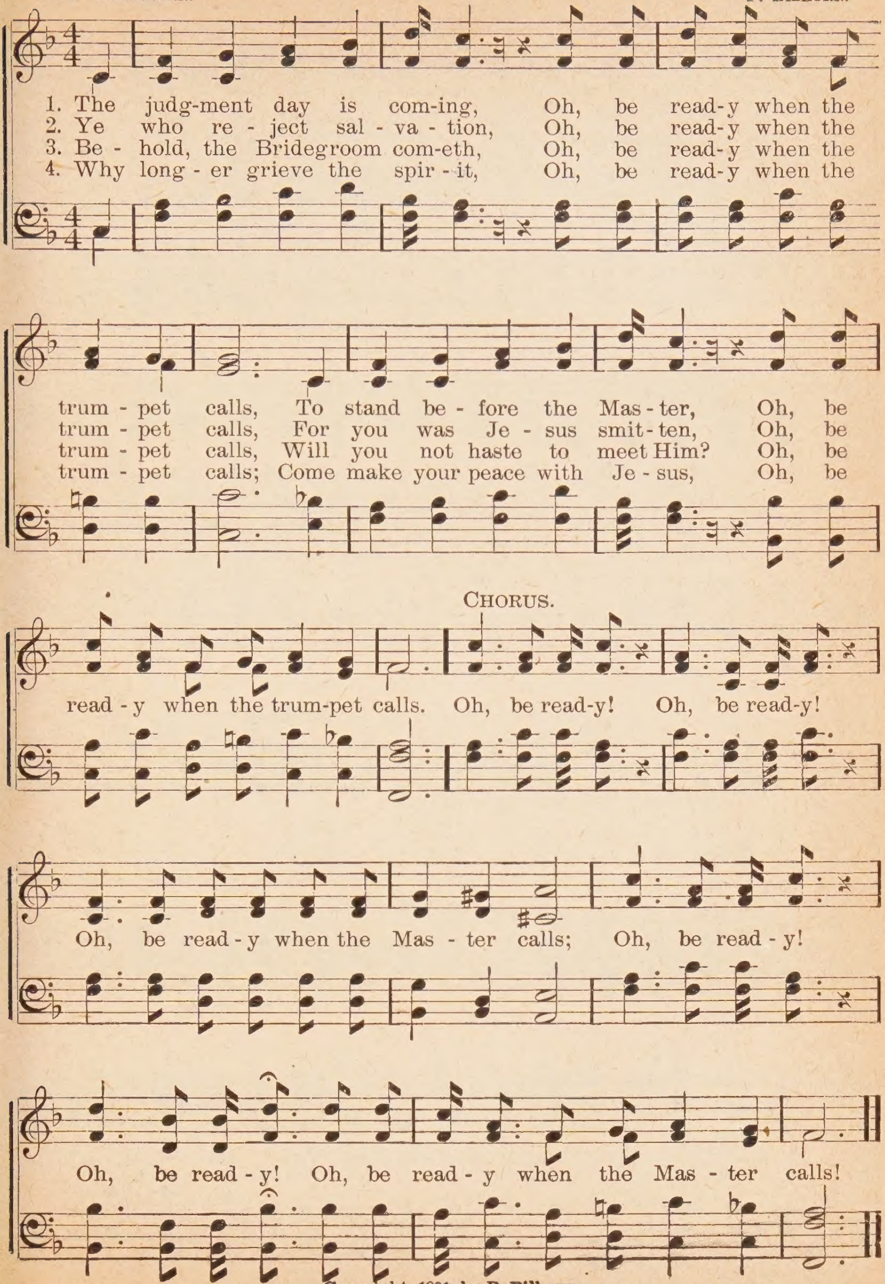
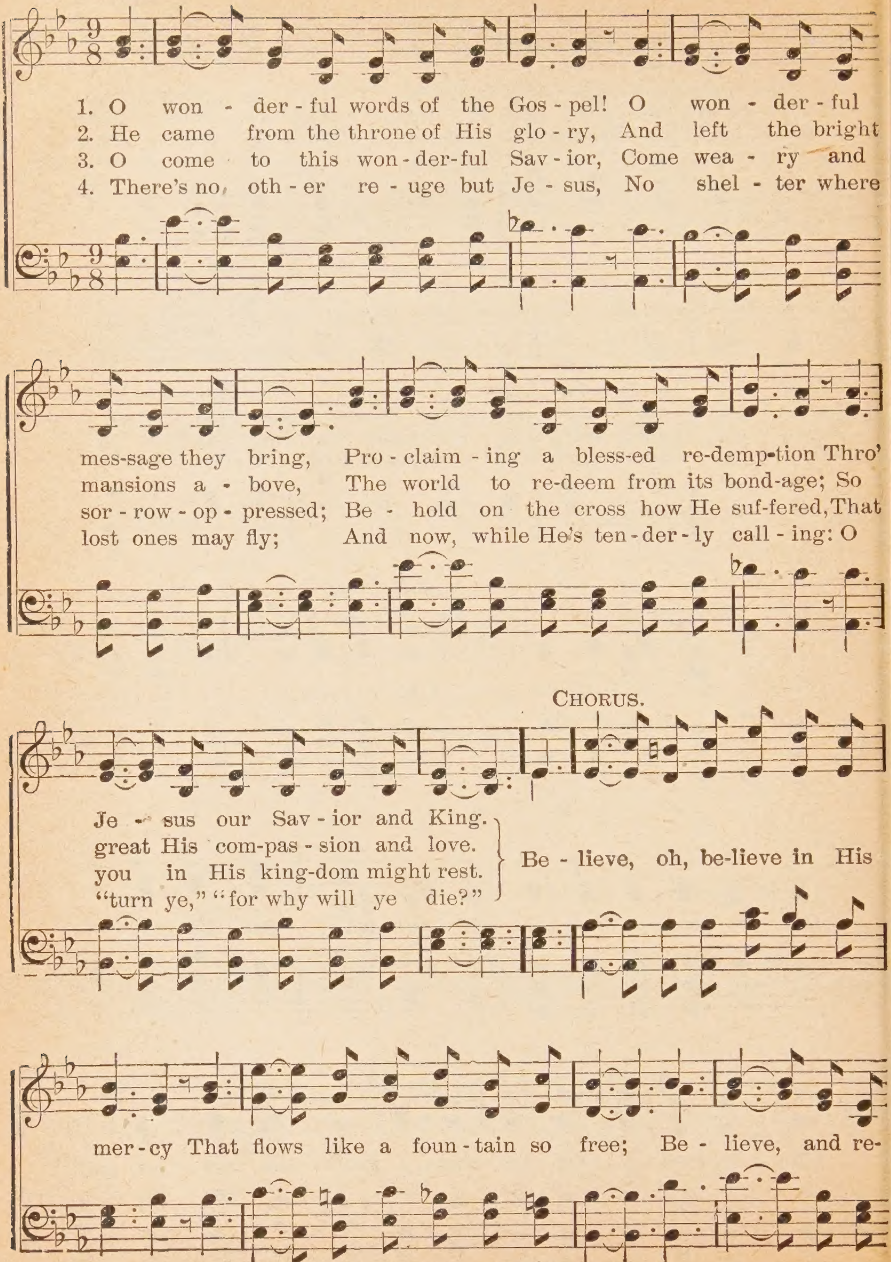
No. 359. Oh, be Ready.

ADA BLENKHORN. P. BILHORN.


1. The judg-ment day is com-ing, Oh, be read-y when the
2. Ye who re-ject sal-va-tion, Oh, be read-y when the
3. Be-hold, the Bridegroom com-eth, Oh, be read-y when the
4. Why long-er grieve the spir-it, Oh, be read-y when the
trum-pet calls, To stand be-fore the Mas-ter, Oh, be
trum-pet calls, For you was Je-sus smit-ten, Oh, be
trum-pet calls, Will you not haste to meet Him? Oh, be
trum-pet calls; Come make your peace with Je-sus, Oh, be
read-y when the trum-pet calls.
CHORUS.
Oh, be read-y! Oh, be read-y!
Oh, be read-y when the Mas-ter calls; Oh, be read-y!
Oh, be read-y! Oh, be read-y when the Mas-ter calls!

No. 360. Redemption.

F. J. CROSBY. PETER BILHORN.


1. O won - der - ful words of the Gos - pel! O won - der - ful
2. He came from the throne of His glo - ry, And left the bright
3. O come to this won - der - ful Sav - ior, Come wea - ry and
4. There's no oth - er re - uge but Je - sus, No shel - ter where
mes-sage they bring, Pro - claim - ing a bless-ed re-demp-tion Thro'
mansions a - bove, The world to re-deem from its bond-age; So
sor - row - op - pressed; Be - hold on the cross how He suf-fered, That
lost ones may fly; And now, while He's ten - der - ly call - ing: O
Je - sus our Sav - ior and King.
great His com-pas - sion and love.
you in His king-dom might rest.
"turn ye," "for why will ye die?"
CHORUS.
Be - lieve, oh, be-lieve in His
mer - cy That flows like a foun - tain so free; Be - lieve, and re-

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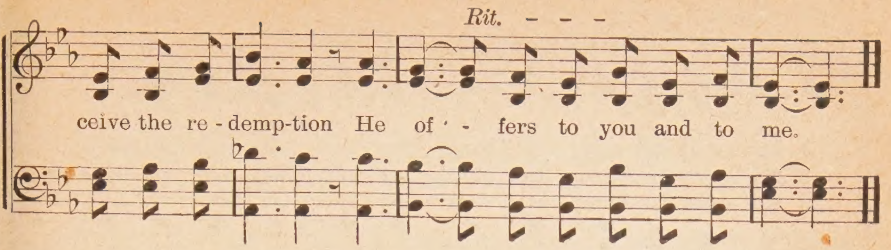
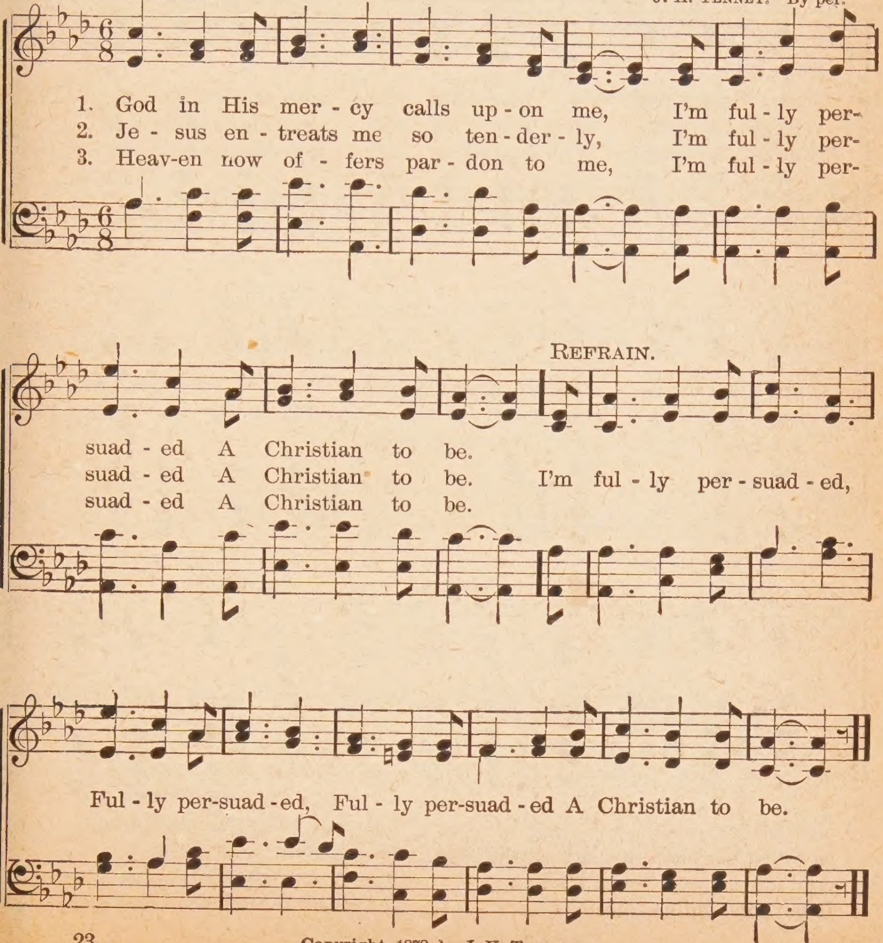
Redemption. Concluded.



No. 361. Fully Persuaded.

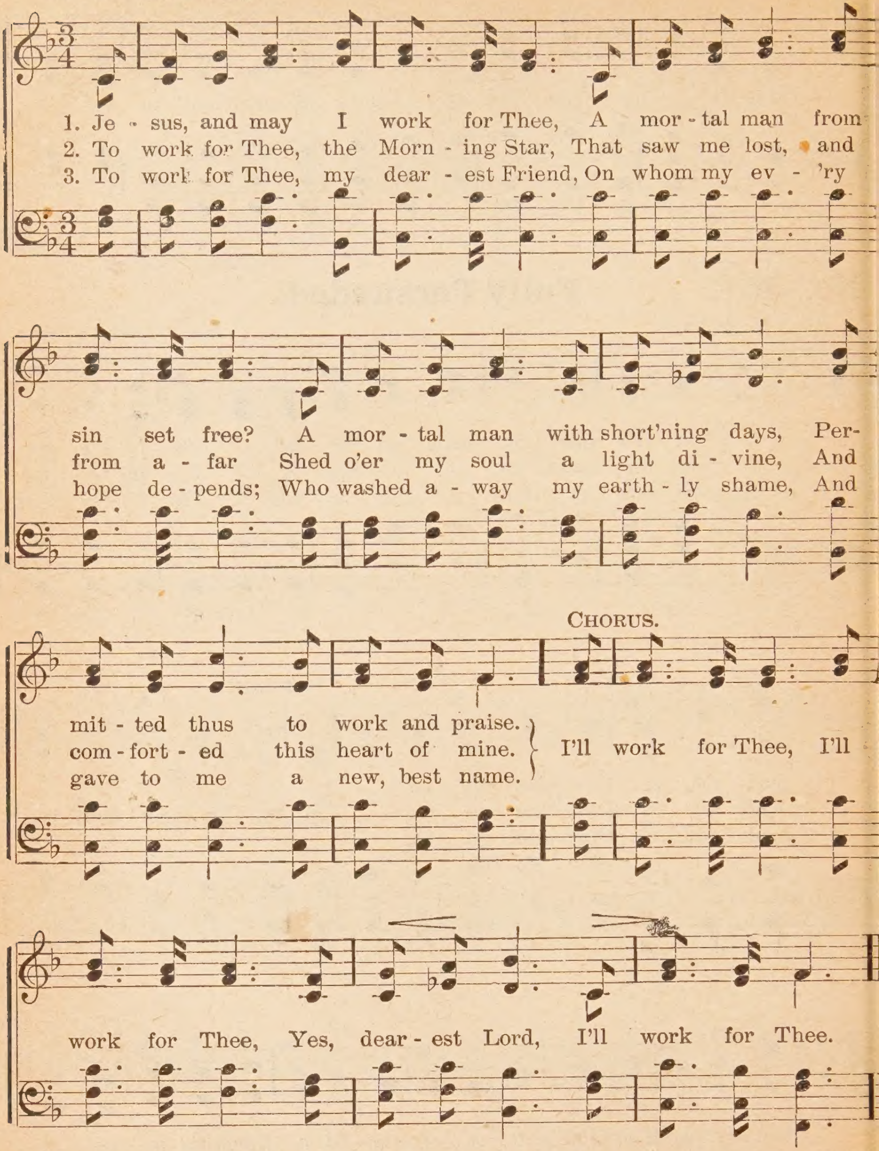
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney. By per.


1. God in His mer - cy calls up - on me, I'm ful - ly per- suad - ed A Christian to be.
2. Je - sus en - treats me so ten - der - ly, I'm ful - ly per- suad - ed A Christian to be.
3. Heav-en now of - fers par - don to me, I'm ful - ly per- suad - ed A Christian to be.
Refrain.
I'm ful - ly per - suad - ed, Ful - ly per-suad - ed, Ful - ly per-suad - ed A Christian to be.

Copyright, 1878, by J. H. Tenney.

No. 362. I Long to Work for Thee.

Rev. William Fawcett. W. S. Nickle.


1. Je - sus, and may I work for Thee, A mor - tal man from
2. To work for Thee, the Morn - ing Star, That saw me lost, and
3. To work for Thee, my dear - est Friend, On whom my ev - 'ry
sin set free? A mor - tal man with short'ning days, Per-
from a - far Shed o'er my soul a light di - vine, And
hope de - pends; Who washed a - way my earth - ly shame, And
mit - ted thus to work and praise.
com - fort - ed this heart of mine.
gave to me a new, best name.
Chorus.
I'll work for Thee, I'll
work for Thee, Yes, dear - est Lord, I'll work for Thee.

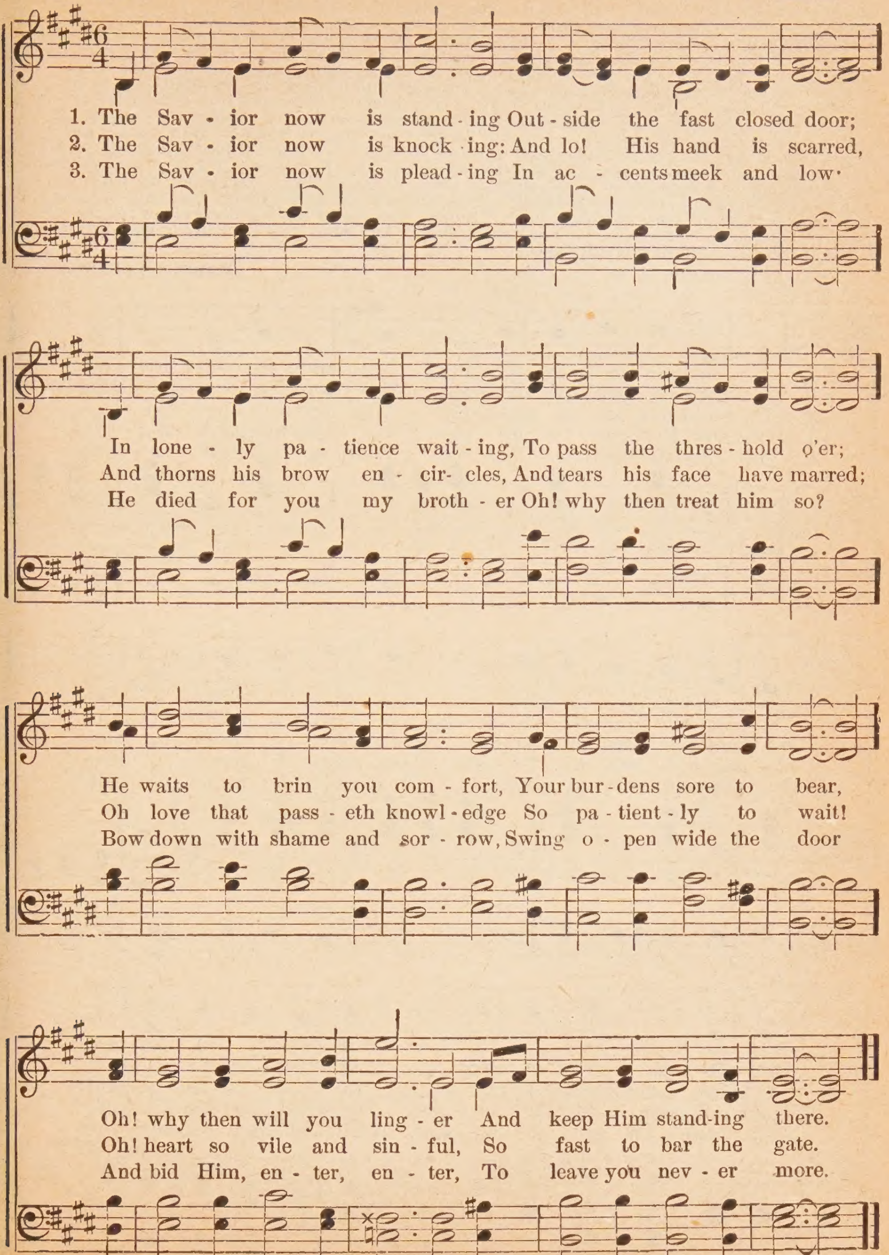
4 Yes, blessed Jesus, yes, I may
Go work for Thee throughout this day,
And all the joy or good I crave,
Is but some fallen soul to save.

5 I'll work for Thee, Thou blessed One,
Eternal God, eternal Son,
And boast, but never boast in vain,
I'll work for Him who once was slain.

Copyright, 1891, by W. S. Nickle. By per.

No. 363. Standing! Knocking! Pleading!

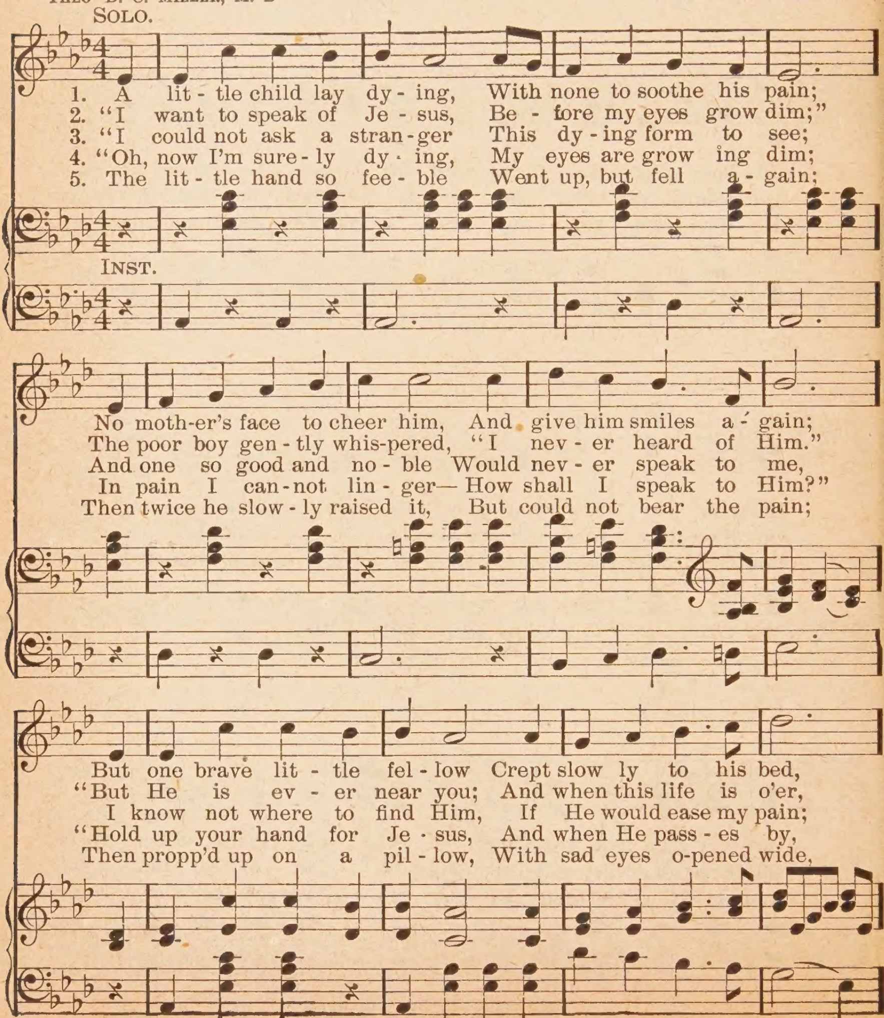
Arr. by P. B. — P. Bilhorn.


1. The Sav - ior now is stand - ing Out - side the fast closed door;
2. The Sav - ior now is knock - ing: And lo! His hand is scarred,
3. The Sav - ior now is plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low·
In lone - ly pa - tience wait - ing, To pass the thres - hold o'er;
And thorns his brow en - cir- cles, And tears his face have marred;
He died for you my broth - er Oh! why then treat him so?
He waits to brin you com - fort, Your bur - dens sore to bear,
Oh love that pass - eth knowl - edge So pa - tient - ly to wait!
Bow down with shame and sor - row, Swing o - pen wide the door
Oh! why then will you ling - er And keep Him stand-ing there.
Oh! heart so vile and sin - ful, So fast to bar the gate.
And bid Him, en - ter, en - ter, To leave you nev - er more.

No. 364. Hold up Your Hand for Jesus.

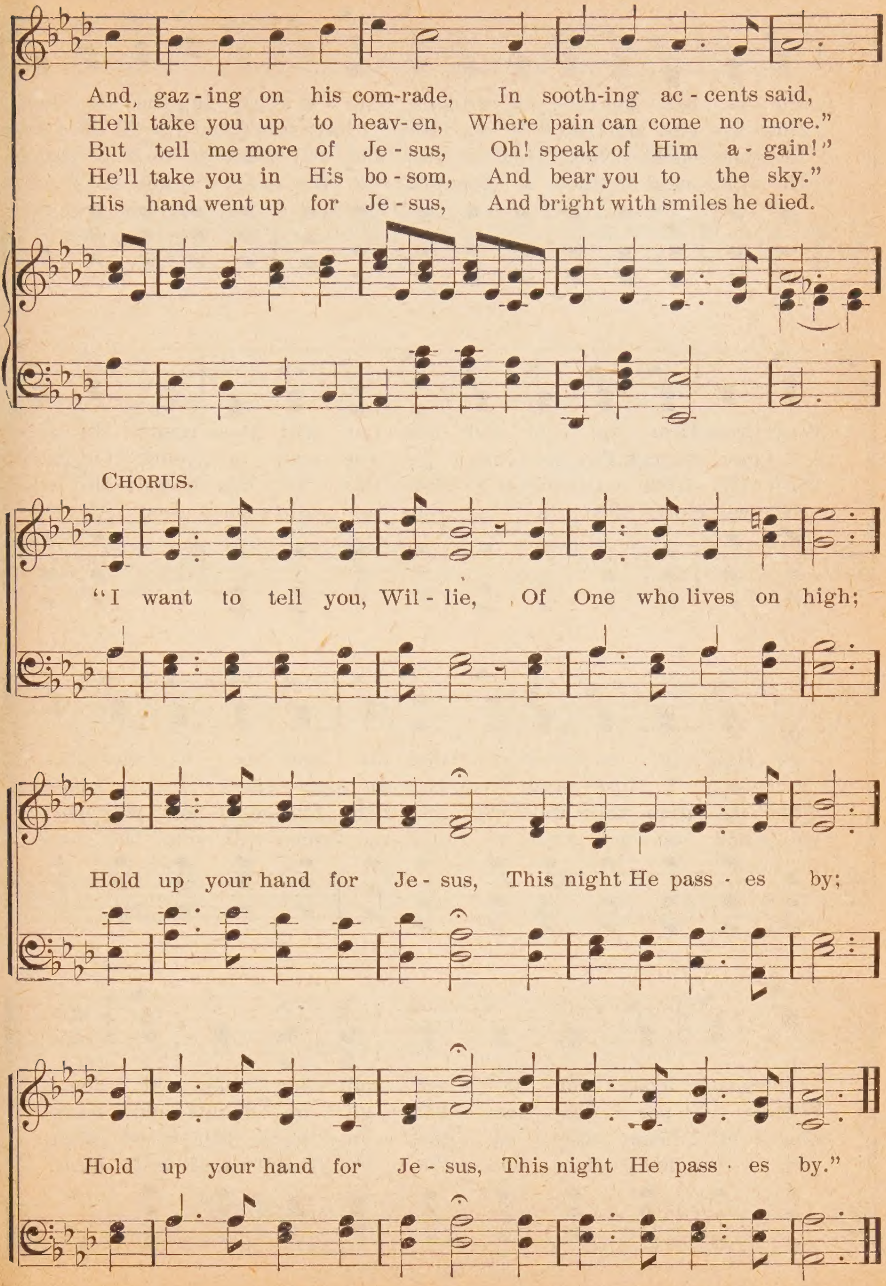
(A little street boy in London had both legs broken by a dray passing over them He was laid in one of the beds of the hospital to die, and another little fellow was laid near by, picked up sick with famine and fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said: " Bubby, did you never hear about Jesus?" "No, I never heard of Him" "Bubby, I went to the Mission School once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you die, and you'd never have hunger any more—and no more pain—if you axed Him." "I couldn't ask such a great big gentleman as He to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a little boy like me." "But He'll do all that if you ax Him." "How can I ax Him if I don't know where He lives, and how can I get there when both my legs is broke?" "Bubby, they told me at Mission School as how Jesus passes by. Teacher says as how He goes around. How do you know but that He might come around to the hospital this very night? You'd know Him if you was to see Him" "But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die." 'Bubby, hold up your hand, and He'll know what you want when He passes by." They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said: "I give it up." "Bubby, lend me yer hand, put yer elbow on my pillow, I can do without it" Soon the hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning the boy lay dead, his hand still held up for Jesus.)

Theo D. C. Miller, M. D **Warren W. Bentley.**


SOLO.
1. A lit-tle child lay dy-ing, With none to soothe his pain;
2. "I want to speak of Je-sus, Be-fore my eyes grow dim;"
3. "I could not ask a stran-ger This dy-ing form to see;
4. "Oh, now I'm sure-ly dy-ing, My eyes are grow ing dim;
5. The lit-tle hand so fee-ble Went up, but fell a-gain;
INST.
No moth-er's face to cheer him, And give him smiles a-gain;
The poor boy gen-tly whis-pered, "I nev-er heard of Him."
And one so good and no-ble Would nev-er speak to me,
In pain I can-not lin-ger— How shall I speak to Him?"
Then twice he slow-ly raised it, But could not bear the pain;
But one brave lit-tle fel-low Crept slow ly to his bed,
"But He is ev-er near you; And when this life is o'er,
I know not where to find Him, If He would ease my pain;
"Hold up your hand for Je-sus, And when He pass-es by,
Then propp'd up on a pil-low, With sad eyes o-pened wide,

By permission.

Hold up Your Hand. Concluded.

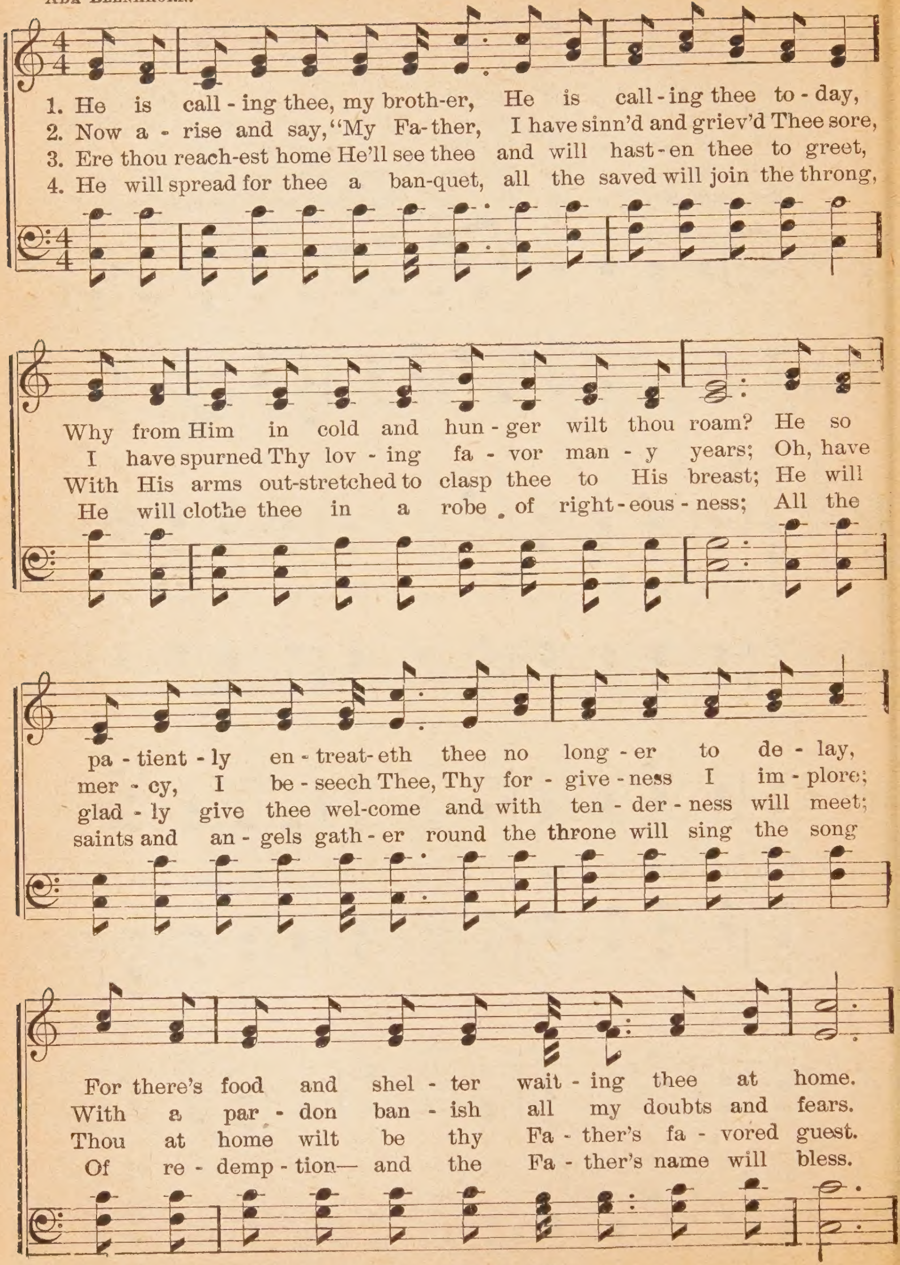

And, gaz-ing on his com-rade, In sooth-ing ac-cents said,
He'll take you up to heav-en, Where pain can come no more."
But tell me more of Je-sus, Oh! speak of Him a-gain!"
He'll take you in His bo-som, And bear you to the sky."
His hand went up for Je-sus, And bright with smiles he died.
CHORUS.
"I want to tell you, Wil-lie, Of One who lives on high;
Hold up your hand for Je-sus, This night He pass-es by;
Hold up your hand for Je-sus, This night He pass-es by."

No. 365.

He Calleth for Thee.

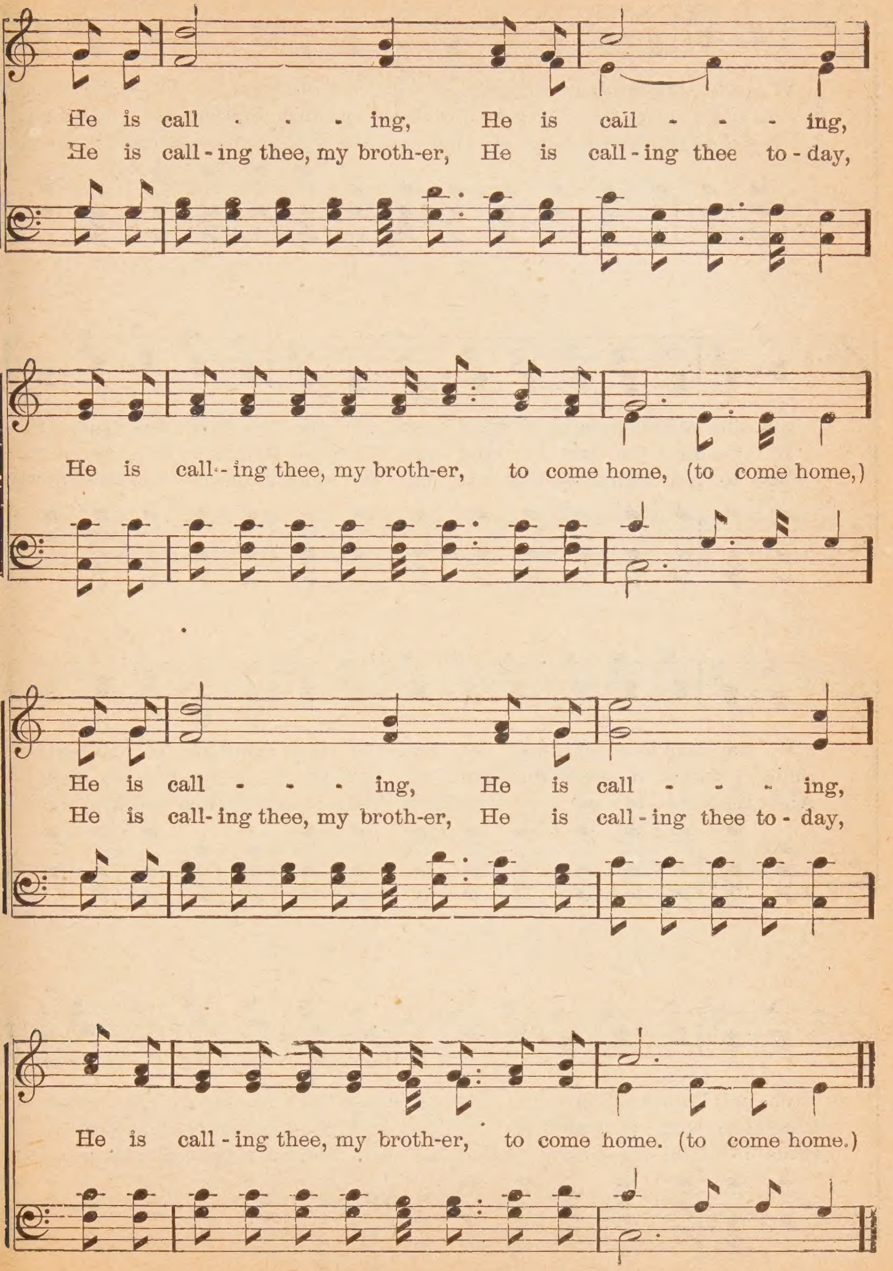
Ada Blenkhorn.

Peter Bilhorn.


1. He is call - ing thee, my broth-er, He is call - ing thee to - day,
2. Now a - rise and say, "My Fa - ther, I have sinn'd and griev'd Thee sore,
3. Ere thou reach-est home He'll see thee and will hast - en thee to greet,
4. He will spread for thee a ban-quet, all the saved will join the throng,
Why from Him in cold and hun - ger wilt thou roam? He so
I have spurned Thy lov - ing fa - vor man - y years; Oh, have
With His arms out-stretched to clasp thee to His breast; He will
He will clothe thee in a robe of right - eous - ness; All the
pa - tient - ly en - treat - eth thee no long - er to de - lay,
mer - cy, I be - seech Thee, Thy for - give - ness I im - plore;
glad - ly give thee wel-come and with ten - der - ness will meet;
saints and an - gels gath - er round the throne will sing the song
For there's food and shel - ter wait - ing thee at home.
With a par - don ban - ish all my doubts and fears.
Thou at home wilt be thy Fa - ther's fa - vored guest.
Of re - demp - tion— and the Fa - ther's name will bless.

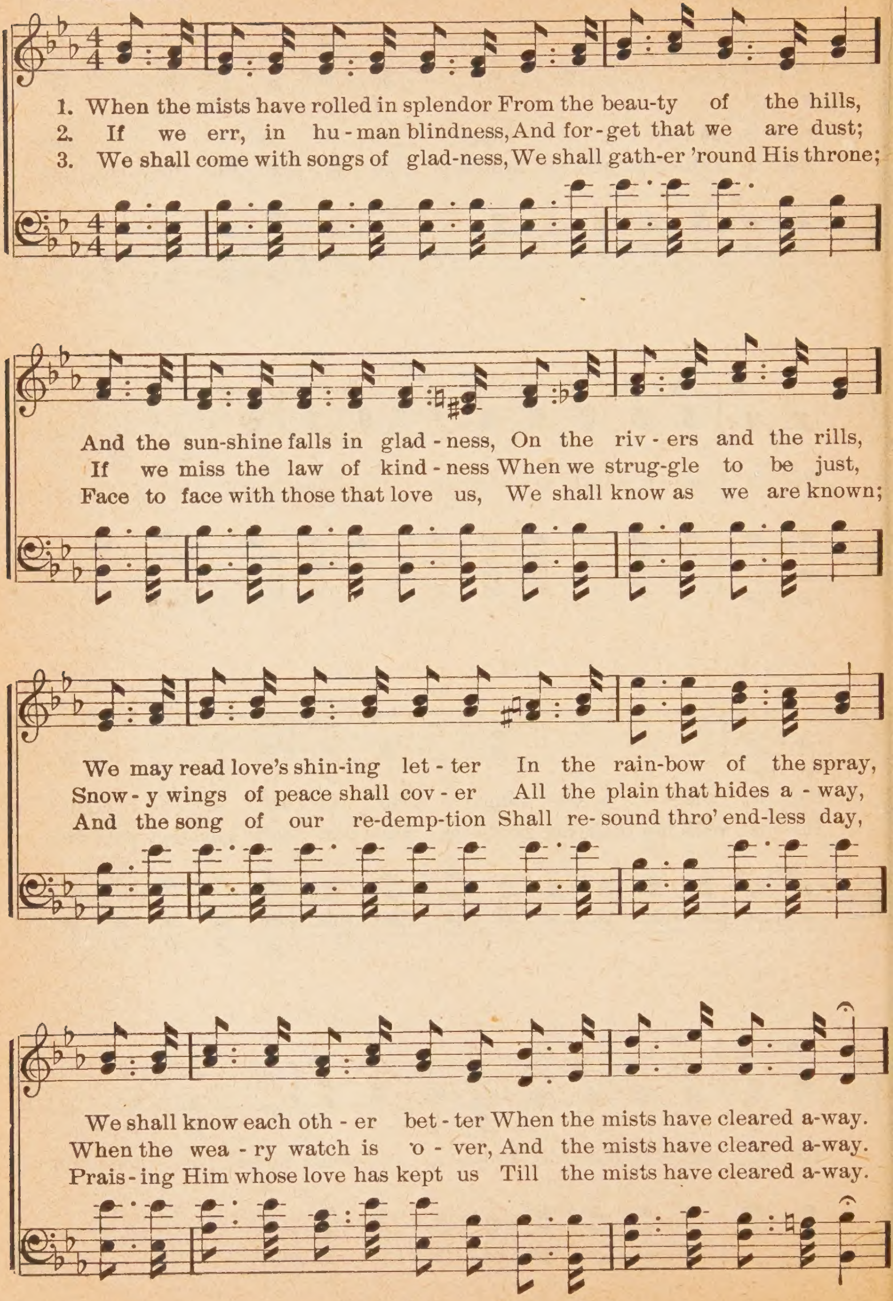
He Calleth for Thee. Concluded.

CHORUS.


He is call - - - ing, He is call - - - ing,
He is call-ing thee, my broth-er, He is call-ing thee to-day,
He is call-ing thee, my broth-er, to come home, (to come home,)
He is call - - - ing, He is call - - - ing,
He is call-ing thee, my broth-er, He is call-ing thee to-day,
He is call-ing thee, my broth-er, to come home. (to come home.)

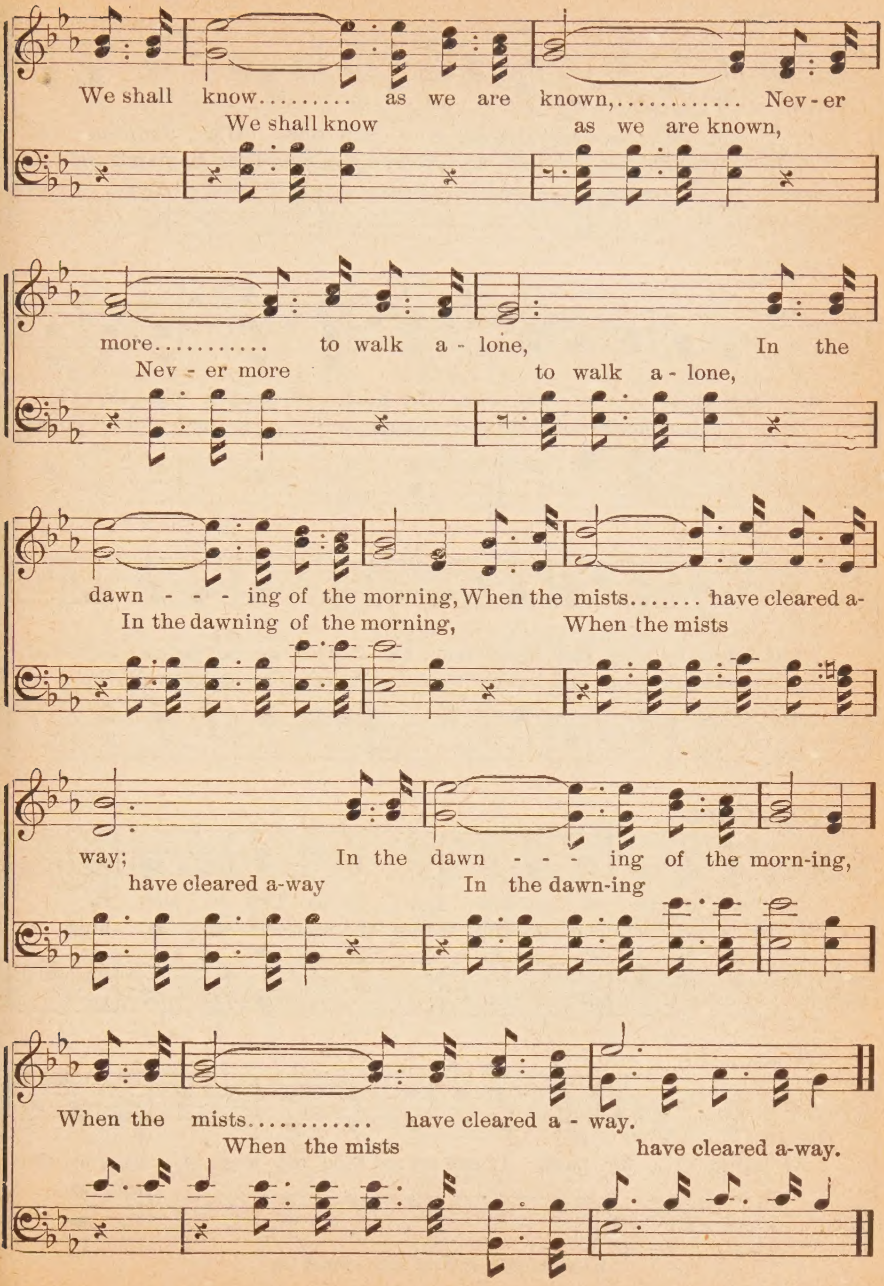
No. 366. We Shall Know.

Annie Herbert. **J. H. Anderson.**


1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beau-ty of the hills,
2. If we err, in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. We shall come with songs of glad-ness, We shall gath-er 'round His throne;
And the sun-shine falls in glad-ness, On the riv-ers and the rills,
If we miss the law of kind-ness When we strug-gle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;
We may read love's shin-ing let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray,
Snow-y wings of peace shall cov-er All the plain that hides a-way,
And the song of our re-demp-tion Shall re-sound thro' end-less day,
We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have cleared a-way.
When the wea-ry watch is o-ver, And the mists have cleared a-way.
Prais-ing Him whose love has kept us Till the mists have cleared a-way.

We Shall Know. Concluded.

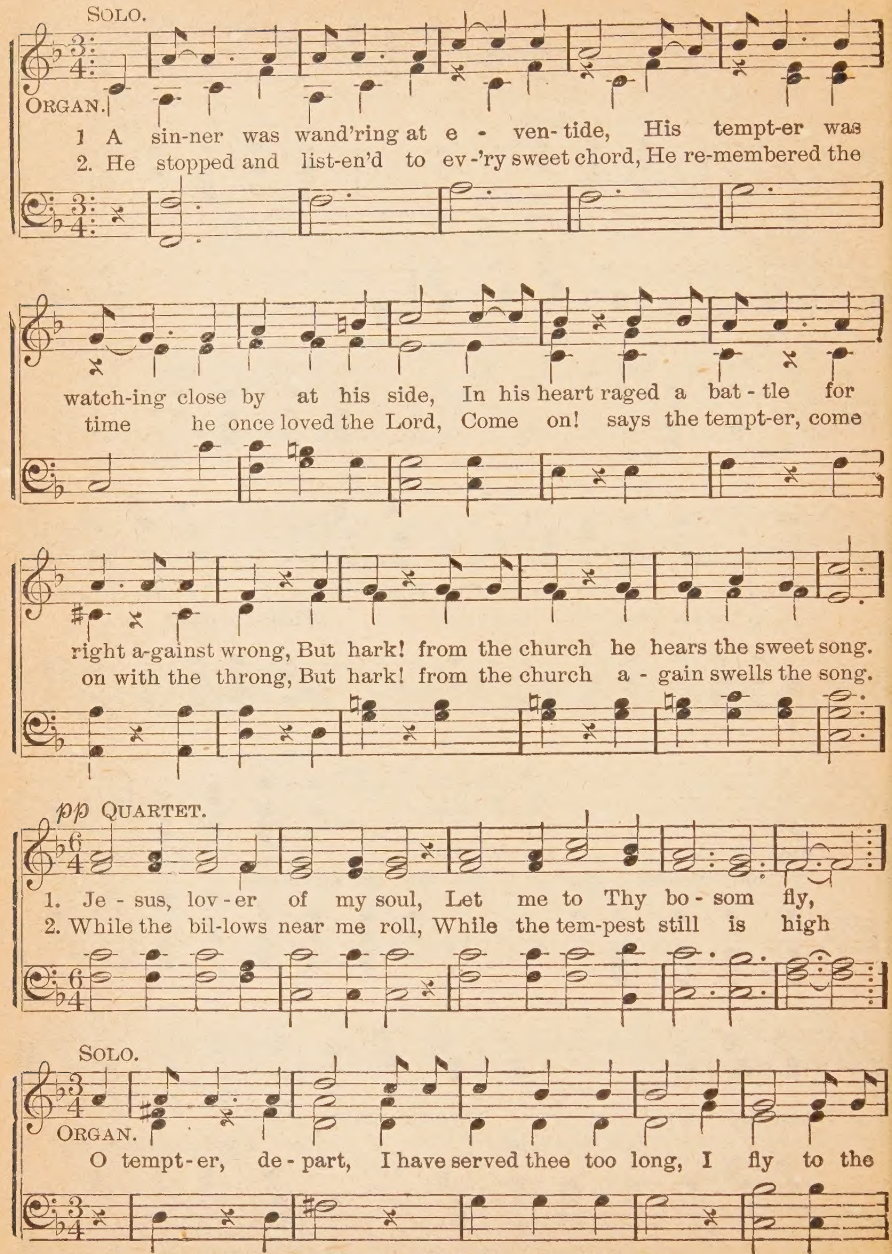
CHORUS.


We shall know......... as we are known,............ Nev-er
We shall know as we are known,
more........... to walk a-lone, In the
Nev-er more to walk a-lone,
dawn - - - ing of the morning, When the mists....... have cleared a-
In the dawning of the morning, When the mists
way; In the dawn - - - ing of the morn-ing,
have cleared a-way In the dawn-ing
When the mists............ have cleared a-way.
When the mists have cleared a-way.

No. 367. The Sinner and the Song.

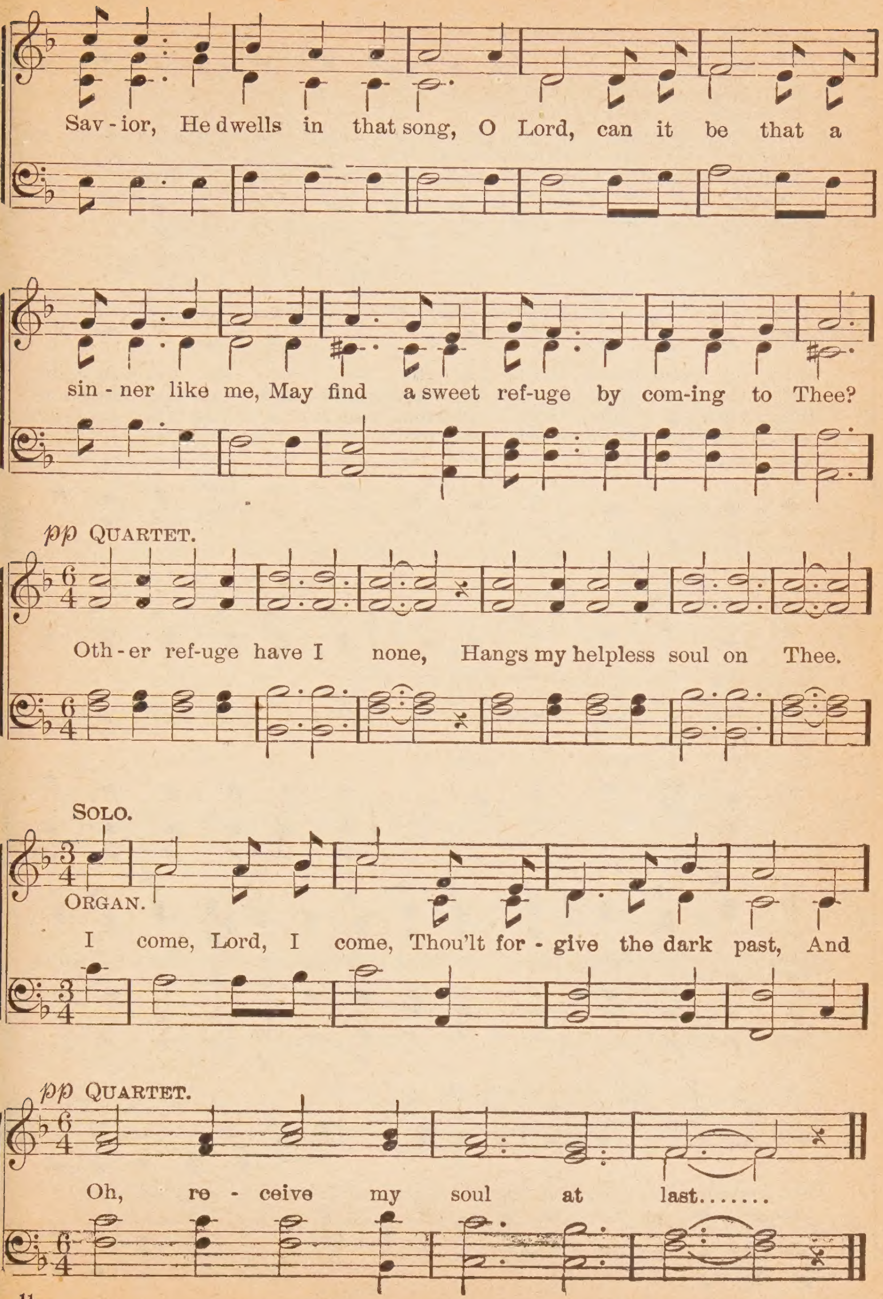
W. L. T.

Will. L. Thompson.


Solo.
Organ.
1 A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven-tide, His tempt-er was
2. He stopped and list-en'd to ev -'ry sweet chord, He re-membered the
watch-ing close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat - tle for
time he once loved the Lord, Come on! says the tempt-er, come
right a-gainst wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song.
on with the throng, But hark! from the church a - gain swells the song.
pp Quartet.
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high
Solo.
Organ.
O tempt-er, de - part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

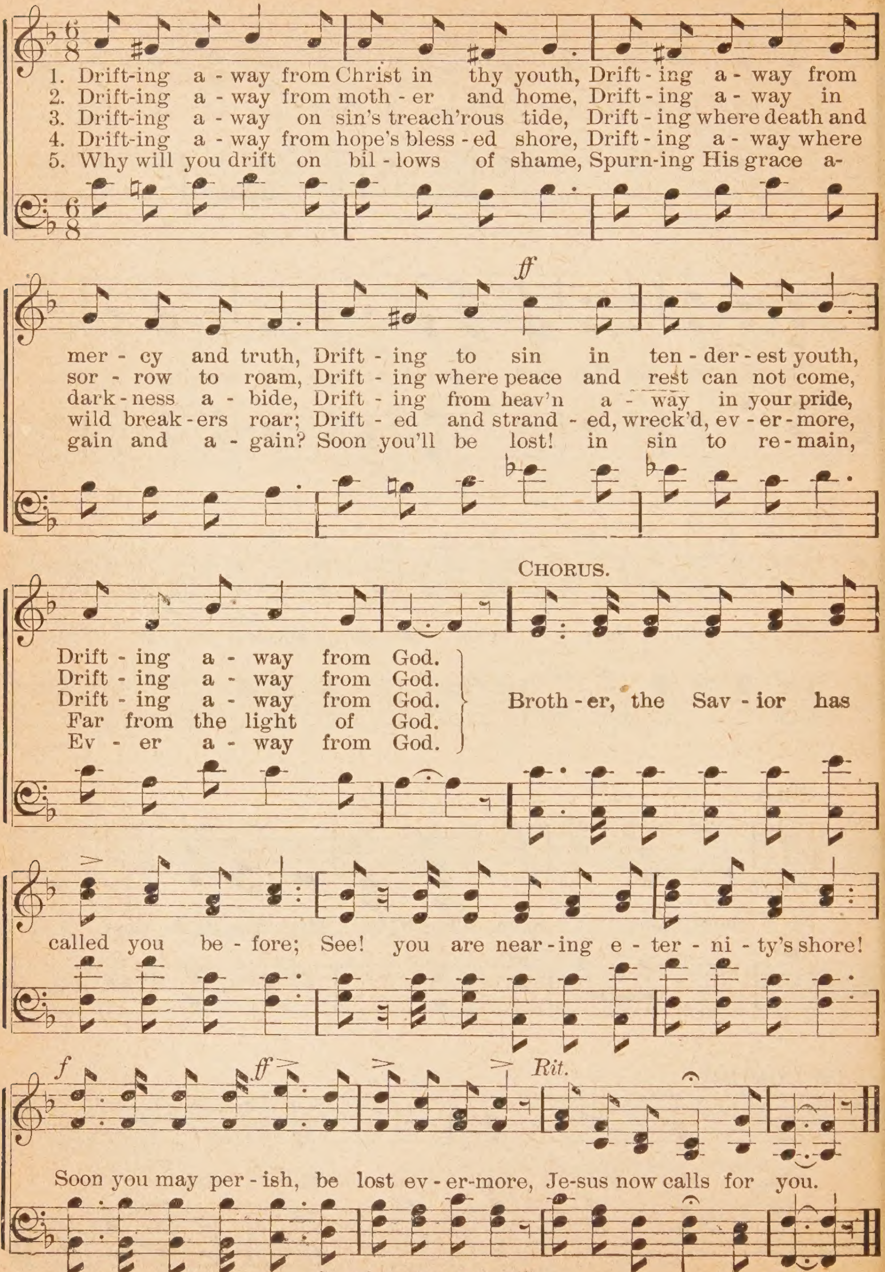
By permission of Will. Thompson & Co.

The Sinner and the Song. Concluded.


Sav - ior, He dwells in that song, O Lord, can it be that a
sin - ner like me, May find a sweet ref-uge by com-ing to Thee?
pp QUARTET.
Oth - er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
SOLO.
ORGAN.
I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt for - give the dark past, And
pp QUARTET.
Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.......

No. 368. Drifting Away From God.

Mrs. J. A. Griffith. P. Bilhorn.


1. Drift-ing a - way from Christ in thy youth, Drift - ing a - way from
2. Drift-ing a - way from moth - er and home, Drift - ing a - way in
3. Drift-ing a - way on sin's treach'rous tide, Drift - ing where death and
4. Drift-ing a - way from hope's bless - ed shore, Drift - ing a - way where
5. Why will you drift on bil - lows of shame, Spurn-ing His grace a-
ff
mer - cy and truth, Drift - ing to sin in ten - der - est youth,
sor - row to roam, Drift - ing where peace and rest can not come,
dark - ness a - bide, Drift - ing from heav'n a - way in your pride,
wild break - ers roar; Drift - ed and strand - ed, wreck'd, ev - er - more,
gain and a - gain? Soon you'll be lost! in sin to re - main,
Drift - ing a - way from God.
Drift - ing a - way from God.
Drift - ing a - way from God.
Far from the light of God.
Ev - er a - way from God.
CHORUS.
Broth - er, the Sav - ior has
called you be - fore; See! you are near - ing e - ter - ni - ty's shore!
f
ff
Rit.
Soon you may per - ish, be lost ev - er-more, Je-sus now calls for you.

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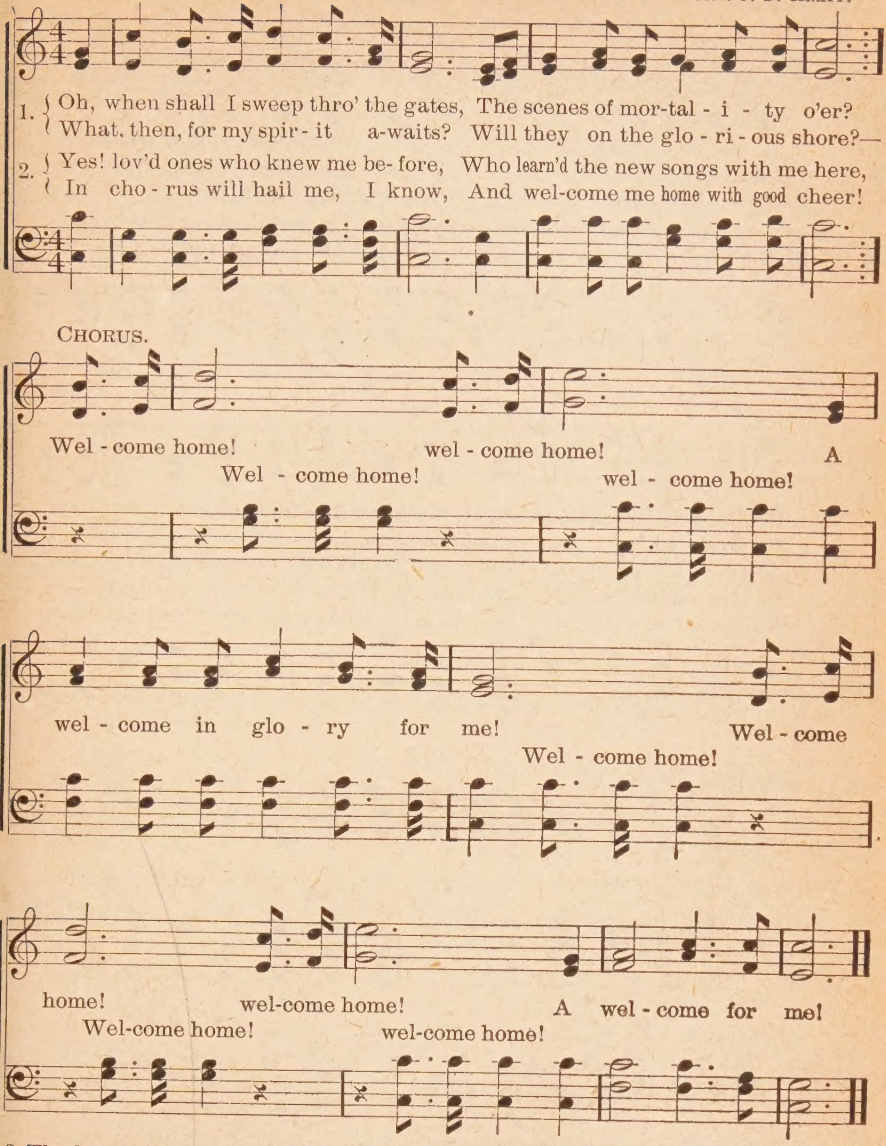
No. 369.

Welcome Home!

P. Palmer.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.


1. Oh, when shall I sweep thro' the gates, The scenes of mor-tal - i - ty o'er?
What, then, for my spir - it a-waits? Will they on the glo - ri - ous shore?—
2. Yes! lov'd ones who knew me be- fore, Who learn'd the new songs with me here,
In cho - rus will hail me, I know, And wel-come me home with good cheer!
Chorus.
Wel - come home! wel - come home! A
Wel - come home! wel - come home!
wel - come in glo - ry for me! Wel - come
Wel - come home!
home! wel-come home! A wel - come for me!
Wel-come home! wel-come home!

3 The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the blood-washed I'll see;
The city of saints I'll behold!
For oh! there's a welcome for me!

4 A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout thro' the gates as I go,
"Salvation to God and the Lamb!"

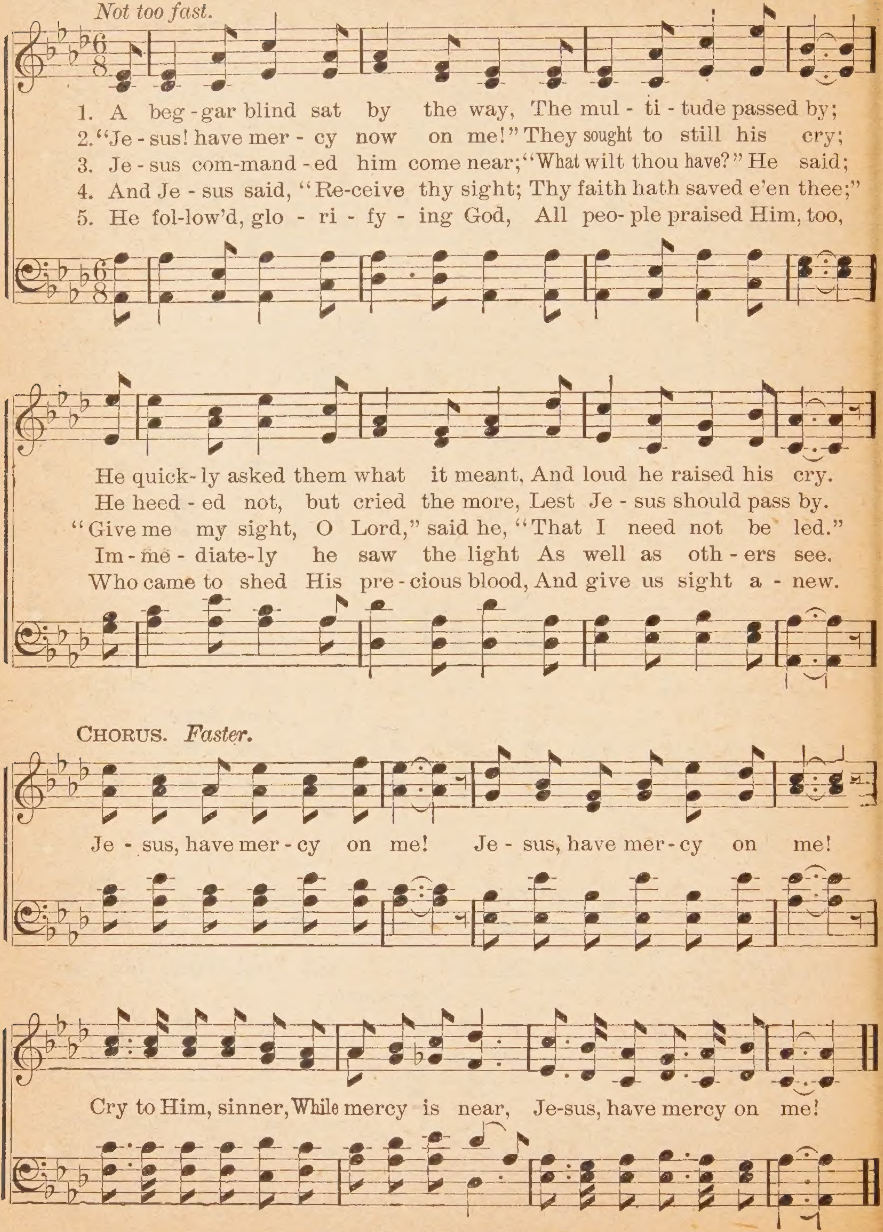
By permission.

Dedicated to the Blind Institute of Raleigh, N. C.

No. 370. Jesus, Have Mercy on Me!

P. B. Luke 18: 35-42. P. Bilhorn.

Not too fast.

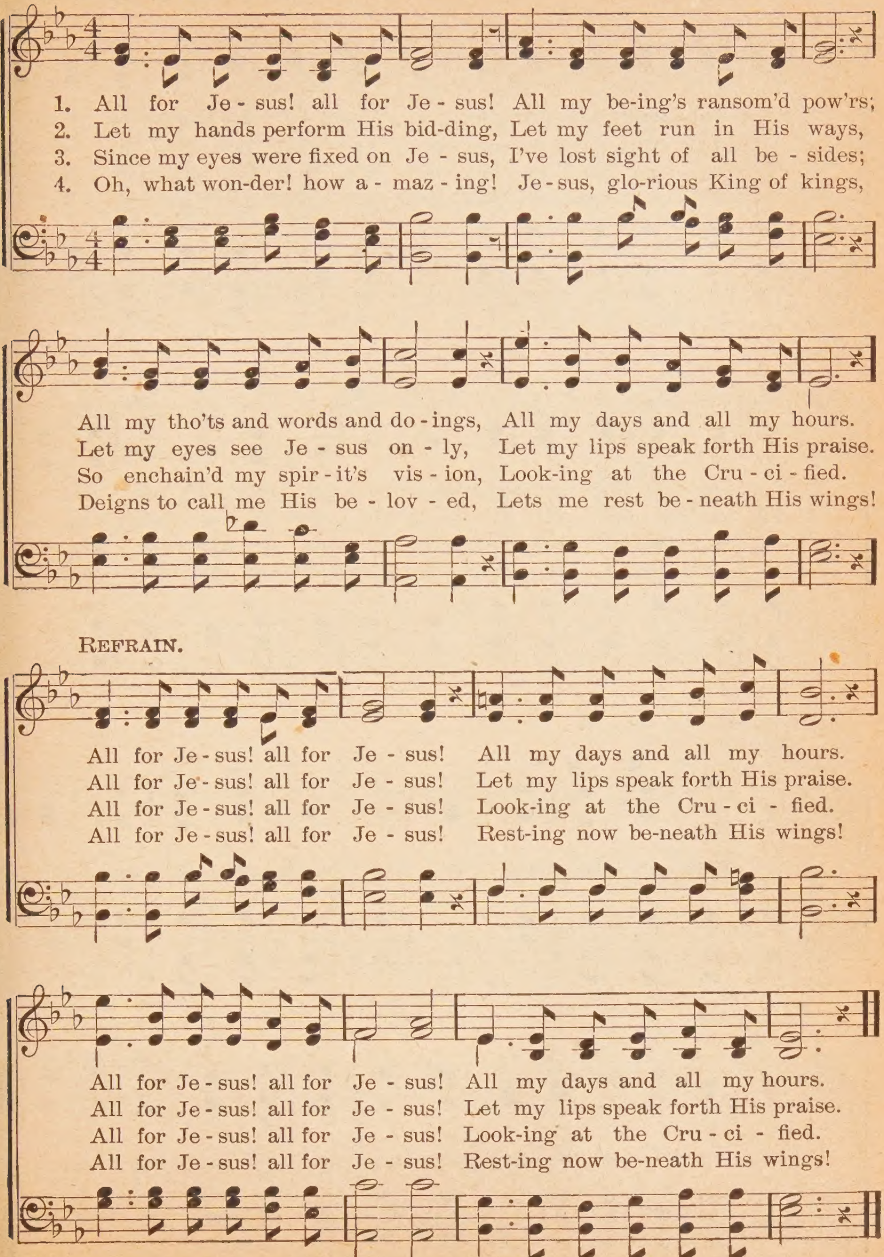

1. A beg-gar blind sat by the way, The mul-ti-tude passed by;
2. "Je-sus! have mer-cy now on me!" They sought to still his cry;
3. Je-sus com-mand-ed him come near; "What wilt thou have?" He said;
4. And Je-sus said, "Re-ceive thy sight; Thy faith hath saved e'en thee;"
5. He fol-low'd, glo-ri-fy-ing God, All peo-ple praised Him, too,
He quick-ly asked them what it meant, And loud he raised his cry.
He heed-ed not, but cried the more, Lest Je-sus should pass by.
"Give me my sight, O Lord," said he, "That I need not be led."
Im-me-diate-ly he saw the light As well as oth-ers see.
Who came to shed His pre-cious blood, And give us sight a-new.
Chorus. Faster.
Je-sus, have mer-cy on me! Je-sus, have mer-cy on me!
Cry to Him, sinner, While mercy is near, Je-sus, have mercy on me!

No. 371.

All for Jesus.

Mrs. Mary D. James.

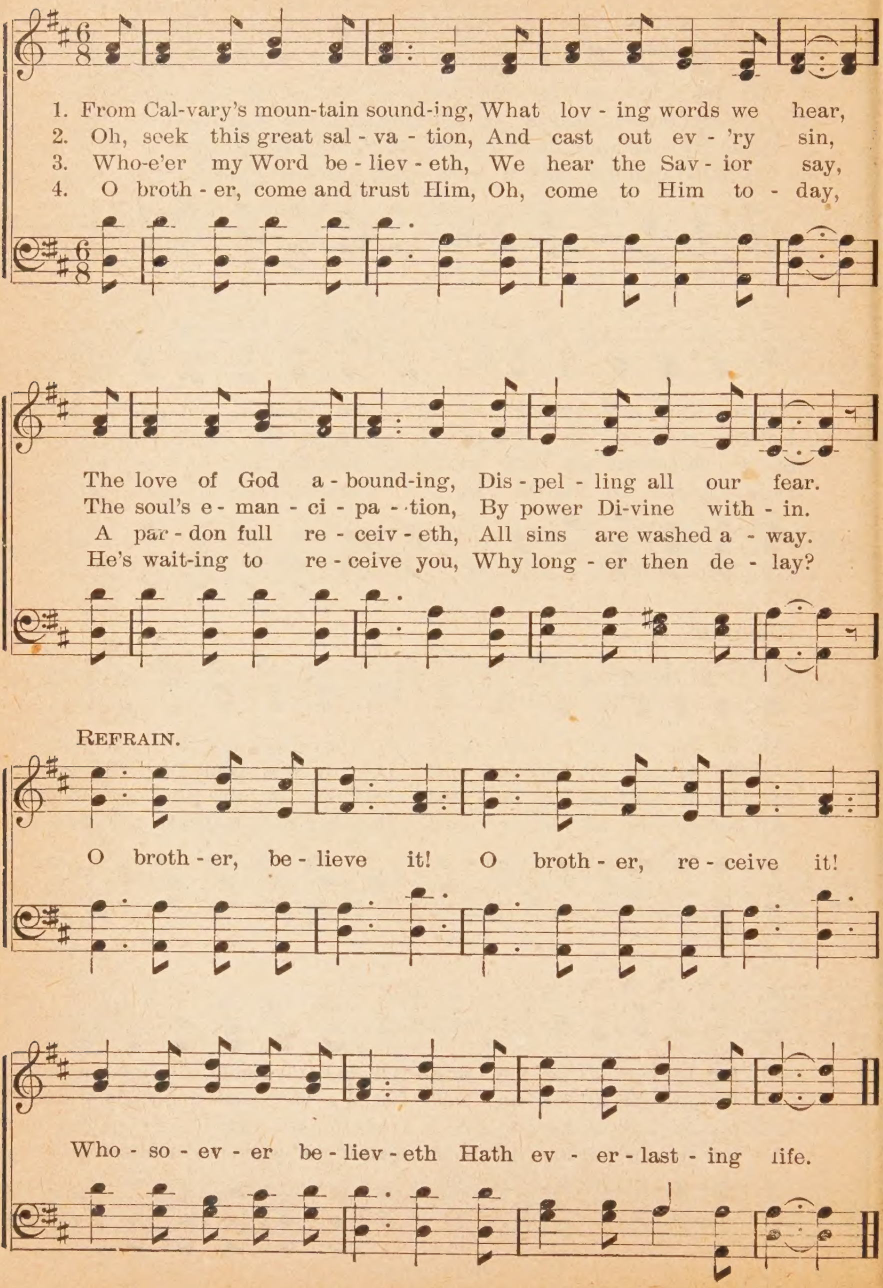
Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.


1. All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my be-ing's ransom'd pow'rs;
2. Let my hands perform His bid-ding, Let my feet run in His ways,
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je-sus, I've lost sight of all be-sides;
4. Oh, what won-der! how a-maz-ing! Je-sus, glo-rious King of kings,
All my tho'ts and words and do-ings, All my days and all my hours.
Let my eyes see Je-sus on-ly, Let my lips speak forth His praise.
So enchain'd my spir-it's vis-ion, Look-ing at the Cru-ci-fied.
Deigns to call me His be-lov-ed, Lets me rest be-neath His wings!
Refrain.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Look-ing at the Cru-ci-fied.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Rest-ing now be-neath His wings!
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Look-ing at the Cru-ci-fied.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Rest-ing now be-neath His wings!

By permission.

No. 372. Whosoever Believeth.

Rev. Frederick Denison. John 3: 16. W. Warren Bentley. By per.

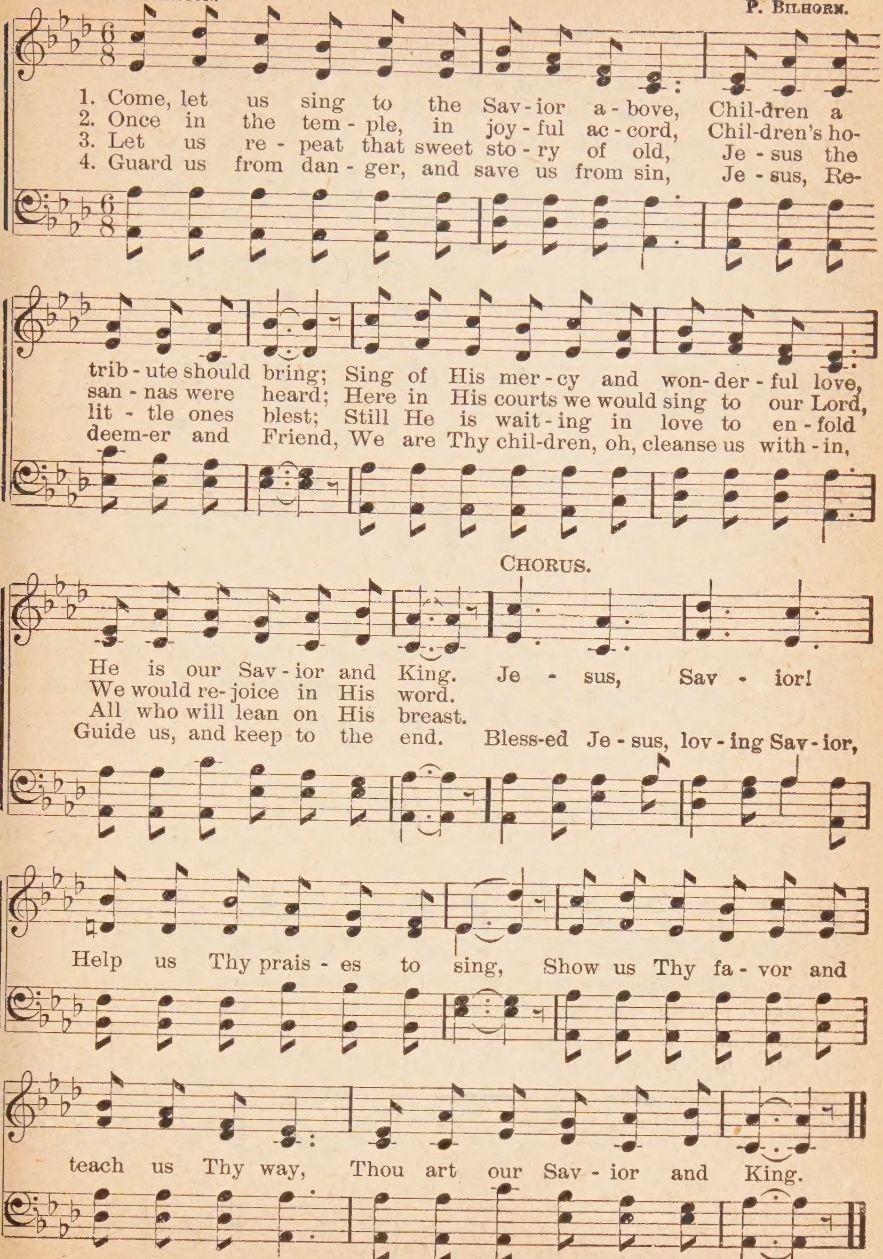

1. From Cal-vary's moun-tain sound-ing, What lov - ing words we hear,
2. Oh, seek this great sal - va - tion, And cast out ev - 'ry sin,
3. Who-e'er my Word be - liev - eth, We hear the Sav - ior say,
4. O broth - er, come and trust Him, Oh, come to Him to - day,
The love of God a - bound-ing, Dis - pel - ling all our fear.
The soul's e - man - ci - pa - tion, By power Di-vine with - in.
A par - don full re - ceiv - eth, All sins are washed a - way.
He's wait-ing to re - ceive you, Why long - er then de - lay?
Refrain.
O broth - er, be - lieve it! O broth - er, re - ceive it!
Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth Hath ev - er - last - ing life.

NO. 373.

Children's Praise.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

P. BILHORN.

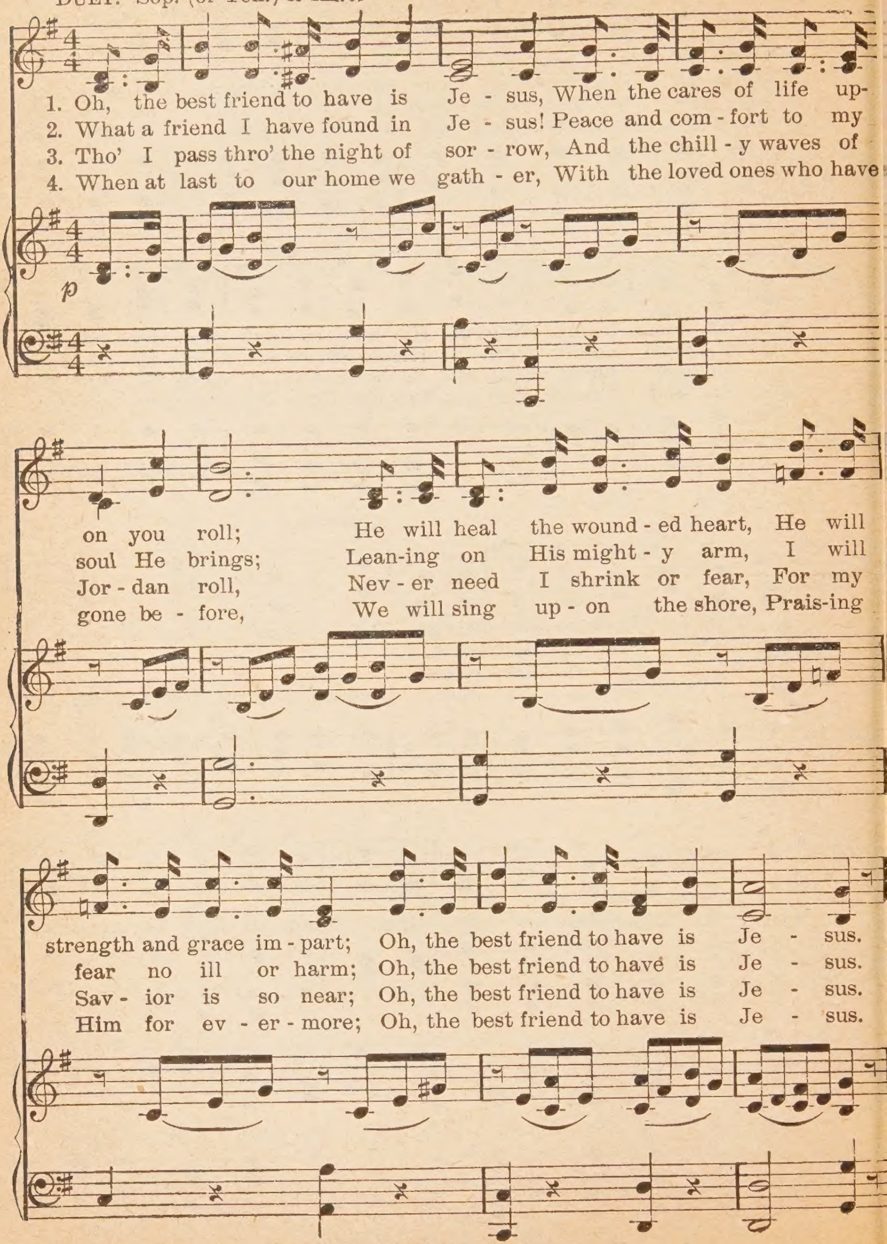

1. Come, let us sing to the Sav-ior a-bove, Chil-dren a
2. Once in the tem-ple, in joy-ful ac-cord, Chil-dren's ho-
3. Let us re-peat that sweet sto-ry of old, Je-sus the
4. Guard us from dan-ger, and save us from sin, Je-sus, Re-
trib-ute should bring; Sing of His mer-cy and won-der-ful love,
san-nas were heard; Here in His courts we would sing to our Lord,
lit-tle ones blest; Still He is wait-ing in love to en-fold
deem-er and Friend, We are Thy chil-dren, oh, cleanse us with-in,
He is our Sav-ior and King.
We would re-joice in His word.
All who will lean on His breast.
Guide us, and keep to the end.
CHORUS.
Je-sus, Sav-ior!
Bless-ed Je-sus, lov-ing Sav-ior,
Help us Thy prais-es to sing, Show us Thy fa-vor and
teach us Thy way, Thou art our Sav-ior and King.

No. 374. The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. B.

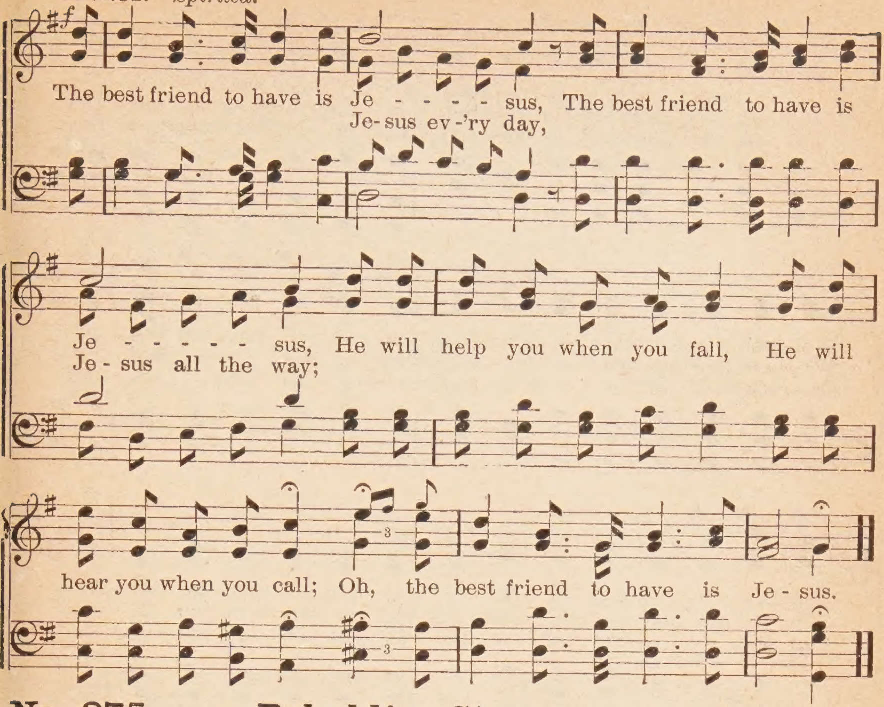
P. Bilhorn.

Duet. Sop. (or Ten.) & Alto.


1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and com - fort to my
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chill - y waves of
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have
p
on you roll; He will heal the wound - ed heart, He will
soul He brings; Lean-ing on His might - y arm, I will
Jor - dan roll, Nev - er need I shrink or fear, For my
gone be - fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing
strength and grace im - part; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
fear no ill or harm; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Sav - ior is so near; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Him for ev - er - more; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

The Best Friend is Jesus. Concluded.

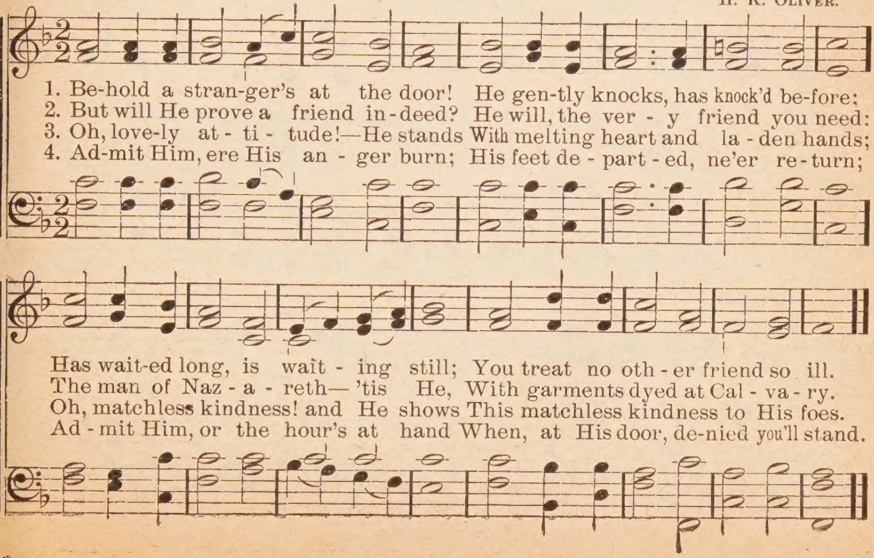
CHORUS. *Spirited.*


f
The best friend to have is Je - - - - - sus, The best friend to have is
Je-sus ev-'ry day,
Je - - - - - - sus, He will help you when you fall, He will
Je - sus all the way;
hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
3
3

No. 375. Behold! a Stranger.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

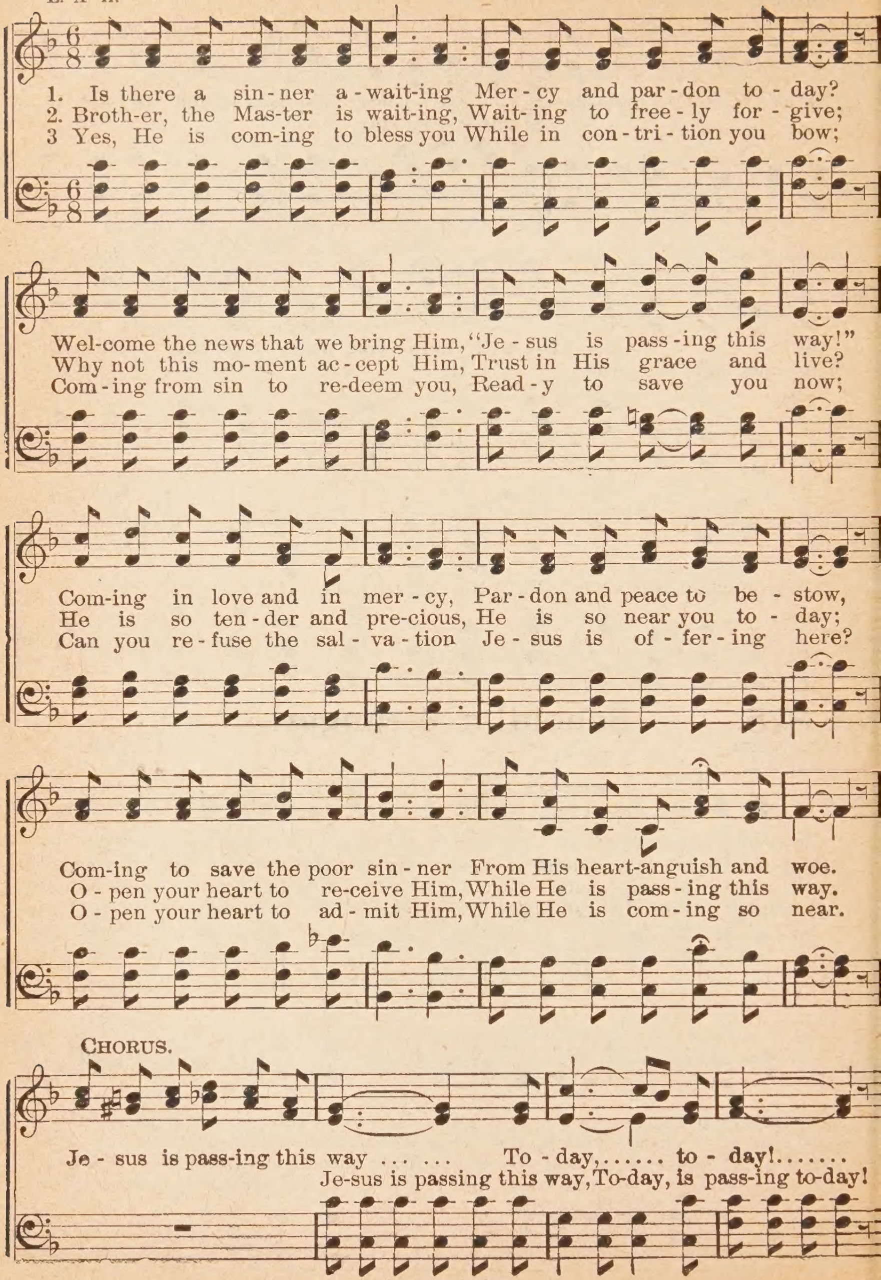
H. K. OLIVER.


2
2
1. Be-hold a stran-ger's at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knock'd be-fore;
2. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will, the ver - y friend you need:
3. Oh, love-ly at - ti - tude!—He stands With melting heart and la - den hands;
4. Ad-mit Him, ere His an - ger burn; His feet de - part - ed, ne'er re - turn;
Has wait-ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
The man of Naz - a - reth— 'tis He, With garments dyed at Cal - va - ry.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand When, at His door, de-nied you'll stand.

No. 376. Jesus is Passing This Way.

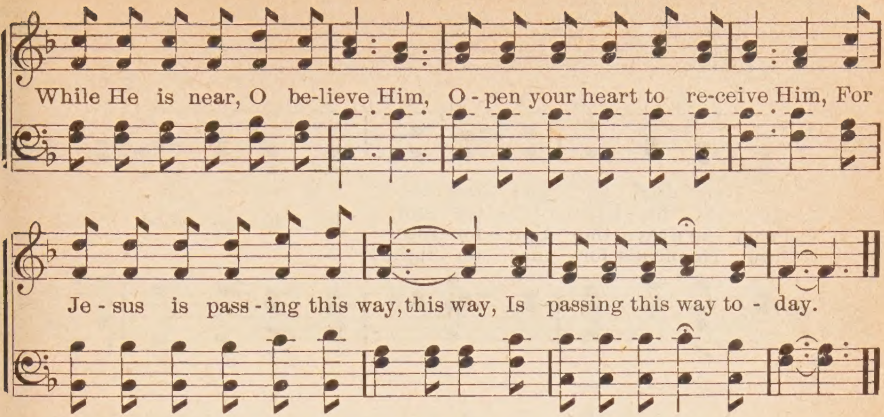
E. A. H.

J. H. T.


1. Is there a sin-ner a-wait-ing Mer-cy and par-don to-day?
2. Broth-er, the Mas-ter is wait-ing, Wait-ing to free-ly for-give;
3 Yes, He is com-ing to bless you While in con-tri-tion you bow;
Wel-come the news that we bring Him, "Je-sus is pass-ing this way!"
Why not this mo-ment ac-cept Him, Trust in His grace and live?
Com-ing from sin to re-deem you, Read-y to save you now;
Com-ing in love and in mer-cy, Par-don and peace to be-stow,
He is so ten-der and pre-cious, He is so near you to-day;
Can you re-fuse the sal-va-tion Je-sus is of-fer-ing here?
Com-ing to save the poor sin-ner From His heart-anguish and woe.
O-pen your heart to re-ceive Him, While He is pass-ing this way.
O-pen your heart to ad-mit Him, While He is com-ing so near.
CHORUS.
Je-sus is pass-ing this way ...... To-day, ... to-day! ....
Je-sus is passing this way, To-day, is pass-ing to-day!

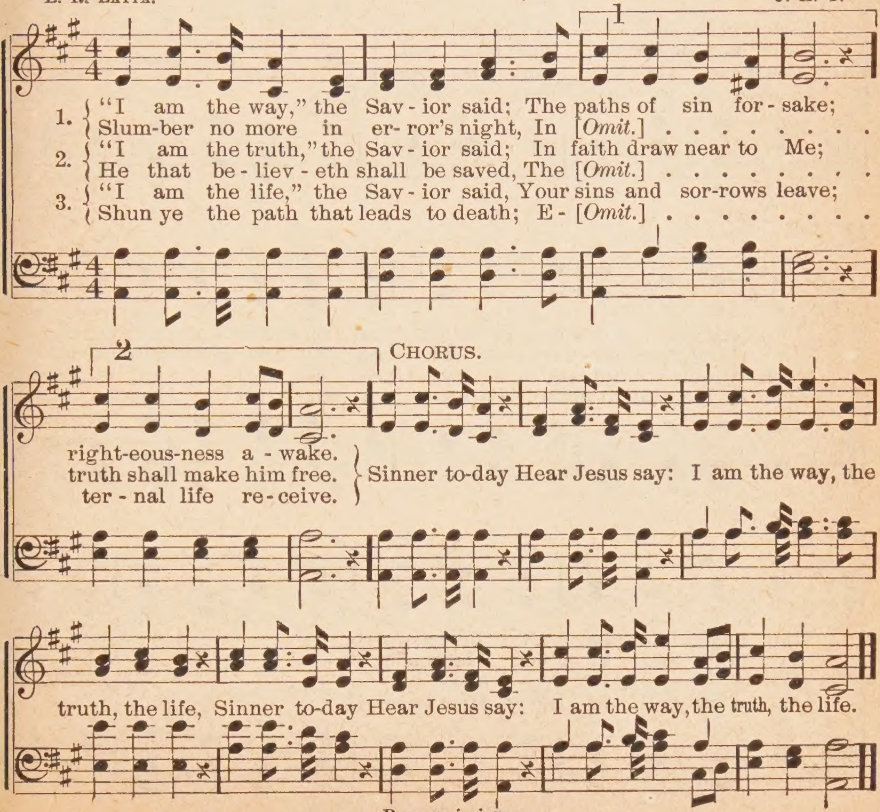
By permission.

Jesus is Passing This Way. Concluded.


While He is near, O be-lieve Him, O-pen your heart to re-ceive Him, For
Je-sus is pass-ing this way, this way, Is passing this way to-day.

No. 377. The Way, the Truth, the Life.

E. R. Latta. J. H. T.


1
1. "I am the way," the Sav-ior said; The paths of sin for-sake;
Slum-ber no more in er-ror's night, In [Omit.] . . . .
2. "I am the truth," the Sav-ior said; In faith draw near to Me;
He that be-liev-eth shall be saved, The [Omit.] . . . .
3. "I am the life," the Sav-ior said, Your sins and sor-rows leave;
Shun ye the path that leads to death; E-[Omit.] . . . .
2
right-eous-ness a-wake.
truth shall make him free.
ter-nal life re-ceive.
CHORUS.
Sinner to-day Hear Jesus say: I am the way, the truth, the life, Sinner to-day Hear Jesus say: I am the way, the truth, the life.

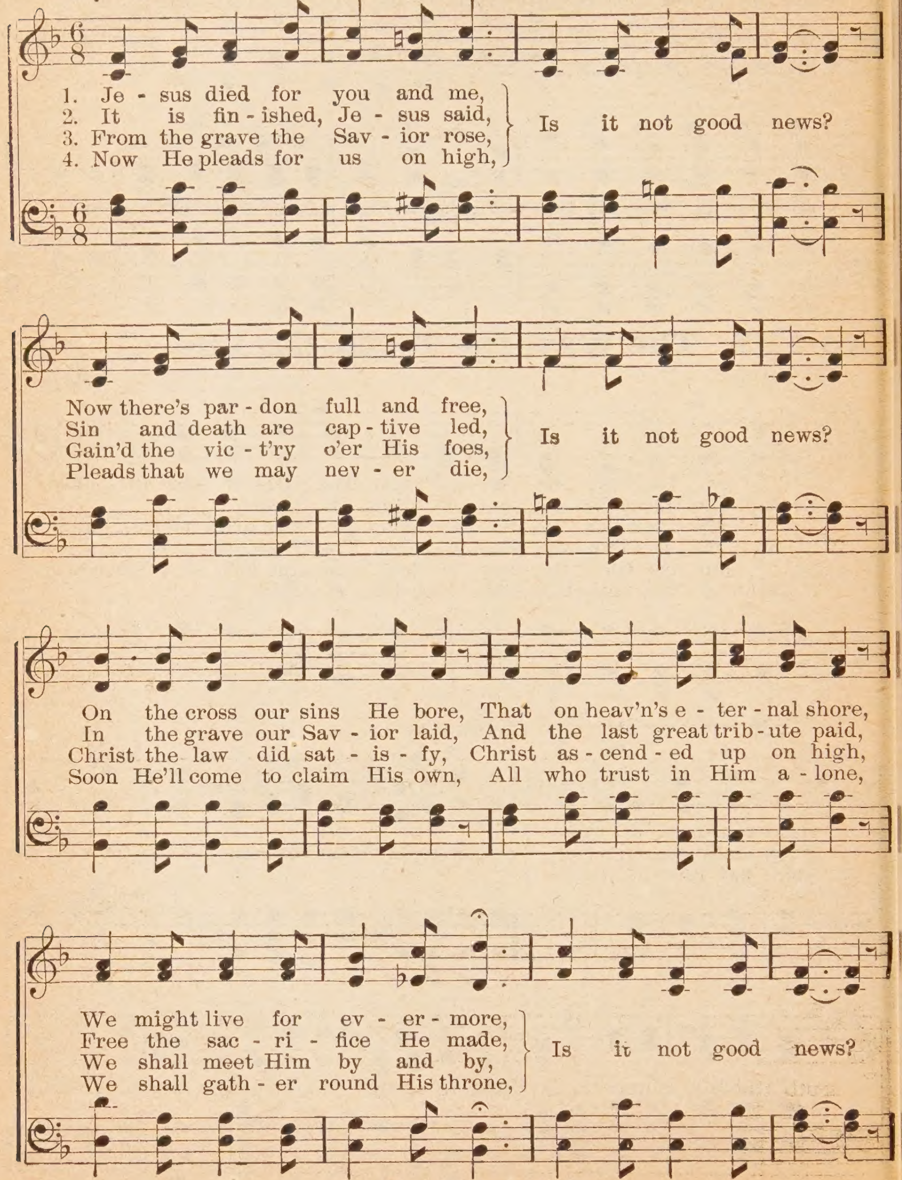
By permission.

No. 378. Good News.

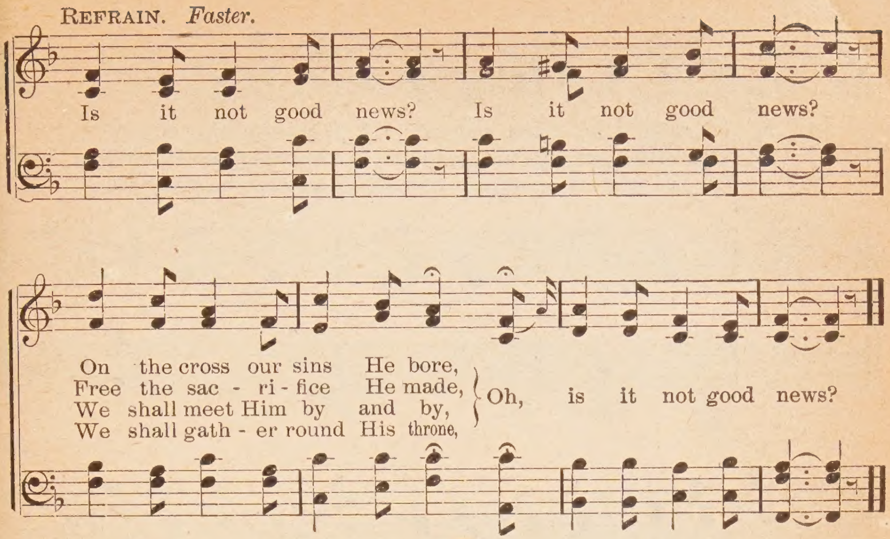
When Mr. Moody was first called to preach a funeral sermon, he searched the Bible to find where Jesus had preached sermons of that kind. Instead of finding one, he found that Jesus had turned every funeral He attended from a time of mourning to one of rejoicing, for He said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Mr. Moody in referring to this, said; "Is it not good news?" which suggested the words of this hymn.

Arr by P. B.

P. Bilhorn.

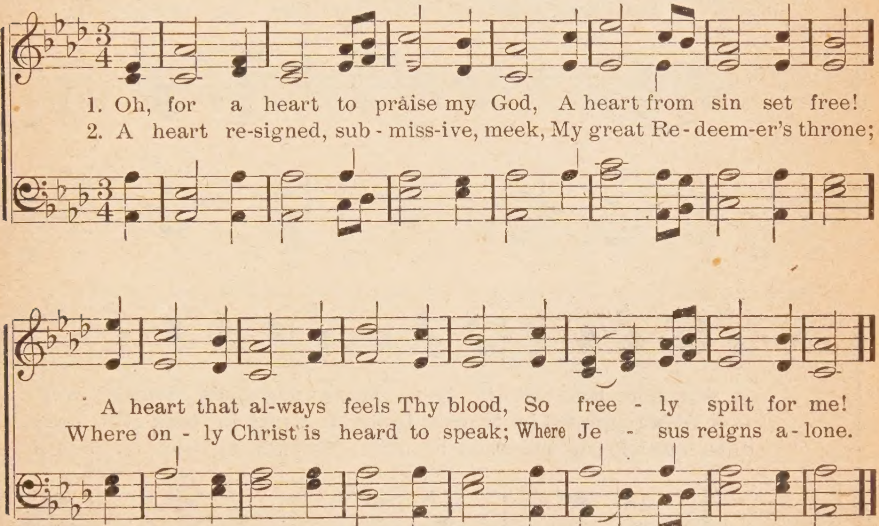

1. Je - sus died for you and me,
2. It is fin - ished, Je - sus said,
3. From the grave the Sav - ior rose,
4. Now He pleads for us on high,
Is it not good news?
Now there's par - don full and free,
Sin and death are cap - tive led,
Gain'd the vic - t'ry o'er His foes,
Pleads that we may nev - er die,
Is it not good news?
On the cross our sins He bore, That on heav'n's e - ter - nal shore,
In the grave our Sav - ior laid, And the last great trib - ute paid,
Christ the law did sat - is - fy, Christ as - cend - ed up on high,
Soon He'll come to claim His own, All who trust in Him a - lone,
We might live for ev - er - more,
Free the sac - ri - fice He made,
We shall meet Him by and by,
We shall gath - er round His throne,
Is it not good news?

Good News. Concluded.


REFRAIN. Faster.
Is it not good news? Is it not good news?
On the cross our sins He bore,
Free the sac - ri - fice He made,
We shall meet Him by and by,
We shall gath - er round His throne,
Oh, is it not good news?

No. 379. Oh, For a Heart.

Scottish Tune.


1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
2. A heart re-signed, sub - miss-ive, meek, My great Re - deem-er's throne;
A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me!
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak; Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.

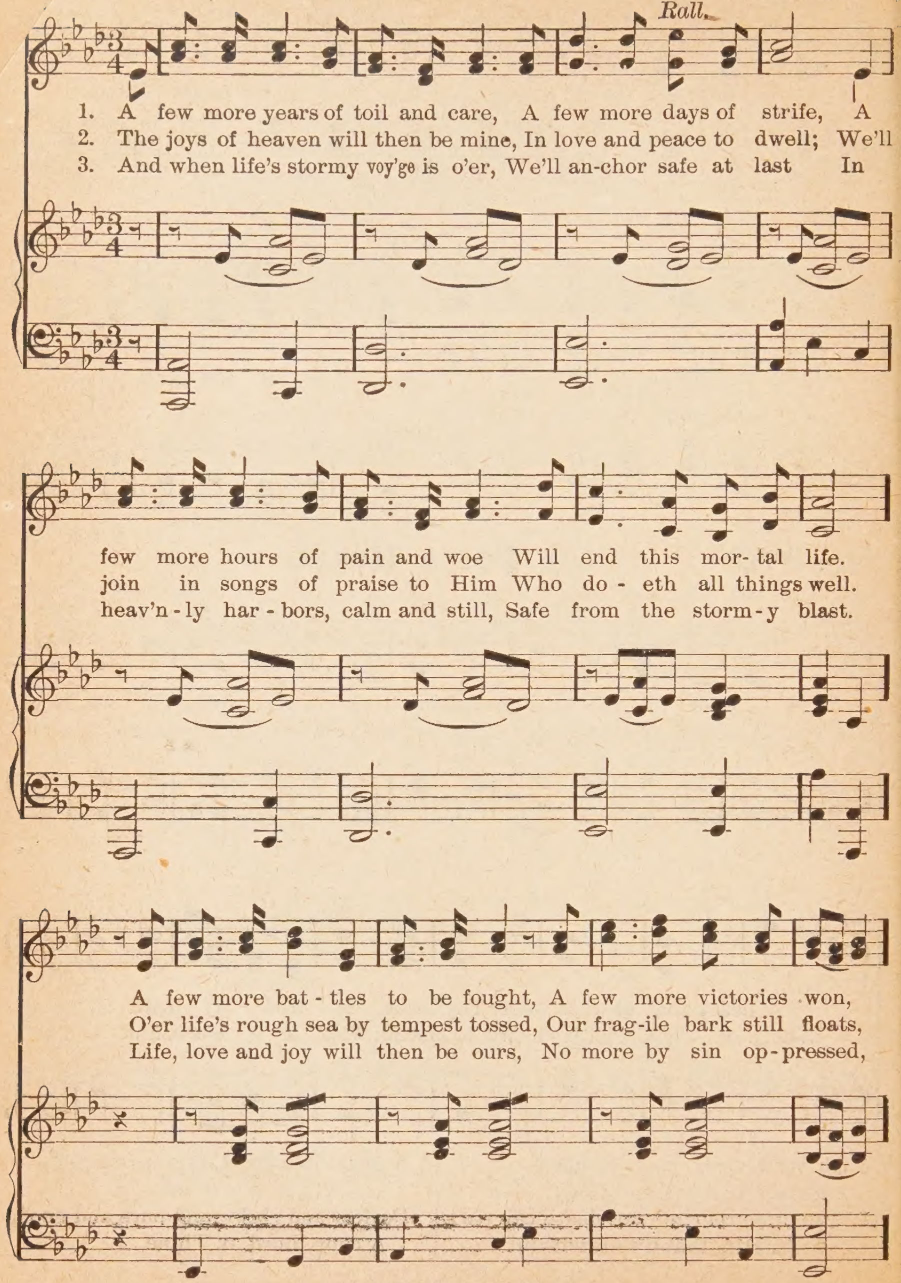
3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

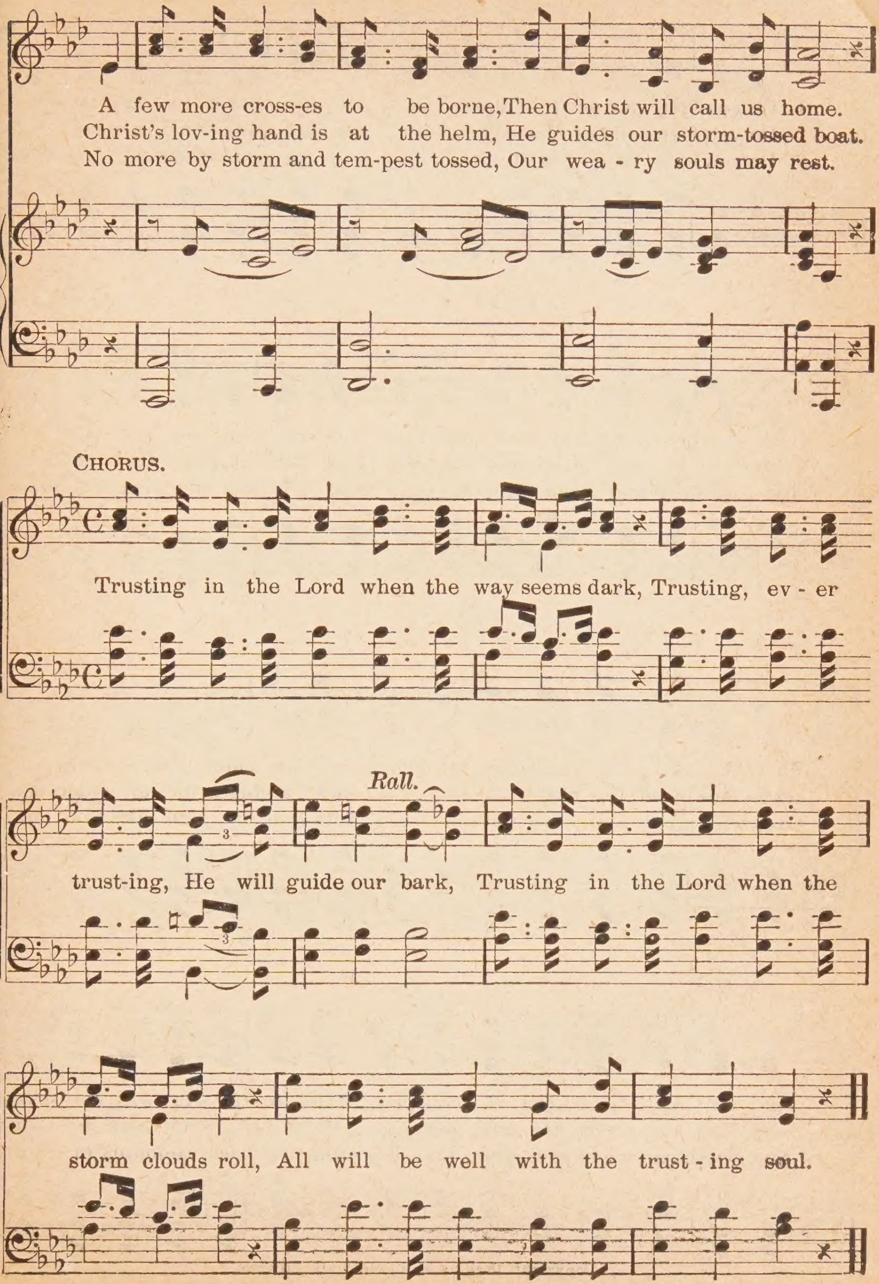
No. 380. A Few More Years of Toil.

J. L. P.

J. L. Pattison.


Rall.
1. A few more years of toil and care, A few more days of strife, A
2. The joys of heaven will then be mine, In love and peace to dwell; We'll
3. And when life's stormy voy'ge is o'er, We'll an-chor safe at last In
few more hours of pain and woe Will end this mor- tal life.
join in songs of praise to Him Who do - eth all things well.
heav'n - ly har - bors, calm and still, Safe from the storm - y blast.
A few more bat - tles to be fought, A few more victories won,
O'er life's rough sea by tempest tossed, Our frag-ile bark still floats,
Life, love and joy will then be ours, No more by sin op - pressed,

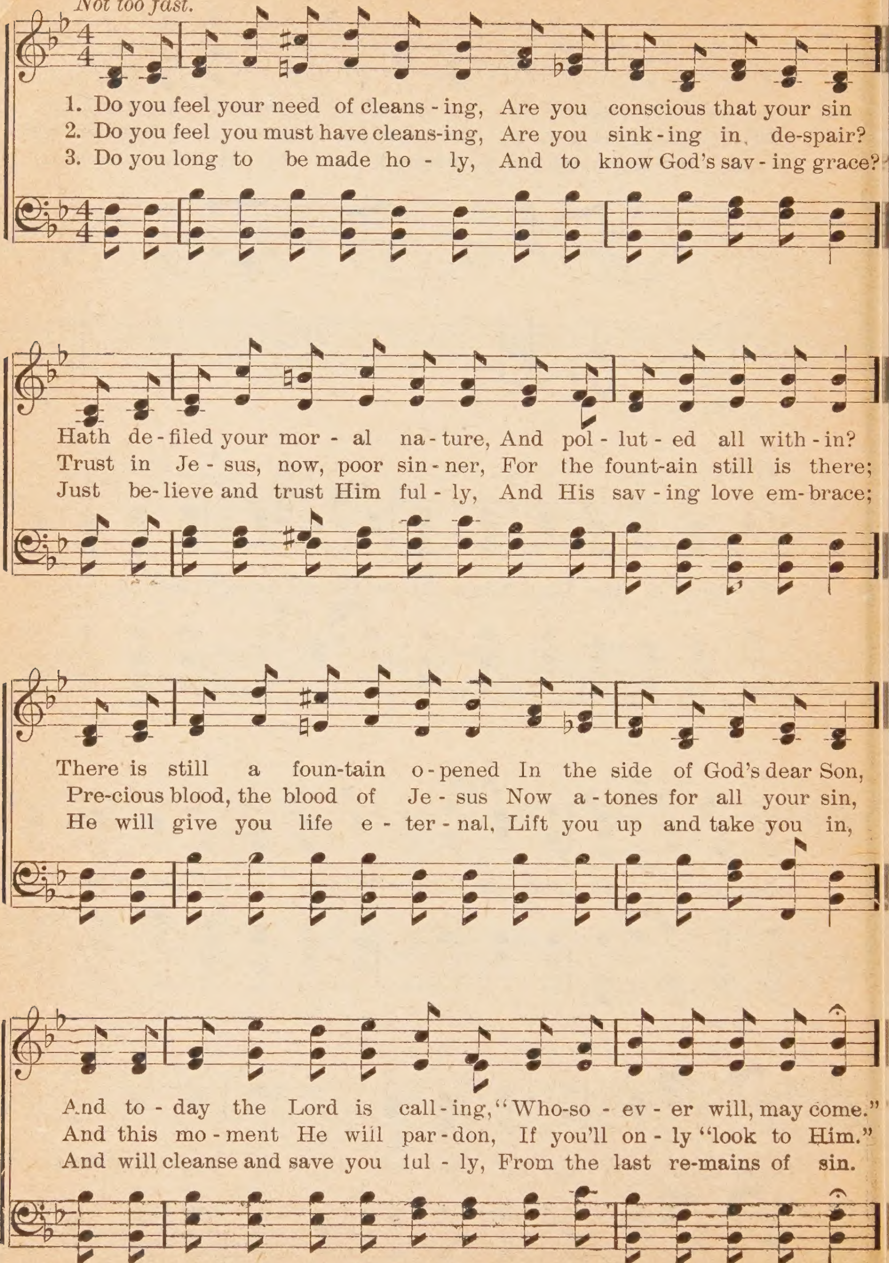
A Few More Years of Toil. Concluded.


A few more cross-es to be borne, Then Christ will call us home.
Christ's lov-ing hand is at the helm, He guides our storm-tossed boat.
No more by storm and tem-pest tossed, Our wea - ry souls may rest.
CHORUS.
Trusting in the Lord when the way seems dark, Trusting, ev - er
trust-ing, He will guide our bark, Trusting in the Lord when the
Rall.
storm clouds roll, All will be well with the trust - ing soul.

No. 381. Do you feel your need of Cleansing?

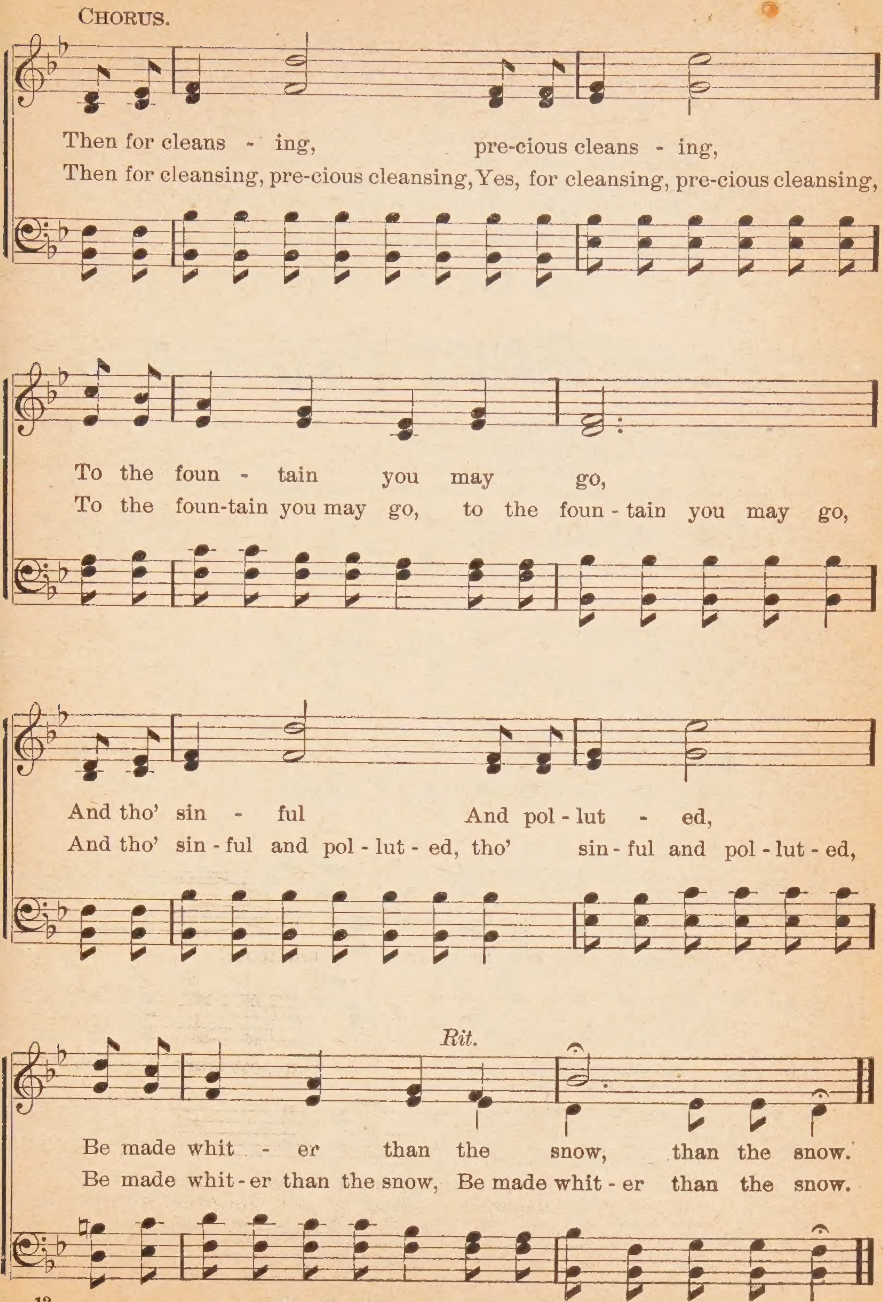
Rev. John McPhail. M. L. McPhail.

Not too fast.


1. Do you feel your need of cleans - ing, Are you conscious that your sin
2. Do you feel you must have cleans-ing, Are you sink - ing in de-spair?
3. Do you long to be made ho - ly, And to know God's sav - ing grace?
Hath de - filed your mor - al na - ture, And pol - lut - ed all with - in?
Trust in Je - sus, now, poor sin - ner, For the fount-ain still is there;
Just be- lieve and trust Him ful - ly, And His sav - ing love em - brace;
There is still a foun-tain o - pened In the side of God's dear Son,
Pre-cious blood, the blood of Je - sus Now a - tones for all your sin,
He will give you life e - ter - nal, Lift you up and take you in,
And to - day the Lord is call - ing, "Who-so - ev - er will, may come."
And this mo - ment He will par - don, If you'll on - ly "look to Him."
And will cleanse and save you ful - ly, From the last re-mains of sin.

Copyright, 1890, by M. L. McPhail. By per.

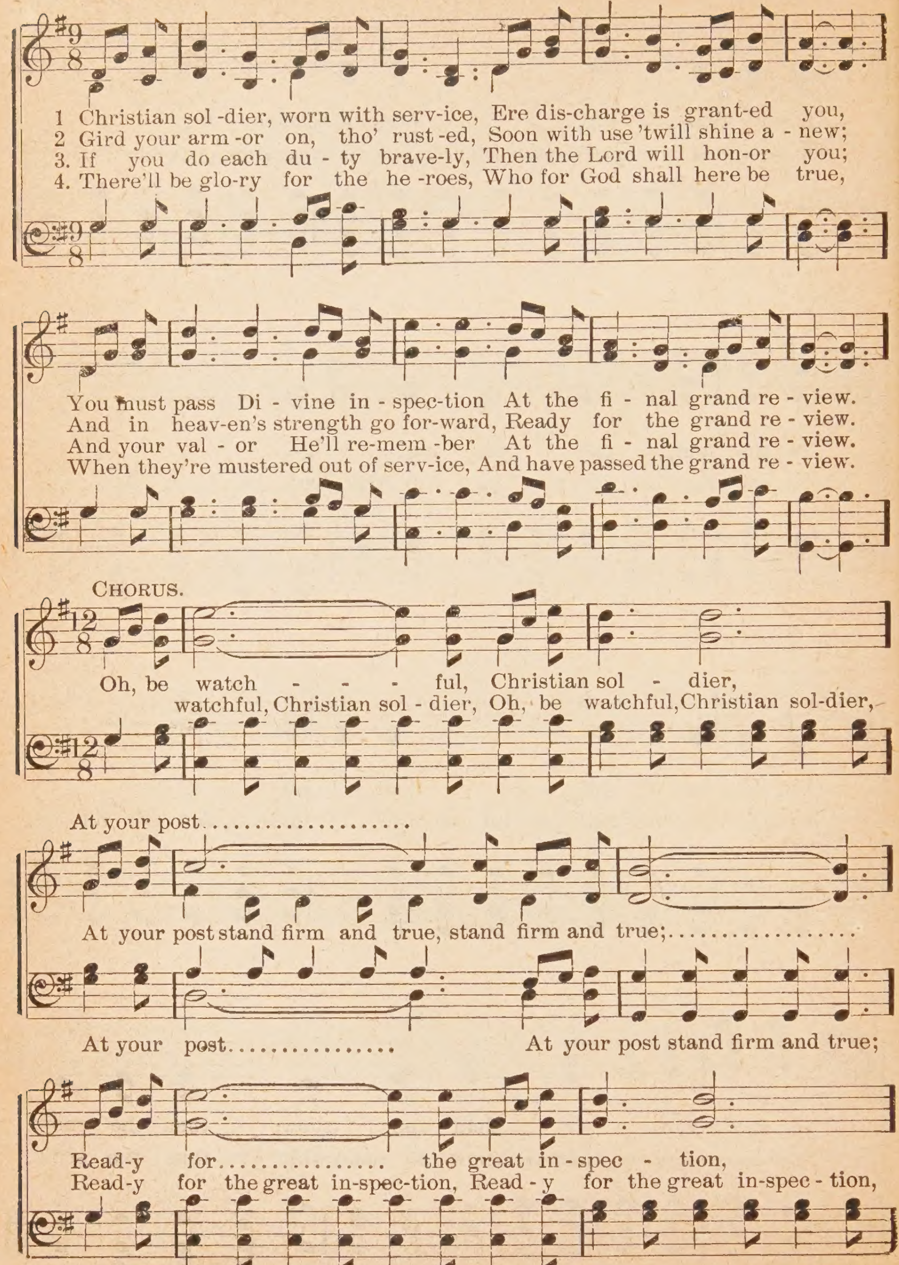
Do you feel your need? Concluded.


CHORUS.
Then for cleans - ing, pre-cious cleans - ing,
Then for cleansing, pre-cious cleansing, Yes, for cleansing, pre-cious cleansing,
To the foun - tain you may go,
To the foun-tain you may go, to the foun - tain you may go,
And tho' sin - ful And pol - lut - ed,
And tho' sin - ful and pol - lut - ed, tho' sin - ful and pol - lut - ed,
Rit.
Be made whit - er than the snow, than the snow.
Be made whit - er than the snow, Be made whit - er than the snow.

No. 382.

The Grand Review.

F. A. B. Matt. 25: 32. F. A. Blackmer.


1 Christian sol-dier, worn with serv-ice, Ere dis-charge is grant-ed you,
2 Gird your arm-or on, tho' rust-ed, Soon with use 'twill shine a-new;
3. If you do each du-ty brave-ly, Then the Lord will hon-or you;
4. There'll be glo-ry for the he-roes, Who for God shall here be true,
You must pass Di-vine in-spec-tion At the fi-nal grand re-view.
And in heav-en's strength go for-ward, Ready for the grand re-view.
And your val-or He'll re-mem-ber At the fi-nal grand re-view.
When they're mustered out of serv-ice, And have passed the grand re-view.
Chorus.
Oh, be watch - - - ful, Christian sol - dier,
watchful, Christian sol-dier, Oh, be watchful, Christian sol-dier,
At your post...................
At your post stand firm and true, stand firm and true;................
At your post................ At your post stand firm and true;
Read-y for................ the great in-spec - tion,
Read-y for the great in-spec-tion, Read-y for the great in-spec-tion,

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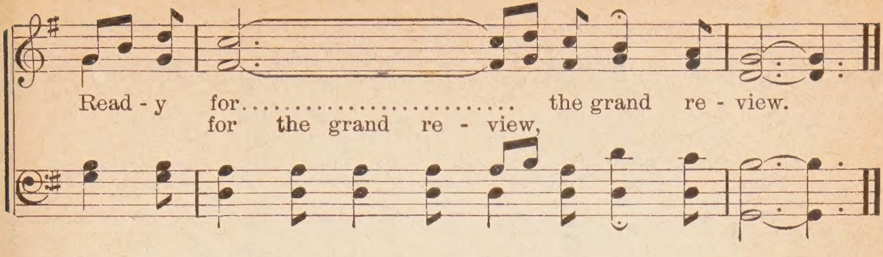
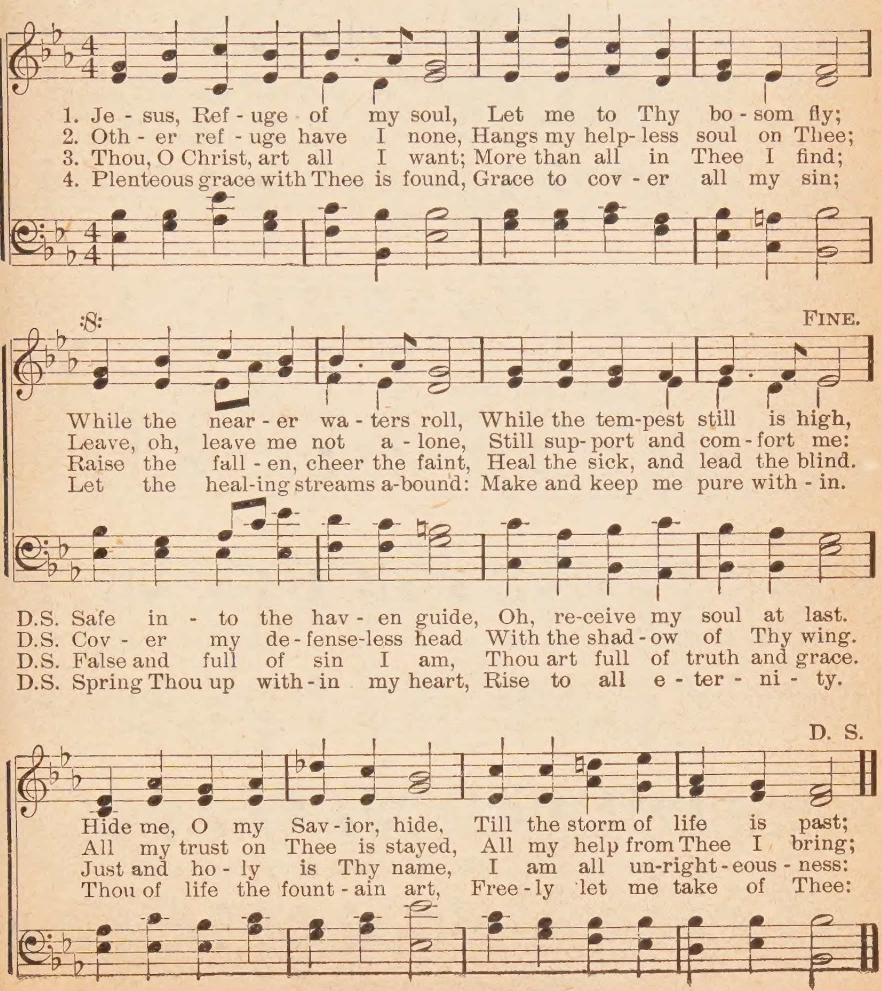
The Grand Review. Concluded.



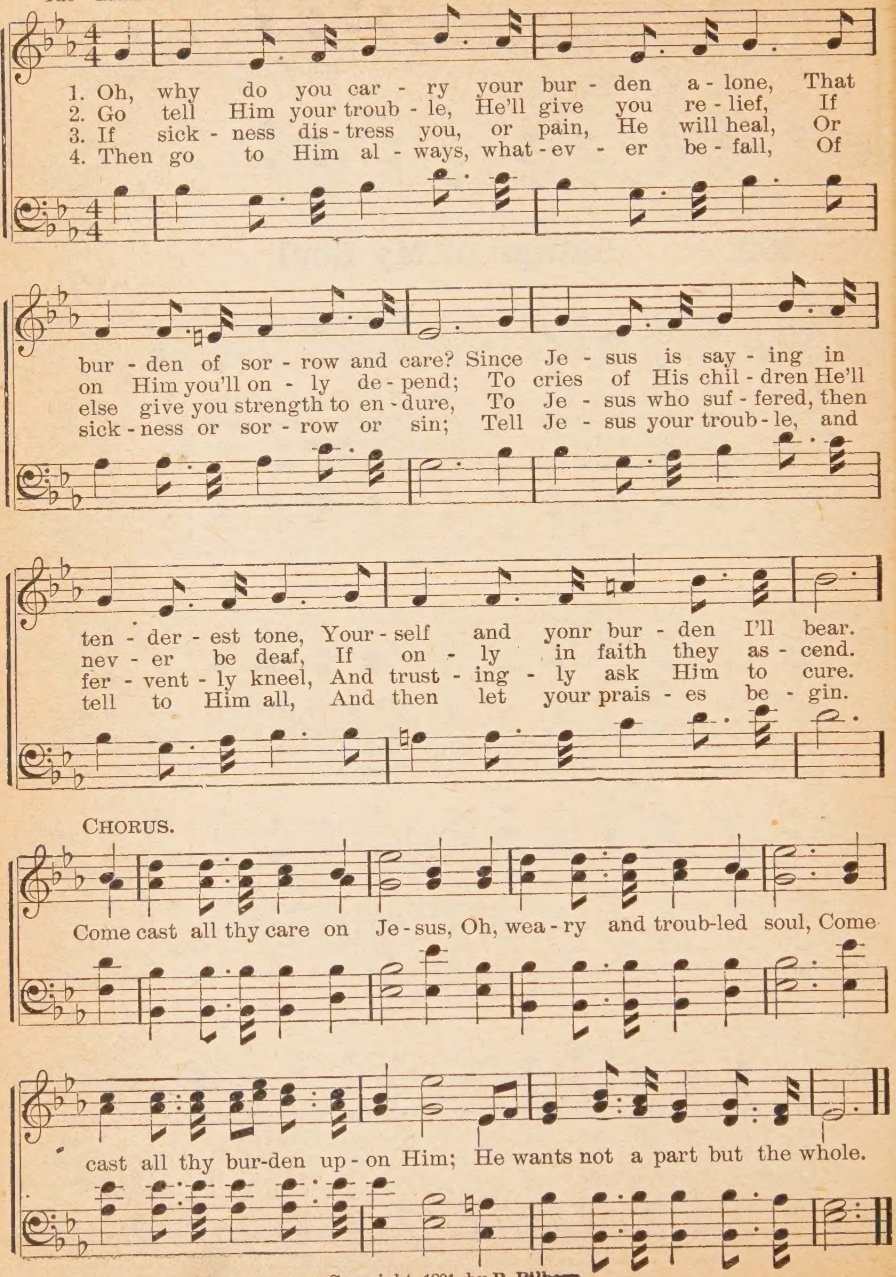
No. 383. Refuge of My Soul.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.


1. Je - sus, Ref - uge of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly;
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help- less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
:S:
Fine.
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high,
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup- port and com - fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal-ing streams a-bound: Make and keep me pure with - in.
D.S. Safe in - to the hav - en guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
D.S. Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
D.S. False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
D.S. Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.
D. S.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right - eous - ness:
Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:

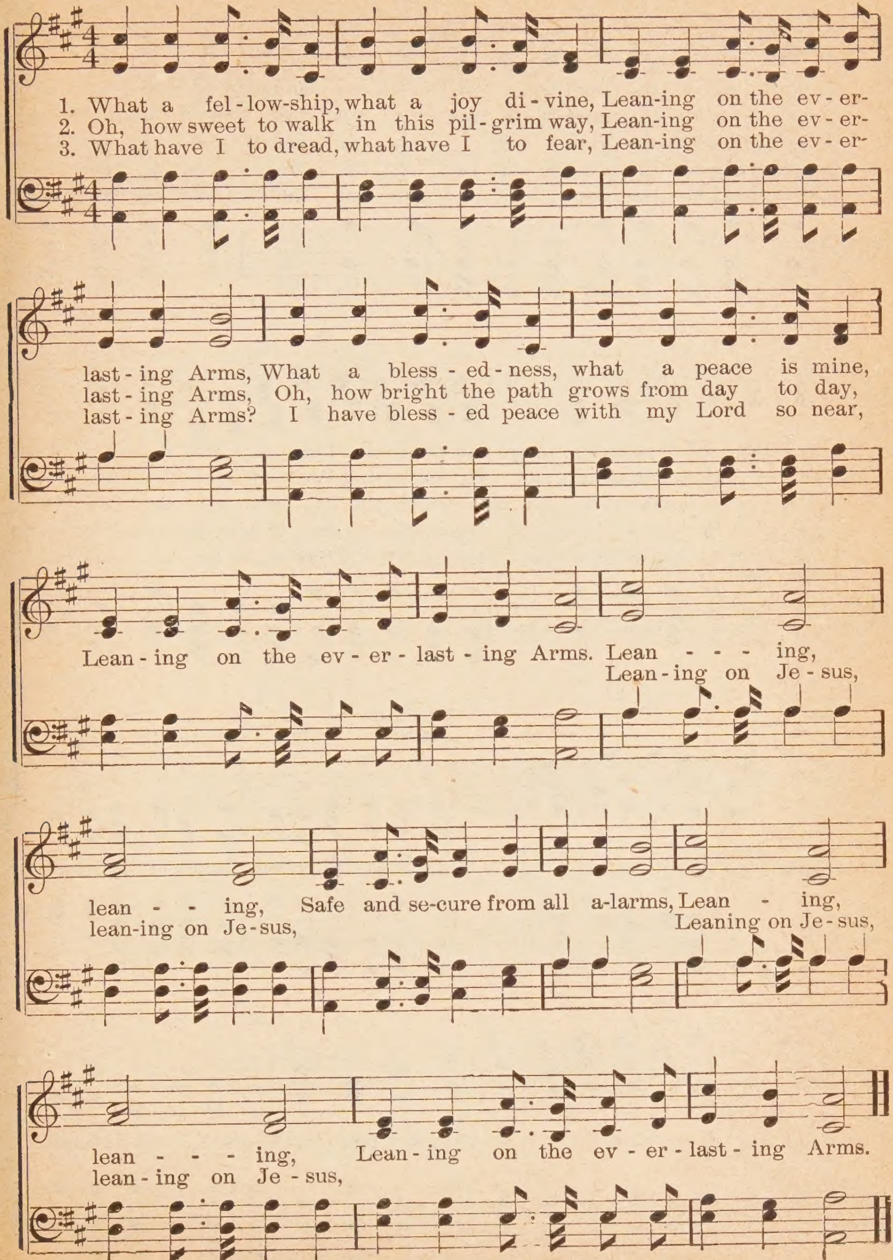
No. 384. Cast All Your Care Upon Him.

The "Lanan." I Peter, 5; 7. P Bilhorn.


1. Oh, why do you carry your burden alone, That burden of sorrow and care? Since Jesus is saying in tenderest tone, Yourself and yonr burden I'll bear.
2. Go tell Him your trouble, He'll give you relief, If on Him you'll only depend; To cries of His children He'll never be deaf, If only in faith they ascend.
3. If sickness distress you, or pain, He will heal, Or else give you strength to endure, To Jesus who suffered, then fervently kneel, And trustingly ask Him to cure.
4. Then go to Him always, whatever befall, Of sickness or sorrow or sin; Tell Jesus your trouble, and tell to Him all, And then let your praises begin.
CHORUS.
Come cast all thy care on Jesus, Oh, weary and troubled soul, Come cast all thy burden upon Him; He wants not a part but the whole.

No. 385. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

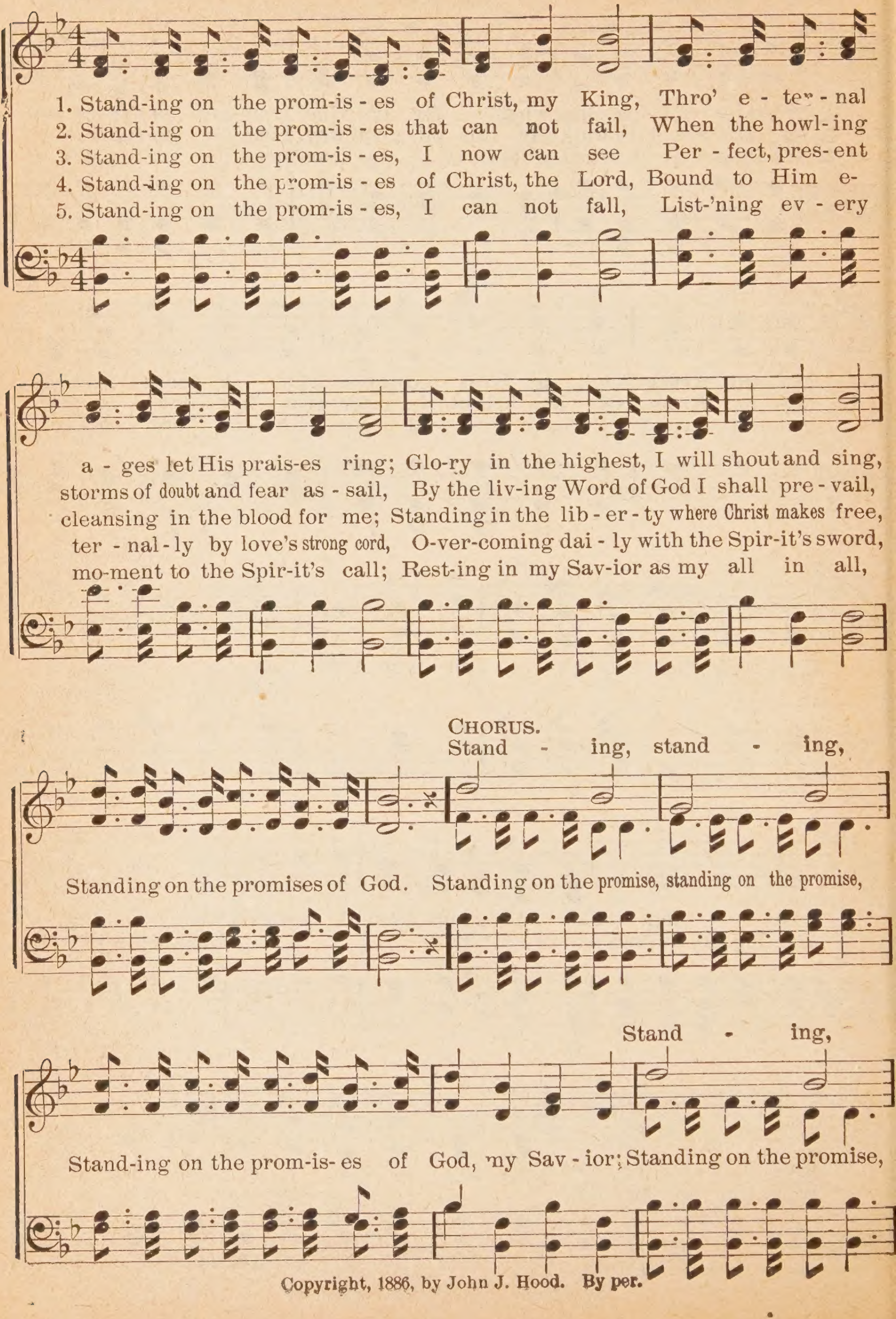
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Deut. 33: 27. A. J. Showalter.


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
last-ing Arms, What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing Arms, Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing Arms? I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing Arms. Lean - - - ing,
Lean-ing on Je-sus,
lean - - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms, Lean - ing,
lean-ing on Je-sus, Leaning on Je-sus,
lean - - - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing Arms.
lean-ing on Je-sus,

By per. of A. J. Showalter, Dalton, Ga.

No. 386. Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ, my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can not fail, When the howl-ing storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es, I now can see Per - fect, pres-ent cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ, the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-coming dai - ly with the Spir-it's sword,
5. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es, I can not fall, List-'ning ev - ery mo-ment to the Spir-it's call; Rest-ing in my Sav-ior as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.
CHORUS.
Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promise, standing on the promise,
Stand - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is- es of God, my Sav - ior; Standing on the promise,

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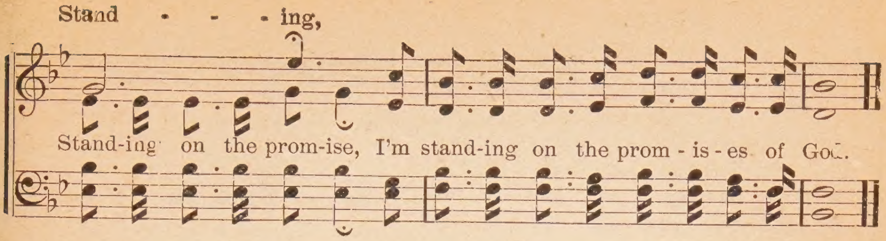
Standing on the Promises. Concluded.

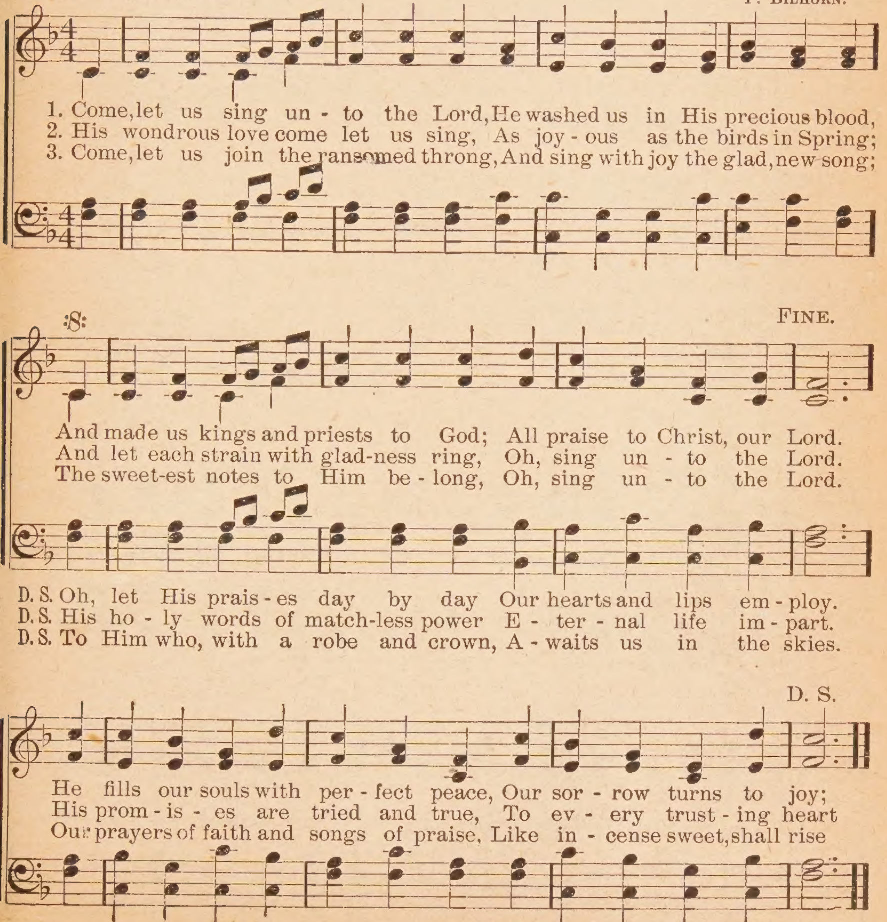

Stand - - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-ise, I'm stand-ing on the prom - is - es of God.

No. 387.

Sing Unto the Lord.

Miss Ada Blenkhorn.

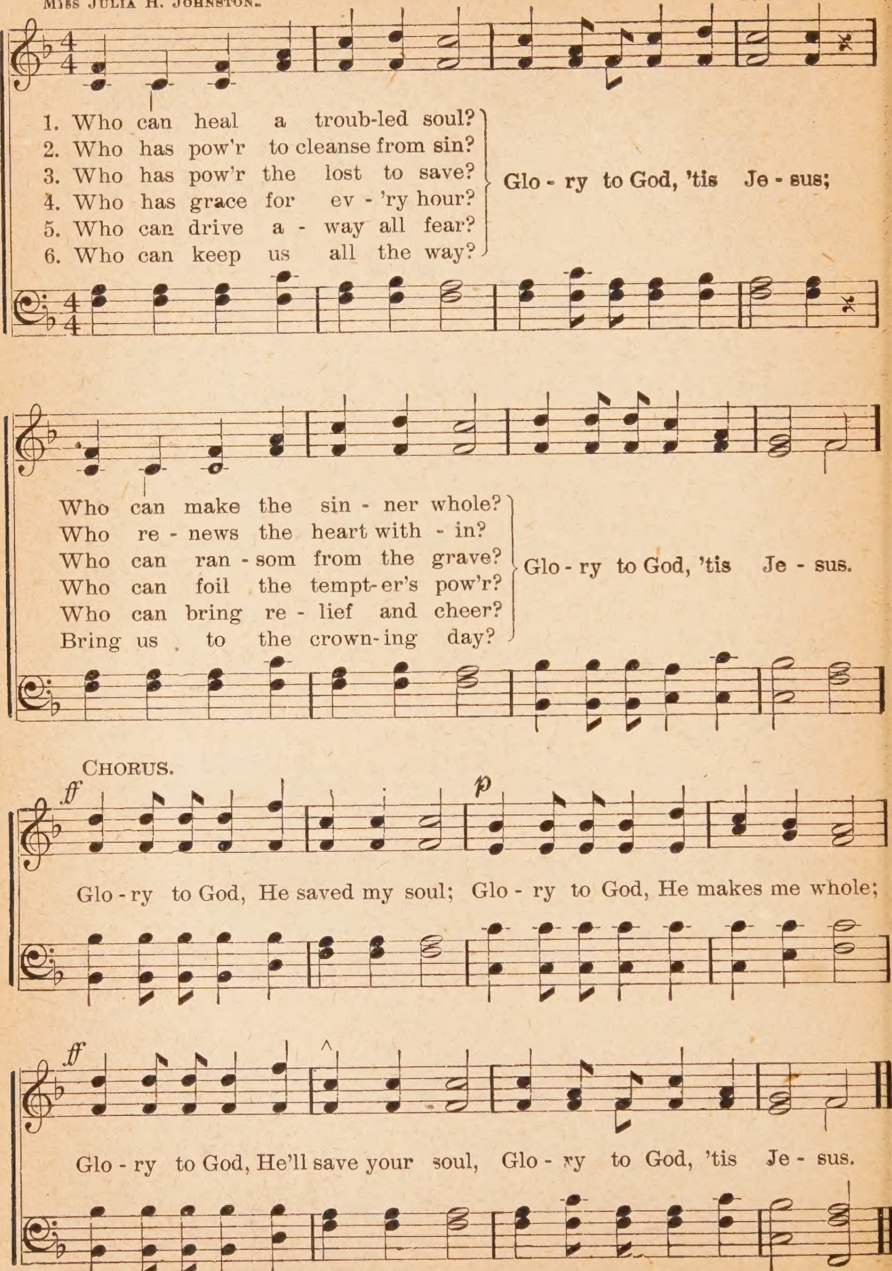
P. Bilhorn.


1. Come, let us sing un - to the Lord, He washed us in His precious blood,
2. His wondrous love come let us sing, As joy - ous as the birds in Spring;
3. Come, let us join the ransomed throng, And sing with joy the glad, new song;
And made us kings and priests to God; All praise to Christ, our Lord.
And let each strain with glad-ness ring, Oh, sing un - to the Lord.
The sweet-est notes to Him be - long, Oh, sing un - to the Lord.
FINE.
D. S. Oh, let His prais - es day by day Our hearts and lips em - ploy.
D. S. His ho - ly words of match-less power E - ter - nal life im - part.
D. S. To Him who, with a robe and crown, A - waits us in the skies.
He fills our souls with per - fect peace, Our sor - row turns to joy;
His prom - is - es are tried and true, To ev - ery trust - ing heart
Our prayers of faith and songs of praise, Like in - cense sweet, shall rise
D. S.

No. 388. Glory to God, 'tis Jesus.

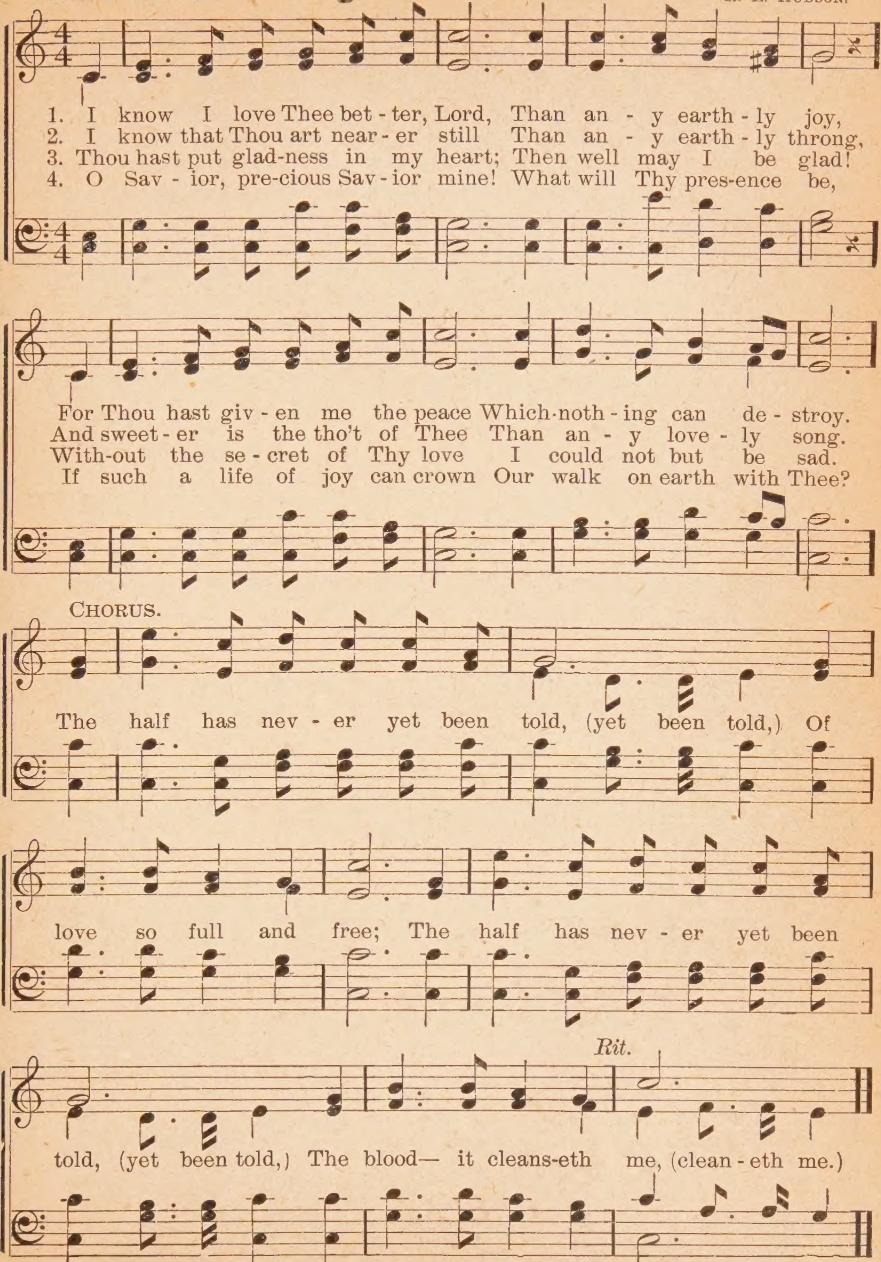
Miss Julia H. Johnston.

P. Bilhorn.


1. Who can heal a troub-led soul? Who can make the sin - ner whole?
2. Who has pow'r to cleanse from sin? Who re - news the heart with - in?
3. Who has pow'r the lost to save? Who can ran - som from the grave?
4. Who has grace for ev - 'ry hour? Who can foil the tempt-er's pow'r?
5. Who can drive a - way all fear? Who can bring re - lief and cheer?
6. Who can keep us all the way? Bring us to the crown-ing day?
Glo - ry to God, 'tis Je - sus;
Glo - ry to God, 'tis Je - sus.
Chorus.
ff
Glo - ry to God, He saved my soul;
p
Glo - ry to God, He makes me whole;
ff
Glo - ry to God, He'll save your soul,
Glo - ry to God, 'tis Je - sus.

No. 389. The Half has Never Been Told.

Frances R. Havergal. R. E. Hudson.


1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an-y earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than an-y earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav-ior, pre-cious Sav-ior mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,
For Thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
And sweet-er is the tho't of Thee Than an-y love-ly song.
With-out the se-cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?
Chorus.
The half has nev-er yet been told, (yet been told,) Of love so full and free;
The half has nev-er yet been told, (yet been told,) The blood— it cleans-eth me, (clean-eth me.)
Rit.

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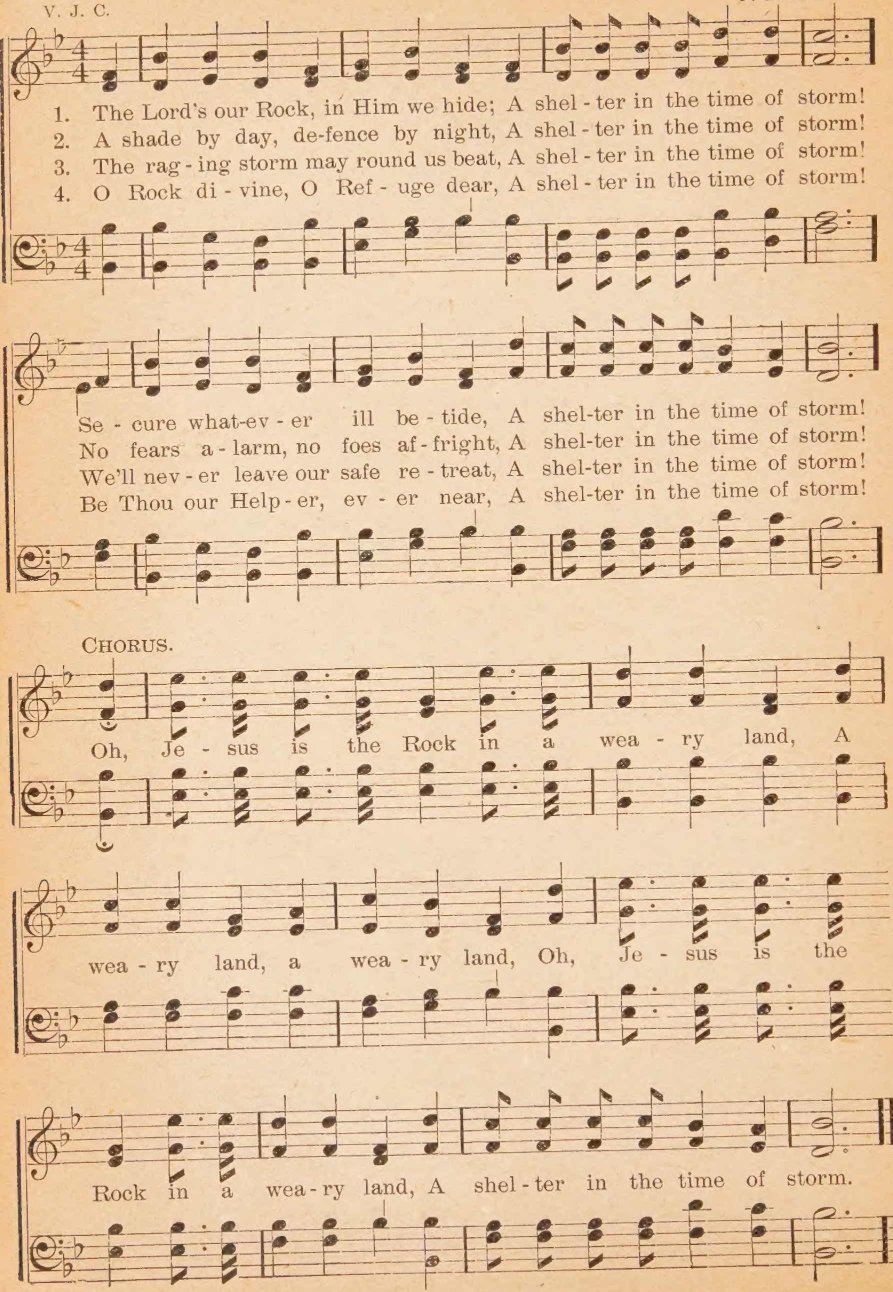
No. 390. The Lord's our Rock!

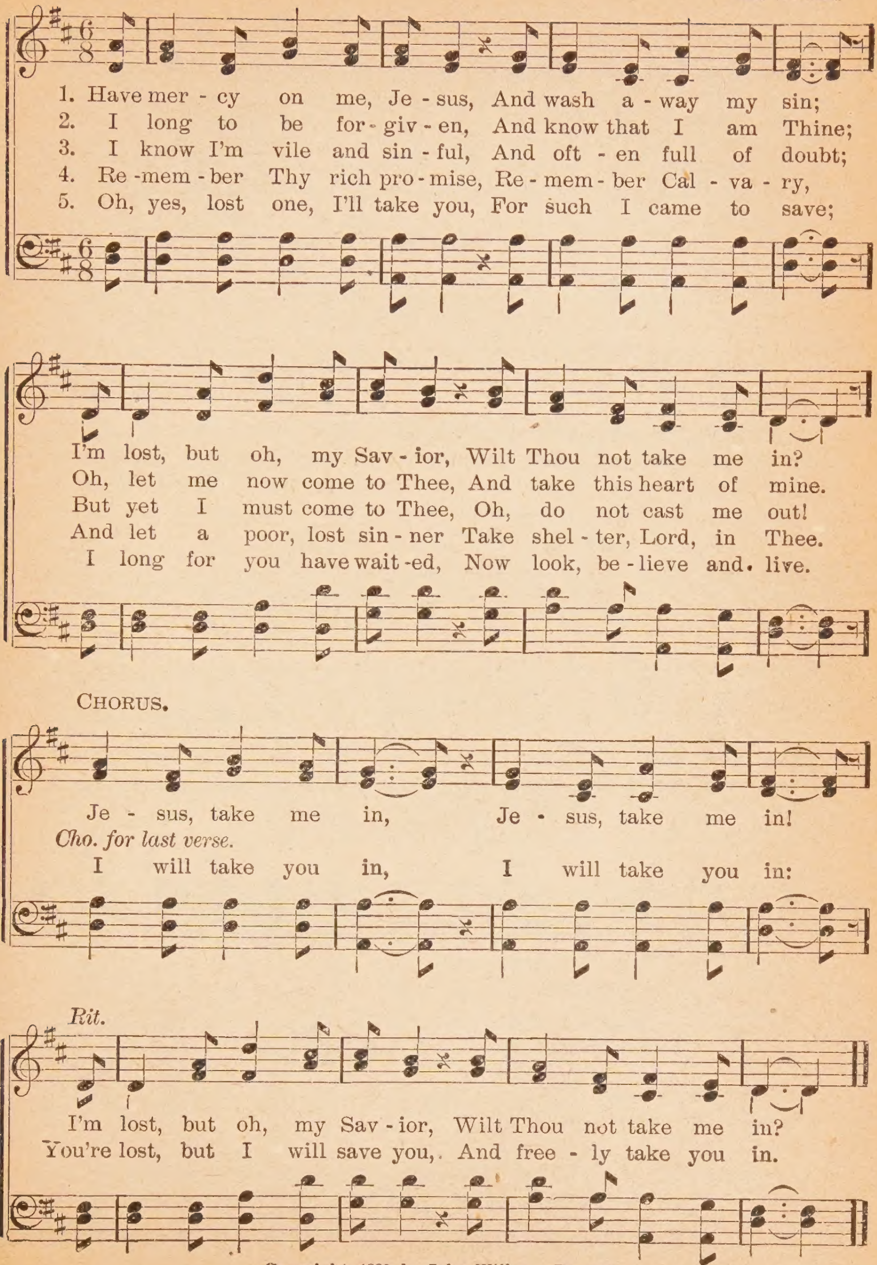
V. J. C.

P. Bilhorn.


1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide; A shel - ter in the time of storm!
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel - ter in the time of storm!
3. The rag - ing storm may round us beat, A shel - ter in the time of storm!
4. O Rock di - vine, O Ref - uge dear, A shel - ter in the time of storm!
Se - cure what-ev - er ill be - tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
No fears a - larm, no foes af - fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
We'll nev - er leave our safe re - treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
Be Thou our Help - er, ev - er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
CHORUS.
Oh, Je - sus is the Rock in a wea - ry land, A
wea - ry land, a wea - ry land, Oh, Je - sus is the
Rock in a wea - ry land, A shel - ter in the time of storm.

No. 391. Jesus, Take Me In.

JOHN WILLAN. JOHN WILLAN.


1. Have mer - cy on me, Je - sus, And wash a - way my sin;
2. I long to be for - giv - en, And know that I am Thine;
3. I know I'm vile and sin - ful, And oft - en full of doubt;
4. Re - mem - ber Thy rich pro - mise, Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry,
5. Oh, yes, lost one, I'll take you, For such I came to save;
I'm lost, but oh, my Sav - ior, Wilt Thou not take me in?
Oh, let me now come to Thee, And take this heart of mine.
But yet I must come to Thee, Oh, do not cast me out!
And let a poor, lost sin - ner Take shel - ter, Lord, in Thee.
I long for you have wait - ed, Now look, be - lieve and live.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, take me in, Je - sus, take me in!
Cho. for last verse.
I will take you in, I will take you in:
Rit.
I'm lost, but oh, my Sav - ior, Wilt Thou not take me in?
You're lost, but I will save you, And free - ly take you in.

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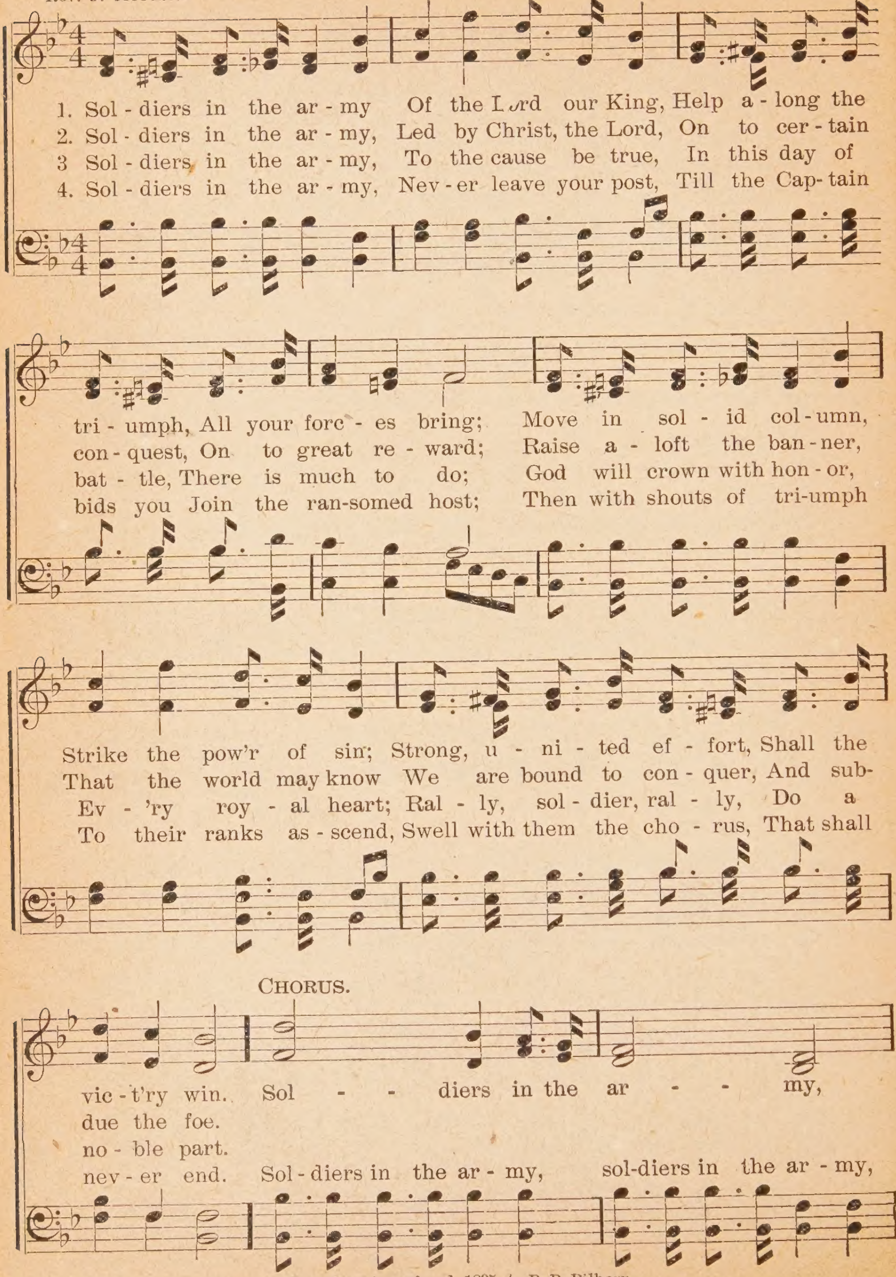
No. 392. Soldiers in the Army.

Rev. J. McPhail.

M. L. McPhail.


1. Sol - diers in the ar - my Of the Lord our King, Help a - long the
2. Sol - diers in the ar - my, Led by Christ, the Lord, On to cer - tain
3 Sol - diers in the ar - my, To the cause be true, In this day of
4. Sol - diers in the ar - my, Nev - er leave your post, Till the Cap- tain
tri - umph, All your forc - es bring; Move in sol - id col - umn,
con - quest, On to great re - ward; Raise a - loft the ban - ner,
bat - tle, There is much to do; God will crown with hon - or,
bids you Join the ran-somed host; Then with shouts of tri-umph
Strike the pow'r of sin; Strong, u - ni - ted ef - fort, Shall the
That the world may know We are bound to con - quer, And sub-
Ev - 'ry roy - al heart; Ral - ly, sol - dier, ral - ly, Do a
To their ranks as - scend, Swell with them the cho - rus, That shall
Chorus.
vic - t'ry win. Sol - - diers in the ar - - my,
due the foe.
no - ble part.
nev - er end. Sol - diers in the ar - my, sol-diers in the ar - my,

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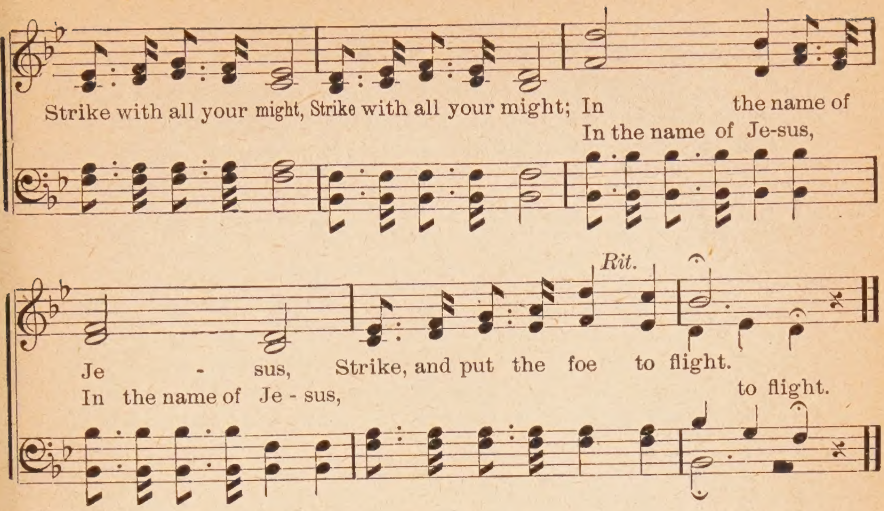
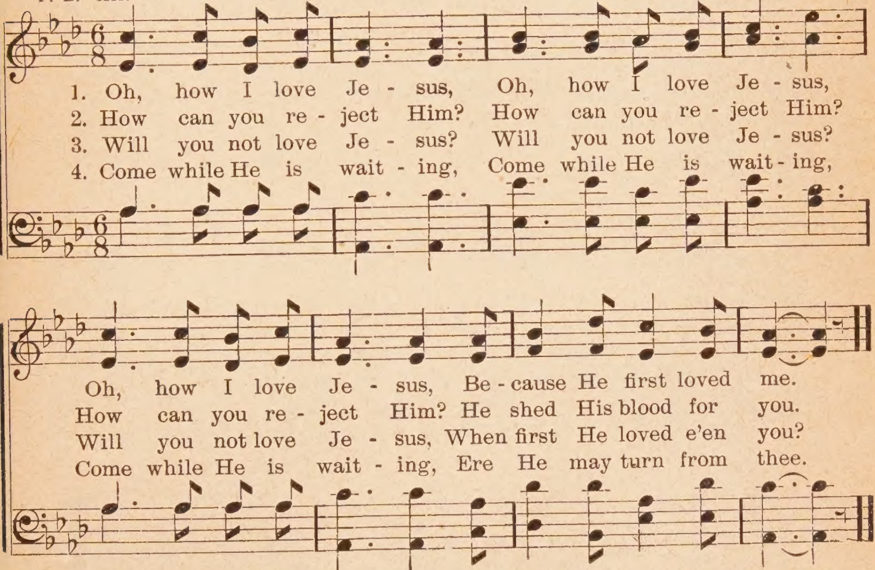
Soldiers in the Army. Concluded.


Strike with all your might, Strike with all your might; In the name of
In the name of Je-sus,
Je - sus, Strike, and put the foe to flight.
In the name of Je - sus, to flight.
Rit.

No. 393. Oh, How I Love Jesus.

P. B. Arr.

Arr. by P. Bilhorn.


1. Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
2. How can you re - ject Him? How can you re - ject Him?
3. Will you not love Je - sus? Will you not love Je - sus?
4. Come while He is wait - ing, Come while He is wait - ing,
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me.
How can you re - ject Him? He shed His blood for you.
Will you not love Je - sus, When first He loved e'en you?
Come while He is wait - ing, Ere He may turn from thee.

5 :‖:Call now upon Jesus, :‖:
He waits to hear you cry.

6 :‖:Now Jesus will save you, :‖:
Believe and you are free.

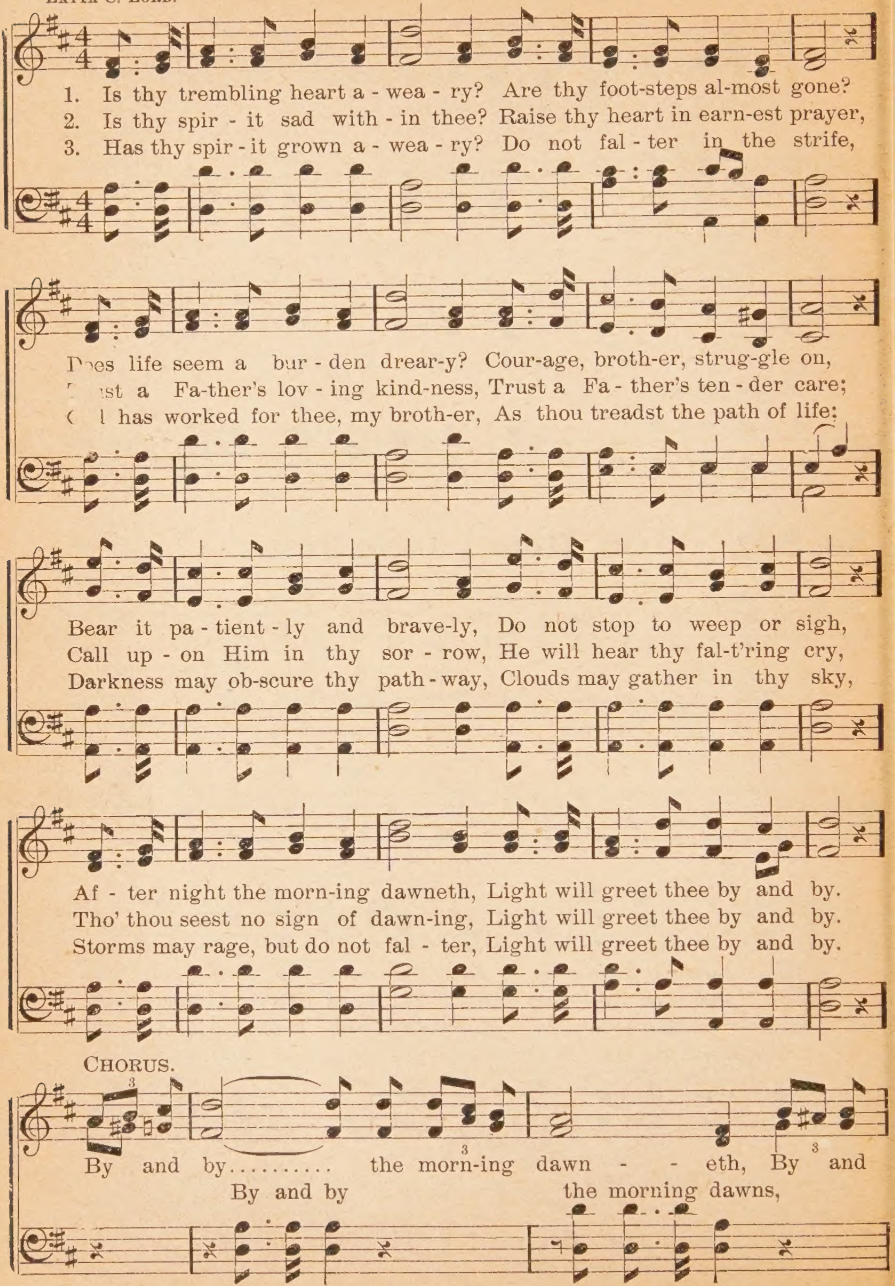
7 :‖:Go tell it to others, :‖:
That He can save them too.

8 :‖:Sing hallelujah, :‖:
To Jesus, Lord, and King.

No. 394. Light will Greet Thee By and By.

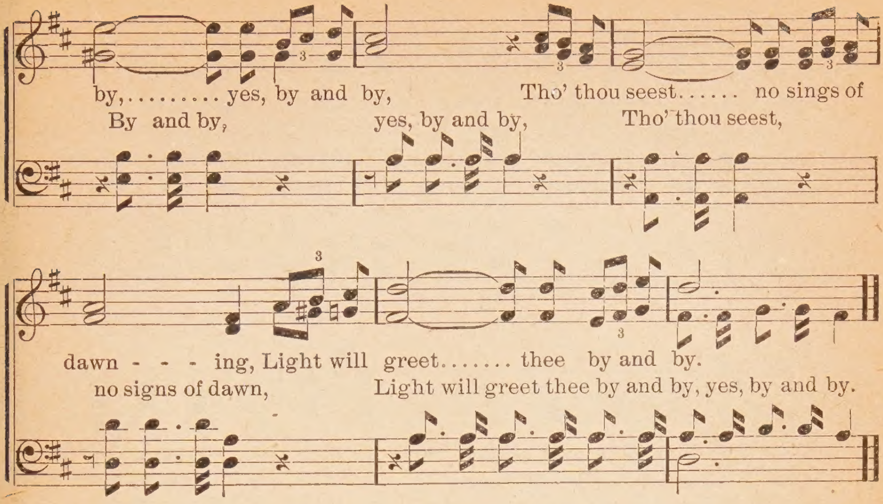
Latta C. Lord.

L. B. Shook.


1. Is thy trembling heart a - wea - ry? Are thy foot-steps al-most gone?
2. Is thy spir - it sad with - in thee? Raise thy heart in earn-est prayer,
3. Has thy spir - it grown a - wea - ry? Do not fal - ter in the strife,
Does life seem a bur - den drear-y? Cour-age, broth-er, strug-gle on,
Trust a Fa-ther's lov - ing kind-ness, Trust a Fa - ther's ten - der care;
God has worked for thee, my broth-er, As thou treadst the path of life:
Bear it pa - tient - ly and brave-ly, Do not stop to weep or sigh,
Call up - on Him in thy sor - row, He will hear thy fal-t'ring cry,
Darkness may ob-scure thy path - way, Clouds may gather in thy sky,
Af - ter night the morn-ing dawneth, Light will greet thee by and by.
Tho' thou seest no sign of dawn-ing, Light will greet thee by and by.
Storms may rage, but do not fal - ter, Light will greet thee by and by.
Chorus.
3
By and by.......... the morn-ing dawn - - eth, By and
3
3
By and by the morning dawns,

By permission.

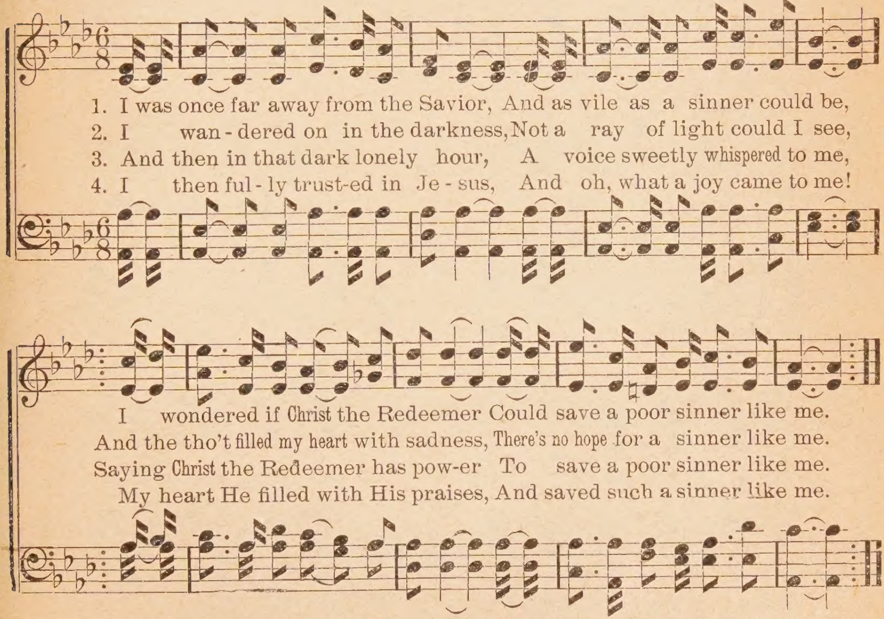
Light will Greet Thee. Concluded.


by,......... yes, by and by, Tho' thou seest...... no sings of
By and by, yes, by and by, Tho' thou seest,
dawn - - - ing, Light will greet....... thee by and by.
no signs of dawn, Light will greet thee by and by, yes, by and by.

No. 395. A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B.

Chas. J. Butler.

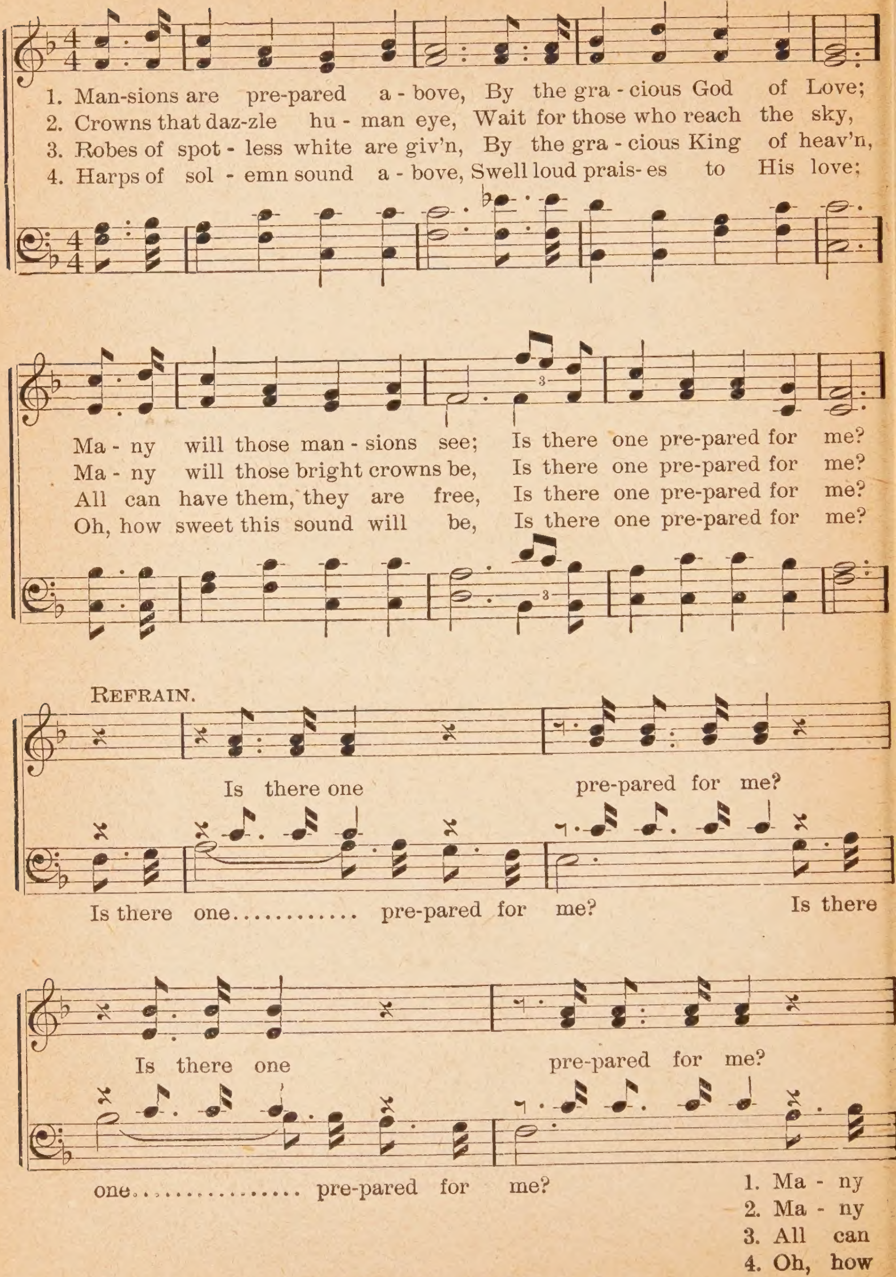

1. I was once far away from the Savior, And as vile as a sinner could be,
2. I wan-dered on in the darkness, Not a ray of light could I see,
3. And then in that dark lonely hour, A voice sweetly whispered to me,
4. I then ful-ly trust-ed in Je-sus, And oh, what a joy came to me!
I wondered if Christ the Redeemer Could save a poor sinner like me.
And the tho't filled my heart with sadness, There's no hope for a sinner like me.
Saying Christ the Redeemer has pow-er To save a poor sinner like me.
My heart He filled with His praises, And saved such a sinner like me.

5 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For His light is now shining in me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How He saves a poor sinner like me.

6 Then listen, poor wandering sinner,
To a message so tender and true,
That Christ, the dear loving Savior,
Is willing to save even you.

No. 396. Is There One Prepared for Me?

Harry Clayton.


1. Man-sions are pre-pared a-bove, By the gra-cious God of Love;
2. Crowns that daz-zle hu-man eye, Wait for those who reach the sky,
3. Robes of spot-less white are giv'n, By the gra-cious King of heav'n,
4. Harps of sol-emn sound a-bove, Swell loud prais-es to His love;
Ma-ny will those man-sions see; Is there one pre-pared for me?
Ma-ny will those bright crowns be, Is there one pre-pared for me?
All can have them, they are free, Is there one pre-pared for me?
Oh, how sweet this sound will be, Is there one pre-pared for me?
Refrain.
Is there one pre-pared for me?
Is there one...... pre-pared for me? Is there
Is there one pre-pared for me?
one...... pre-pared for me?
1. Ma-ny
2. Ma-ny
3. All can
4. Oh, how

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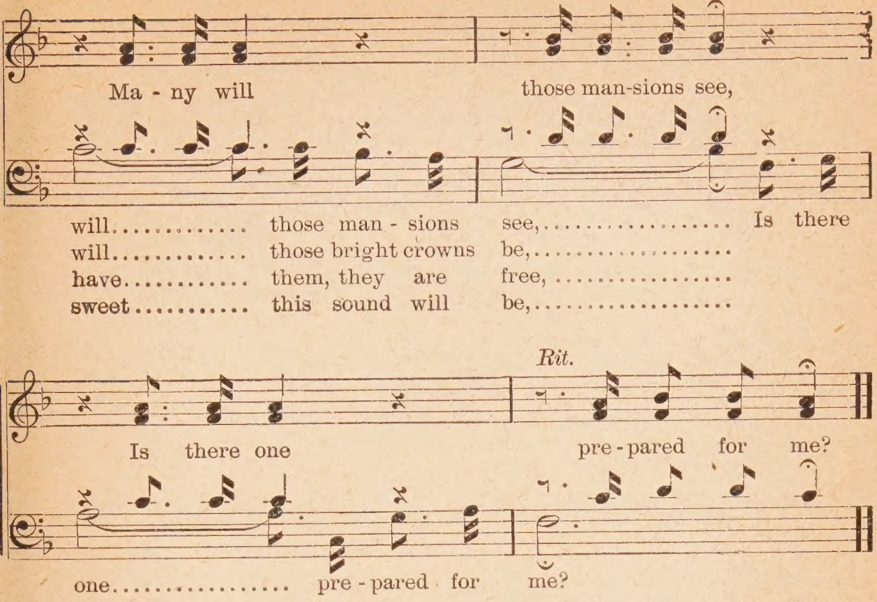
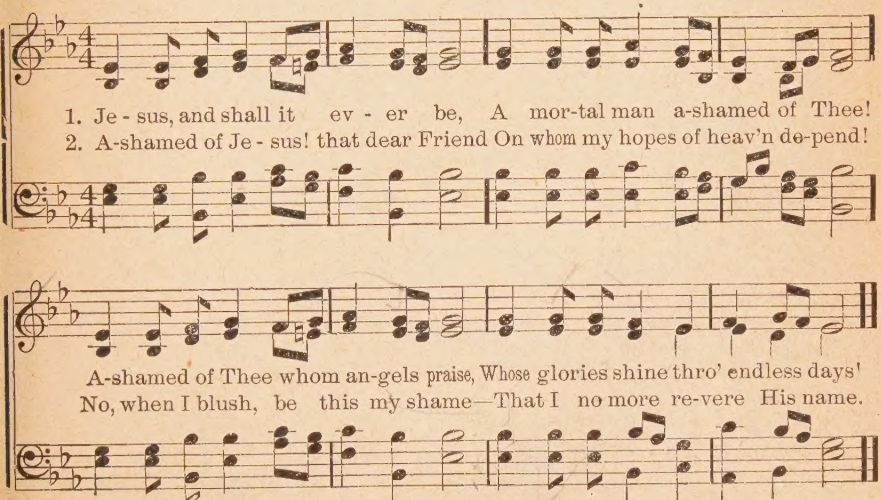
Is There One Prepared? Concluded.


Ma - ny will
those man-sions see,
will............. those man - sions see,.................. Is there
will............. those bright crowns be,..................
have............ them, they are free, ...
sweet........... this sound will be,..................
Rit.
Is there one
pre - pared for me?
one................. pre - pared for me?

No. 397. Hamburg. L. M.


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee!
2. A-shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!
A-shamed of Thee whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
No, when I blush, be this my shame—That I no more re-vere His name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

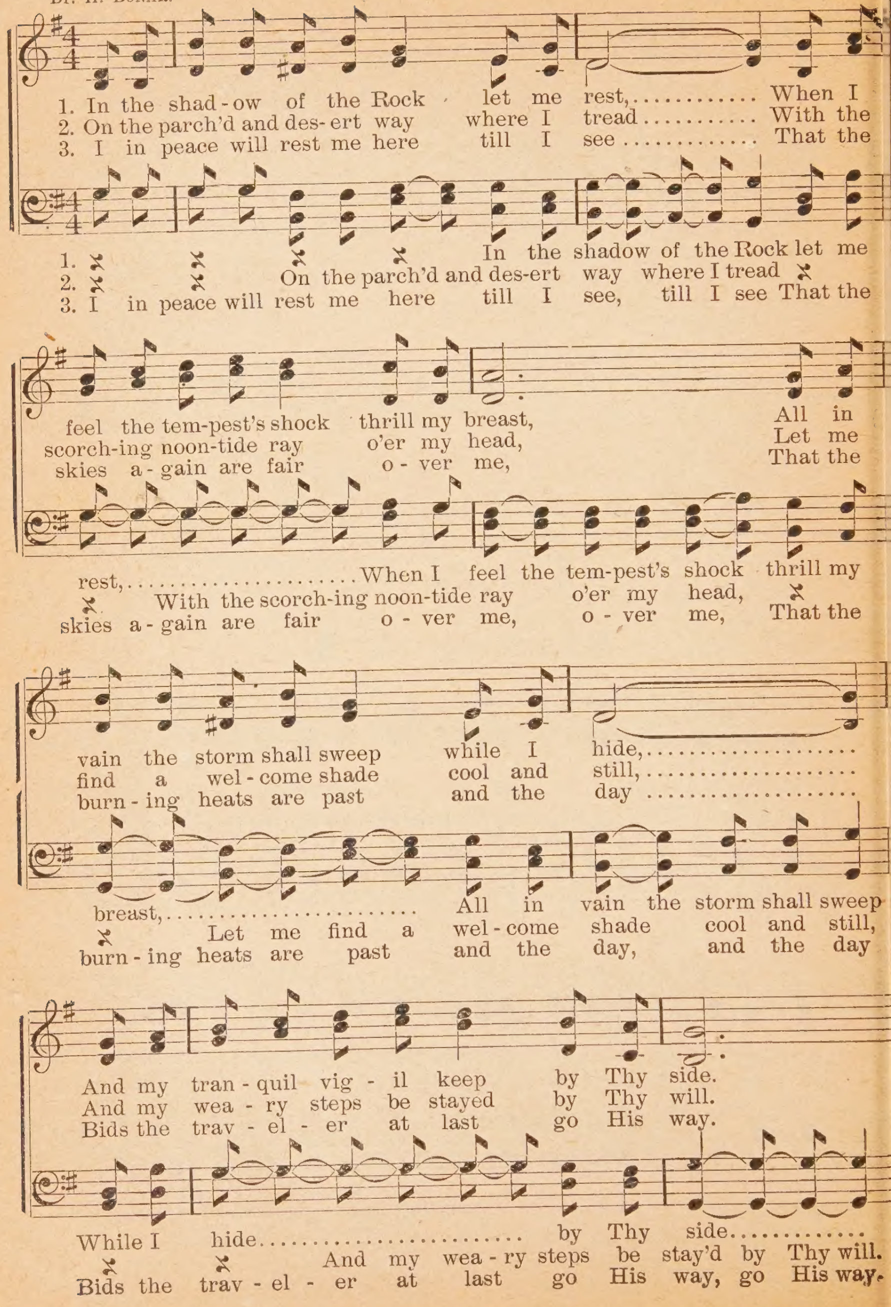
4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Savior slain:
And oh, may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

No. 398.

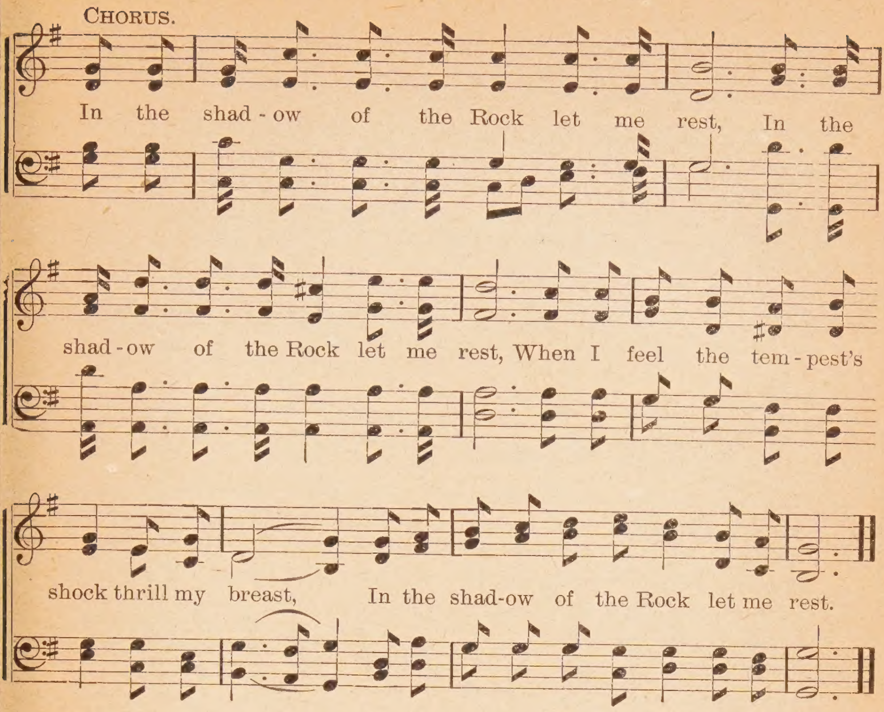
Let Me Rest.

Dr. H. Bonar.

H. N. Lincoln. By per.

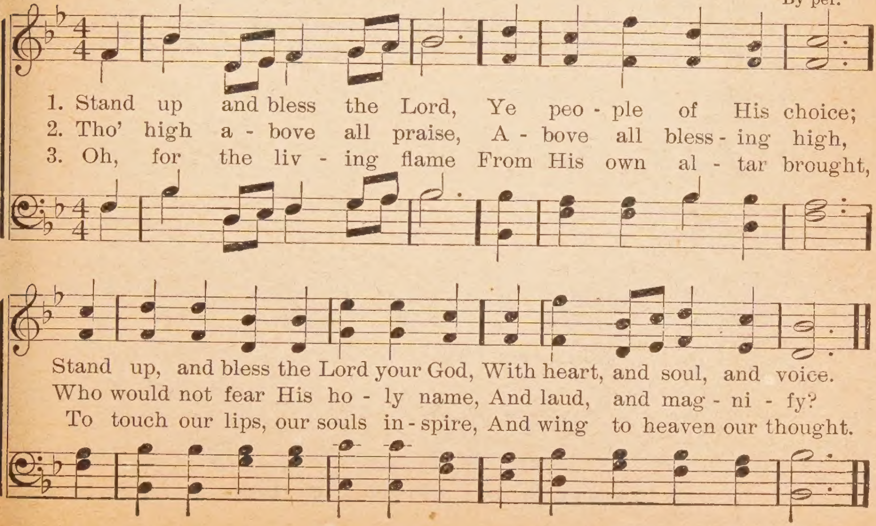

1. In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest,............ When I
2. On the parch'd and des-ert way where I tread........... With the
3. I in peace will rest me here till I see............. That the
1. In the shadow of the Rock let me
2. On the parch'd and des-ert way where I tread
3. I in peace will rest me here till I see, till I see That the
feel the tem-pest's shock thrill my breast, All in
scorch-ing noon-tide ray o'er my head, Let me
skies a-gain are fair o-ver me, That the
rest,..................... When I feel the tem-pest's shock thrill my
With the scorch-ing noon-tide ray o'er my head,
skies a-gain are fair o-ver me, o-ver me, That the
vain the storm shall sweep while I hide,..................
find a wel-come shade cool and still,..................
burn-ing heats are past and the day ....
breast,...................... All in vain the storm shall sweep
Let me find a wel-come shade cool and still,
burn-ing heats are past and the day, and the day
And my tran-quil vig-il keep by Thy side.
And my wea-ry steps be stayed by Thy will.
Bids the trav-el-er at last go His way.
While I hide.......................... by Thy side.............
And my wea-ry steps be stay'd by Thy will.
Bids the trav-el-er at last go His way, go His way.

Let Me Rest. Concluded.


CHORUS.
In the shad - ow of the Rock let me rest, In the
shad - ow of the Rock let me rest, When I feel the tem - pest's
shock thrill my breast, In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest.

No. 399. Stand up and Bless the Lord.

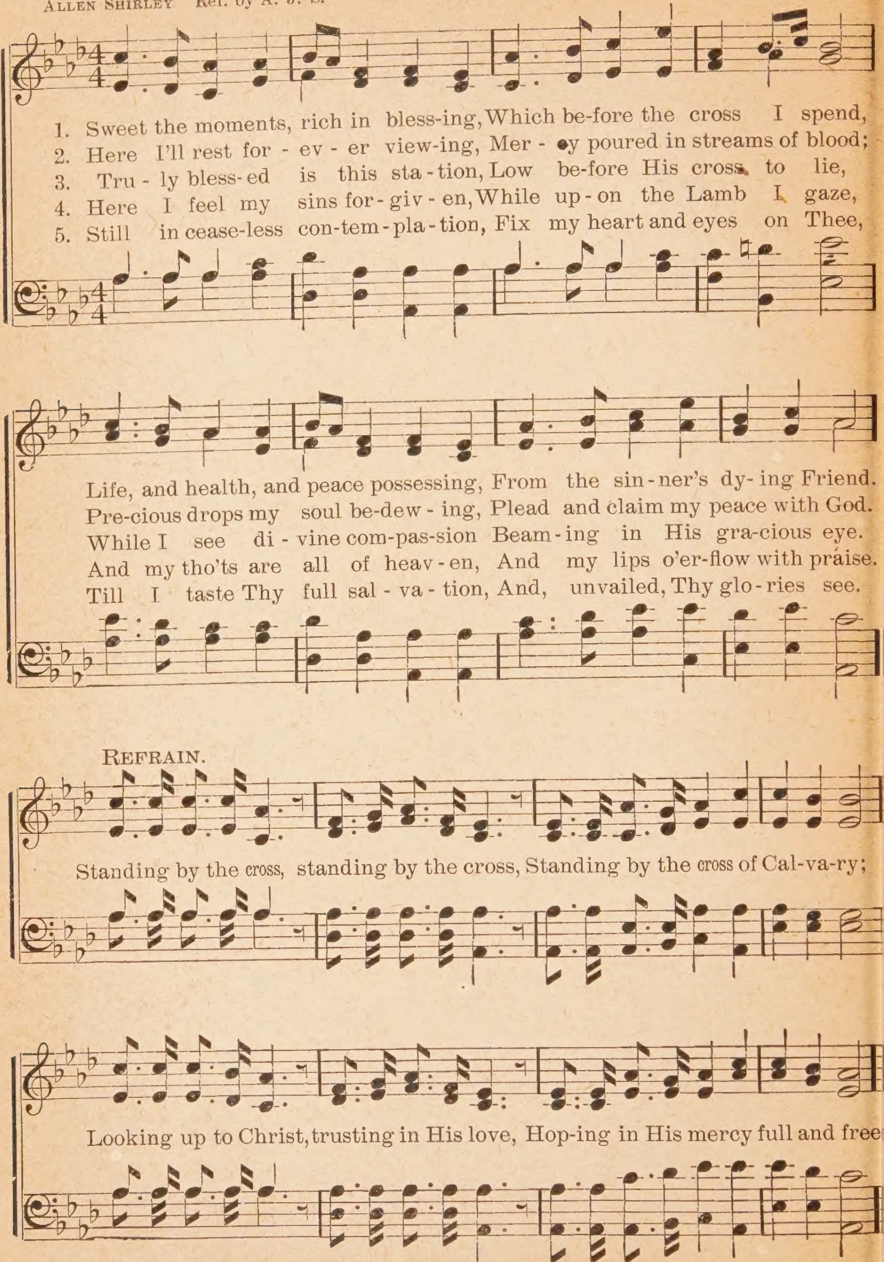
By per.


1. Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice;
2. Tho' high a - bove all praise, A - bove all bless - ing high,
3. Oh, for the liv - ing flame From His own al - tar brought,
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.
Who would not fear His ho - ly name, And laud, and mag - ni - fy?
To touch our lips, our souls in - spire, And wing to heaven our thought.

No. 400. Standing by the Cross.

Allen Shirley Ref. by A. J. S.

A. J. Showalter.


1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll rest for - ev - er view-ing, Mer - cy poured in streams of blood;
3. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta - tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,
4. Here I feel my sins for - giv - en, While up - on the Lamb I gaze,
5. Still in cease-less con-tem - pla - tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Life, and health, and peace possessing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
Pre-cious drops my soul be-dew - ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di - vine com-pas-sion Beam - ing in His gra-cious eye.
And my tho'ts are all of heav - en, And my lips o'er-flow with praise.
Till I taste Thy full sal - va - tion, And, unvailed, Thy glo - ries see.
Refrain.
Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal-va-ry;
Looking up to Christ, trusting in His love, Hop-ing in His mercy full and free

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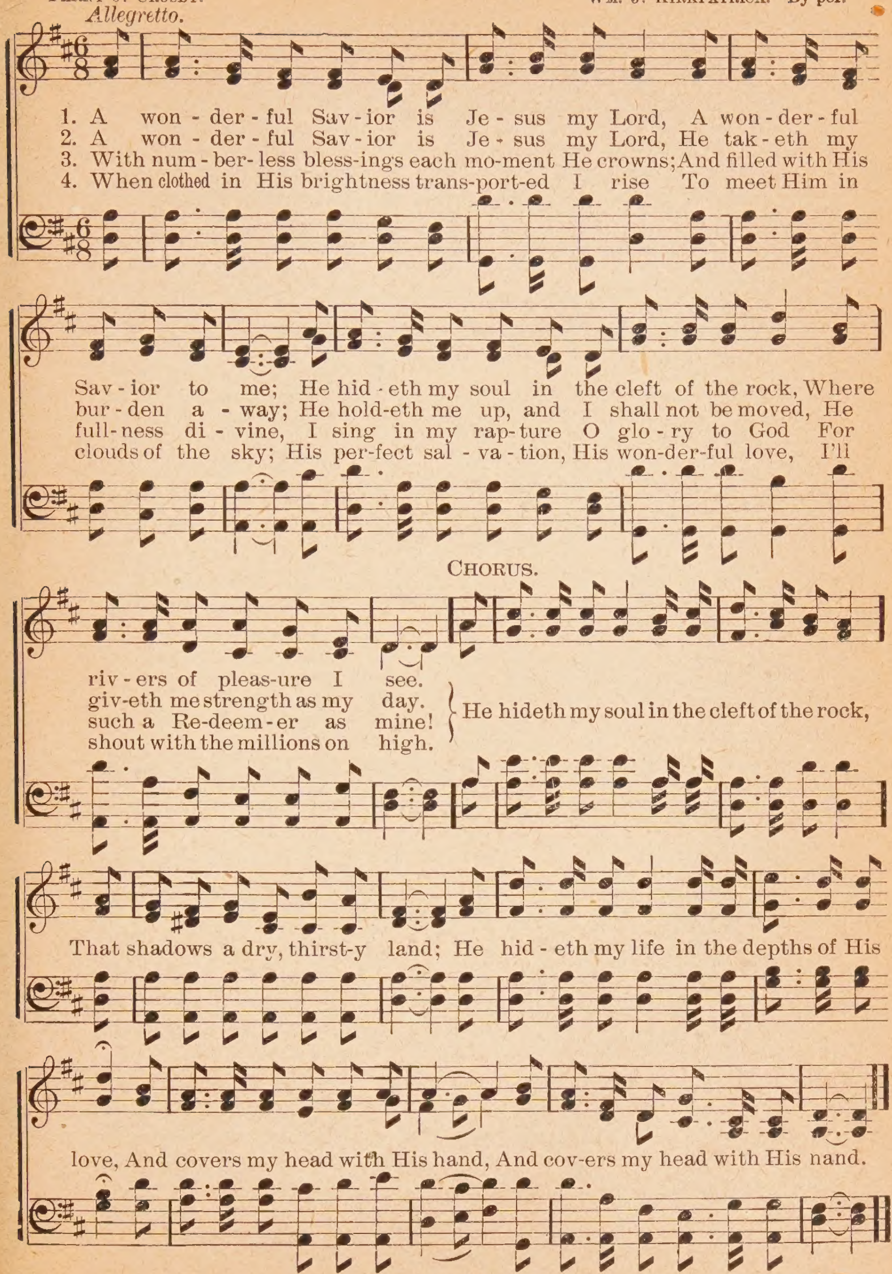
No. 401. He Hideth My Soul.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.


Allegretto.
1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less bless-ings each mo-ment He crowns; And filled with His
4. When clothed in His brightness trans-port-ed I rise To meet Him in
Sav - ior to me; He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
bur - den a - way; He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
full- ness di - vine, I sing in my rap- ture O glo - ry to God For
clouds of the sky; His per-fect sal - va - tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll
CHORUS.
riv - ers of pleas-ure I see.
giv-eth me strength as my day.
such a Re-deem - er as mine!
shout with the millions on high.
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
That shadows a dry, thirst-y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His
love, And covers my head with His hand, And cov-ers my head with His nand.

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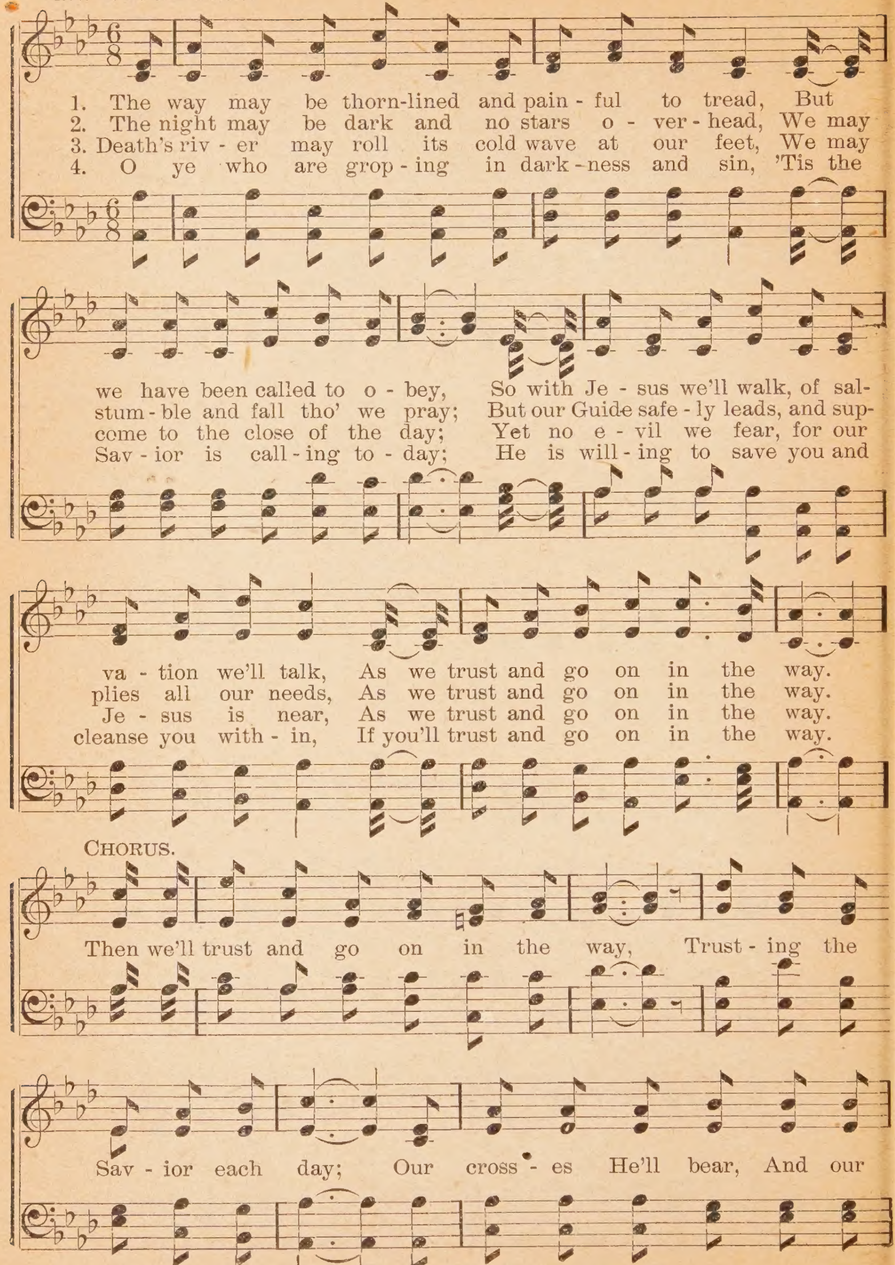
No. 402. Trust and Follow On.

Rev. H. B. Townsend.

P. Bilhorn.


1. The way may be thorn-lined and pain - ful to tread, But
2. The night may be dark and no stars o - ver - head, We may
3. Death's riv - er may roll its cold wave at our feet, We may
4. O ye who are grop - ing in dark - ness and sin, 'Tis the
we have been called to o - bey, So with Je - sus we'll walk, of sal-
stum - ble and fall tho' we pray; But our Guide safe - ly leads, and sup-
come to the close of the day; Yet no e - vil we fear, for our
Sav - ior is call - ing to - day; He is will - ing to save you and
va - tion we'll talk, As we trust and go on in the way.
plies all our needs, As we trust and go on in the way.
Je - sus is near, As we trust and go on in the way.
cleanse you with - in, If you'll trust and go on in the way.
CHORUS.
Then we'll trust and go on in the way, Trust - ing the
Sav - ior each day; Our cross - es He'll bear, And our

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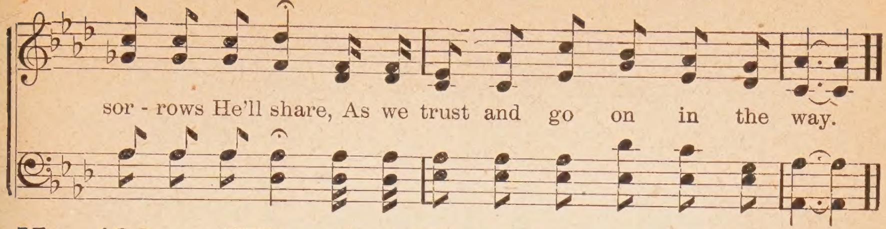
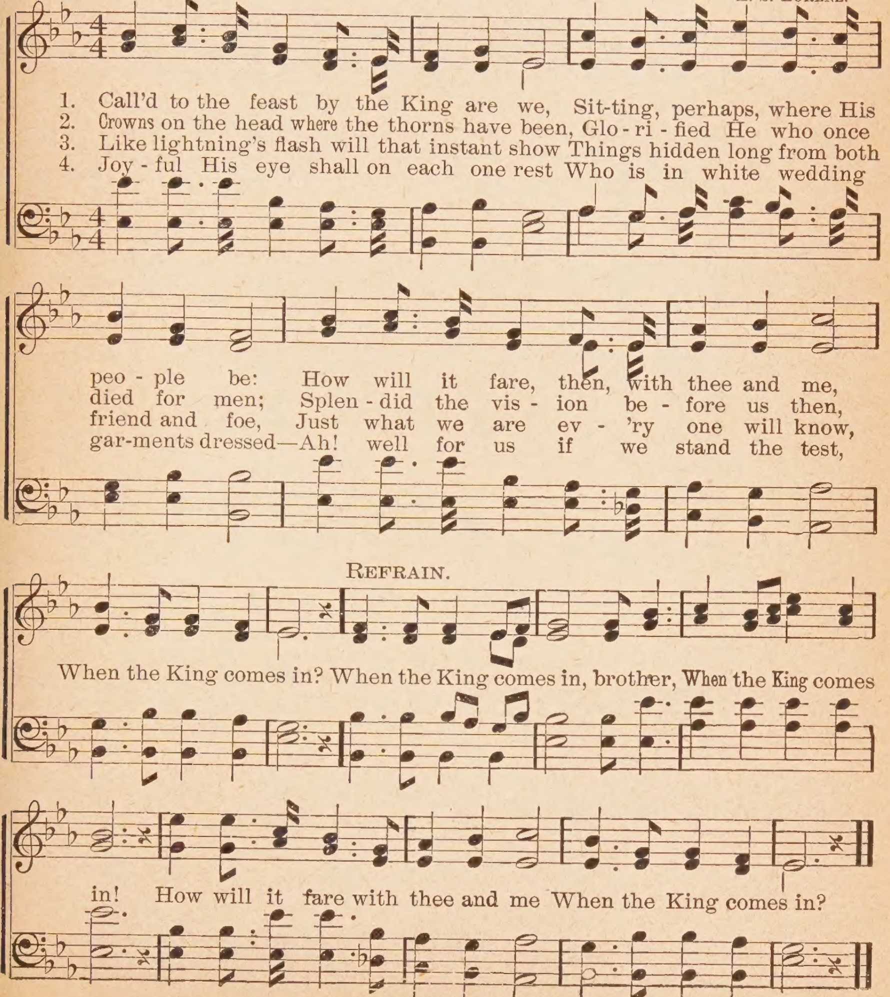
Trust and Follow On. Concluded.



No. 403. When the King Comes in.

J. E. LANDOR.

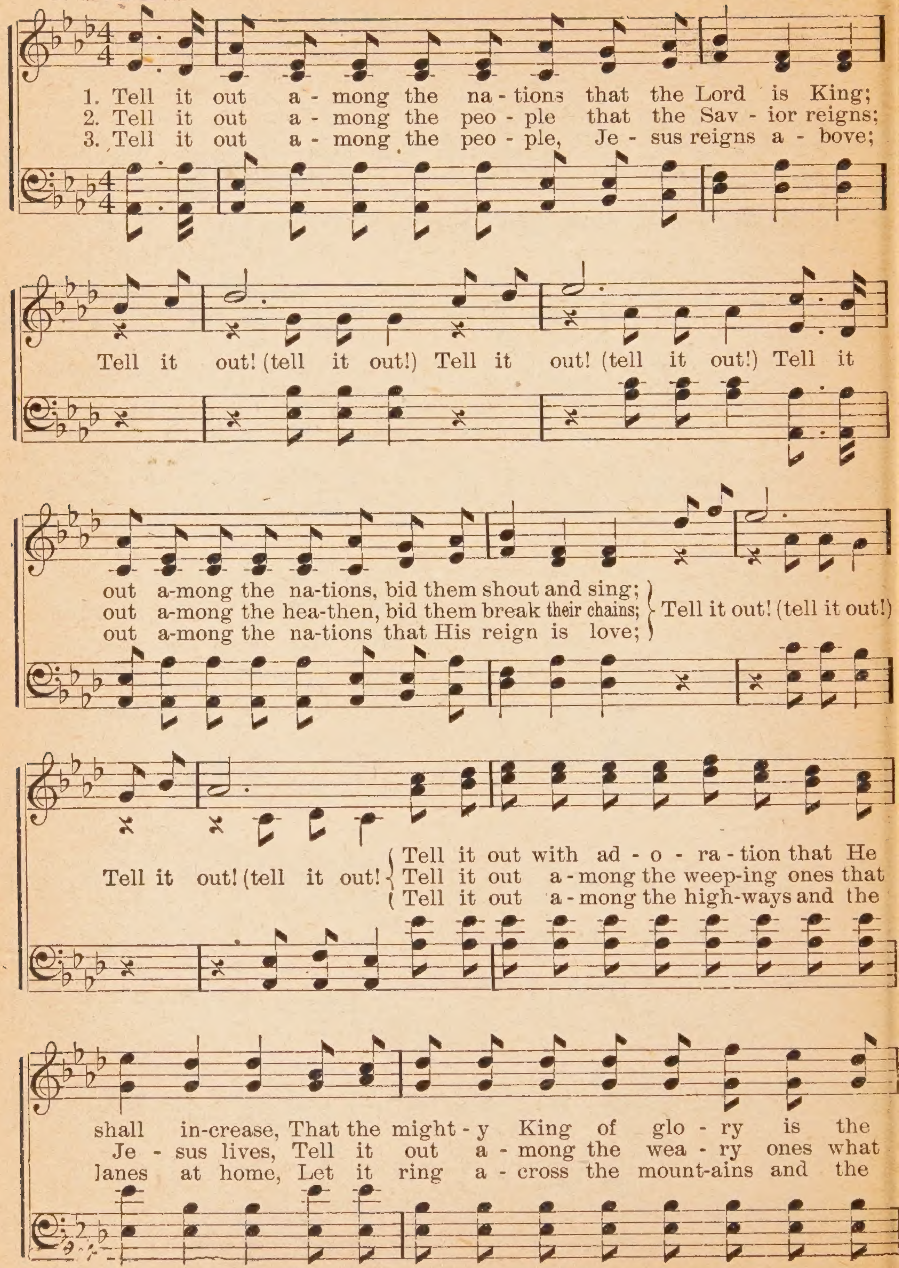
E. S. LORENZ.


1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where His peo - ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied He who once died for men; Splen - did the vis - ion be - fore us then,
3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both friend and foe, Just what we are ev - 'ry one will know,
4. Joy - ful His eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding gar-ments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,
REFRAIN.
When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

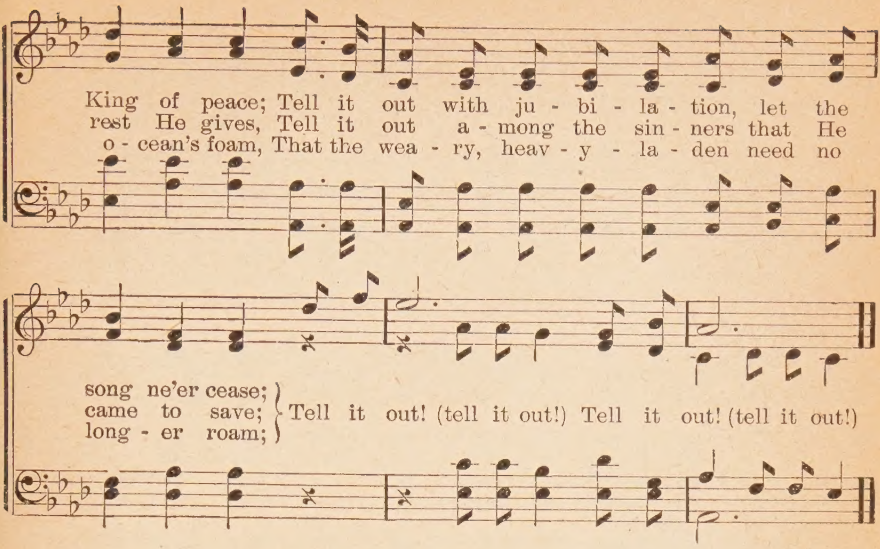
From "Songs of Grace." By per.

No. 404. Tell it Out!

F. R. Havergal. P. Bilhorn.


1. Tell it out a - mong the na - tions that the Lord is King;
2. Tell it out a - mong the peo - ple that the Sav - ior reigns;
3. Tell it out a - mong the peo - ple, Je - sus reigns a - bove;
Tell it out! (tell it out!) Tell it out! (tell it out!) Tell it
out a-mong the na-tions, bid them shout and sing;
out a-mong the hea-then, bid them break their chains;
out a-mong the na-tions that His reign is love;
Tell it out! (tell it out!)
Tell it out! (tell it out!
Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion that He
Tell it out a - mong the weep-ing ones that
Tell it out a - mong the high-ways and the
shall in-crease, That the might - y King of glo - ry is the
Je - sus lives, Tell it out a - mong the wea - ry ones what
lanes at home, Let it ring a - cross the mount-ains and the

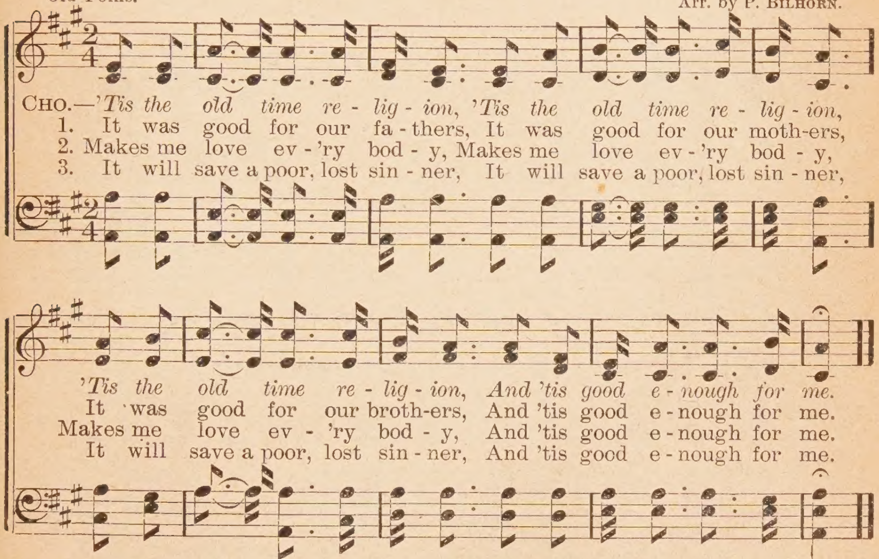
Tell it Out! Concluded.


King of peace; Tell it out with ju - bi - la - tion, let the
rest He gives, Tell it out a - mong the sin - ners that He
o - cean's foam, That the wea - ry, heav - y - la - den need no
song ne'er cease;
came to save;
long - er roam;
Tell it out! (tell it out!) Tell it out! (tell it out!)

No. 405. 'Tis the Old Time Religion.

Old Folks.

Arr. by P. Bilhorn.


Cho.—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
1. It was good for our fa - thers, It was good for our moth-ers,
2. Makes me love ev - 'ry bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry bod - y,
3. It will save a poor, lost sin - ner, It will save a poor, lost sin - ner,
'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And 'tis good e - nough for me.
It was good for our broth-ers, And 'tis good e - nough for me.
Makes me love ev - 'ry bod - y, And 'tis good e - nough for me.
It will save a poor, lost sin - ner, And 'tis good e - nough for me.

4 :||:It was good for the prophet Daniel,:||:
And 'tis good enough for me.

5 :||:It was good for Paul and Silas,:||:
And 'tis good enough for me.

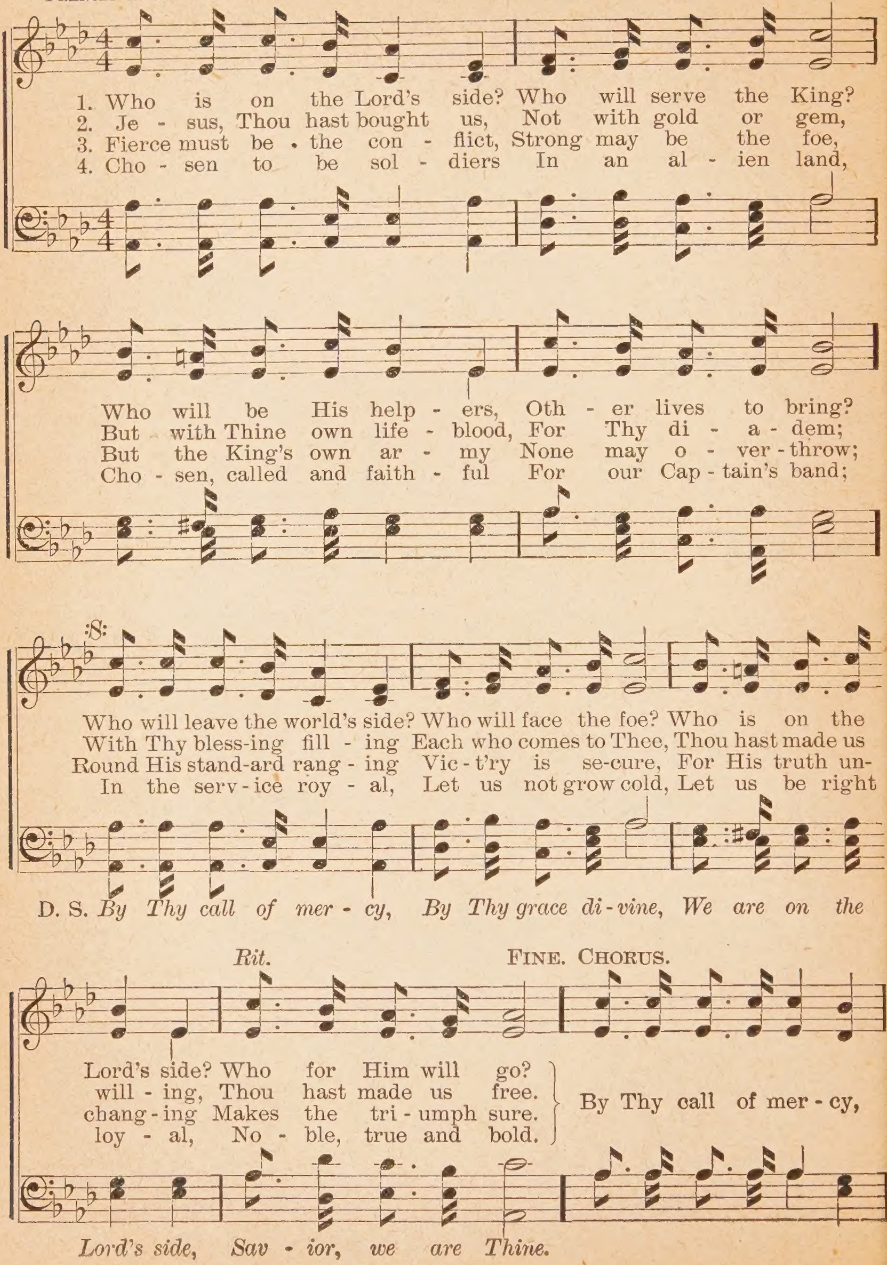
6 :||:It will do when we are dying,:||:
And 'tis good enough for me.

7 :||:It will take us home to heaven,:||:
And 'tis good enough for me.

No. 406.

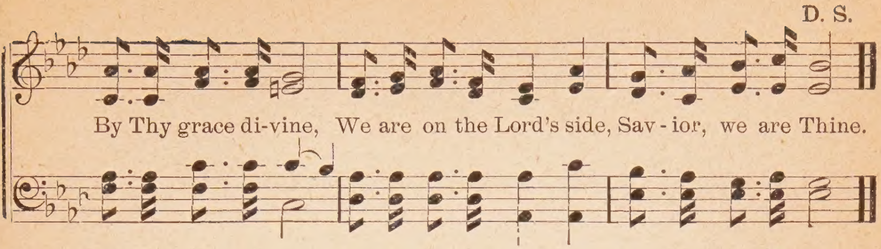
Which Side?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King?
2. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem,
3. Fierce must be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe,
4. Cho - sen to be sol - diers In an al - ien land,
Who will be His help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring?
But with Thine own life - blood, For Thy di - a - dem;
But the King's own ar - my None may o - ver - throw;
Cho - sen, called and faith - ful For our Cap - tain's band;
Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the
With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us
Round His stand-ard rang - ing Vic - t'ry is se-cure, For His truth un-
In the serv - ice roy - al, Let us not grow cold, Let us be right
D. S. By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the
Rit.
FINE. CHORUS.
Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
will - ing, Thou hast made us free.
chang - ing Makes the tri - umph sure.
loy - al, No - ble, true and bold.
By Thy call of mer - cy,
Lord's side, Sav - ior, we are Thine.

By permission.

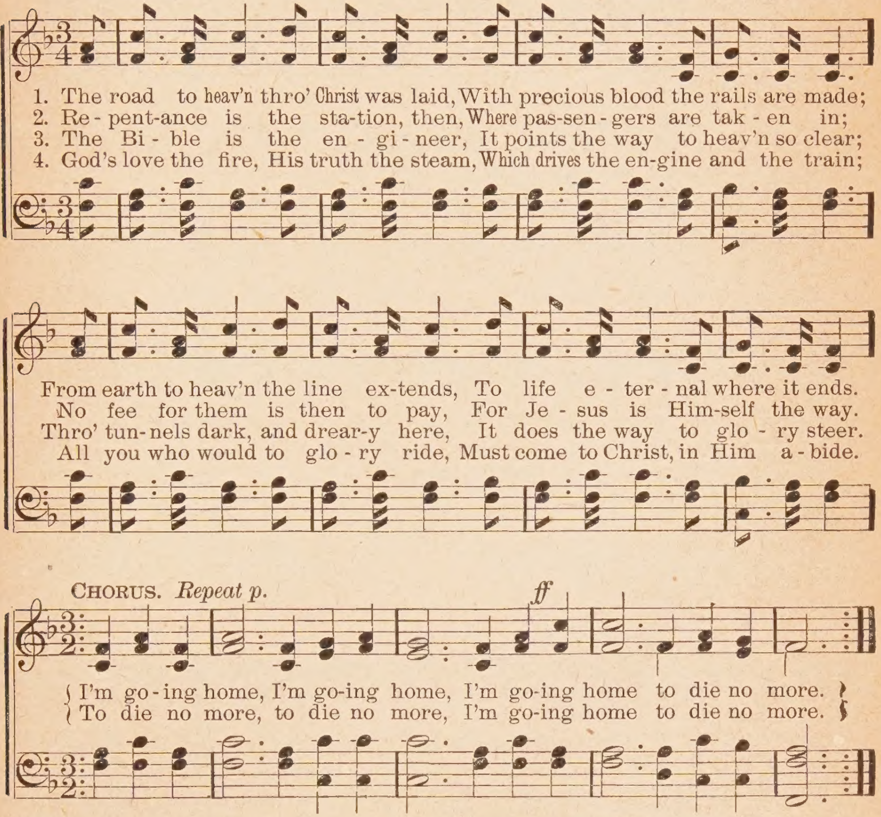
Which Side? Concluded.


D. S.
By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - ior, we are Thine.

No. 407.

The Gospel Railroad.

Mrs. Hall Booth. H. H. Booth. Arr. by P. Bilhorn.


1. The road to heav'n thro' Christ was laid, With precious blood the rails are made;
2. Re - pent-ance is the sta-tion, then, Where pas-sen - gers are tak - en in;
3. The Bi - ble is the en - gi - neer, It points the way to heav'n so clear;
4. God's love the fire, His truth the steam, Which drives the en-gine and the train;
From earth to heav'n the line ex-tends, To life e - ter - nal where it ends.
No fee for them is then to pay, For Je - sus is Him-self the way.
Thro' tun-nels dark, and drear-y here, It does the way to glo - ry steer.
All you who would to glo - ry ride, Must come to Christ, in Him a - bide.
Chorus. Repeat p.
ff
I'm go - ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more.
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

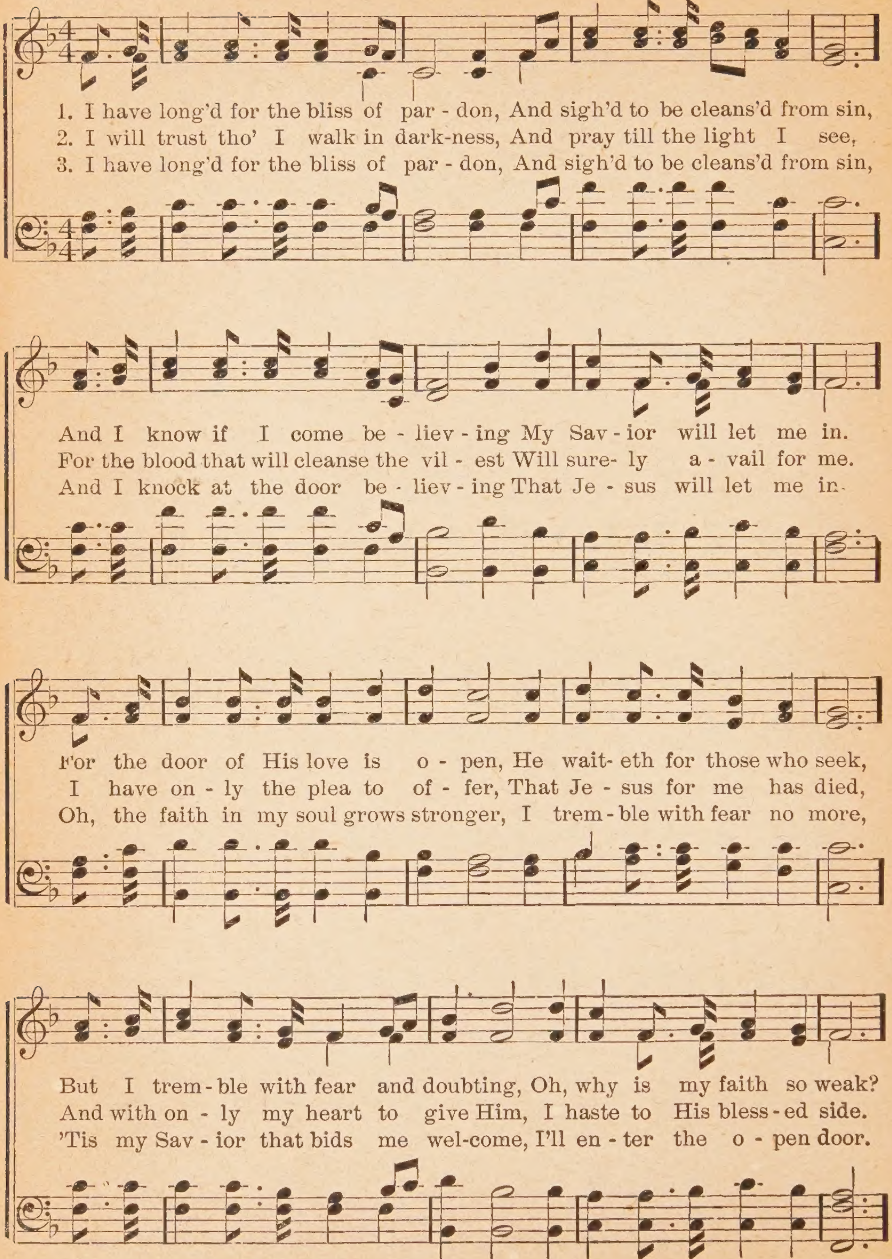
5 Come, then, poor sinner, now's the time,
At any station on the line;
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in.

6 And then to glory we will go,
With all on board as white as snow;
So ring the bell, and start the train,
And run it through in Jesus' name.

No. 408. I'll Enter the Open Door.

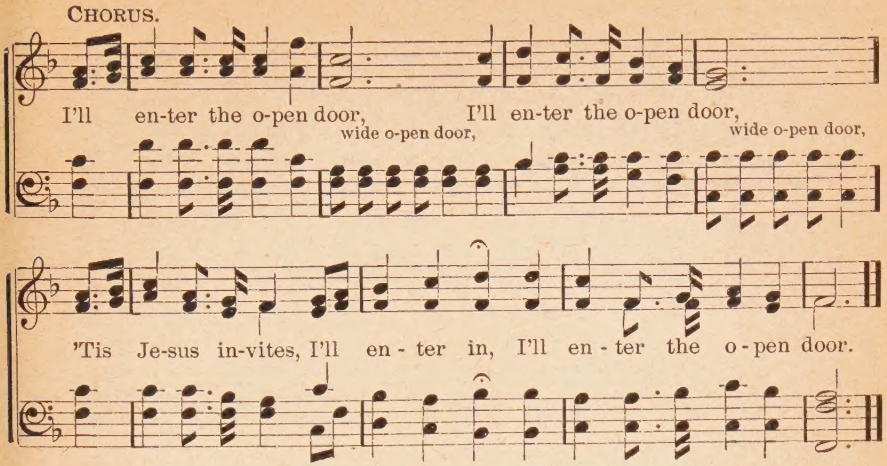
Moderato.

A. J. SHOWALTER.


1. I have long'd for the bliss of par - don, And sigh'd to be cleans'd from sin,
2. I will trust tho' I walk in dark-ness, And pray till the light I see,
3. I have long'd for the bliss of par - don, And sigh'd to be cleans'd from sin,
And I know if I come be - liev - ing My Sav - ior will let me in.
For the blood that will cleanse the vil - est Will sure- ly a - vail for me.
And I knock at the door be - liev - ing That Je - sus will let me in.
For the door of His love is o - pen, He wait- eth for those who seek,
I have on - ly the plea to of - fer, That Je - sus for me has died,
Oh, the faith in my soul grows stronger, I trem - ble with fear no more,
But I trem - ble with fear and doubting, Oh, why is my faith so weak?
And with on - ly my heart to give Him, I haste to His bless - ed side.
'Tis my Sav - ior that bids me wel-come, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.

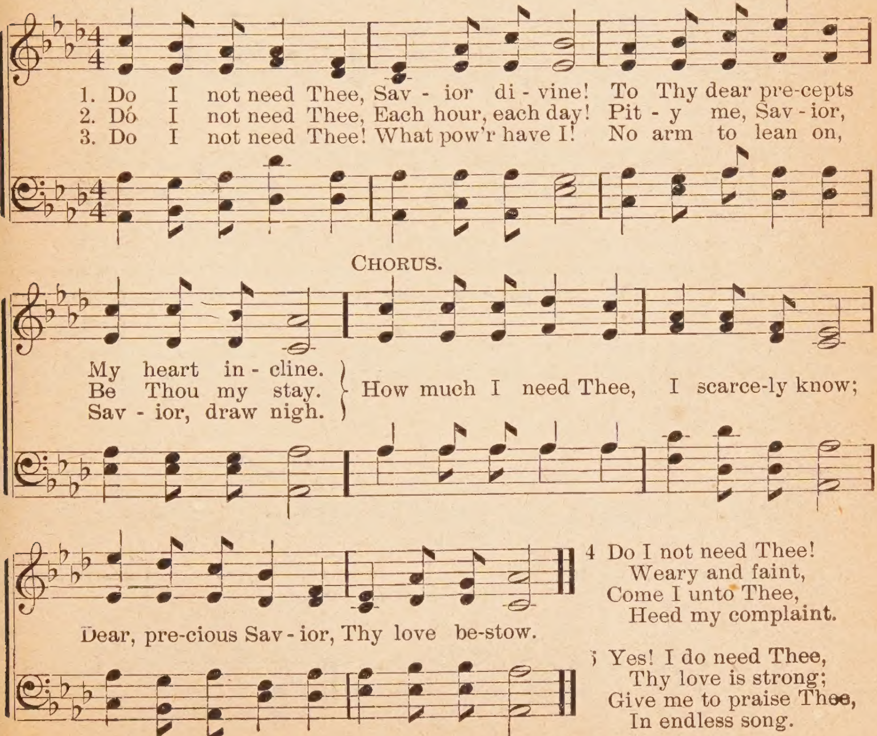
Copyright, 1886, by A. J. Showalter. By per.

I'll Enter the Open Door. Concluded.


CHORUS.
I'll enter the open door, wide open door, I'll enter the open door, wide open door,
'Tis Jesus invites, I'll enter in, I'll enter the open door.

No. 409. Do I not Need Thee?

R. G. Staples. John 15: 5. H. N. Lincoln.


1. Do I not need Thee, Savior divine! To Thy dear precepts My heart incline.
2. Do I not need Thee, Each hour, each day! Pity me, Savior, Be Thou my stay.
3. Do I not need Thee! What pow'r have I! No arm to lean on, Savior, draw nigh.
CHORUS.
How much I need Thee, I scarcely know; Dear, precious Savior, Thy love bestow.

4 Do I not need Thee!
Weary and faint,
Come I unto Thee,
Heed my complaint.

5 Yes! I do need Thee,
Thy love is strong;
Give me to praise Thee,
In endless song.

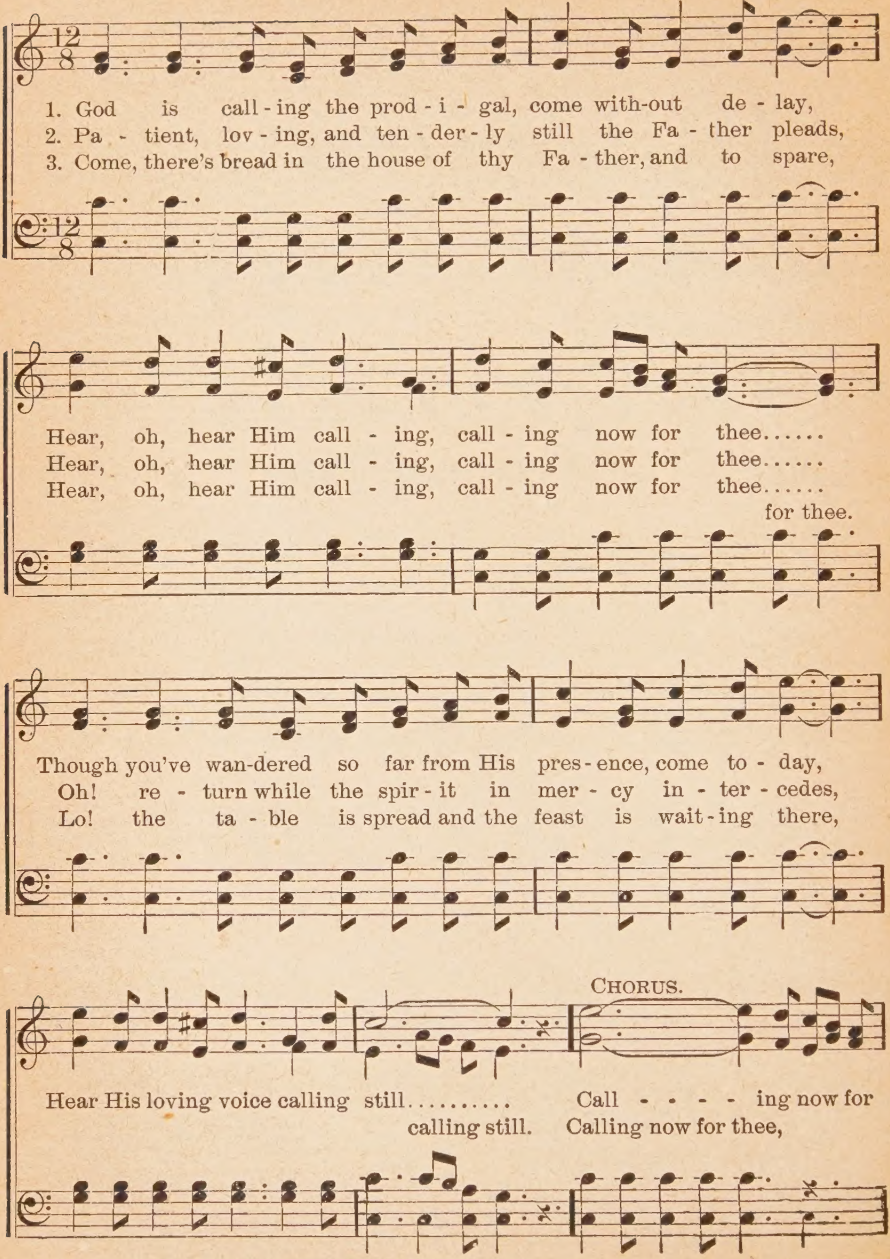
By permission.

No. 410.

Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. God is call - ing the prod - i - gal, come with-out de - lay,
2. Pa - tient, lov - ing, and ten - der - ly still the Fa - ther pleads,
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa - ther, and to spare,
Hear, oh, hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee......
Hear, oh, hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee......
Hear, oh, hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee......
for thee.
Though you've wan-dered so far from His pres - ence, come to - day,
Oh! re - turn while the spir - it in mer - cy in - ter - cedes,
Lo! the ta - ble is spread and the feast is wait - ing there,
Hear His loving voice calling still..........
calling still.
CHORUS.
Call - - - - ing now for
Calling now for thee,

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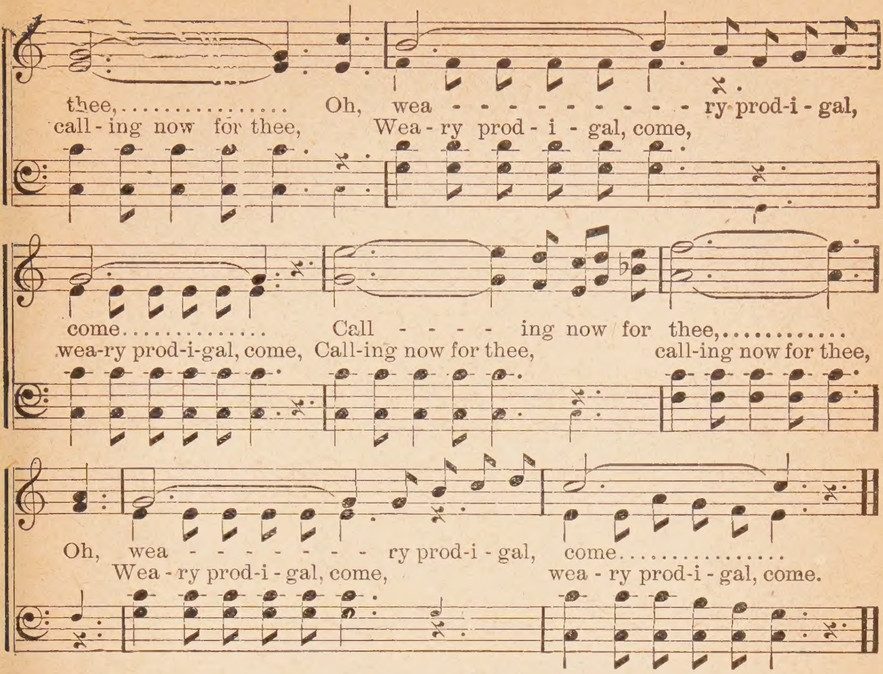
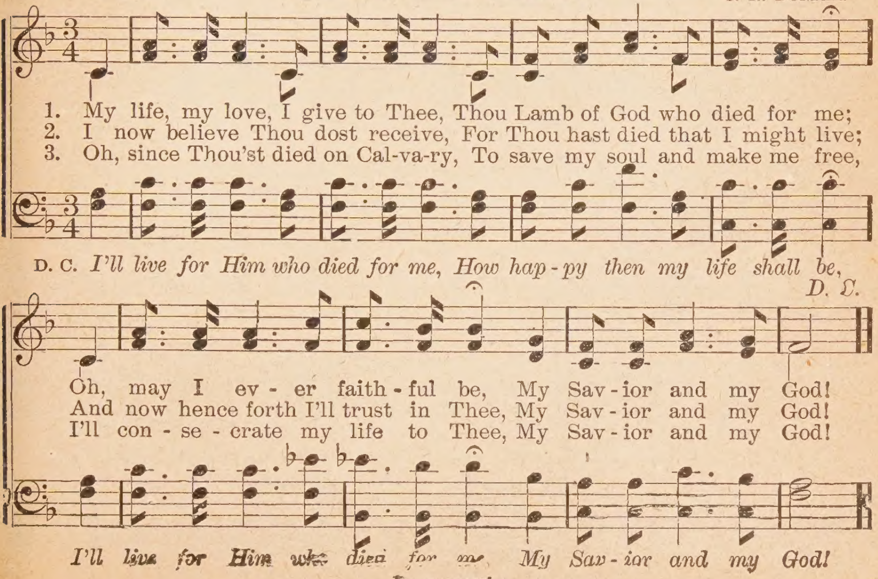
Calling the Prodigal. Concluded.


thee,................ Oh, wea - - - - - - - - - - - - ry prod-i - gal,
call - ing now for thee, Wea - ry prod - i - gal, come,
come............... Call - - - - ing now for thee,............
wea-ry prod-i-gal, come, Call-ing now for thee, call-ing now for thee,
Oh, wea - - - - - - - - - ry prod-i - gal, come................
Wea - ry prod-i - gal, come, wea - ry prod-i - gal, come.

No. 411. I'll Live for Him.

C. R. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, since Thou'st died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,
D. C. I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be,
D. S.
Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

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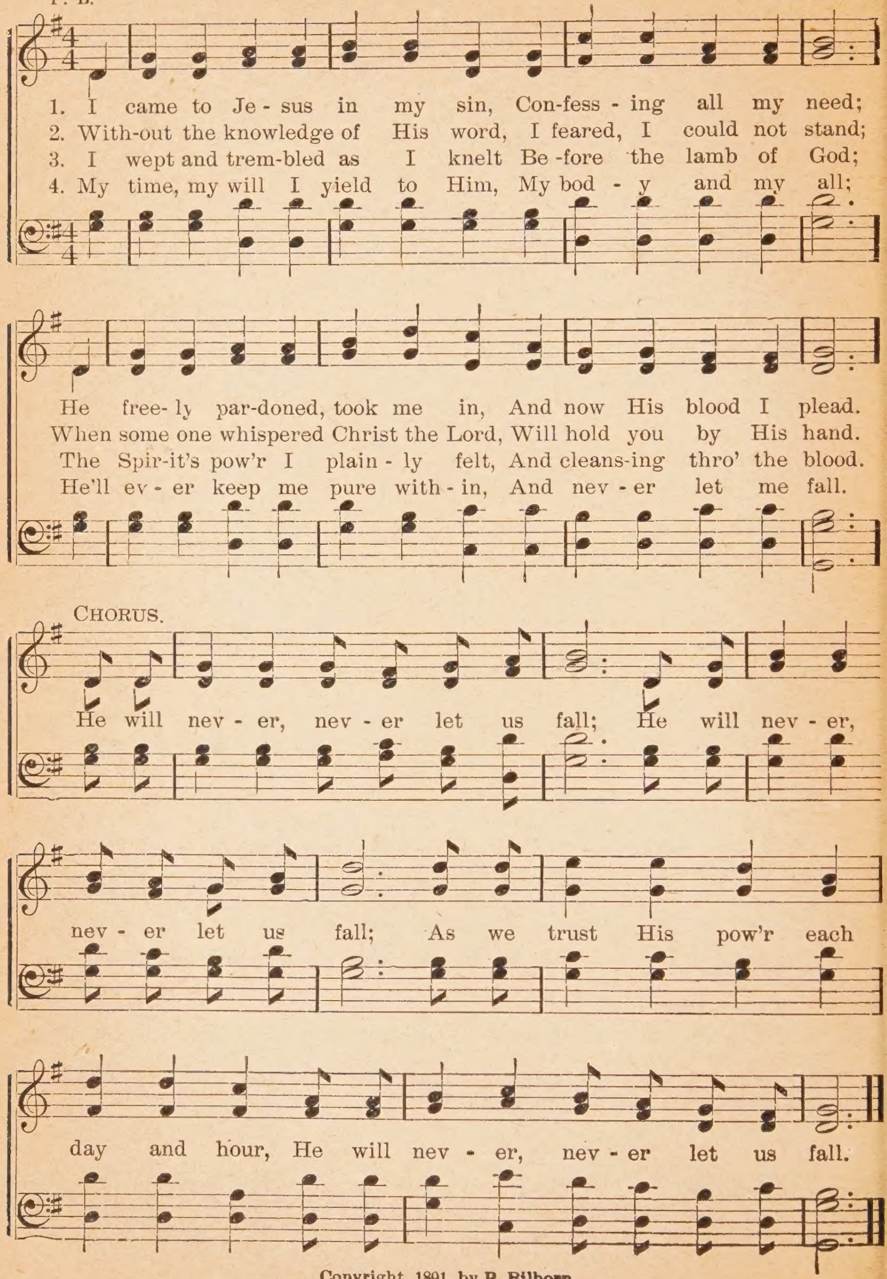
No. 412. He Will Never Let Us Fall.

P. B. P. BILHORN.

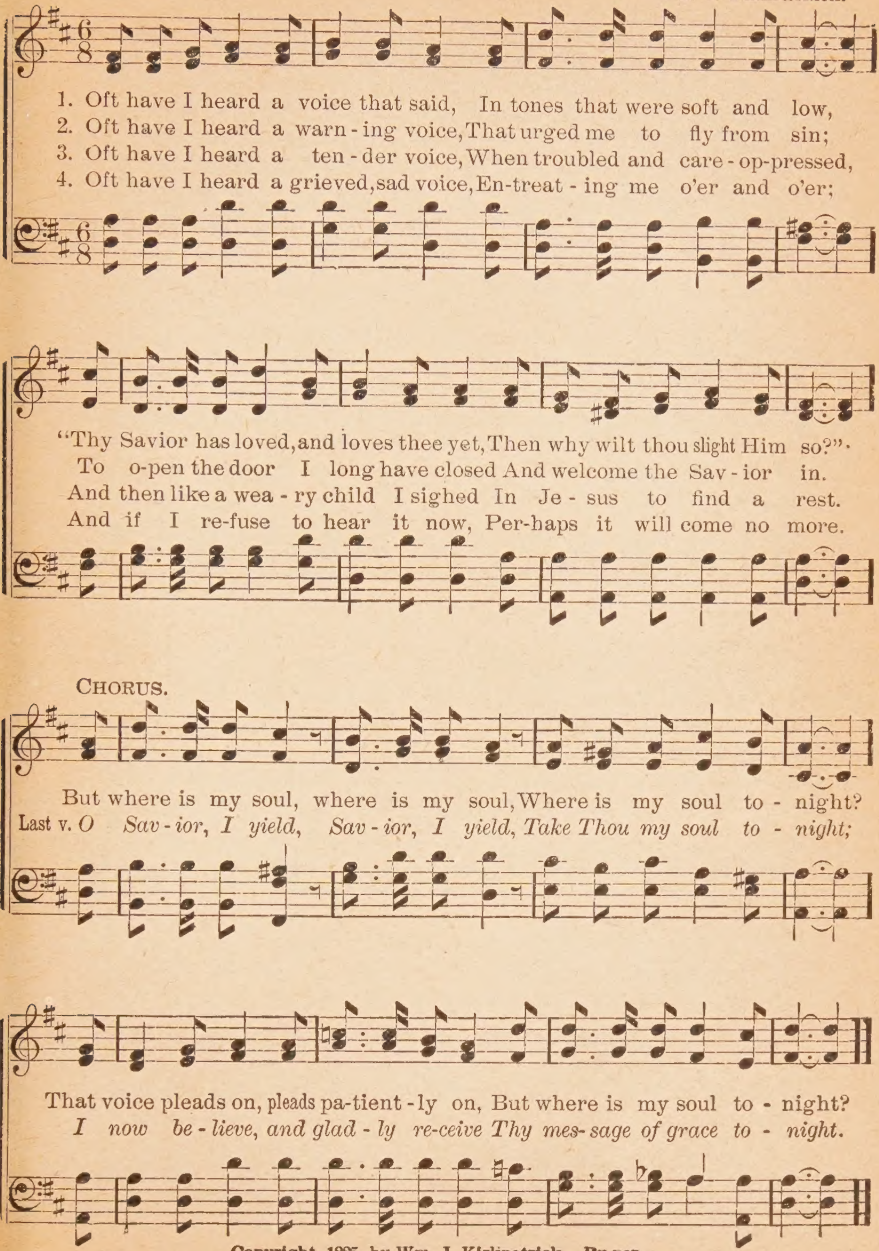

1. I came to Je - sus in my sin, Con-fess - ing all my need;
2. With-out the knowledge of His word, I feared, I could not stand;
3. I wept and trem-bled as I knelt Be -fore the lamb of God;
4. My time, my will I yield to Him, My bod - y and my all;
He free- ly par-doned, took me in, And now His blood I plead.
When some one whispered Christ the Lord, Will hold you by His hand.
The Spir-it's pow'r I plain - ly felt, And cleans-ing thro' the blood.
He'll ev - er keep me pure with - in, And nev - er let me fall.
CHORUS.
He will nev - er, nev - er let us fall; He will nev - er,
nev - er let us fall; As we trust His pow'r each
day and hour, He will nev - er, nev - er let us fall.

Copyright, 1891, by P. Bilhorn.

No. 413. Where is My Soul To-night?

Martha J. Lankton.

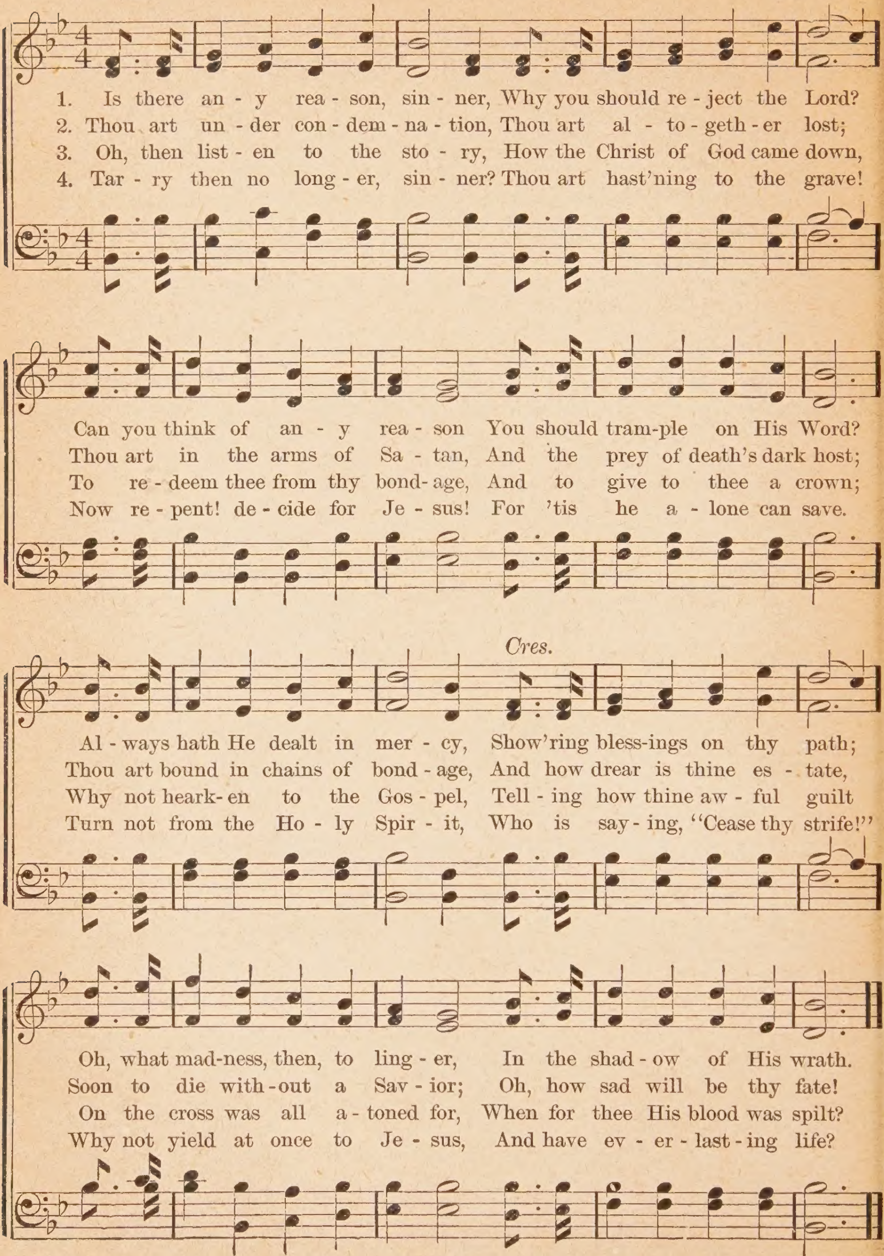
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Oft have I heard a voice that said, In tones that were soft and low,
2. Oft have I heard a warn - ing voice, That urged me to fly from sin;
3. Oft have I heard a ten - der voice, When troubled and care - op-pressed,
4. Oft have I heard a grieved, sad voice, En-treat - ing me o'er and o'er;
"Thy Savior has loved, and loves thee yet, Then why wilt thou slight Him so?".
To o-pen the door I long have closed And welcome the Sav - ior in.
And then like a wea - ry child I sighed In Je - sus to find a rest.
And if I re-fuse to hear it now, Per-haps it will come no more.
Chorus.
But where is my soul, where is my soul, Where is my soul to - night?
Last v. O Sav - ior, I yield, Sav - ior, I yield, Take Thou my soul to - night;
That voice pleads on, pleads pa-tient - ly on, But where is my soul to - night?
I now be - lieve, and glad - ly re-ceive Thy mes- sage of grace to - night.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

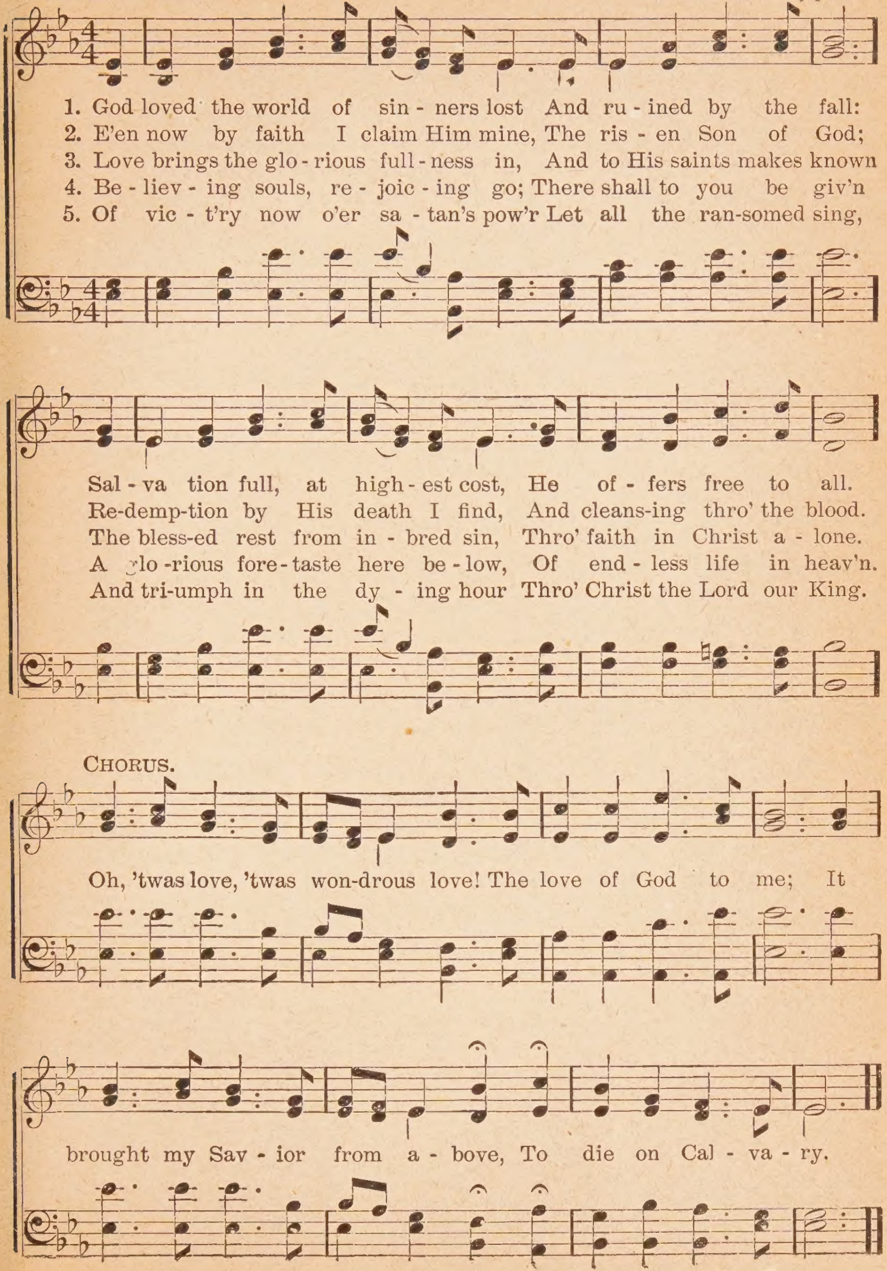
No. 414. Is there any Reason, Sinner?

J. E. WOLFE. P. BILHORN.


1. Is there an - y rea - son, sin - ner, Why you should re - ject the Lord?
2. Thou art un - der con - dem - na - tion, Thou art al - to - geth - er lost;
3. Oh, then list - en to the sto - ry, How the Christ of God came down,
4. Tar - ry then no long - er, sin - ner? Thou art hast'ning to the grave!
Can you think of an - y rea - son You should tram-ple on His Word?
Thou art in the arms of Sa - tan, And the prey of death's dark host;
To re - deem thee from thy bond- age, And to give to thee a crown;
Now re - pent! de - cide for Je - sus! For 'tis he a - lone can save.
Cres.
Al - ways hath He dealt in mer - cy, Show'ring bless-ings on thy path;
Thou art bound in chains of bond - age, And how drear is thine es - tate,
Why not heark- en to the Gos - pel, Tell - ing how thine aw - ful guilt
Turn not from the Ho - ly Spir - it, Who is say - ing, "Cease thy strife!"
Oh, what mad-ness, then, to ling - er, In the shad - ow of His wrath.
Soon to die with - out a Sav - ior; Oh, how sad will be thy fate!
On the cross was all a - toned for, When for thee His blood was spilt?
Why not yield at once to Je - sus, And have ev - er - last - ing life?

No. 415. Wondrous Love.

Mrs. M. Stockton. Wm. G. Fisher. By per.

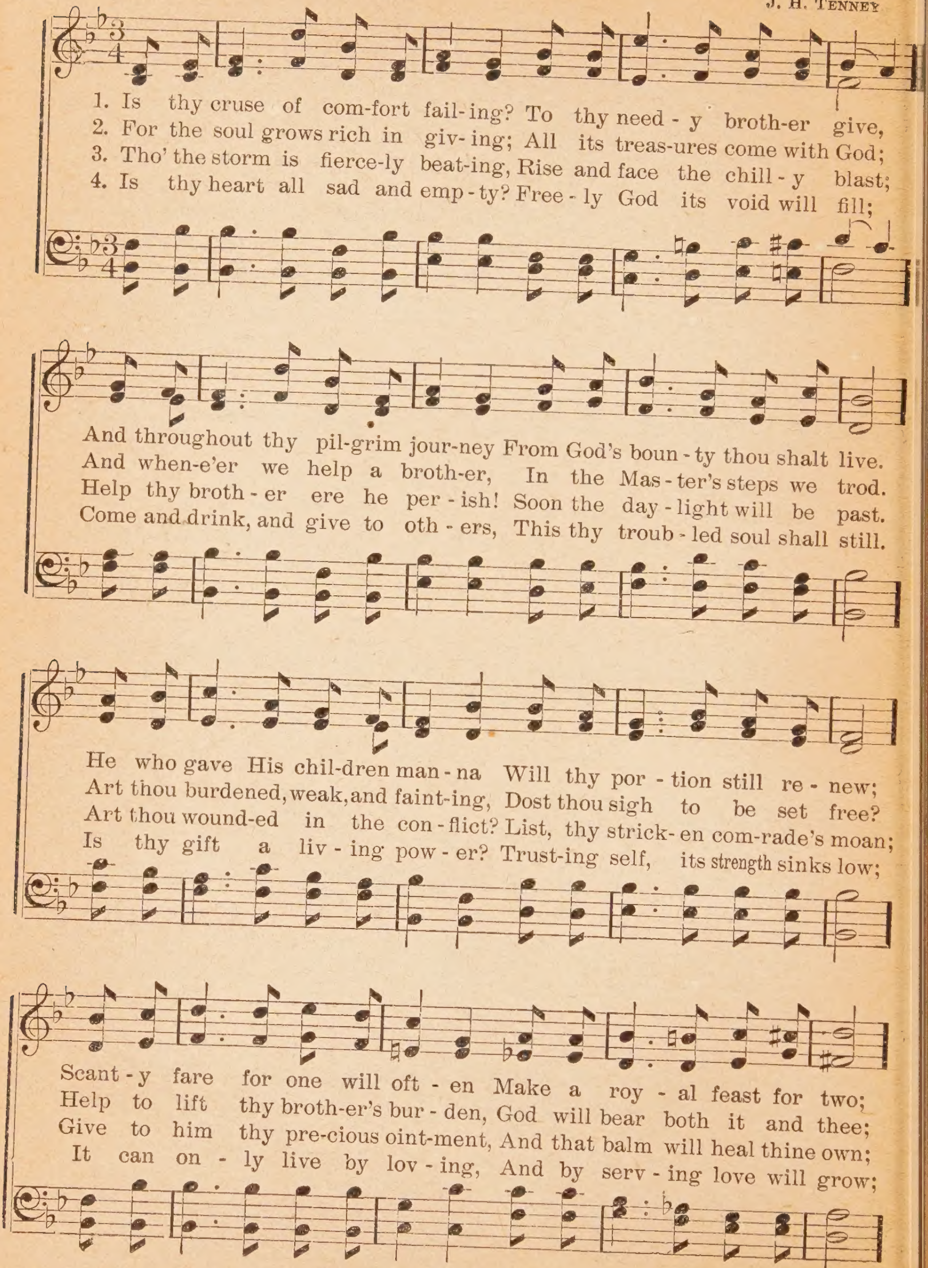

1. God loved the world of sin-ners lost And ru-ined by the fall:
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris-en Son of God;
3. Love brings the glo-rious full-ness in, And to His saints makes known
4. Be-liev-ing souls, re-joic-ing go; There shall to you be giv'n
5. Of vic-t'ry now o'er sa-tan's pow'r Let all the ran-somed sing,
Sal-va tion full, at high-est cost, He of-fers free to all.
Re-demp-tion by His death I find, And cleans-ing thro' the blood.
The bless-ed rest from in-bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a-lone.
A glo-rious fore-taste here be-low, Of end-less life in heav'n.
And tri-umph in the dy-ing hour Thro' Christ the Lord our King.
Chorus.
Oh, 'twas love, 'twas won-drous love! The love of God to me; It
brought my Sav-ior from a-bove, To die on Cal-va-ry.

No. 416.

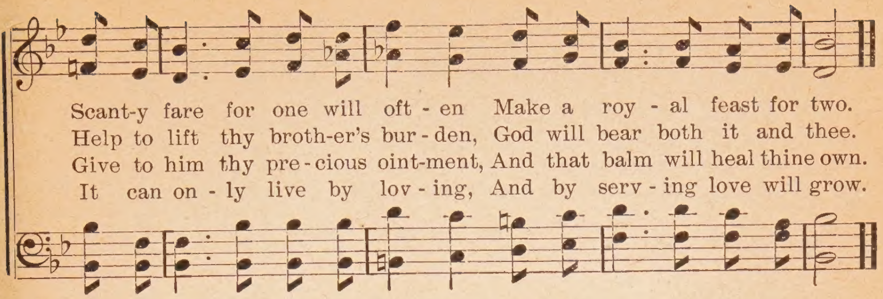
Help thy Brother.

Mrs. E. R. Charles. Arr. by Miss A. B.

J. H. Tenney


1. Is thy cruse of com-fort fail-ing? To thy need - y broth-er give,
2. For the soul grows rich in giv-ing; All its treas-ures come with God;
3. Tho' the storm is fierce-ly beat-ing, Rise and face the chill - y blast;
4. Is thy heart all sad and emp - ty? Free - ly God its void will fill;
And throughout thy pil-grim jour-ney From God's boun - ty thou shalt live.
And when-e'er we help a broth-er, In the Mas - ter's steps we trod.
Help thy broth - er ere he per - ish! Soon the day - light will be past.
Come and drink, and give to oth - ers, This thy troub - led soul shall still.
He who gave His chil-dren man - na Will thy por - tion still re - new;
Art thou burdened, weak, and faint-ing, Dost thou sigh to be set free?
Art thou wound-ed in the con - flict? List, thy strick- en com-rade's moan;
Is thy gift a liv - ing pow - er? Trust-ing self, its strength sinks low;
Scant - y fare for one will oft - en Make a roy - al feast for two;
Help to lift thy broth-er's bur - den, God will bear both it and thee;
Give to him thy pre-cious oint-ment, And that balm will heal thine own;
It can on - ly live by lov - ing, And by serv - ing love will grow;

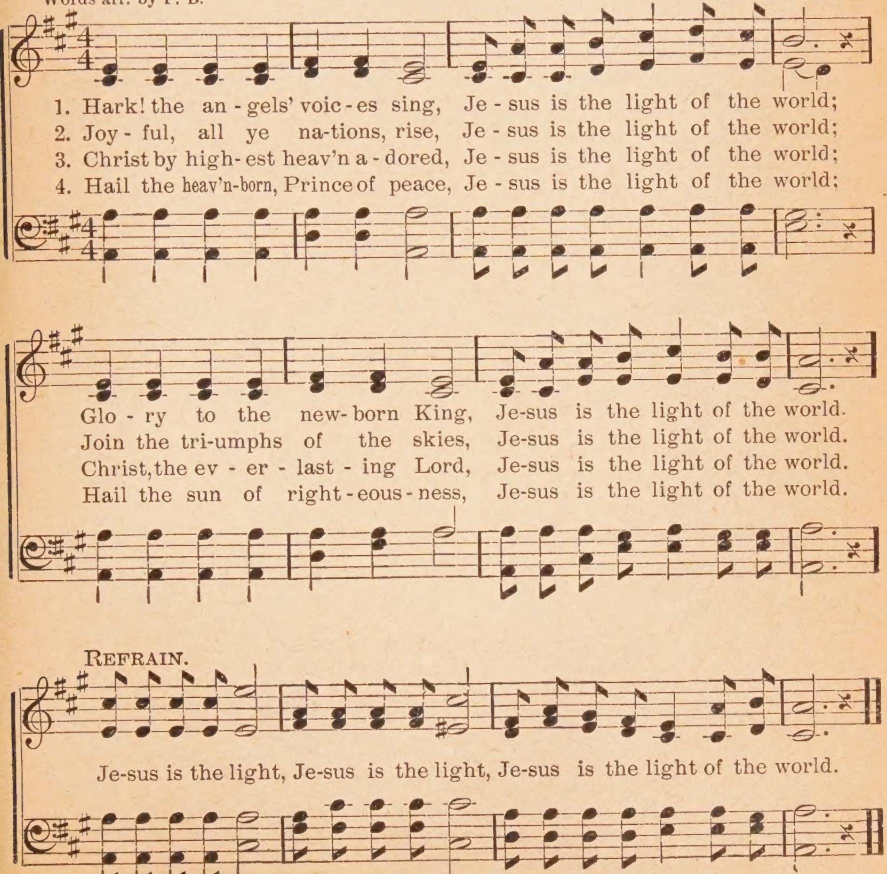
Help thy Brother. Concluded.


Scant-y fare for one will oft-en Make a roy-al feast for two.
Help to lift thy broth-er's bur-den, God will bear both it and thee.
Give to him thy pre-cious oint-ment, And that balm will heal thine own.
It can on-ly live by lov-ing, And by serv-ing love will grow.

No. 417. Jesus is the Light.

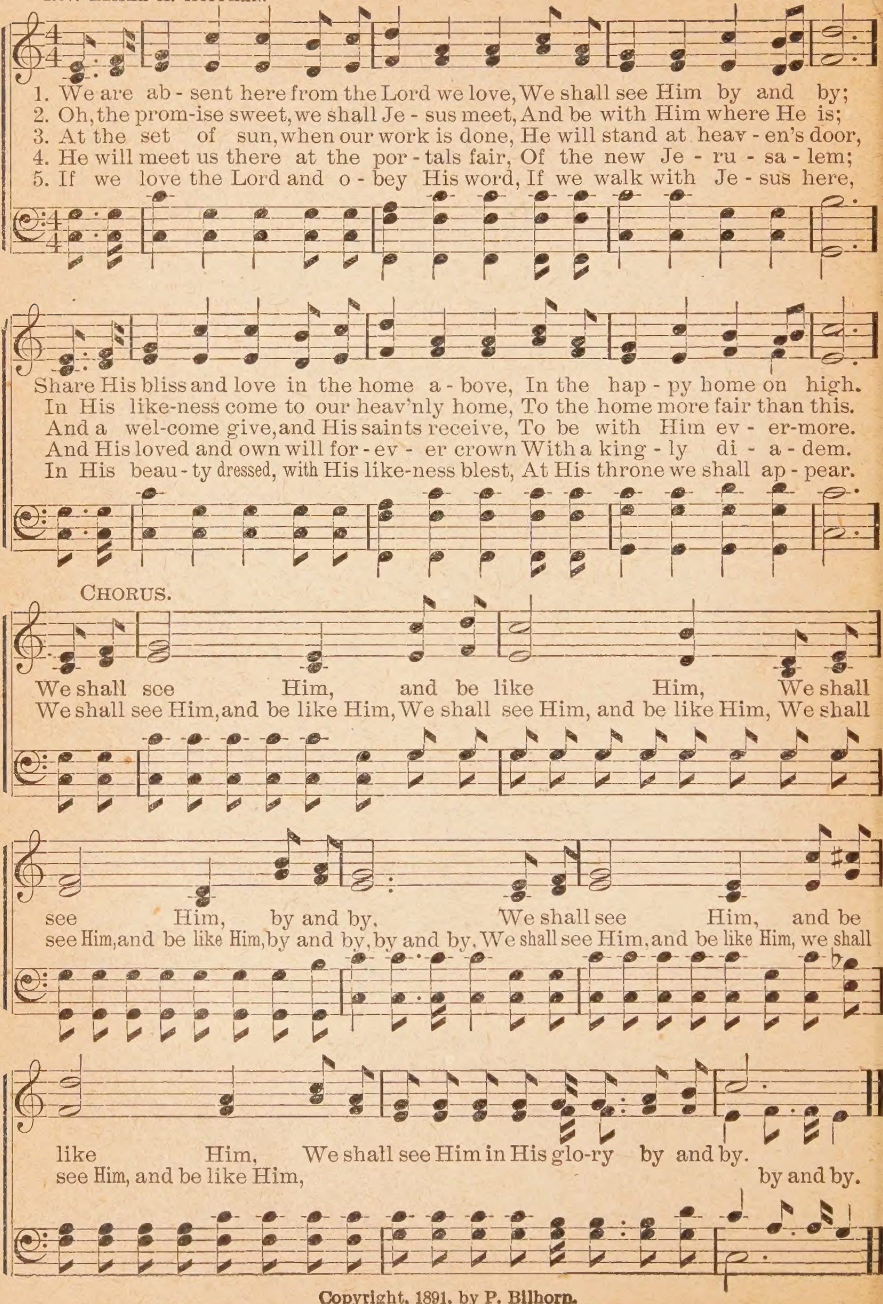
Words arr. by P. B.

P. Bilhorn.


1. Hark! the an-gels' voic-es sing, Je-sus is the light of the world;
2. Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Je-sus is the light of the world;
3. Christ by high-est heav'n a-dored, Je-sus is the light of the world;
4. Hail the heav'n-born, Prince of peace, Je-sus is the light of the world;
Glo-ry to the new-born King, Je-sus is the light of the world.
Join the tri-umphs of the skies, Je-sus is the light of the world.
Christ, the ev-er-last-ing Lord, Je-sus is the light of the world.
Hail the sun of right-eous-ness, Je-sus is the light of the world.
Refrain.
Je-sus is the light, Je-sus is the light, Je-sus is the light of the world.

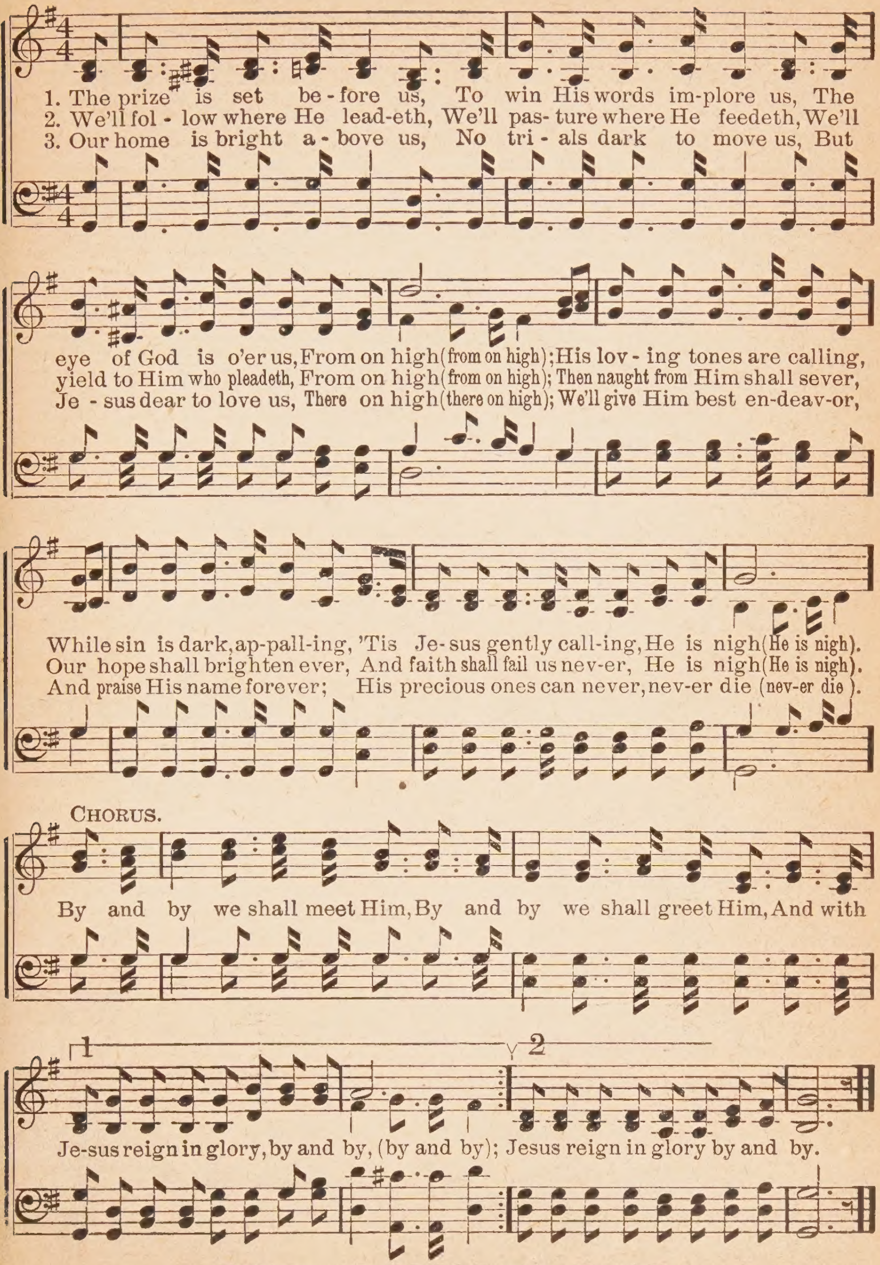
No. 418. We Shall See Him.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. P. Bilhorn.


1. We are ab - sent here from the Lord we love, We shall see Him by and by;
2. Oh, the prom-ise sweet, we shall Je - sus meet, And be with Him where He is;
3. At the set of sun, when our work is done, He will stand at heav - en's door,
4. He will meet us there at the por - tals fair, Of the new Je - ru - sa - lem;
5. If we love the Lord and o - bey His word, If we walk with Je - sus here,
Share His bliss and love in the home a - bove, In the hap - py home on high.
In His like-ness come to our heav'nly home, To the home more fair than this.
And a wel-come give, and His saints receive, To be with Him ev - er-more.
And His loved and own will for - ev - er crown With a king - ly di - a - dem.
In His beau - ty dressed, with His like-ness blest, At His throne we shall ap - pear.
Chorus.
We shall see Him, and be like Him, We shall
We shall see Him, and be like Him, We shall see Him, and be like Him, We shall
see Him, by and by, We shall see Him, and be
see Him, and be like Him, by and by, by and by. We shall see Him, and be like Him, we shall
like Him, We shall see Him in His glo-ry by and by.
see Him, and be like Him, by and by.

No. 419. Triumph By and By.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. H. R Palmer.


1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win His words im-plore us, The
2. We'll fol-low where He lead-eth, We'll pas-ture where He feedeth, We'll
3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But
eye of God is o'er us, From on high (from on high); His lov-ing tones are calling,
yield to Him who pleadeth, From on high (from on high); Then naught from Him shall sever,
Je-sus dear to love us, There on high (there on high); We'll give Him best en-deav-or,
While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing, 'Tis Je-sus gently call-ing, He is nigh (He is nigh).
Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh (He is nigh).
And praise His name forever; His precious ones can never, nev-er die (nev-er die).
Chorus.
By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with
1
Je-sus reign in glory, by and by, (by and by);
2
Jesus reign in glory by and by.

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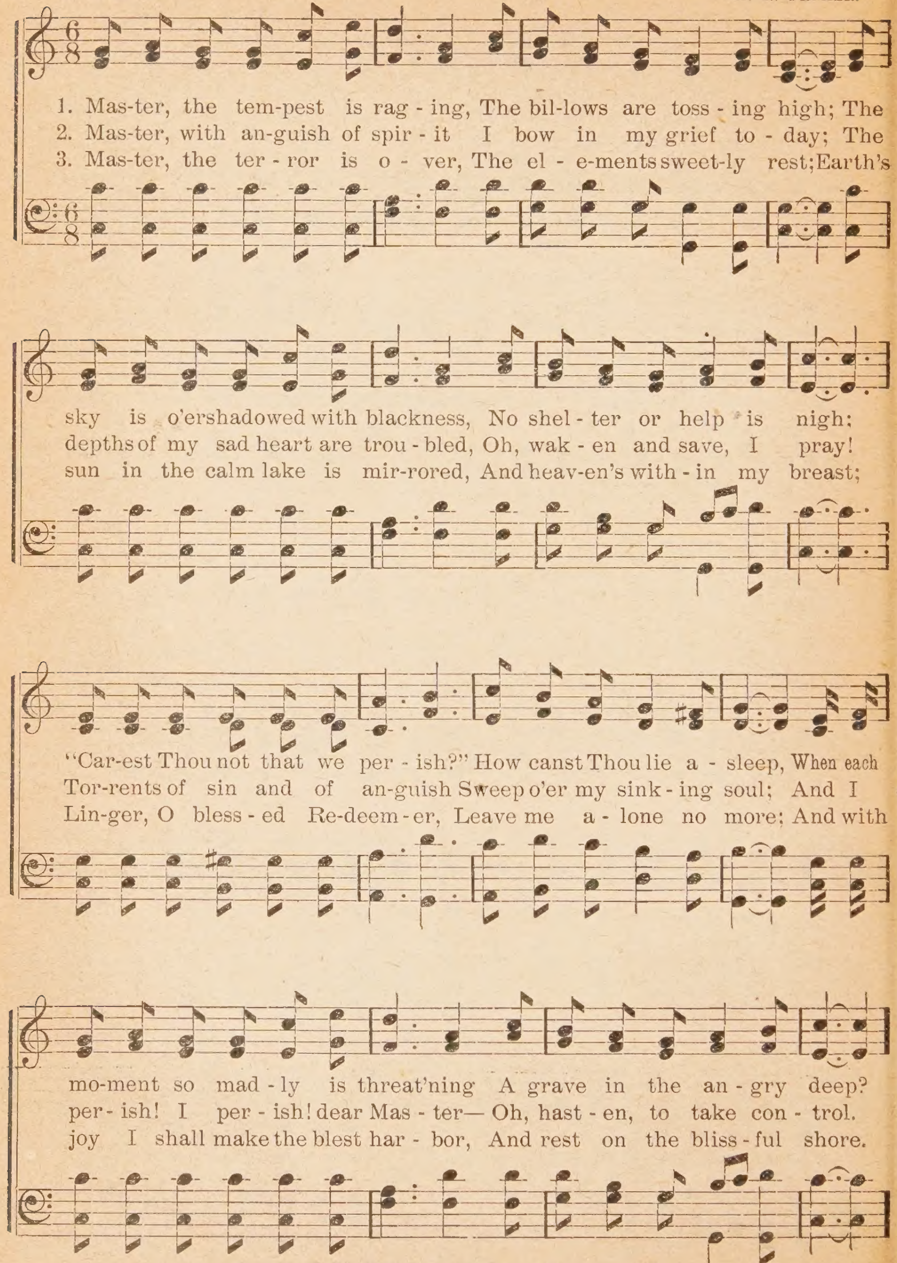
No. 420. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

M. A. Baker. H. R. Palmer.


1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing, The bil-lows are toss - ing high; The
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day; The
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet-ly rest;Earth's
sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
depths of my sad heart are trou - bled, Oh, wak - en and save, I pray!
sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with - in my breast;
"Car-est Thou not that we per - ish?" How canst Thou lie a - sleep, When each
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul; And I
Lin-ger, O bless - ed Re-deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more; And with
mo-ment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
per - ish! I per - ish! dear Mas - ter— Oh, hast - en, to take con - trol.
joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

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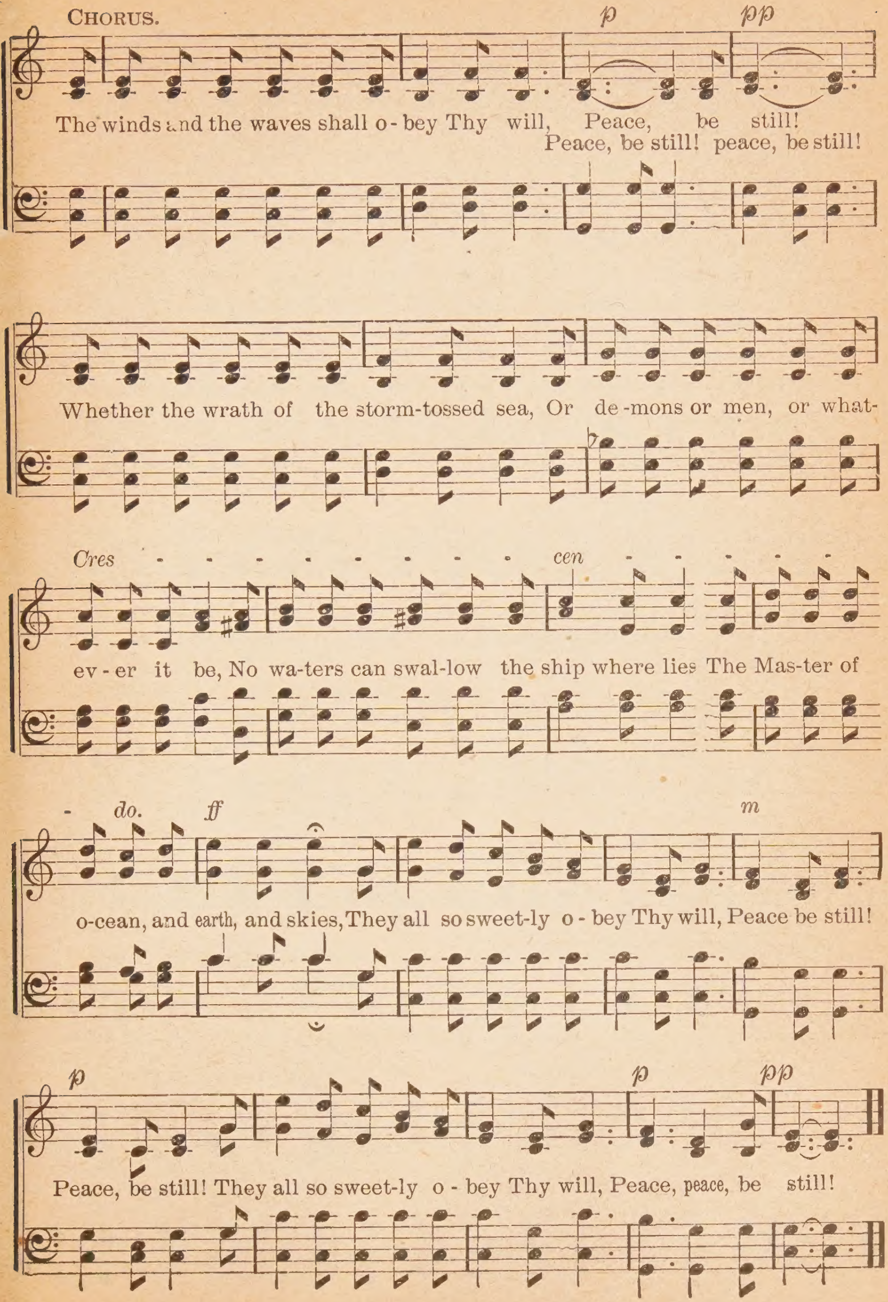
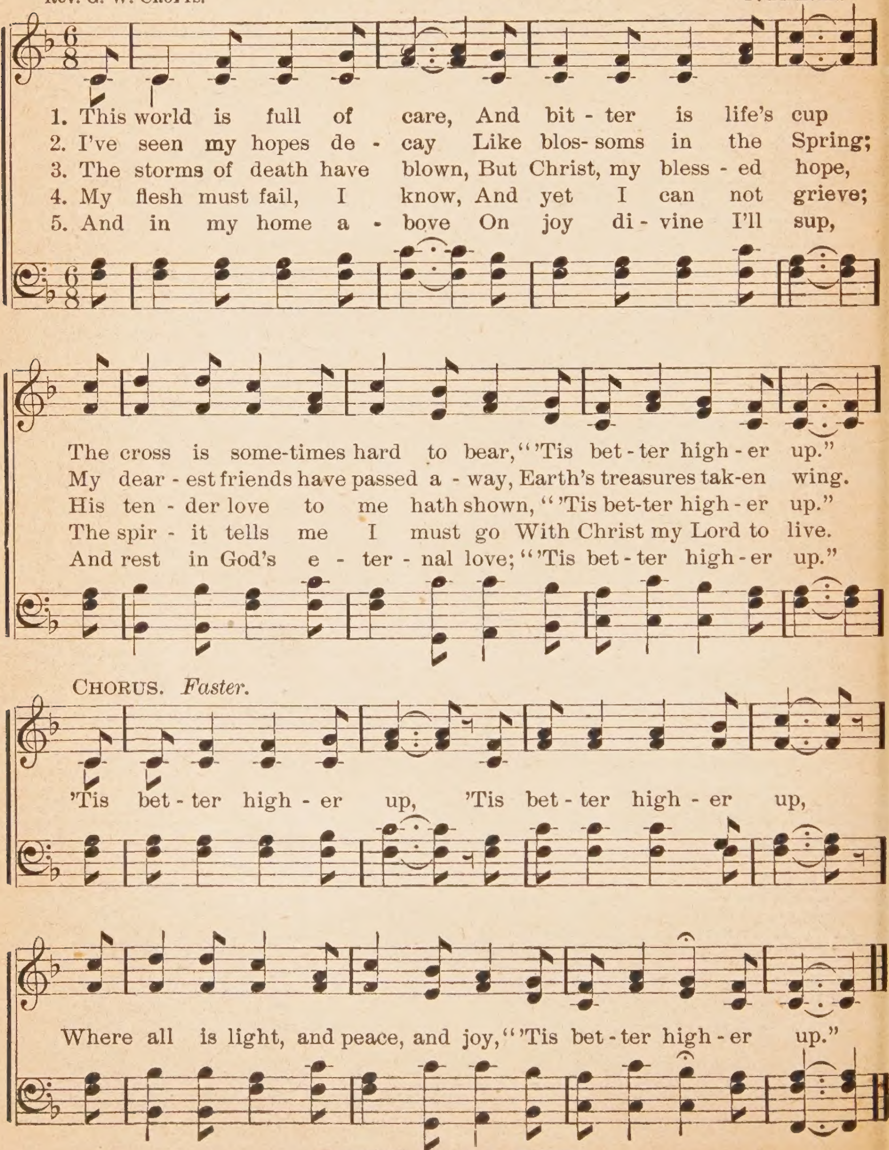
Master, the Tempest is Raging. Concluded.


CHORUS.
p
pp
The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace, be still!
Peace, be still! peace, be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-
Cres - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - do.
ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of
ff
m
o-cean, and earth, and skies, They all so sweet-ly o-bey Thy will, Peace be still!
p
p
pp
Peace, be still! They all so sweet-ly o-bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

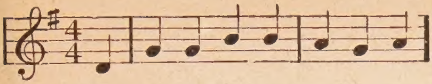
No. 421. "'Tis Better Higher Up."

The following incident, abbreviated, which is often told by an Evangelist, suggested the hymn. An aged lady, once living in an upper story of an old building, was visited one day by a lady missionary, having in her company a well-dressed woman. As they were ascending the first flight of stairs, the wealthy person remarked; "Oh, my! how dark and dreary it is here!" "Never mind," answered the other, "'Tis better higher up." When they had reached and entered the top room, she again remarked to the sick saint (whose life was ebbing away), "How can you live up here, and be contented in this dark, dreary, lonesome place?" The dying saint, pointing heavenward, with a smile, said; "'Tis better higher up."

Rev. G. W. Crofts. P. Bilhorn.


1. This world is full of care, And bit-ter is life's cup
2. I've seen my hopes de-cay Like blos-soms in the Spring;
3. The storms of death have blown, But Christ, my bless-ed hope,
4. My flesh must fail, I know, And yet I can not grieve;
5. And in my home a-bove On joy di-vine I'll sup,
The cross is some-times hard to bear, "'Tis bet-ter high-er up."
My dear-est friends have passed a-way, Earth's treasures tak-en wing.
His ten-der love to me hath shown, "'Tis bet-ter high-er up."
The spir-it tells me I must go With Christ my Lord to live.
And rest in God's e-ter-nal love; "'Tis bet-ter high-er up."
Chorus. Faster.
'Tis bet-ter high-er up, 'Tis bet-ter high-er up,
Where all is light, and peace, and joy, "'Tis bet-ter high-er up."

No. 422. Crown Him Lord of All.



1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

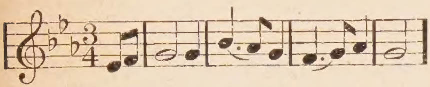
3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 423. Just as I am.



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

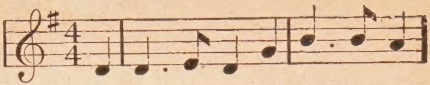
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 424. Come, Every Soul.



1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

Cho.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.

Cho.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

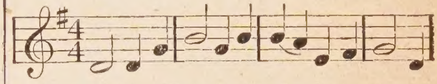
Cho.—Don't reject Him, don't reject Him,
Don't reject Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

4 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
I'm coming now to Thee,
Since Thou hast made the way so clear,
And full salvation free.

Cho.—I will trust Him, I will trust Him,
I will trust Him now;
He will save me, He will save me,
He will save me now.

5 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go;
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

No. 425. I Have a Savior.



1 I have a Savior, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Savior, tho' earth friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And, oh! that my Savior were your Savior too!

Cho.—For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.

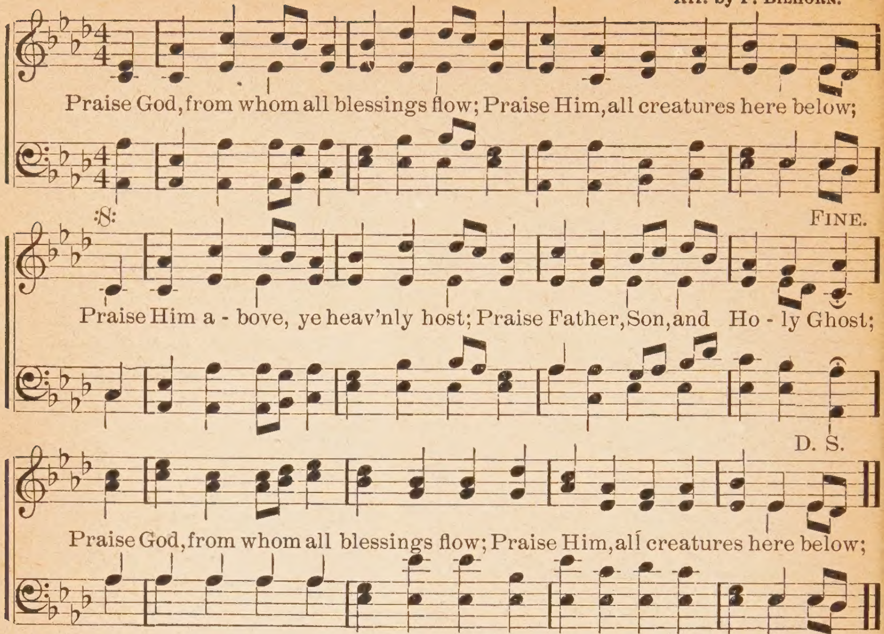
2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true:
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But, oh! that He'd let me bring you with me too!

3 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of the world never know;
My Savior alone is its Author and Giver,
And, oh! could I know it was given to you!

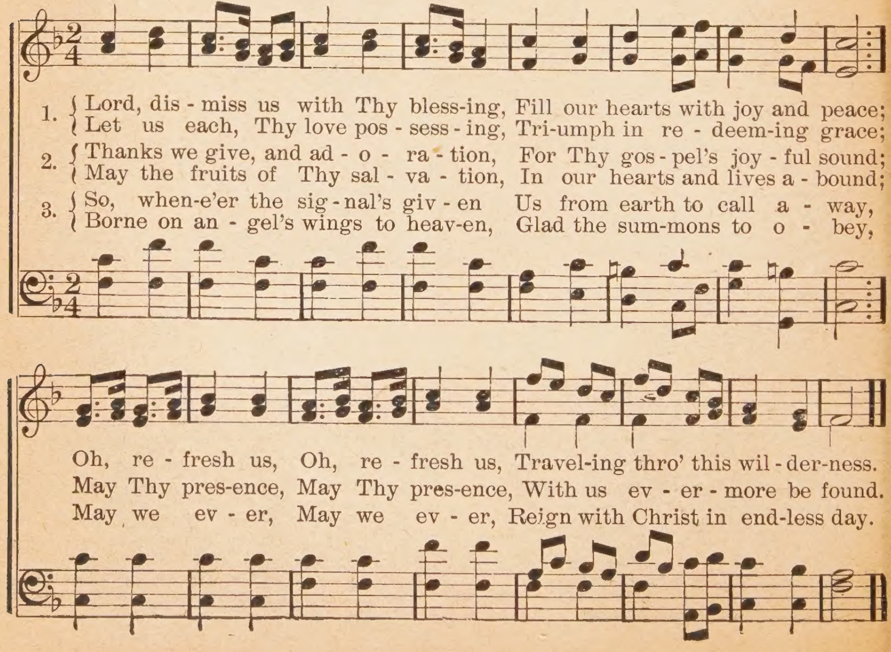
4 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story.
That my loving Savior is your Savior too;
Then pray that your Savior may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

No. 426. Praise God.

Arr. by P. Bilhorn.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;
:S:
Fine.
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost;
D. S.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

No. 427. Closing Hymn.


1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound;
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion, In our hearts and lives a - bound;
3. So, when-e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,
Borne on an - gel's wings to heav-en, Glad the sum-mons to o - bey,
Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Travel-ing thro' this wil - der-ness.
May Thy pres-ence, May Thy pres-ence, With us ev - er - more be found.
May we ev - er, May we ev - er, Reign with Christ in end-less day.

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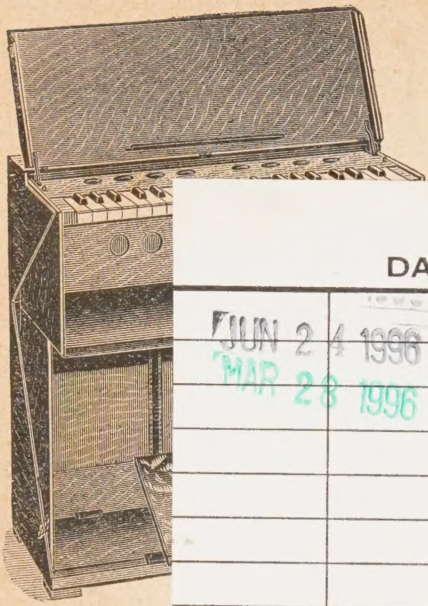

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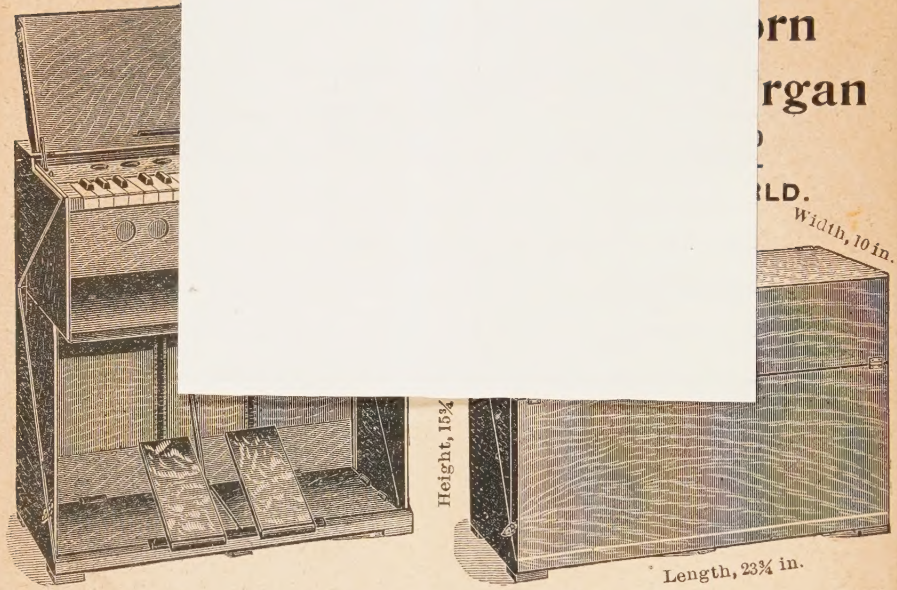
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Welcome Bright Day

This beautiful song for Mezzo-Soprano or Tenor (C to F) is suitable

or for....

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